

**nunto** THIRTY-FOUR

This fucking city  
not unlike old Fyodor and Nikolai's Petersburg  
the bureaucrats  
the gamblers  
and the consumptives

walking fast  
with a hatchet and a purpose

a moneylender's blood  
and the appearance of Jesus Christ

running a fever now  
seeing shades of your naked figure everywhere  
no matter what I snort or drink  
or hammer into these veins

finally driven to ask  
an Egyptian druggist  
rumoured to be an atheist  
or an alchemist

confiding in him one night  
lost deep in the opium dens of Chinatown  
asking, with sleepless eyes

what do I take  
for hallucinations

or better yet

what the fuck do I take to stop seeing ghosts

**BOOK III**