

# The Homonym Text of The Infernal Machine

1.

Of course you've heard it all before. The relentless thudding and pounding, beating and crashing. You stop knowing whether you're hearing the rock and roll scream of guitars and drums or the jackhammers and the subways or silent screaming of a mind gone bored. The din of the babble of an infinity of troubles creating a hoary carpet of shards on the floor of the mind. They are painful all at once, they stab and ache dully, and the hurt dissolves into a patina of fire lubricated only by tears and determination.

2.

Of course you've heard it all before. The thuddingly relentless pounding, a crash on the beat. You know each stop as the heart of a rock and roll scream, hammering drums, guitars subliminally silent in a mind ready to board the next train to the stars. The babble grows dim under the starlit infinity that does not trouble to shed illumination on the grass carpet below the staring mind. They are full and plain, though once seen dully through the clouds. The glint resolves into the minutia of a fire clearing away the fear and consternation.

3.

Of course you've heard it all before. The hungry, adventurous sounding of waves crashing on the beach, both heart-stopping and serene. Waves roll upon the rocks, hammering as distant nocturnal drums, guiding the mind through its silence to a sublimation of boredom. Each wash becomes the haven of the sound and stars of infinity. The sable foam glows indigo under moonlight, the color of bubble in the sun, of opal parapet after the fall of glaring sunshine. It feigns colors it is not, dullness evolving, cloudiness evolving, whispering, then dissolving into a glimmer of lost fire. The clarity of hereness washes into the sea.

4.

Of course you've heard it all before. The thunder of tendentious clouds smashing vapors into the air, clashing as whirling devils. Rolling explosions rock the night, distant hammering changing places with overwhelming night drummers, smiting the silence, peeling away the hoarse condescension of the mind. The heavens resound infinitely, the stars and moons and suns themselves made clean behind the indignant rumbles, washed from dull glare to opalescent sheen. Colors of day revolve with gray and black, convolving the skies with clouds and mists and waters and a host of fire. The nearness frightens, the madness purifies.

5.

Of course you've heard it all before. The crumpling roar, a sensation of seared clouds, smashed heavens, and the reign of devils. Explosions smash the ears, rip the sight, rock the body. Clamoring voices exchange places with the personal night of death, individual silence, peeling away the layers of divinity, separating the soul from the mind with sounds coupling infinite sadness with infinite arrogance. Day colors devolve to gray and black serrated in flame, contorting the sky, clouding the vision, and washing the earth with an air filled with fire. The weariness of humanity is lightened in the purification of death.

6.

Of course you've heard it all before. The relentless thudding and pounding, beating and crashing. You stop knowing whether you're hearing the rock and roll scream of guitars and drums or the jackhammers and the subways or silent screaming of a mind gone bored. The din of the babble of an infinity of troubles creating a hoary carpet of shards on the floor of the mind. They are painful all at once, they stab and ache dully, and the hurt dissolves into a patina of fire lubricated by tears and determination.

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The *Infernal Machine* "Eastern War Time" Mix also contains excerpts from "Night Thoughts on the Pietà" by Richard Atcheson (*Saturday Review*, June 12, 1972); from "Victory" (*The Stars and Stripes*, May 8, 1945); and from the *Kaddish*.