MAILER & HEMINGWAY:
LOW-VOICED CONFESSIONS

DANIELE PANTANO

—A city.
—More streets *hanging in the abyss.*
—Somewhere south.
—And a black donkey buried in its public park.
—(For years of service.)
—(Years as a friend.)
—Yes, but we mustn't blame the children.
—They demanded it.
—Blame the *two greatest painters of the twentieth century*.
—*Who weren't even forty when Columbus discovered America.*
—*(One classic, eternal.)*
—*(The other, modern, always, like a pile of shit.)*
—The snail climbs the stalk.
—A moment later past the city walls.
—Dirt road to a neighborhood of silos.
—And irrigation ditches, not asylums or prisons.
—Someone has written PARADOX on one of the silos, we think.
—(Or perhaps it is more accurate to say someone has whispered it into the ground.)
—Not far from another ditch.
—Not far from another tasteful confession.
—(He likes to "bite and pluck their nipples like a bass guitar.")
—The children are listening.
—Black donkeys are German motorcycles.

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—We learn to lower our voices and ignore the almost visible.
—As we grow up.
—As we realize the snail: a sniper climbing a silo.
—The painters are prepared to testify.
—*Eating things alive. That's what we do.*
—Blame the detectives.
—Exhibit #1(c):
—(Something mute steps out of a neighborhood.)