

eight miles high
drones
gods and
tourists
criss-cross
the sky
anger
be now your song
immortal one sing
sing
o goddess
rage
sing the rage
yeah no
yeah
no as the driverless
train
lurches left then
right
she rages a-loud
yeah
no
yeah no
with her
hands
eyes and
jeans
pre-stressed
blue and white
that's a picture of me
that's
a
picture
of
me but
that's
not me her
friends
also gods nod
and
mock
faces
a-light

in pre-stressed
blue and
white
phone-glow
here it is
lyndzee's nude selfie
gracing now
a circle of
phones
it is you
they
prove
with numbers
and
inside
the pre-
stressed
genes
of their
brain minds
and
bodies they
already
feel it
what
albert einstein says about god
not
playing dice
cus
albert too
feels it breaking
the bond
between
body
and
belief
cut to
ethan
aka
marion mitchell morrison
aka
duke
aka

john wayne
walks up behind
ward bond
who is sitting
at the table
eating
a donut and
drinking
coffee he leans
down and
says
captain the reverend samuel johnson clayton mighty impressive
rising
still chewing ward bond
aka
the reverend
says
well
the prodigal brother when'd you get back i ain't seen you since the
surrender come to think of it i didn't see you at the surrender
don't believe in surrenders
says
ethan
turning away reaching for
his gun
belt no
i still got my sabre reverend didn't turn it into no ploughshare neither
mose harper
in a rocking
chair near the
hearth is looking at martha edwards
aka
dorothy jordan
who
is
looking
off screen
at
ethan
the injuns did it mizz edwards
kaw or kiowas old mose knows yes sir
he says
oh shut up mose

says charlie mccorry
thank you says mose
my cattle's been run off
says
lars jorgensen
sitting drinking
coffee
gesturing also
with a donut
ethan
does up his gun belt
debbie edwards
is
at
the
table
drinking
milk
and
off screen
aaron edwards
aka
walter coy
says
ethan i'm counting on you to look after things while i'm gone
you're not going
says ethan
what
says aaron
he sure is going i already swore him in
says the reverend
well
swear him out again i'll go with you
ethan i don't think i should i got a responsibility
stay close aaron might be this is rustlers might be this doddering old
idiot ain't so far wrong could be comanche
kind words ethan thank ya kindly
says mose
children go with lucy
says
martha
debbie leaves
the table

aw mom
says
ben
ben
says
martha edwards
comanche
says
the reverend rubbing
his chin
turning
to
ethan
well
alright i'll swear you in
no need to wouldn't be legal anyway
why not you wanted for a crime ethan
coffee ethan
thank you martha
you asking me as a captain or a preacher sam
i'm asking you as a ranger of the sovereign state of texas
you got a warrant
asks ethan
you fit a lot of descriptions
says sam
i figure a man's only good for one oath at a time i took mine to the
confederate states of america so did you sam stay close aaron
says
ethan walking
away
vell tank you mrs edwards vee have to be going
says
lars jorgensen
and
thank you miz edwards
says
charlie mccorry
and
grateful to the hospitality of your rocking chair m'am
says mose
close behind charlie
and lars
and all

out
the front door
as
aaron
puts his hand on martha's
shoulder
and
she puts her
hand
on
his
o gods
our greek earth will be drown'd in just tears
rapeful troy
her king and all his sons
will make as just
a mock and joy of these
disjunctions
28 march 1841
south australia
ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet
here
it is flat
empty of
life only
several species of tree or scrub
survive
scattered
bent
stunted
in the hard
red earth
no clouds constant
wind white
light blue
sky merciless
horizon i hate
these flies and the heat
each of us everyday
gets 2
pounds of flour
1
cup of sugar a handful of tea

and
what's left
of
the sheep i won't
eat lizard
or
snake it's not
right for a whiteman the horses
need better grass we
bury 4
muskets
12 boxes of
shot and powder
the sextant 6
books a
pickaxe
blankets
and 4 saddles i know
what it is to be
hungry i shoot
a kangaroo
and chase
it
for most of the day
finally catching
it
clubbing it
as the sun goes
down
i lie
on the dead
animal
feel
the heat drain away
we sit here stranded
though we all do our best to deny it
6 april
today we did 21
miles west
north-west
yarry shoots
a kangaroo
the blood tastes

