

## **A Night of Becomings**

I spend a little while on my hands and knees to remind myself of how it feels. After a brief attempt at walking I am made aware of an anatomical shortcoming, and so decide to remove my legs below the knees.

I begin to shuffle across my living room floor, trying to get to grips with this now unfamiliar way of moving. I forget to look up and bump my head on the settee. My girlfriend looks on and lets out a laugh through her nose. If one were to look very closely as she did this they would see the tiny hairs in her nose move in the direction of the flow of air, perhaps. I back up a bit and turn to face the centre of the room. I raise my head and sniff the air a little, being sure to let my nostrils flare as wide as possible as I do so. I instantly make out the smell of genitals. The musky smell that dwells in the folds of foreskin and labia alike makes me think of warm things. I think of a dry, unglazed ceramic vessel warmed by the heat of an oven. The vessel's surface is placed against my cheek, letting the heat radiate me. I libidiously purr as the waves of heat flicker over my anus where they exit my body, leaving my legs unheated.

Spirited by the warmth I break into a trot. From one corner of the room to the other I march. My head, at first held high and proud, is pulled downwards away from those furrows of bacterial glow to the perfumed sent of carpet. I stop to taste between the worn fibres of its surface where I find tiny pieces of matter, virtually tasteless, but no less significant.

A noise outside snaps me out of my exploratory trance. (If I knew any better I might be able to determine the sound as a car door closing.) Without a thought I am up on the settee. I peer out, hoping to get a glimpse at the source of this threatening disruption, but it's dark outside and light in here and I can see nothing. "What the fuck is going on out there?" I want to say.

I'm like that for the rest of the evening, making the occasional grunt at the most insignificant of noises. My girlfriend intermittently reaches over and strokes my back as she watches some confusing mixture of light and sound on the television. She eventually goes to bed, leaving me on my own in the dark living room. I'm not sure why, maybe out of curiosity, but I start to piss. This highlights the distressing pointlessness of clothes.

Lost for anything to do, I settle down where my girlfriend had been sitting. Her body still lingers on in the dusty fibres of the settee. I gradually nod off and dream of pure desires that are vague and abstract, completely disconnected from any object.

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