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Balaton

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1. Sewage smell on the wind here as brake oil sticks to the tarmac under a single mangled car. A man is lying on the ground with all thought draining out from the labyrinth of his head.

2. Memories vaporise: the body becomes a pulsing light, a flame to eat the dark and then itself. The car chassis is compacted like a trampled bug, steel bending – an axis mundi.

Only this written-off frame, a shorted nervous system of sparking wires and these split, squashed, torn human entrails. The soul departs through fog, candescent as the neons outside the strip clubs. Coolant pools with blood, and evaporates.

Mosquitos cloud around the flare, bats zigzag over the wreckage and foxes lope from the bushes to test the body and gnaw on it. Worm eggs buried in the flesh feel their time arrive and hatch to chew a maze into the corpse.

3. Lie down here. Press your back against the clods, stones, rusty screws.
The clubs roar on at the lake, other cars burr along other roads, like exhausted strippers.

You ran away from home again and now you picture each moment of dying yourself: the car hitting, the blood taste. You smile to see the faces in the crowd rearranged with grief. Lie down and watch the strobes and vibrations of the clubs disturb the fireflies, and the star-labyrinth of sky.