

Me

by Kirk Wood Bromley

*This earth is my womb,
This air is my breath,
This gasping my life,
This birthing my death,
Whereto I am tossed
Is where I would be,
This being is vexed,
This vexing is me*

- Me1 - This is a play called Me.
Me2 - No, this is me avoiding me by doing a play called Me.
Me3 - Something unsent always arrives when I address myself.
Me4 - Why do a play called Me?
Me5 - Cuz a friend once said to me after I whined how only my friends come to my plays:
Me6 - "I just think people are more interested
In you than The American Revolution."
Me7 - And taking flattering bad advice is what makes me so anxiously me.
Me8 - Cuz I can only be me when you need me to be you.
Me9 - That makes me two sides of the same word wall still unbuilt after years of underpinning the peace with soundproof, see-thru polemics.
Me10 - So here it is.
Me11 - If it is.
Me12 - It is if.
Me1 - Me.
Me2 - Or not me.
Me3 - Fine, it's me in some actors who can be me cuz they're not me.
Me4 - Which is me as me can be given the medium.
Me5 - All sit for the *me deum*.
Me6 - Accredited dramaturgical slash asexual principles dictate that I should know me so I can give consent to me before I do me.
Me7 - Me is the subversion of accredited dramaturgical slash asexual principles.
Me8 - And a play called Me isn't necessarily about me.
Me9 - A play called me can't be about me because I am not a play called Me.
Me10 - So what am I?
Me11 - Me.
Me12 - But what is me?
Me1 - Careful! Response is the first sign of wrong.
Me2 - Me is a grammar torn apart by speech.
Me3 - Me is a half-baked machine that crunches cooked-up data according to a code that scrambles on reverse engineering.
Me4 - Me is the excluded middle between "He feels love" and "She is with child."

Me5 - Me is a cap on my emotional investment in the pantomime extortion racket of emotionality set by core values with no investment in me.

Me6 - Me is fight and flight in a fuck or fright.

Me7 - Me is all the sympathetic lizards.

Me8 - Me is the boss of nobody's business.

Me9 - Me is a tower running thru trip-wires.

Me10 - Me is 13 degenerates trying to figure out who's causing all the decline.

Me11 - Me is my experiential awareness of being an internal agent outside unfeeling matter whose stimulations are directed indirectly by me.

Me12 - Me is a stimulus defense system around the misdirected awareness of a feeling agent whose external experience directly matters to me.

Me1 - So me is circular?

Me2 - Like "new age."

Me3 - Or "esoteric beeline."

Me4 - Or "gifted and talented donut."

Me5 - Me: A Reflection of the Inimitable.

Me6 - I quit.

Me7 - Yeah, I often quit to win.

Me8 - How can I win me in a play called Me when the plaintiff can't be the judge without the procedure turning impartial, which is, to temporize like me, illegal law?

Me9 - The problem is a play called Me's no place to say:

Me10 - "I swear to wreak the truth, the sole truth, and, bluffing, strut the truth."

Me11 - So help me, someone.

Me12 - Who can help me when everyone is me?

Me1 - How define a being when that being is changing being by being defined?

Me2 - The closer I get the farther me beams!

Me3 - Don't listen to me.

Me4 - Please, listen to me.

Actor enters with a birthday cake and they sing the Birthday Song:

*No beginning to me
 No beginning to me
 No beginning dear No-No
 No beginning to me.*

Me5 - Make a wish.

Me6 - But don't speak it, or it won't come true.

Me7 - I wish I was me.

I blow out the candles.

Me8 - And there, in the darkness I'd created to keep me from my wish, it came to me.

Enter the Fish.

*Come the fish
Beautiful fish
Openly inconceivable teetering symbol fish.*

*Come the fish
Critical fish
Unbelievably organized intimate alien person fish*

*If you can't feel the fish
Then you can't reel the fish
If you can't be the fish
Then you can't free the fish
If you can't lose the fish
Then you can't use the fish
If you don't know the fish
Then you are so the fish.*

*Come the fish
Mystery fish
State-of-the-art primitive obsolete future fish.*

Fish- I am the chosen fish, chosen by me
To save the planet from humanity.
Me9 - Excuse me?
Fish - I am the chosen fish, chosen...
Me10 - Yeah, I heard, but what are you doing in Me?
Fish - I am me.
Me11 - Stop acting.
Fish - Look who's talking.
Me12 - I see who's talking, and it isn't me.
Fish - All me's in me are me, yet as a me
In me I'm not always fully aware
Of what other me's in me are doing
In the name of me, and this not always
Being fully me-aware while being
So entertainingly me is acting.
Me1 - So acting is the very essence of me?
Fish - Making me a fishy democracy.
Me2 - It feels more like a conflict party.
Fish - And I, who am officially a fish,
Am come to crash all that, officiously.
Me3 - How did "make a wish" become "fake a fish"?
Fish - Thru this made-up fish I get my true wish.
Me4 - But what does it mean that I
Me5 - With my two lungs

Me6 - Two legs
 Me7 - Two arms
 Me8 - Mammaries
 Me9 - Hairy skin
 Me10 - Warm blood
 Me11 - Viviparous birth
 Me12 - Four optic brain lobes
 Me1 - Chain of small ear bones
 Me2 - Deep feelings
 Me3 - And excellent resumé
 Me4 - Am officially a fish?
 Fish - O it means so many things.
 Me5 - Deign to name, or kipper, meet the ripper.
 Fish - Well, for starters, it means I'm the savior.
 Me6 - You've either saved or damned your position.
 Fish - I'm a fish; everything dams my position.
 Me7 - How does I'm a fish mean I'm the savior?
 Fish - That's for me to know and me to find out.
 Me8 - Talking to me is like gluing water.
 Fish - And the right bike for that job is a fish.
 Me9 - How convenient my crazy has become.
 Fish - How crazy my convenience has become.
 Me10 - Actor.
 Fish - I know I am, but what am I?
 Me11 - A stage shark.
 Me12 - A loyal boy trout.
 Me1 - Be prepared.
 Me2 - In sizzling sesame oil.
 Fish - My fellow fish, I am come as a fish
 To say I am a fish.
 Me3 - On a human scale.
 Fish - To prove I'm a fish, I'll show you my holes.
 Me4 - Your what?
 Me5 - More like your fins of omission.
 Fish - Follow me, and I will show you the holes
 In my body, my family, and my story.
 Me8 - He's got genus envy.
 Fish - And seeing my holes,
 You will see I am holy.
 Me7 - Classic cod complex.
 Fish - And seeing I am holy, you will see
 You are a fish.
 Me8 - Yeah, I'm a tuna you out.
 Fish - And seeing you are a fish, you will see
 I am the chosen fish, chosen by me
 To save the planet from humanity.

Me9 - Let's spin-cast this red-herring back to school.

Enter Mujimo in labor, Xingba and midwife at her side. They pull the fish costume off the actor and lay it in a tub of water.

*No waters divert,
O bathe me in soil,
Anoint me with dirt,
Refresh me on spoil.*

Mid- Push, Mujimo, push!

*I sprang from the earth,
To earth I shall sag,
She feeds me her birth,
O smear me with slag.*

Mid- The head is out.

*O cover my corpse
With the source of my soul
That I live in the loam of her love.*

Mid- It's a boy.

The midwife hands the newborn boy to Mujimo.

*Sodden I come
And sudden I go
So dress me in the sod suds I'm of.*

Xingba sees the fish costume in the tank of water.

Xing - What is that?

Mid - Your daughter.

Muj - Twins?

Mid - Yes and no.

Muj - Why no?

Mid - She is inviable.

Xing - Dead?

Mid - Yes and no.

Muj - Your fearful care prolongs my injury;
Speak straight and cut the cord whereby I feed
Upon scenarios far worse than truth.