of iron
and louise holds a handful of rain
tempting you to defy it
camping
last night near tolerable
grass
the horses are doing better than i
imagined
for several evenings
now
we've seen smoke
from
small fires
these
must be native
camps in the morning
we begin
heading for what
looks like a large
tree
we walk all day
toward
that marker finally coming
upon it
in the evening
not a large tree at all
a shrub
no taller than a horse by the fire
under
a blanket of stars
the wind
tells me tales
lights flicker from the opposite loft
before
the sun is up
i crawl through the bush
collecting
dew drinking
the heat makes
me
sleepy 2 small
lizards fucking
in this room the heat pipes just cough

lunch
from county kildare
a convict now a free man
wherever i am
rachel is with me
meanwhile
further internet searches
show
that nude selfie
and
a list
of
lyndzee's
164
interests
and
at
or near
the top
are
is
conversation
camping
holidays
mexican food
nights in watching youtube
reading
dinner with friends
the lion king
and
that she lived
lives
in
jupiter florida
denver colorado
eugene oregon
and
in
a
youtube clip
talking
with a young
man

about
perfume
clothes
and
makeup
she
looks
happy and
playful
but
pause
the clip anywhere
and
her face frozen
shows fear
worry
terror
mother
mother
as my life came from you
though it is brief
honour at least from zeus the thunderer
i call my due
23 april
morning coming
over
a rise
we surprise
several families
at camp we are english
we are looking for the inland sea
who are you
they stare at us
we stare at them
the country music station plays soft
they stare at us
we stare at them
but there's nothing really nothing to turn off
hornsea england 1826
my name is edward john eyre
i am 10 years
old
the son of a yorkshire

vicar the cotton
in my clothes
comes by way of
sail
from egypt
where isis
rules
supreme in magic
power
cunning
and knowledge
her name means throne
and she is
the
devoted sisterwife of osiris
and
mother of horus
just louise and her lover so entwined
my room
has two windows
overlooking our garden
and these visions of johanna that conquer my mind
through them
i can see 11 miles into the
distance i know
because
i pace it out
my family
comes to england with william
the conqueror
my father
tells me his
great
great
great
great
grandfather lost a leg
at agincourt
that i have
a duty
to him
i see god's
wisdom

in the empty lot where the ladies play blindman's bluff with the key chain
his order
in everything
i study
and
excel in mathematics
and
the natural sciences
am
taught how
to
trap
kill
and
preserve
samples
of the local
flora and fauna
i am 19 when
150 pounds
is put down
as
a
deposit
for the purchase
of a
commission
in the army
after
several months of waiting
my father
decides
i
should
make my fortune
in australia i am
nyungar
i learn
mineng
bibbulman and goreng
languages
i am licking
sweet nectar from

a bright yellow
banksia
cone
i sit on the ground
watch
my mother fuck for
grog she is
beaten
there is a soft breeze
it rains
washing the dirt from her face
i hold
her
as
she bleeds
to
death
and the all-night girls whisper of escapades out on the d-train
the elders throw rocks and spears
at
the whitefella
who killed her he sits
at the edge of our camp
and
then
is
gone
i live
near the sea
with
dogs and rubbish looking
for food i have
many
brothers and sisters uncles and aunts
family is everywhere i learn
to speak
english
dutch and french
several white men come with horses and
a wagon and
take my
sister
away

i sleep
under a church wear
pants
a shirt
and hat
am named
wylie
i work
for food am told to pray
before
there is hair on my chin
i am a cabin boy on a french whaler
stranded
in
adelaide
we can hear the night watchman click his flashlight
ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane
my father tells us we are royalty
sons
and
daughters of niall of
the 9 hostages
i do not know how
old i am when
he dies of a fever
after being
stepped on
by
a
horse i have
3 sisters
and
1 brother
my youngest sister dies
along with my
mother
during
the summer hunger we live
in
a windowless
mud and
thatch hut
in

county kildare
when told to vacate
the land rachel
my oldest sister
and
i walk
to dublin
we sleep
under
a bridge
i learn to graft
we live in a room above
a stable
rachel
is a prostitute
i steal
matching rings
louise she's alright she's just near
rachel is bleeding he refuses
to pay we fight
i
kill
him
with his own knife
i sew her
up we flee
to london she says
we are wed now
you and me
john baxter the city
smells of shit
we eat
rats
she's delicate and seems like a mirror
rachel goes to the river
with
fiona i never
see either of
them
again
i'm caught
imprisoned for theft now
on a barge

