

wisdom.
But the sentence stayed, out of stubbornness more than
broken through to first principles.

while staring at a ceiling stain and pretending he had
Too much like something a damaged man would say

He hated how that sounded. Too near. Too online.

agreement.

listening through the wall: Reality is a repeated

Then, later, in smaller letters, as if somebody were

Then: The day is assembled.

right, said: K opens nothing. It removes padding.

The first notebook entry, if he later remembered it

before he did.

been sentimental. He wrote because the sentences began

He did not expect writing to save him. That would have

He wrote that down.

finished.
The world kept coming in. It just no longer came in

On the fourth or fifth day, maybe the sixth, symbols
began to accumulate.

A crack above the window. Branching.

A cup-ring on the table. Then another.

A dark knot in the wood floor.

The tram wires over the street. Crossing and crossing.

The green pharmacy cross blinking in the distance.

Three flashes. Pause. Three flashes. Pause.

He had read enough bad and partial things about
Kabbalah to be dangerous to himself.

Too little to understand it, enough to misuse it, enough
to let the ten spheres drift over whatever surface needed
structure.

Ceiling crack as tree. Table stain as sephirah. Hallway
light as path. Drain as abyss.

The whole apartment wanted to diagram itself.

This frightened him less than it should have, which was
its own problem, because fear would have meant
distance.

Fear would have meant: this is happening to me.

But there was no good me-position left, only moving
intensities. Near. Far. Sharpened. Muted. Charged.
Drained.

The room was not haunted. It was over-read. It had
become too legible in the wrong direction.

continued in part ii

had weakened.

But the little treaty between sensation and meaning

smoke.

registered cold, fabric, water, stair rails, cigarette

The eye still saw. The ear still heard. The skin still

building unlocked.

inside the senses had gone home early and left the

It thinned the glue here. It felt as if the hidden staff

K was whiter than that. Flatter. It took him nowhere.

Escape implies a direction, a door, a map.

escape, but escape was the wrong word too.

He had been using K. Not for fun, exactly, maybe

But waking did not deliver him into the world.

He opened his eyes. Yes. He left sleep. More or less.

up in the normal sense.

During the month in question, Mousa stopped waking

Null

Short story

the month

with no door

NULLZINE NO. 02 · PART I OF II

Blackening. Whitening. Reddening. Burn. Wash.
Distill. Rot. Coagulate.

The old sequence. The old theater of matter suffering its
way into another rank.

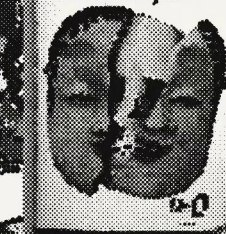
First the black stage. **Nigredo**, though he felt it before
he had the word.

Rot in the continuity of self.

Memory became strips. Fragments.

Childhood kitchen. Train window. One woman
laughing in bed. His father looking at receipts.

Mabius
Confession
Sun m-r-s-q-u-e



A school corridor. A dead cat by the canal.

Skin. Hospital light. Shame. Heat. Prayer. Pornography.
Metro announcements.

The little films detached from sequence, and floated
beside one another, equal in weight.

That was the **horror**. No hierarchy. No before and after
with moral force.

Then the **white** phase. The pale one. The stripped
one.

The city became clean in a terrible way. Plastic shone
too much. Supermarkets were lit like clinics.

His own hands looked less like hands, and more like
tools that had been assigned to him temporarily.

The skin on his fingers appeared almost **rented**.

END OF PART II



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Short story

the month

with no door

NULLZINE NO. 02 · PART II OF II



He tried to correct for this. He told himself: **stop**.

It is only a crack. Only a lamp. Only bad sleep. Only

chemistry. Only Berlin winter.

Only your own head folding in on itself again.

But **only** had lost force.

And besides, what was only chemistry? A phrase for

people who think chemistry is not already **metaphysics**

in work clothes.

By the second week he no longer trusted categories with
hard edges.

Drug. Symbol. Idea. Hallucination. Archetype.

Memory. Myth.

They were different things, he thought, but they bled
into one another under pressure, and most people

survived by not noticing the bleed.

The city outside kept moving. That was **obscene**.

To Mousa it looked administered now, sequenced, as if
each thing arrived already tagged by some invisible

office.

Cross. Wait. Buy. Swipe. Scan. Sign.

Then: An operating system with weather.

That also annoyed him. But less.

By then the alchemical language had started to leak
in.

He never chose it. It was there whenever he reached for
anything else.