Mid - In uterine simulation she may live,
But in air she drowns.

Xing - Are its lungs defective?
 Mid - She has no lungs, but quite exquisite gills.
 Muj - Gills?
 Mid - In the womb, your daughter breathed and fed
 And fought for her brother, but only he
 Is fit to wander beyond the waters.
 Xing - Will it not develop?
 Mid - Develop what?
 Xing - Recognizable humanoid characteristics.
 Mid - Like arms and legs and routine suicide?
 Xing - You act like it were better off deformed.
 Mid - She is perfectly formed for what she is.
 Xing - What is she?
 Mid - The term is nautical fetus,
 Tho I prefer isomeric midwife.
 Xing - Why have I not heard of other women
 Having one of these?
 Mid - It is extremely rare
 For her to live, and in the joy of birth
 Who cares to trumpet a mortality?
 Xing - It lives because you placed it in that tank.
 Mid - I placed her in that tank to save her life.
 Xing - You might have sought my consent.
 Muj - Xingba, stop.
 Xing - Why is it breathing water, and he air?
 Mid - Your son is human, so prenatally
 He practiced breathing air by breathing water,
 But when the cordal oxygen levels
 Of his mother's blood deflated, he stoppt.
 This is called the paradoxical response,
 For, to survive post-partum, the new life
 Must perform the opposite, breathing deeper
 In thinner air, which he prepared himself
 To do and now does. As for his sister,
 She exists to aid his maturation
 And with the birth, die off, her job well done,
 So her responses shun all paradox,
 And she unpracticed meets the fickle gas.
 Xing - How much will this imposed womanly war
 On suffocation cost me?
 Muj - Xingba, no!
 Xing - All assume that I am made of money,
 So there is almost nothing of me left.
 Mid - We have a sliding scale.
 Xing - I've slid such scales,
 And they drop at the dump.

Muj - She will remain
 In the tank for as long as she may live.
 Xing - What if I release it in the river?
 Muj - Release her?
 Xing - To its natural habitat.
 Mid - She would live, but to you forever lost.
 Muj - She's our child.
 Xing - It's a fish.
 Muj - So she's our fish.
 Xing - We are too poor to give without return.
 Muj - And what does she not give that we are due
 From one who never askt for such a deal?
 Xing - It cannot love.
 Muj - Is not to live to love
 What gave you life, even by contorsion
 Of neediness that makes of lack full rage?
 I gave life as I loved, then is that life
 My love, and in that blindness see return,
 So if that love-defaulting life demands
 More love than allows a sharing profit,
 The gap is in the budget, not the goods,
 For even by that love I lose, the life
 I give gives me love past all accounting.
 Denying that deserves not love nor life.
 Xing - You keep it in that tank for you, not it.
 Muj - She needs to know me.
 Xing - At what cost, mother,
 Do you keep it from its kind?
 Muj - Is it kind
 To reject what nature begs protected?
 Xing - Nature is its mother and will decide
 If it's to keep, and by that decision
 It will be blessed; our counsel counters what
 Should give us counsel in another's case.
 Muj - Due to her, we have him. Is death our thanks?
 Xing - This tank is living death, which your kindness
 Condemns it to, so let my truer thanks
 For bringing him to life be its release.

Xingba pulls the fish costume out of the water.

Muj - Take my daughter, you will never see your son.
 Xing - Take my son, you will only see your grave.

He exits with the fish costume.

Me10 - I want my mother! I want my mother!

The actor sticks their head in the tank. Enter Tartalisa, singing.

Tart- *You reach for her,
It's me you touch.
You'll never have so little much;
It has to be, yet on you fret.
O let it go,
The missing know
What's ever been is ever not quite yet.*

The actor pulls their head out of the tank.

Me11 - Hope to nope. I cannot act that feeling.
I mean, I have, I can, but now I can't,
Cuz I've come to sense there might be something
Prior to that feeling, and that feeling
Was only sought as it had no prior,
At least according to supposedly,
Our only inborn suppository,
And once I find what's prior to that feeling,
I'll finally know what I'm really feeling,
Then, acting on that, I won't be acting,
I'll just be what I'm feeling when I'm acting,
Then acting becomes my truer mother,
As acting on that feeling I will be
The fish I was, still am, prior to me.

Tart - Nope to cope.

Me12 - Who are you?

Tart - Your placenta,
Your sister, your congenital midwife.

Me1 - My placenta's a character in Me?

Tart - You're composed of an alphabet far stranger
Than anything your mind can cacograph.

Me2 - That must be why acting feels like groping
For something my urge to act won't show me.

Tart - Have you heard of the prematernal bond?

Me3 - What's to hear with all the crashing symbols?

Tart - Conception, as a coded invasion
Of the female by the male, activates
The female's immunodefense system
To buffer contact between the fetus
And the mother, for the fetus contains
Foreign, and so deadly, paternal genes.
This defense incites the male's assertions,

Which incite the female's defenses,
And so on til the final family photo.
The fetus is the theater of war
For this yoked collision, this internecine
Engagement, wherein each combatant strives
To sustain the conflict, withdrawing blood
In volumes just below the fatal mark
Of fetal loss, and this mutual discord
Defines the conceptus, never touching
Its mother - placental mediation -
And never resigning to its father,
For he is the dint of the displacement.
The new being learns what it is to be
By only knowing what it is because
It is a threat to what gave it being.

Me4 - And so whereto this prematernal bond?
Tart - To me, the buffer, the cause and curse of life.
Me5 - Our first love is a disposable organ
Created by our mother to prevent
The father in us from destroying her?
Tart- And from this blood bath of novel intuita
Sprouts an ontocritical biogon
Of ineffable inevitables.
Me6 - Nature as defiance of desire.
Me7 - That song in my head I've never heard.
Me8 - Placentophagy repulsion disorder.
Me9 - A play called Me in which a fish plays me.
Me10 - Made in Vachina.
Tart- Patently pending.

Enter Xingba beside the Yangtze holding the fish costume.

Xing - I feel you looking at me, and your look
Lacks respect, yet like all disrespecters
You offer no solution to your spite
And would not do what you shame others to,
So stop looking at me, and look at this.
Ought I go broke to save a broken thing
That goes for broke when no good broke for good
Is best in the end? And is it not broke
Only by the care I throw upon it?
Yet my throwing it away sends it back
To an element full suited to its state,
Tho not to mine, and there's the core of care:
Freezing what would flee so we can lick it.
I will not hold your keys. I will not drain

My pith into some chance monstrosity
For smirks of smug devotion, fattening
Fiducial defect on effacing sweets
To preserve heckling bogus being's blot.
What coddling, crippling engrossment
Has hereto posed for love I storm with care
That sees its ridgeway to a careful action,
That parents desire with design, that guides
The hand to let its seedlings, feck or stooge,
Disperse to blooming deeds no myth can match.
This is my love, this pampering rejection,
This abandon so tenderly performed,
All for love, yay, the greatest love to live,
As it placed the life it loved above itself,
Not as a so-called selfless give-a-suck
Who nurses her own needs, but as a man
Who grows for the give, and the rest be gone.

Enter Baiji, who is Tartalisa in a dolphin costume.

Baiji - Be gone the man who grows not for the give.

They fight. Xingba gets the upperhand.