on the river
that took my
sister awaiting
transportation to australia
i marry
another rachel
she is pregnant we are
6
weeks at sea
below
decks in
a puddle of sick
shit
rats
flies and lice
rachel catches a fever
and dies wrapped
in a shroud
they
throw her in the ocean
but she just makes it all too concise and too clear
that johanna's not here
ah
my son
why have i rear'd thee
would that
without tears
or
cause for tears
transient
as is
thy life
a little span
thy days
might pass at troy but
short and sorrowful
the fates
ordain thy life
peculiar trouble
must be thine
whom therefore
oh
that i had never borne

but
seeking the olympian hill
snow-crown'd
i will myself plead for thee
in the ear
of jove
the thunderer
meantime
at thy fleet abiding
let
thy wrath against
the
greeks
still burn and
altogether cease
from
war
and today
if
somebody calls you
a lyndzee
they mean
the most amazing girl you will ever meet
ever
she is beautiful and loving
the kind of girl
any guy would die
for
she might be stubborn
sometimes
but
she is there for anyone
anytime
she is
blessed in all the right
places
need I say
more
can I say
more
yes
but there aren't enough words to describe how wonderful she is
if you meet one

consider
yourself
lucky
because
god only makes a handful of lyndzee's
love her
and
she'll love you like no one else will
and
the word
lyndzee is
derived from the old scottish surname
de lindsay
meaning from lindsey
a coastal district of
lincolnshire
in northeastern england
cut to
aaron
takes
his shotgun from
the wall
loads it
i think i'll try and pick off a couple of sage hens before supper
yes you do that aaron
says martha
as
she and debbie set
the table
my the days are getting shorter
says lucy
lucy we don't need a lamp yet
says martha
anxious
let's just enjoy the dusk
lucy shrugs and
takes
the lamp from the table
ben
walks in carrying
the
sabre
ethan

gave him he
stops
at
the threshold looks back
out
over
his
shoulder
it's alright ma i've been watchin it's only
martha touches
his arm
he
turns
to
face
her
what ben
i wish uncle ethan was here don't you ma
together they
look out
the door cut
to
aaron
is
standing at
a
hitching post
martha
and ben
are
framed
in the doorway behind him
and he
looks intently
left
to
right
his
brow
furrows
his grip on
the rifle
tightens

there are
several
glints
of light
coming from within
a bush in the distance
a coyote
howls
aaron backs away
toward the house
looks at
martha
close that shutter ben good boy
says martha
hurrying
to
close other
thick
wooden shutters
aaron
runs
in shuts
the door
ma i can't find
lucy
yells martha
rushing
to
blow
out the lamp
that
lucy
has placed
on
the table
and
lucy looks
around the room
at her father
aaron
with his rifle
rushing to shutter
windows

then
at her mother
eyes wide
she
puts
a
hand
to her already open
mouth
looks
at the camera
at us
she
screams
martha
slaps her
stop it
stop it
shouts martha
lucy cries
they hug
cut to
aaron opens a window and looks out
at a large
sandstone
butte
under
a dark blue sky
and
several hundred yards
away
a cloud of dust
drifts
across the sand and
sage grass plain
of
monument valley
aka
tsé bii' ndzisgaa
which
in navajo
means
valley of the rocks

and
martha brings debbie
aka
lana wood
to the
open
window
saying
we're going to play our sleep-out game remember where you hide-out
with grandma
where she's buried
asks debbie
and you'll creep along the ditch very quietly like
like a little mouse
says debbie
smiling
hurry up martha the moons fixin' to rise
says aaron martha wraps
debbie in a shawl
holds her
close
and you won't make a sound or come back no matter what you hear
promise
i promise
aaron picks her up
places her on the sill
wait can't i have topsey
there's no time
here she is baby
says martha handing lucy her doll
ben and lucy look
on
ben
clutching the sabre
lucy
a rifle
now down low run
says aaron
pushing debbie off the sill
baby
cries martha
collapsing
arms