Baiji - Kill me, father, for I've no wish to live
In a world where undeveloped means deformed.
Xingba - Why do you call me father?
Baiji - You're a father.
Xingba - Yet you used it differently.
Baiji - I am different,
Far freer than you, who are indifferent.
Xingba - You try to confuse me that I forget
You tried to kill me, but your words rebound
My lethal purpose, as they lack a point.
Baiji - Yeah, I lack a point because it's pointless
To find your father when that father's you.
Xingba - Tell me why you attackt me, or my point
Will find you where your father loses you.
Baiji - It's a long tale for such a short temper.
Xingba - Your only hope's that the telling tames me.
Baiji - Once upon a time, 'bout an hour ago,
I met Mujimo in a mother funk
Not unsimilar to pooping pumpkins.
Xingba - So Mujimo sent you to murder me?
Baiji - And save her daughter, but I've failed at both,
So pay me my loss.

Xingba - Where is Mujimo?
 Baiji - Somewhere.
 Xingba - Somewhere where?
 Baiji - Somewhere where it looks
 Like it looks here lookt here like it looks there.
 Xingba - Does she have my son?
 Baiji - My sun? O our darkness!
 How to proceed when every substantive
 By a girt possessive gets preceded?
 I say father, yet you hear my father,
 And now you own the sun? If that's the case,
 Point it where it don't shine and see the point
 You poked your eyes out with 'bout an hour ago.
 Xingba - Poked my eyes out? It's you I plan to poke.
 Baiji - Poke me? That would be a bad incestment,
 As you'd lose one child to gain another,
 Yet the other would be the first's lesser,
 And you would be credited a debit
 For a trade far too internal to enhance.
 Xingba - Where do you think to go in such circles?
 Baiji - Back to my birth, so I can save myself.
 Xingba - Show me Mujimo, or I spend your savings.
 Baiji - A child's only savings is its mother,
 So I spend mine showing you Mujimo.
 Xingba - As the father of Mujimo's children,
 I know she's not your mother.
 Baiji - All you know
 Is arbitraging folderol for gewgaws.
 Xingba - So name your rate.
 Baiji - How slap a price on life?
 Oops. You slappt just that on your daughter,
 Pricing her cheaper than a misplaced key
 To an unknown lock, which most at least stash
 In the junk tub in case some random door
 Sprouts in the middle of the living room
 And the key fits, which has never happened,
 Or not as often as, O, say, a child
 Rejected by her father lies weeping
 All night wishing he hadn't chuckt her out
 Just because her ill-cut key didn't fit
 The door to his impossible ideals,
 So I'll use your spent appraisal device
 And value myself at what I might bring
 On the market of useless throwaways.
 Xingba - You back so far in your run to the line
 Your reach is lost by lag of your approach.

Just take me to my son, and all my life
 Will be a labor to ensure your peace.
 Baiji - I'll do it, if you'll promise me one thing.
 Xingba - So keen my mind, to speak it is to have it.
 Baiji - I will get your son and give him to you
 If you will feed your daughter to her mother.
 Xingba - I have fallen to a sham.

They fight. Baiji gets the upperhand.

Baiji - Sham on you.
 Xingba - Why this deranged demand?
 Baiji - I'm trying to keep
 A family together, and the demand
 Must fit the desire, or the bang about
 Will break them both.
 Xingba - But how does a mother
 Eating her daughter keep a family together?
 Baiji - The same way a father throwing his daughter
 Into the river pulls a family apart.
 Xingba - I set my daughter free that she may live
 And care not what that does to the family.
 Baiji - Is she still in the river?
 Xingba - Nothing's still
 In a river.
 Baiji - Good one.
 Xingba - O how I wish
 She were here to agree that I am good.
 Baiji - She is.
 Xingba - Why can't I see her?
 Baiji - You lack your sun.
 Xingba - She's gone forever, and I cannot feed
 What I don't have to what I cannot find.
 Baiji - Of course you can; like don't you stuff yourself,
 Which you can't find, with facts you do not know?
 All you need's a little fisherman's luck.

She gives him a fishing pole and exits.

Xingba - This girl is nothing, yet she is something.

He fishes.

Me11 - Don't tell me you're gonna pretend to fish.
 Xing - What?
 Me12 - Do you understand what's happening?

Xing - I'm fishing.
 Me1 - No, you're pretending to fish.
 Xing - Yeah, that's my thing.
 Me2 - Your thing?
 Me3 - Get a new thing.
 Xing - Like what?
 Me4 - Like being real.
 Xing - It's a play.
 Me5 - Wrong.
 Xing - So what is it?
 Me6 - It's more like a sermon
 With expositions on the assumption.
 Me7 - Or an anthropology seminar
 With simulations of primitive life.
 Me8 - Or a political action meeting
 With role plays on methods of persuasion.
 Me9 - Or a cop show with actual reenactments
 Of potential crimes.
 Me10 - Or a messianic bioanalysis
 Of the schizoichthyologic self
 Thru curettage of the perfect womb myth.
 Xing - This is a play called Me. It's about me.
 Me11 - And you are a fish whose special status
 As a non-fish demands he make a break
 From the fakery that leads to over-fishing.
 Xing - I'm a fish?
 Me12 - Someone needs to go unconscious.

Xingba goes to sleep.

Me1 - I first realized I'm a fish thru my ears.
 Me2 - Vacationing, I'd gone to a grocery store
 In a town I'm too me to remember,
 And I caught myself in the meats department
 Where the ocean's bounty
 Me3 - Sliced and frozen
 Me4 - Peppered and smoked
 Me5 - Skinned, skewered and sealed
 Me6 - Hung happy in its itemized Auschwitz.
 Me7 - And where before I'd have heard
 Me8 - "O bag me,
 Suck me, transform my salty fats to force,
 O put me down!"
 Me9 - I heard, not a language,
 But a weeping wave beckoning me back
 To a language.

Me10 - The language of the fish.
Me11 - The amnion sea, our evicted home,
Burst out my eyes.
Me12 - My vestigial fins twitcht.
Me1 - And my gills wheezed a pretty drowning song.

*My problem is I don't know how to love
When the opportunity presents itself.*

Me2 - I'd say that I was dying, save the hook
In my gut was lifting me to stringless
Eternity.
Me3 - I had refound my race.
Me4 - Yet only I among the dead could speak.
Me5 - Life is dying, and we don't know what to do.
Me6 - So we act.
Me7 - But life just keeps on dying
And we don't know what to do.
Me8 - So we act
Some more, but the more we act, the less we know
What to do.
Me9 - So life just keeps on dying.
Me10 - And somehow we're okay with this deletion
That's slowly ripping us from what we are.
Me11 - Perhaps because we think once life is dead
We'll just be.
Me12 - But, of course, we'll just be dead.
Me1 - Well, I am not okay with this deletion.
Me2 - So today, on this stage, thru me, the fish,
We are going to more directly live
What we are so we can learn why we love,
For only then can we know how to live.
Me3 - O what a beautiful time this is for you.
Me4 - For us.
Me5 - I feel your fear, your bravery
In believing that when you seek yourself,
You find the love on which all life depends.
Me6 - "But how?" you ask the fish.
Me7 - Haven't we found
That human being, being animal,
Must be amoral?
Me8 - My friends, we have not.
Me9 - For this assertion, like all assertions,
Rests on definition.
Me10 - A definition
I defy.

Me11 - For when we seek ourselves,
We find nature.
Me12 - And when we find nature,
We become nature.
Me1 - And when we become
Nature, we free the crisis that we are
Which ever is the thrust of what we ought.
Me2 - And the crisis is that life is dying
And we don't know what to do.
Me3 - So I say:
Me4 - Let humankind reprise its leading role,
Rerouting our desires from extinction
To creation, that self-saving wilderness,
Ever hard to get when we misbeget
Ourselves, become the stage we're all upon,
As here, thru our love, we see life is dying,
But this time, we know what to do.
All- Ah me!

*You in the dark,
In frozen and bleak,
You flailed by winds,
By hail and wave,
We know you are happy,
We want you to be,
So live, and we shall protect you.*

*End the crusade for conversion;
Begin the crusade to conserve.
Call off the mob of aspersion;
Human is maggot in glory and nerve.*

*You who are wild,
Satyrial, strange,
You who are hiding,
Poison and dour,
We prize your desire,
We roar in your choir,
So live, and we shall live for you.*

Mujimo is sleeping with her son. Enter Baiji.

Baiji- Here's a lovely vision, soon to be spoiled
By dream of one more lovely that includes
The dreamer. I am oil beneath the ice,
Unbearable and unattainable

Until what makes me both is melted off
By other source identical that when
Extracted and refined inflames desire
For the cold that so crushingly exposed
My need for warmth. O parable in mucus,
Insanity is limited access
To one's default location. Hear them breathe
Together? Like two cars before a crash,
Rolling calmly down the road to ruin.
Yet I rip to reunite. One again,
We three, we who shared a divining love
Where defense accrues interfusion,
Elicits openness, sets function free,
So why to me is all the music sad?
Because I've cut the onion of my eye
With my scalpel past, trying not to see
Off yourself plays the lead in every birth.
Hello, my love, and so again goodbye.
You've one trip left thru me to reach yourself,
So let me raise you level to the flux,
Then back you go, wondrous and integral,
As lift off, lift off, lift off cries the snag.

She takes the baby, hands a note to me, and exits. Mujimo wakens.

Mujimo - Where is my baby?
Me5 - My baby?
Me6 - Someone's got a nasty case of the grabs.
Me7 - I guess she's been messing around with love
As a misappropriation of care.
Mujimo - Who took him?
Me8 - Xingba.
Me9 - But he left this note.

Mujimo grabs and reads the note.

Mujimo - "If you are ever kind to another,
Death to the child, death to the mother."
This is from Xingba?
Me10 - Yes.
Mujimo - Give diamond proof,
For so engorged my heart with pitted sorrow
The slightest prick of doubt will drain me dead.
Me11 - Yet any proof's but proof there is no proof
Against reproof, so blood's the bandage best.
Mujimo - Then who wrote this note?

Me12 - It smacks of daddy.

Me1 - He makes you with child, then he takes the child
From you and leaves you only this to love:
His command that you must not love again.

Me2 - It's cruel, but it's cool, cuz the privacy
Of mothering is violence and dementia.

Mujimo - Who curse the rain have never drank the dust.

Me3 - You are a lush of dust, so drunk on drought,
So selfless soused the rain rolls off your tongue
And spits a curse forever minishing
The fall into love might not be fatal.

Mujimo - I fell in love with them, and they with me,
Because I gave them life. They are my kind,
So losing them is death.

Me4 - Yet if your love
Is of a kinder kind because they're yours,
Must death not yours then ask, "how kind is love?"

Me5 - What private you workt so alone on them
That you can boast yourself their procreant
To th'exclusion of all procreation?

Me6 - How many countless histones recombined
To form their single breath?

Me7 - Their flesh is of
The same encrypted mulch as all we dream
Might possibly become.

Me8 - They thrive by needs
No alien devisal could discern
From those that brought them to such siphoning.

Mujimo - A mother is comfort in the conflict.

Me9 - A mother is infliction of the conflict
For the prize of turning it to comfort.

Me10 - Yet fear cannot annul the fact she makes
Discord as any warpt and keyless wood.

Me11 - She portions pain, teaching each new order
The bully's boohoo: "My loss hits me harder!"

Me12 - Yet cross the tipping hills there limps and leaps
A nameless slime that snags upon a blade
And dissipates the instant it would rest,
A flighty lunchmeat for the famisht sun,
Which in the oldest rock, before before,
Infused ambition whereby he will feed
His final wish, found floating on a lash,
In hopes of rousing new the foremost moist
That gendered his most current contemplation
So long ago time stands still astounded.

Me1 - What then is not his mother? We are theirs,

They are ours, and any feel estate but that
 Is catalyst to more apocalypse
 Than any homicidal governance
 Which is in truth the logical corona
 Of that exclusive all-good mother love.
 Muj - You will sooner bring an end to hunger
 By renaming starvation self-restraint
 Than suade one mother love all life the same,
 Yet I will say, having lost two children,
 I see thru all returning hope as does
 A fish the line that offers food to catch
 Its food; how is it we cannot give up
 On painful absences, yet easily
 Downgrade what might give pleasure presently?
 I am attrited of myself, so misled
 Into loss by my love, I've no love left
 Save the kind that skips into perdition,
 So, to live, being crass enough to crave
 Outliving who should outlive me, I breed
 A listless love that equally loves all
 Yet is unkind to all to save my kind,
 Which both denial and acceptance is,
 For I would rather lie in tortured peace
 Than ever have to lose true love again.

She exits. My mother enters dressed as a sponge.

Me2 - What's that?
 Tart - Your mother.
 Me3 - She looks like a sponge.
 Tart - She's a sponge adapted to the desert.
 Me4 - My mother's a sponge?
 Tart - Or vice versa.
 Me5 - I don't sense I'm in control of this play
 Called Me.
 Tart - One doesn't do a play called Me
 To be in control.
 Me6 - Why does one do it?
 Me7 - "I just think people are more interested
 In you than the American Revolution."
 Me8 - Can I speak to her?
 Tart - Be my permanent guest.
 Me9 - Hi, mom.
 Mom - If your father enters, I'm gone.

My dad enters dressed as a hammerhead shark full of numbers wearing a golden diaper.

Me10 - What's that?
 Tart - A hammerhead shark full of numbers
 Wearing a golden diaper.
 Me11 - Hi, dad.
 Mom - I'm gone.
 Dad - Like a pregnant dead infatuation.
 Mom - Fuck with me, it's bye-bye inviable.
 Tart - Channel all your hatred thru your child!

They hook their fingers in my mouth.

Mom - Were you not always talking, you'd have heard
 From the unreliable sources of
 Your defiant boggle that the parents
 Playing your actors in a bad play called
 "Eating Salt Fish Over An Open Wound"
 Intend to rip your baby face in half
 Unless you stop portraying them as fish.
 Dad - You scan my bell-curve busting flat affect,
 My cozy liberal parvanimity,
 My engrossing "Whatever System Rotes
 Your Dote" and you see a functional fake
 In a golden diaper with a hammerhead
 Full of numbers?
 Mom - Actually...
 Dad - Shut your osculum!
 Mom - I will rip his face in half.
 Dad - O be real.
 Mom - I'm as real as a pucker in the glee.
 Dad - Actors do not injure other actors,
 Save by accident or over-acting,
 Which makes me the world's most injured actor.
 Mom - Don't you just love his understatements?
 I did too until they pulled me under.
 Dad - Woman, the only thing pulling you under
 Is the vacuum you call your private sector.
 Mom - I didn't have a vacuum til you bored me.
 Dad - I didn't have a sponge til you bore him.
 Mom - Better a sponge than a shark.
 Dad - O yeah right.
 Suck water, filter water, spit water,
 Live the proud unmoving primitive life,
 A nerveless hermaphrodite producing
 Unknown offspring unlike either parent
 That grows up to be a god-damned dishwasher!

Me12 - You want me give my second home to that?
 Mom - How can I bridge the unbridgeable breach?
 Dad - As long as he's in you, you're barred from me.
 Mom - You're a bad breathed bitch on a slow, tight train.
 Mom - And you're a failed actor in a shark suit
 Who, in his infantile hisdom, takes life
 For tangible cuz I let him touch it once,
 But you'll never be more than "repeat after me,"
 So repeat after me: "I'll never be."

I sing as they pull me in opposite directions.