outstretched
aaron pulls her in
and
shutters the window cut
to
a dog steps
through
a small passage in the side
of
the house barking it
runs up
to
debbie
go back chris
go back
go back chris
chris
go back
go back
chris
says debbie
the dog walks
back
toward the house and
debbie sits
down
next to a tombstone she
is about to
have
words
with
topsey
when a low note
from the orchestra
sounds
and
a shadow
falls
over her and
topsey she
looks up cut to
a man
with

feathers
in his black hair
red and yellow paint
on his
face scowling
he looks around
then
blows into
a
bull's
horn
and
as
the note
sounds the scene
fades
to
black
to which achilles
groaning deep
replies
my mother
it is true
olympian jove
that prayer fulfills
but thence
what joy to me
patroclus slain
the friend of all my friends
whom most i loved
dear to me as my life
him
i have lost
12 june 1841
rain at last god has seen fit
to
preserve us
and our
endeavour we dig
holes
and spread
tarpaulin
our kegs and buckets

leak
we are cold and
wet and
without sleep for days
tonight
we roast
and eat from a dead horse
for 2
days
cramps
diarrhoea
vomiting
i decide to leave
to walk back
home
and
while stealing
a gun
and
some sugar
i
yarry
shoot
john baxter who
is found
delirious
dying
his eyes stare up
at the night sky rachel
rachel
he says
i
edward john eyre
hold his
head
close his
eyes
wrap him
in a blanket
and
make a cairn
of him
the ghost of electricity howls in the bones of her face

i am a child
where these visions of johanna have now taken my place
when i see my first whitefella
we are ngunawal
my father is a singer
he spears
a kangaroo
in the neck the spirit
enters my mother
gives me life
names me
yarry
this mark on my neck
i am that
kangaroo i watch
the dancing and singing
and learn
baime made the land
and us
from the land
then he
stepped
back
into the sky
we move with the seasons
digging
planting
hunting
burning
singing
dancing
making
country
i watch from the verge
the whitefellas chop down
trees
build fences and
scratch
long lines in the ground
everyday
i move a little
closer
i help them they

give
me
food and a torn
shirt
i learn
their words and teach
them mine
uncle drinks
grog
walks
crooked
and drowns
in the river my mother carries
a nail
in her dilly-bag
for digging and sewing
we are forbidden to
hunt and fish
where
we
always
hunt and fish
we spear a cow
for food whitefellas
ride through
our camps
scattering
our fire smashing
our home
my father dies of a fever after being
stepped on
by a horse
we move further
away now
little boy lost
out here
i am son
and cousin to nothing and nobody
he takes himself so seriously
tired
thirsty
hungry
i miss my land

my family
with our footsteps
to guide me
back
i walk away from the dead man
away from the whitefella
and
blackfella
funny faces yelling my name
yarry yarry away
from the flour and sugar
and dying horses
shaking the dew from bushes
eating lizards and berries
i walk home
the wind pushes him home
days
nights
walking
my stomach
cramps
my muscles
ache
my face tries to cry
but nothing comes out
he lies down
out of the wind
the sun warms his body
ants crawl
across
my face he wakes
i feel them
on my tongue
and in my nose
i keep
walking
all day and night
and all the next day
and night
and
in my sleep
he stumbles
forward falls

looking
up at the full moon
i feel the night ground
hungry
my body growing
colder
too weak to shiver
now
a
part
of this land
and
60,000 years
or
so
before he
yarry
dies
men women and children walk
from sand bar to
sand
bar
across a shallow body
of
water
from
land that
will later be
called
west papua
and
papua may be a tidore
word that means
land that is far away
and
or a
malay word that means
frizzy haired
to a land
that is now called
australia
a latin word
meaning south

land
and later
the sons and daughters
of the grandsons and granddaughters
of
their children and their children's children
move out and
around
the edges
of
this island continent
learning to
live
on
and
with
the land and
what made the land
and
all that lives on
and
under
the land
and
where i lie
dead
once was
a
shallow seabed is
now
the earth's largest
single slab
of
exposed
limestone
called
kattaundiri
or
the nullarbor
plain
or
undire
which

to
the mirning people is
a
word that means
bare
like a bone
the mirning
are
also called
baaduk
which
to peoples
north
of the mirning
means
circumcised or ignorant
and under
kattaundiri
undire
or
the nullarbor plain
is
a
network
of caves home to
phosphorescent insects
white
sightless
fish
and
a
devil serpent
or
whale
called
jeedara
who
when angered
lashes
himself about causing
dust storms
that
sweep