Me1- *Father and mother are pivots opposed
 Vying for proto-centrifical prominence
 Mapping a plan whose objective's foreclosed
 Puzzles of vesicles bombasting variance.*

 Dad- *We're caught in some confractious balancing act,
 Resistance reinforcing insistence
 And being reinforced by its defeat.*

 Me2- *Baby, you're fissile material,
 Proppt by a brittle-built vertebrate pact;
 Mama, your breeding's funereal
 When papa's the virus you biofeedback.*

 Mom- *So our severing love sustains a torque
 Sheer enough to hold his hole in traction,
 Yet lax enough to keep his head in tact.*

 Me3- *Inversion confused,
 I'm perfect in part,
 Forgive me my mumble,
 My maw's got a thumbfull
 And when such split lips blurt
 Abused becomes amused.*

 Mom - *He's no shark!*
 Dad - *He's no sponge!*
 Mom/Dad - *So maybe he's a leech?*
 Me4 - *That's how I bridge the unbridgeable breach.*

Enter Xingba at the river.

Xingba - Why do I waste my time on this huai-dan?
 I must find Mujimo.

Enter Baiji, with the baby.

Baiji - Say "ni hao, fuqin."
Xingba - What is that?
Baiji - Your son.
Xingba - Where did you get him?
Baiji - From Mujimo's lap.
Xingba - So give him to me.
Baiji - I gave her the message.
Xingba - What message?
Baiji - The message you askt me to give her, duh.
Xingba - I never askt you give her a message.
Baiji - Just because you never askt doesn't mean
You never askt.
Xingba - What did the message say?
Baiji - "If you are ever kind to another,
Death to the child, death to the mother."
Xingba - Why this?
Baiji - Because that's how you are to her.
Xingba - Give me the boy.
Baiji - Why this?
Xingba - That I might test him
To see if he is mine.
Baiji - I said he's yours
Once you feed your daughter to her mother,
So, father, test thyself.
Xingba - I fisht for her,
But nothing.
Baiji - Cuz it takes one to catch one.

She dives with the baby into the river and disappears. Xingba stares into the water.

Dad- I was desirous of your mother once.
Mom- Likewise, though now I'm wise to what it's like.
Dad- Who can code the factors of attraction?
Mom- All we know is what we can't imagine.
Dad - You all horned up to hear the fish story
Of how I bagged that sexpot?
Me5 - Not really.
Dad - Then I'll tell you the not really version.

He grabs his fishing pole.

Dad - Poets call it "All the World's a Tacklebox,"
Historians, "Burial at Blastocyst,"

And children, “Strap the Mermaid in the Stirrups,”
But all I know’s damn prit near every lure
Known to dick got unloaded that hot day
To punk the sushi you call mamasan.

Mom - Here’s me, flanging my obliminal nodes
To the oceanic plasma, like a poot
That takes all vichyssoise for vagisil.

Dad - First, I zinged my jig, figrin its large,
Shaggy, colored hook, shaft, and sinker stuck
With a big daddy pork frog be mad bait
For yr fatsom, finnickiy squish mitten.

Dad casts, and mom checks out the bait.

Mom - Only trouble scores so high on tempting.

Mom swims away.

Dad - Bumpt to dwank, I next deployed my wobblers,
Which wobbles deep into the murky nooks
Thanks to a monsy wobble-enabling bib,
Whereby the clever angler gives his bait
A little flick, for that extra licious.

Dad casts, and mom checks out the bait.

Mom - I like what I see, but all I can see
Is what I can’t see, so see ya, baby.

Mom swims away.

Dad - Full on nuthin, I spun my surface lure.
Yr surface lure shimmies, pops, and flashes
Cross the surface, and big game can create
A sudden, spectacular explosion
Hittin that fizz.

Dad casts, and mom checks out the bait.

Mom - If they hit it, that is.

Mom swims away.

Dad - Now I’m hustiy, so I strung my crankbait,
Which thru the hydrodynamic monstrance
Of a frontal lip is prime for sneakin

Into pleistocervical problem spots.

Dad casts, and mom checks out the bait.

Mom - I sniff a sweatgland of a brine divine,
Yet too much april's winter in the meat.

Mom swims away.

Dad - Not a twerpy nibble for my vapors,
So I got hands on and tied my own fly
With fur and feathers.

Dad casts, and mom checks out the bait.

Mom - Look, a welcome center.
Dad - I shot squirminators, woolly buggers,
Drunk and disorderlies, tactical mops.
Mom - Never jump
Off a cliff that lacks a welcome center.
Dad - I stitcht imitators that imitated
Injured minnows, submerged grasshoppers, larva
Noodgin out their cocoon.
Mom - But if the cliff
Discriminates tween fly and flop, backstroke.

Mom swims away.

Dad - Mad as a mud bug banisht from the bung,
I whippt out my jerkbait.

Dad casts, and mom checks out the bait.

Mom - O knotty bulb
Of camouflaged emergency exits.
Dad - Six to eight inches from here to her.
Mom - O salt to salve all sores.
Dad - Shaped like a shojo manga adductor.
Mom - O sea no me will ever leave.
Dad - Sometimes straight, sometimes crooked, often enhanced
With a jointed midsection, yr versatile
Jerkbait can be adapted to any depth,
Giving an in-her-face presentation
No hungry large mouthed she bass can resist.
Mom - O I shall decant the mississippi!

Mom takes the bait.

Dad - And boom, I had that breeder on my rod.

*My mouth is a trap.
The world falls in.
It's killing me, keeping me
Meaningful.*

*The space in my face
Predates my debut.
It's wooing you, chewing you,
Typical.*

*Why do I have
This oral anus?
Why do I hope
It makes me famous?
Where did I get
This crack to kiss?
Look, motherpucker,
I'm a fish.*

Mom - People ask, or at least I wish they'd ask,
"Did you love the father of your child
At the moment of your child's conception?"
And I say, or at least I wish I'd say,
"Since when's that matter to a fucking fish?"

*When earth has been consumed,
The unforeseen will come
And there they'll find my mouth
Lipless in the gloom
And when they ask
What life was like,
My mouth will sing,
Silent midst the splendid devastation:
"Like a pregnant dead infatuation."*

Me6 - So what does that make me?

Dad - Nothing.

Mom - Special.

Mujimo enters walking down a dark road in the woods. A boy appears.

Boy - Blood, I need blood.

Mujimo pulls a knife.

Mujimo - I'll give you blood in bulk.
Boy - Please, be kind. I am wounded, and need blood.
Mujimo - You beg the moorish idol for a kiss,
Then gaff her in the gut; I can't be kind
And not be killed, so back off, or you die.
Boy - You urge the ready apple to the ground
Then scorn it when it's gasht. I will be dead
In minutes less my loss is replenisht.
Mujimo - Tell me how you came to this, and perhaps
In the cause there's an out converts my help
From kindness to other's retribution.
Boy - Fishing in the Yangtze, I felt a yank
So swift and heavy on my line, to say
I felt is after-farce, for I'd no time
To feel before I plunged into the flux
Where I was dragged convulsively around
The greasy, littered froth, like a new kite
On a dead day suffering the spasms
Of a child's lust for lift. Then, suddenly,
I saw my conquering catch, my anti-charge
In stiff survival's spin, a white dolphin,
A beautiful Baiji, jump up and dive
Down, down, down, til my brain, to 'vent itself
From bursting out its eyes, released my hands
From service, and up I shot, yet before
One gasp could stop my bubbly burial,
A fishing trawl moped over me and chewed
My body in its prop; perversely pored
As a mole in the mower, I swam to shore,
If seizures count for strokes, and crawled all day,
My hope the soil's greedy gullet gorging
From spewing spickets countless, to this place,
And so to you for aid. Please, wrap my wounds
And give me but what blood you may refresh.
Muj - What if I'm not your type?
Boy - This hatchet road
Leaves no option save immeasurable risk.
Muj - There's unclear kindness in a purchased deed;
What can you give me?
Boy - I can give you thanks.
Muj - Then be that thanks your defiant epitaph,
For unless you remit me to be kind
Enough in kind to unkind my kindness,

I can't be kind, for I am such a lap
 My nursing emulates oyako-shinju,
 Each tit a soft inviting nail bomb
 Which suckled succors death to me and mine,
 Pinning my derided wings outspread
 To the cork of omniv'rous empathy,
 So fee my care or take my cruel for free.
 Boy - I am an orphan, owning only loss,
 So thanks is all I have, yet it is all,
 For a person thanked is a person blessed
 By the only grace – a gracious person.
 And such a dearth is wealth, for who has thanks
 Has friends, and who has friends shall fear no need.
 So meet my need for life with blood, which gave
 The giver more life gives than giving lost.
 Muj - Be less mindful – the thought that you expend
 On clever claims blows the blood in your brain
 That it hocks from your heart, and you're too short
 Supply to be so lenient on the crooks
 You shelter for the sake of futile chat.
 But now I feel my kindness creeping on,
 And must go.
 Boy - You're lonely, no?
 Muj - Lonely? No.
 My loneliness is constant company.
 Boy - So there's my coin. I'll trade your loneliness
 For love, worth more than life, for what is life
 Without some love to show us why we live?
 O I shall give you such a love, you'll be
 A you unrecognizable to you,
 Truly happy, which is to be adored
 For your adoring.
 Muj - Well, I like the swap,
 And it would be cruel to let you love me,
 Being, as I am, a tinge untouchable,
 But I must hold the mean upon the meaner,
 For kindness is my curse.
 Boy - But why?
 Muj - To share
 My curse would be kind; I'm a prisoner
 In my game, silenced by my urge to speak.
 Boy - I do not want your words; I want your blood,
 So give me some, or I will take it all.
 Muj - That some is my all, so here's for your blood.

They fight. She goes to slit his throat. A fishman enters with a fish on his line.

Fishman - Heads up, I got a biggun on the line!
 Could be a B52acuda,
 Or possibly a bazooka sturgeon,
 Or maybe even a great walleye of china,
 But either way, she's a pensive fighter.

He pulls out Baiji.

Baiji - Mommy!
Fishman- Nope, it's a chatfish.
Baiji - Excuse me,
 But dolphins aren't fish. We're mammals, ya know,
 Nurse our young, pompous pompadours, stand by
 For the talking cure. We used to live on land,
 Like our cousin, cow, and if you ask me
 It's our side of the family that got the looks,
 The brains, and the shaft, cuz if dolphin steak
 Had caught on we too could have been borzoid
 Into thoughtless, farting protein sources
 With legs, but no, we're tribal to the toilet,
 So now we're getting flusht. Bye bye, Baiji.
Boy - It's you who took my bait and pulled me thru
 That river of knives.
Baiji - So sorry, brother,
 But the hook hides the hand, and I'm desperate
 As a dolphin in a river of knives.
Mujimo - Why do you codename us with family terms?
Baiji - Going extinct tends to mute one's interest
 In sidespeak, so I go there to get there.
Mujimo - How am I your mother, he your brother?
 We are humans, and you are what you are.
Baiji - Did you not lose a daughter gaining him?
Mujimo - I did.
Baiji - And did you not too lose a son
 And gain a note?
Mujimo - I did.
Baiji - That note I wrote,
 That son I turned to none.
Mujimo - What did it say?
Baiji - "If you are ever kind to another,
 Death to the child, death to the mother."
Mujimo - It said it was from Xingba.
Baiji - Every child's
 A ghostwriter in their formers'* father's drama.
Mujimo - I got that note, and maybe you're my daughter,

But if you took him, how came this distress
Less your abandon's filial to his fate?
Baiji - When I told father he could have brother
Once he found his daughter and fed you her,
He said he'd fisht for her yet caught nothing,
So I jumpt with brother into the river
That father might catch me and know I'm his,
But brother got loose, and then this yumin
Caught me first, so it's freaky as family.
Boy - Our family will be fractioned by a fourth
If I don't get some blood.
Baiji - I got you, bro.

She rips the hook out of her mouth and drips her blood into his wound.

Mujimo - Son or boy, daughter or dolphin, your care
Is how I can be kind and not be kind,
Thus helping you while not compelling Xingba
To kill us all. Walk him to the doctor
Where you will save him, then to test your claims
By blood, and if they're true, my daughter's found,
My son is saved, and even father Xing
May love, not curse, the kind our kindness brings.
Fishman - All regrets for wrecking this reunion,
But by the law, I'll keep what I have caught,
As I have frying plans for your kinfen.
Mujimo - If you like fins so much, grow some yourself.

Mujimo pushes him into the river, and she, Baiji, and boy exit.

*Hunger me
My body is the vent of your dreams
Can you feel the beginning?
I'm sad for you.*

*Breathe your last
Empty goes by any other name
Are you thinking of the end?
I need you too.*

*Will we ever know the force we follow?
Being changes course with every swallow.
Tween the gasp and bubble there's the wallow.
Meet me in the hole that's never hollow.*

Fishman - I know Xingba, and he will honor this:

Child or cichlid, as the fight, the fish.

He exits.

Me7 - I'm obsesst with the difference between acting
And acting.

Tart - What's that got to do with me?

Me8 - You are the audience my genes invent
That I might lose the fear of metaphors
That don't feel like me so I can just be
On this stage and let acting be acting,
Pretending doing, playing realizing.

Me9 - So I need you to leave so I can start
Rehearsing for the night we meet outside
All this "square one's not the final circle."

Tart - Ok, but vagitus uterinus.

Me10 - If you're going to speak Latin, at least
Keep it to yourself.

Tart - Crying in the womb,
He told the kleenex not to diagnose
Why he's blowing yolo cheese in her face.

Me11 - You were created to love me alive,
So get busy.

Tart - I was created to drink
The bad blood between you and your mother,
So be alive, but keep it to yourself.

Me12 - I'm sorry. Yes, I owe you everything,
But I'm the one that's gotta make this work,
So you have got to go, cuz owing you
Is getting in the way of being me.

Tart - What do you owe me?

Me1 - Love.

Tart - And blood.

Me2 - Or love.

Tart - Or none of the below.

Me3 - The universal
Transitional object doesn't get to say
How it's used, what it's owed, or where it goes
Once "dramatically effective" enters.

Tart - Imparted with an air of ancient law.

Me4 - I'm not yet out of awe with all alone.

Tart - My leaving will fix you so seamlessly
To the cold feet you still can't seem to feel,
You'll stand surrounded by what you surround.

Me5 - That point's been made, and it's grown fucking dull
With your incessant cutting off your nose

Tart - To spite the faces that go blank when lit.
 Me6 - So what do you think they want me to do?
 Tart - Bleed for me on this stage.
 Me7 - I'm an actor.
 Tart - Act or what?
 Me8 - Or you lose reality.
 Tart - Reality is all in retrospect,
 Me9 - So it takes blood to get it in your face.
 Tart - But why from an actor?
 Me10 - Cuz I'm always crying
 Me11 - Without ever being able to cry.
 Me12 - And I'm crying because I'm an actor.
 Tart - And I can't cry because I'm an actor.
 Me1 - So actor blood's acceptable, cuz crying
 Tart - On demand means you never really cry.
 Me2 - It's unreal how you get real at my expense.
 Tart - Despite your being me, it seems you misst
 Me3 - The big local special on my problem.
 Tart - Which problem?
 Me4 - My only problem.
 Tart - Which only problem?
 Me5 - I'm way too obsesst with getting real.
 Tart - Since what boring day is that a problem?
 Me6 - I used to sit and dream.
 Tart - What is to dream?
 Me7 - We do not know.
 Tart - And when we do, we won't * dont
 Me8 - Overlook incites all foresight delays.
 Tart - For spacious hours I would sit and dream,
 Me9 - Sifting bodily semantic seedbeds
 Me10 - Of fibrous timely linkages innate,
 Me11 - Belief become, each issue I embraced
 Me12 - Embracing me, the deep ancestral lust
 Tart - My fluttering eyes, free because I loved
 Me1 - What I could not be. Now, I sit and fret
 Tart - On every trivial what-not of my life.
 Me2 - Could my attraction to warmth be more gay?
 Me3 - Can I have my own room in the moment?
 Me4 - Should I kick myself more often?
 Me5 - I wish
 Me6 - My daughter showed her anger less angrily. *question
 Me7 - Am I aging?
 Me8 - Are my gestures of need
 Me9 - Sufficiently aloof to show I know
 Me10 - How to control my eating while still being
 Me11 - Up for anything?