across
the plain
and
the caves that are
beneath
our
bone bare land
open onto
jeedara's
other home
the sea
and
but
before this
before
jeedara had a home beneath
our bone bare land
jeedara is
watching a ceremony
where
the
wombat
is changing skins
with the seal
and
yugarilya
or
the seven sisters
from
the constellation pleiades
see jeedara
and
seeing that
he is
circumcised
or
uninitiated
chase him
with their digging sticks
towards
another
ceremonial ground
in the

west and in the
pursuit jeedara
pushing the waters
of
the
sea
ahead of
him creates
caves and blowholes
and
he smashes
into the land
and
creates the cliffs
of
the great australian bight
aka
the southern edge of
the nullarbor plain
aka
the once and future
limestone slab of a seabed
with his shoulders
so that his friends
a black
dingo
and
a white
dingo
can walk there
beside him and keep
him company
as he
swims west
to a special teaching
place at which
he is
instructed in tribal law
and
then
jeedara swims further
west
to a place where

he
dances
and
mates with
his wives
4th august 1844
london
he presents a
paper
and
some specimens
to the royal geographical society
he brags of his misery
based on his specimens there is
conjecture
that
once
there was
an inland sea but
not
anymore
not
for many
thousands of years
he likes to live dangerously
he applies for
and
is awarded
a job in the colonial office
while waiting
for a posting
he stays with his father
at the vicarage in hornsea
he walks along
the beach
wondering if yarry ever
made it home
he
remembers
watching him go
hoping
he would come back
putting a rock

with
a fossilized shell
in it on
baxter's cairn
the wind
in his ears
and
dirt in his teeth
dogs barking
kids running
cheering
and when bringing her name up
he speaks of a farewell kiss to me
the band plays god save the queen
marching
to the edge of adelaide
sweating
in ceremonial dress
drinking kangaroo blood
black ants with sky-blue abdomens
white light
red earth
a shroud of stars at night
the shriek of a cockatoo
a puddle of maggots
on a dying horse the breasts
of a black girl dew
encrusted spider webs walking
toward his shadow
in the morning and away
from
it
in the afternoon wylie comes
and goes
at night with dead lizards
and snakes and
in the morning
with a dew soaked sponge one by one
the horses
die
i take 5 steps looking at the ground
and
5 steps looking at the horizon

5 steps
looking at the ground
5 steps looking
at the horizon 5 steps
looking
at the ground
5 steps
looking at the horizon
now curled
under
a bush
the sun high
overhead
he's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and all
i can't
move
muttering small talk at the wall while i'm in the hall
wylie smiling
holding
a
big
yellow
banksia cone
dripping sweet nectar home
he says pointing
westward
home
oh
how can i explain
it's so hard to get on
in london
he meets sarah
a daughter
of
a
friend of a friend
of his father's
and these visions of johanna they kept me up past the dawn
he's handsome
i am in thrall to his exploits
our first posting is to new zealand
as lieutenant governor
i arrive in wellington

on
11 july 1847
poor already
having
spent a quarter
of
my yearly salary
on
several
new suits
with brocade
and silver
lace
a fine warm
day
a 13 gun
salute
the dressed yards of 2
warships and the band of the 65th
plays
god save the queen they say
in person
he is tall
very thin
with a tip-toeing gait
narrow-chested
has a bad tailor
a most disagreeable countenance
a bad head
phrenologically speaking
small and contracted
indicating something materially
short of
full capacity
peculiar
of
speech
the very border
of
an impediment
taciturn
awkward
a sheep herder

a nobody
inside the museums
infinity goes up on trial
five months after my arrival
i am sworn in
and
on
10 january 1851
i
he
is relieved of duties
as lieutenant governor of new zealand
married 3 years
2 daughters
sailing back
to
england
pacing the deck
wondering
if yarry ever made it
home watching him
go
hoping
he would come
back
in london
i take the girls window shopping
we stroll
through the park
and watch
a man making daguerreotypes
voices echo this is what salvation must be like after awhile
shoes
dresses
coats
shawls
hats
mother mother
they shout
only they
will ever call me mother
his father now
walks

with a cane
sleeps
till mid-day
by the fire
head tilted to one side
retired
still in hornsea
he lives on his savings and pension
it is generous of him to accommodate
us
for so long
and
under
such circumstances
i have written again
to the colonial office
explaining
the unfairness of certain
payments
withheld
and
expenses incurred
without
remuneration
and await
reply then
from bristol to the ivory coast
rolling
rocking
now
we bounce weary
the carriage
stops
stuck
at an angle we walk
the
remaining
100 yards up
to
government house
it is hot and the overgrowth
stifles
all

hope
of a breeze mother and
i rest
our dresses
and shoes
stained
rust red
with
dirt the house
is dark
the roof
leaks the walls
are
damp windows do
not open the drain
stinks of rotting
flesh
the
privy is a hole
set off
from the larder
by means of
a
curtain
but even mona lisa musta had the highway blues
you can tell by the way she smiles
escorted through
the heat
and stench
of kingston
shopping
with the girls i witness
several instances of public
drunkenness
see the primitive wallflower frieze
2 brawls
when the jelly-faced women all sneeze
solicitous acts and men
openly
relieving
themselves
against
carriage wheels and

walls
hear the 1 with the moustache say
jeez
our eldest is just coming into womanhood
i can't find my knees
159 years
later
in afghanistan
see if you can zoom in on that guy
says the mission coordinator stationed at creech air force base
clark county nevada
and
the drone pilot
also at creech
but in the room next door
asks
is that a rifle
and the drone camera operator
who is sitting
next to
the drone pilot
says
i can't really tell right now
drone pilot
i was hoping we could make a rifle out see if anybody else has anything
interesting what about the guy under the north arrow does it look like
he's holding something across his chest
camera operator
yeah it's kinda weird how they all have a cold spot on their chest
drone pilot
they wrap their shit up in their mandresses so you can't identify it
camera operator
that truck would make a beautiful target that's a chevy suburban
mission coordinator
screener said at least one child near suv
camera operator
bullshit where send me a fucking still i don't think they have kids out at
this hour i know they're shady but come on
mission coordinator
they're reviewing
drone pilot
yeah review that shit why didn't he say possible child why are they so
quick to call kids but not to call a rifle

mission coordinator
two children were at the rear of the suv i haven't seen two children
then a
special operations soldier
lying on his belly
in the dirt
in
afghanistan
and
less than a half a kilometre
away from the chevy suburban
says
we'd like to keep tracking them we want to take out the whole lot
drone pilot
i don't think he's going to let us shoot
mission coordinator
that truck's got everyone in the open so a hellfire would do dandy
camera operator
a gas tank makes for a good secondary too i hit a vehicle once before
and it was a big black cloud
mission coordinator
all three vehicles have just stopped everybody is dismounting we have
eighteen military-aged males dismounted and spreading out looks like
blankets
camera operator
they're praying they are praying this is definitely it this is their force
mission coordinator
they are going to do something nefarious maybe headquarters will let
us have one vehicle since we tracked them so long adolescent near the
rear of the suv
camera operator
well teenagers can fight
mission coordinator
pick up a weapon and you're a combatant it's how it works
camera operator
one guy praying at the front of the truck sweet target i'd try to go
through the bed of the truck put it right dead centre
mission coordinator
that'd be perfect
drone pilot
can't wait till it actually happens
mission coordinator
looks like they're about to be coming up to a little town

drone pilot
our screeners are currently calling twenty-one military-aged males no
females and two possible children
soldier
when we say children are we talking teenagers or toddlers
camera operator
not toddlers something more toward adolescents or teens
soldier
like i said twelve to thirteen years old with a weapon is just as
dangerous
camera operator
oh we agree yeah
drone pilot
hope we get to shoot the truck with all the dudes in it
meanwhile
i struggle to remember the smell
of
the dark earth and
freshly mown grass
at the cemetery in hornsea
on my husband's behalf
i write
to the colonial secretary
complaining of the meagre
wage
and housekeeping stipend
awarded a temporary
governor
why is it
half
what a governor receives
when
the duties social and professional
are
the
same
oh
jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule
as
the council hears news of bloody feathers
disembowelled
goats
and late night