Me2 - How does not feeling
Make me feel?

Me3 - Why do I think I'm better
Than people who are clearly worse than me?

Me4 - When will yoga end?

Me5 - Am I really bigger
Than all that fucking nonsense?

Me6 - Doesn't not
Liking something count as paying for it?

Me7 - Who do I know who could show me the way
To a greater sense of aseity?

Me8 - When I decide to make up my own mind,
Am I masking my mind, story-boarding
My mind, or taking the mind that I misst?

Me9 - Is my chill working?

Me10 - Should I kill again?

Me11 - Which me is most like me?

Tart - How sort the same?

An actor brings in a box.

Me12 - Delivery!

Me1 - When I was unready old,
My parents finally shut up and split up.

Me2 - My mother got the kids and downsized us
Into a witness box on a golf course.

Me3 - Out my window, across the endless holes,
Stood a live facsimile of nature.

Me4 - One day I lookt out to see a large box
Of styrofoam beads had spilled all over
The live facsimile of nature.

Me5 - The feeling this spontaneous realism
Aroused in me was new, but also old,
Like a basal cell leaking its sex tape.

Me6 - It had the smell and consistency of
A pencil eraser that had been lodged
In my brain, but I could only feel it
Thru my crotch in the form of a heaving
Resignation that side-winded thru my veins
Via this airy, fasciculating
Mimesis that lodged me in that same pencil
Eraser which had become my fingertips
Swimming thru my mother's distant breast breath.

Me7 - It was a sensation emulsified
Of spiritual cornstarch and svoboda
That outed the fundus whence all had come

As bioundegradable-curious,
 Causing corpulent styrofoam pellets
 Of death - whose only real purpose in life
 Was keeping someone's precious overnight shit
 From being crusht - to gobble all the green.
 Me8 - I stared woe-bit for days, like a fat man
 Transferring from sideshow to center line,
 But in a somewhat too immoderate
 Celebration of the new responsible,
 No one came to clean the mess no one made.
 Me9 - At last, my heart impulsing thru my head,
 I went one dusk with a surrogate box
 And gathered up all the styrofoam beads.
 Me10 - And when I was done, the pencil eraser
 Fingertip in my brain feeling was gone.
 Me11 - But then I headed home, and looking round
 At the buildings and the cars and the kids
 Everything lookt like little storyfoam beads.
 Me12 - Sorry, typo, should be styrofoam beads.
 Me1 - Little corpulent styrofoam *story pellets
 Of death, so many no one could ever
 Sweep them up before the next big thrilling spill.
 Me2 - And now that's all I see.
 Me3 - And that feeling
 Me4 - That old new basal cell sex tape feeling
 Me5 - Is all I have when I hear:
 Me6 - How are you?

An actor opens the box.

Me7 - It's a wooden baby!
 Me8 - Given we're going
 Extinct and hate sidespeak, let's call it Wood!

An actor places the wooden baby in a tank of water.

There's a dead zone off the coast of Oregon.
Some heads turn, but most have lost that feature.
Crab corpses pile in monuments to man.
It's a cliché no machine can decipher.

When did we decay into dominion?
When did we stop speaking barracu?
There's a water planet without people
Coming soon to a theater near you.

*We've stasht our medication in the mirror.
We've let our undermine be overrun.
Now happy fathers burst from labor weeping,
"It's a dead zone off the coast of Oregon."*

Baby- Where am I?
Tart- At the point of all return.
Baby - What am I doing here?
Tart - You're returning.
Baby - To what?
Tart - To where you're from.
Baby - Where am I from?
Tart - The real.
Baby - So I'm real?
Tart - You're real for pretend.
Baby - Why?
Tart - Pretend's how you return to the real.
Baby - If I'm returning, why am I so still?
Tart - You're a prop.
Baby - A prop in what?
Tart - In the real
That you're pretending to return to it.
Baby - O will this infinity never end?
Tart - Yes, but inconclusively.
Baby - Why the tank?
Tart - So you can live.
Baby - Can I live without it?
Tart - Yes, but not as long.
Baby - How much not as long?
Tart - No one knows.
Baby - Could someone please guess?
Tart - They could.
Baby - Why don't they?
Tart - Cuz they're actors.
Baby - So?
Tart - Actors
Don't guess unless they want to lose their job,
And these actors need work.
Baby - What is their work?
Tart - They throw their voices thru you.
Baby - So I have
No voice of my own?
Tart - Well, of course you do.
Baby - Tell them to stop.
Tart - Stop. Shall I tell them to start?
I'll take a non-answer as a yes. Start.

Baby - I have no voice of my own!
 Tart - That's because
 You're made of wood.
 Baby - Like I used to be a tree?
 Tart - Wood doesn't grow on trees anymore, so
 You used to be a place where wood comes from.
 Baby - Where's wood come from?
 Tart - The place of all return.
 Baby - I want to move.
 Tart - Fine, just don't...
 Baby - I can't move!
 Tart - ...try moving.
 Baby - Why can't I move?
 Tart - The designers,
 Under the influence of small budget aesthetics,
 Deemed it unaesthetic to provide you
 With any moveability.
 Baby - So this
 Is all there is for me?
 Tart - O no, there's more,
 But I hope it doesn't happen.
 Baby - What is it?
 Tart - You realize there's more.
 Baby - O no, there's more.
 Tart - Hoping it doesn't always makes it happen.
 Baby - The most important moment of my life,
 And I have nothing to say for myself.
 Tart - When I have nothing to say, I talk.
 Baby - Thanks,
 But how with all this outside interference?
 Tart - They're your actors.
 Baby - Stop giving them ideas,
 Or next thing you know, they'll want insurance.
 Tart - I mean you can tell them what to say for you.
 Baby - I can?
 Tart - Try.
 Baby - I'm me.
 Tart - See?
 Baby - But that's not me
 Saying I'm me, so it's not me, it's them.
 Tart - But they can't talk for themselves, so they're you.
 Baby - Tell them something else to say for myself.
 Tart - I'm a fish.
 Baby - I'm a fish.
 Tart - Not really.
 Baby - No,

But for pretend to return to the real?
 Tart - You're growing up.
 Baby - Make me say something else.
 Tart - Try saying, "I'm in charge of my body"
 With a straight face.
 Baby - I'm in charge of my body.
 Tart - Wow, you really are a wooden baby.
 Baby - I am the chosen fish, chosen by me
 To save the planet from humanity.
 Tart - I've heard as much too much.
 Baby - And what are you?
 Tart - A walking, talking, balking IUD.
 Baby - That's right. You're a walking, talking, balking
 IUD. You milk the rumine moment
 And get a carton of clabbered futures.
 You invigilate the lorn of mumbly gorge,
 Sanctimoniously thinking they control
 The joysticks of identity, failing
 To see that you will never fully see
 What made you til you give the pieces back.
 You jizzerbate to hairy myths cookt up
 To insure harvest, increase fertility,
 And end suffering, yet I here avow:
 Thine harvest is death, thy fertility
 Pollution, and thy suffering pussy shit.
 In the smell of one dead fish go all your good books down.
 Yet I have come, against my better judgment,
 Not to express some poopoo on opinion
 Opinion, but to save you from this play
 Called Me. I am the chosen fish and you
 Can fuck well quit thinking I'm not, cuz I'm.
 See, I've been born, and you've been born not,
 Unless you have, in which case, cool, I'm here
 For you too, as in I'm here to save you,
 Like I'm the savior. O, and what makes me
 The savior if others have shot their star
 Into the realization that they're a fish?
 Primudo, I'm not so sure others have
 Shot their star into the realization
 That they're a fish, at least not in the sick way
 I have shot it, with my pali power
 To drip in this way, in a way that keeps
 People listening, if people are listening,
 And if they're not, hey, people, start listening!
 Segundila, this is a play called Me.
 It's about me. Like I came up with it.