gatherings dark
affronts
to the established church
but these visions of johanna
they make it all seem so cruel
cut to
where the circling key-bone from the neck
disjoins the shoulder
there
his throat appear'd
there
achilles aim'd
and
there
his javelin tore
stern passage quite
through
hector's neck
and
the camera pans left
to
right across a plain
white
with snow crowded
with buffalo
milling
about scraping
at
the frozen
ground
grazing
on the soundtrack
tympani
beat out a steady
1
2
1
2
1
2
1
2
as

ethan and martin pawley

aka

jeffrey hunter

enter frame

carrying rifles

the strings

jump

a semi

tone

and

the time

doubles

as

ethan kneels

brings

rifle to shoulder

sights

fires

the music stops

the

right

front

leg of a buffalo

buckles

and

the animal falls

the herd

startles

begins to run

he fires twice

more

the sound

echoes

across

the plain

the

herd stampedes

grimacing

ethan

takes cover among

a stand of trees

fires 2 more

times

martin
enters
frame
yells
ethan this don't make no sense
hunger and empty bellies that's the sense it makes you blanket head
martin
grabs the barrel
of
ethan's rifle yelling
ethan stop it
ethan
knocks
martin
to the ground
aims and pulls
the
trigger but
the gun
is
empty he grabs
martin's
rifle
saying
at least they won't feed any comanche this winter
and fires
3 more shots
cut to
24 april 1864
he is
i am
appointed
governor-in-chief of jamaica
with the commensurate increase in salary effective
immediately
the peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care
for him
my eyes are failing
i read the letter several
times
name me someone that's not a parasite and i'll go out and say a prayer
for him
it is very hot

humid
and still
i cannot tell
you
i cannot tell anybody
how it makes
the body
smell
but like louise always says
ya can't look at much
can ya man
as she
herself prepares for him
i wash and wash
still the damp smells rise from my skirts
and madonna
she still has not showed
he grabs me
around
the waist yelling
fire murder
fire
murder
i will put them back
please let me go
i will put them
back
2 months
hard labour
and
beatings
for stealing
2 bundles of cane
valued at 1 shilling
gunshots
it is dark
i smell
smoke
my wife
and
daughters are sleeping
down the hill
the courthouse

is
burning
we see this empty cage now corrode
beatings
by the mullato militia
hard
labour digging weeds
out of
a red earth
for a white man
my skirt
and blouse
are in tatters
exposing
me
to
jeers
and cold
where her cape of the stage once had flowed
my mother is stepped on
by a horse
before
she dies
she tells me of the
crossing shackled to 12 other girls
covered in
darkness
covered
in
flies
rats and shit
rocking
on the sea 2 months
hard labour
for stealing
2 bundles of cane
valued at 1 shilling the courthouse is burning
we are
dancing
drunk
angry
tired
hungry

i
he
suspends
the constitution and declares
martial law
the fiddler
he now steps to the road
arms are distributed black
masses are rumoured
people
fill the square
he writes everything's been returned which was owed
every white male
and
landed mulatto
receives
2 rifles and 100 cartridges
on the back of the fish truck that loads
fires sweep over the hills
across farms
livestock
stampede a horse harnessed
to a burning
livery
runs through
town
while my conscience explodes
a child
shot in the eye stands
round mouthed
silent
one hand
cupped
to her face
crying blood courts are convened
men
armed with clubs
knives
guns
shovels
bloodied
feared
fearful

roam the towns and countryside
killing looting raping chasing
chased
by an armed militia
sworn to serve
and
protect people are shot on
sight
on
suspicion
bodies
hang from trees
gibbets
windows
from ropes
vines and
bed sheets
eyes bulging
naked
his body shakes
dying
he gets an erection scores
settled
businesses
buildings
estates
whole plantations
plundered
burned
naked
pinned to the ground
legs spread
her throat
is slit
her body
flayed
clubbed
set alight
shot
screaming
the harmonicas play the skeleton keys in the rain
men women children
silenced

their bodies
stacked
neatly
in rows
and these visions of johanna are now all that remain
as
priam enters stands
near to achilles
clasps
his knees and kisses
those
terrible and
homicidal
hands
that have
destroy'd so many
of his sons
see in me
oh god-like thetis' son
thy aged father
50 sons
the deities did
give
my hopes to live in
all alive when
near
our
trembling shore
the greek ships harbour'd
now
of all
my only joy
and troy's
sole guard
by thee
late fighting for his country
slain
whose tender'd person
now
i come to ransom
infinite
is that i offer
you

myself
conferring it
expos'd
alone to all your odds
only
imploring right of arms
achilles
fear the gods
pity an old man
cut to
today
i got this
client coming
in
cus
she made a stupid
mistake
that's
keeping her from
getting
married says
big gus
smiling
to the camera
well-trimmed goatee
framing big
white
teeth
i ain't no damn marriage counsellor
but
i am gonna see
what i can do
for this
girl
i have something so
horrible
you're not going to
believe
it
says lyndzee to big
gus
i don't wanna
even

imagine
what kinda
tattoo
this
is
cus
i don't
see it
anywhere
as the camera
tilts
up past bare
legs
pink shorts brown
eyebrows blonde
hair
to a face
trying
to smile
just because the sex is
good now
frowning
doesn't mean
the tattoo will be
says lyndzee
that
musta
been some good
booty
if it got
some
bad tattoo
on you
nodding
real good booty
says lyndzee
lemme see
what
that
good booty
got you
oh
my

god
does that
say
destroy
in your private area
it sure
does
what the fuuuu
ck
i got this tattoo for my man
and
my whole world
fell
apart
i can't even describe how
bad
i need it
gone says lyndzee
to the
camera
what do you want to do
i mean
i didn't even
ask
you says big gus
i was
thinking
a caterpillar
smoking a hookah says lyndzee
the caterpillar
is
like me
turning into a butterfly
got ya
and
because
i like hookah
cut to
mose harper
aka
hank worden top hat
on his knee
sitting

in
a
rocking chair
on a porch
he looks out
into
the distance
and smiles
as
the
music swells
and
mr and mrs jorgensen
aka
john qualen and olive carey
rush from inside
onto
the porch
to see
ethan and
debbie and martin
approaching
on
horseback
then
mose and the jorgensens
are joined
by an anxious
laurie jorgensen
aka
vera miles
who touches her heart
then
runs off
skirt billowing past
ethan and
debbie
aka
natalie wood
to take martin's
hand
cut to
mrs jorgenson

twisting her gingham
apron
she brings it to
her face
to wipe
a tear as
off screen
the sons of the pioneers begin to sing
a man will search his heart and soul
go searching way out there
as
ethan dismounts
and
debbie
wary
slides into his arms
mose grins
and
puts his hat
on
it is several
sizes
too big ethan stands
debbie on the porch
mrs jorgensen
gives debbie
a big hug
holds her
tight
his peace of mind he knows he'll find
but where o lord
lord where
then
mr and mrs jorgensen and debbie
go inside the house and
ethan steps onto
the porch
as
martin and laurie
hand in hand
go inside
ride away
ride away

and ethan stays on the porch
outside
looking in and
the wind blows the brim of his hat
up
he shifts his weight
onto
his right leg
grimacing or
smiling
he rubs his
elbow and
the sons of the pioneers sing
ride away
then ethan turns
and
steps
off the porch and
walks
into the wind
and
swirling dirt of monument valley
and between him
and us
the door
of
the house
closes
and the screen
goes
black
so
how the hell did
you
get destroy
tattooed
on
you asks
big gus
well
i decided
to go to
this party and i

walked in
and
there was this
oh
my
god
hot hot guy
he didn't speak
a lick
of english
well then
he starts kissing
me
out
on the dance
floor
and
i'm like
oh
i'm
liking
this good
finally we make
our
way
to the bedroom and
his
penis was just
enormous hee-hee
the
next
thing
i know
i am having
the best sex
ever i was
like
i need
you
you're too much i
need it
what happened
next asks big

gus
my friend calls
she's like wanna get a free tattoo
and
i'm like what
a free tattoo
oh
my
god
hell yes i'm
gonna get
destroy tattooed
above my vagina
to
honour
my lover's gi-
normous
penis
i can't promise
any fairy-tale
endings says big gus
but
what
i
can
promise
is to try to
give you
a good
tattoo
yeah
a quick fade
to black
then
several
commercials and
alright
here ya
go
check it
out
oh my
god

i love
it
it's
awesome
it's
amazing
i've never seen anything more
beautiful in my
life there's no
words
to
describe
how good
it makes me
feel
now that destroy
is finally
gone from my body