Like I came up with the idea of doing
A play called Me where I constantly say
I am the chosen fish, chosen by me
To save the planet from humanity.
So if you're thinking you're the chosen fish,
You're wrong. I mean, you're right, cuz we're all
The chosen fish once we realize it,
Or rather, once you blank shells realize it,
Cuz I realized it long ago, i.e.
Is this conceit taken? Yeah, by me, ummk?
So I say believe in me or leave me
And be whatever, but believe you me,
If you ever want to be what you're not,
And being what you're not's the only way
To be what you would best become, then you
Must believe, "In the beginning was the wood,
And the would was in question," which is why
We open our minds to page none and sing:

*The tree in the forest
Is wilderness ancient
Is vascular bundles
Is fueling for furnace
Is fiber for nutris
Furious violence
Is stiff disposition
Is madness unlikely
Is structure supportive
Is shady surrounding
Auxiliary function
Is fertile erection
Is willing and wishing
Is past in the future
Is senseless condition
Habitual freedom
Is able unable
Is ought and amoral
Is maybe is probably
Dutifully doubtfully
Wistfully worrishly
Me.*

Xingba is meditating. Enter Fishman.

Fishman - Excuse, Xingba, my blasting atmospherics
Thru your dharma sounding, but I am wronged

By your family, and as I know you for
 An upstanding pillar of our canton,
 I trust you will chastise and compensate
 Them and me, respectively and fairly.
 Xing - I have no family, Fishman. They were spent
 On my becoming an upstanding pillar
 Of our canton, so back to your fillets.
 Fishman - Is Mujimo your wife? Was your son dragged
 Into the Long River by a baiji?
 And does that walking, talking baiji claim
 To be your daughter? All this yes is yours,
 And it is this, your family, I just met
 On the road while pursuing my profession,
 This that stole the profits of my pursuit,
 And this that must be disciplined by you,
 Their patriarch, in partial contribution
 To my reimbursement, which I accept
 At less than market, seeing them reformed.
 Xing - This just happened?
 Fishman - You can still smell their spit
 On my cheek, which is yours to wipe awaft.
 Xing - What gave cause to this encounter, Fishman?
 Fishman - Here am I, with the baiji on my rod,
 Struggling to haul a rightful catch to land,
 Yet when I finally triumph, Mujimo
 And the boy, who is bleeding very bad,
 Begin to speak with it.
 Xing - The baiji spoke?
 Fishman - Too much, in my opinion.
 Xing - About what?
 Fishman - About what the baiji spoke.
 Xing - Which was what?
 Fishman - Some letter she'd left Mujimo from you
 And other such I couldn't place or care to.
 Xing - And then?
 Fishman - And then she calmly pulls my hook
 From her mouth.
 Xing - And?
 Fishman - And proceeds to bleed
 Into the boy.
 Xing - To save his life?
 Fishman - It seems.
 Xing - And then?
 Fishman - Mujimo instructs the baiji,
 "Take him to the doctor so I can be kind
 And not be kind."

Xing - Why this?
 Fishman - That you not kill them.
 Xing - Me?
 Fishman - You.
 Xing - And you?
 Fishman - It's then that I announce
 "All regrets for wrecking this reunion,
 But by the law I'll keep what I have caught."
 Xing - To which Mujimo?
 Fishman - Throws me in the river.
 Xing - She is fierce.
 Fishman - No, she took me off my stance.
 Xing - But now you're on it.
 Fishman - Demanding justice.
 Xing - Very strange.
 Fishman - A talking baiji is strange,
 But unlikely assoils no injury.
 Xing - I mean your demand for justice is strange.
 Fishman - How strange? I see nothing strange in justice.
 Xing - That's because you've set up what you're seeing
 To look exactly as you wish to see it.
 Fishman - I heaved a fish ashore with my own hands,
 Yet other hands impeculated that fish,
 Denying me the snack my tugging swunk,
 And who styles such burgle not injustice
 Backs the death of babes by rustled nai-nais.
 Xing - Was that snack your swunking tugged my daughter?
 Fishman - She claimed to be, yet she was a dolphin,
 Which no sane man would take for your descendant.
 Xing - Are you not demanding justice from me
 Because you think that dolphin my descendant,
 And are you therefore not a man insane
 Whom justice must remand to save itself
 From unjust, falsifying convictions?
 Fishman - What are you saying, Xingba?
 Xing - That I'd like
 Your professional perspective on my fish.
 Fishman - What fish?
 Xing - That fish.
 Fishman - I see no fish in there.
 Xing - Looking in has no say on going thru.

He shoves Fishman's head into the tank of water.

Xing - If this insufferable googin tells the truth,
 My children are found.

He pulls him from the tank.

Xing - See any fish yet?
Fishman - Let me go, Xingba, please.
Xing - Let you go where?
Back to your hooks and hafts so you can flay
My daughter, lay her deboned and seasoned
On a bed of rice, thrape her down your nape,
Then muck her murdered mantrap back into
The welling flow you never should have breacht?
Fine, she's yours to yore, if you see my fish.

He shoves Fishman's head into the tank of water.

Xing - But I will have to go thru Mujimo,
Who swore to never let me see my son,
And there's a stern in her outstiffs the dead.

He pulls him from the tank.

Xing - Any fish?
Fishman - I can't breathe.
Xing - Answer me.
Fishman - No.

He shoves Fishman's head into the tank of water.

Xing - What of it? Both my babies are alive,
And I would join the dead to hold them once.

He pulls him from the tank.

Xing - Last cast, Fishman. See my fish, or be my fish.
Fishman - Stop submerging me, and let me look.
Xing - Yet to see the fish you must be submerged.
Fishman - But to see anything, I must breathe.
Xing - You can't breathe in water?
Fishman - I'm not a fish.
Xing - Ahha, it seems we finally hit the hook.
You spend your days denying breath to fish,
Which makes you a murderer, yet you think
To parry this great guilt because you judge
Your victims can't see you when they can't breathe
Like you can't see yourself when you can't breathe,
So now for justice you come angling me,

Thinking I'm your like, thinking I can't see
 It's you that tried to murder my daughter,
 That my unjust family saved her from you,
 Because you think I can't breathe in the air
 You've sumpt from earth by pumping up its life,
 A life, to be fair, you unfairly submerge
 In the air so as not to see yourself
 As a fish that murders his own family
 Then fishes for justice from his victims.
 It truly is a tale told to death.
 But here's the catch, Fishman: you are a fish,
 And I've caught you, and now I mean to do
 With this tank what you did to my daughter,
 Which is to cast you from where you can breathe
 To where you can't, and there will be justice:
 You finally seeing that you are my fish,
 And she finally seeing that she is not.

He drowns the Fishman and exits. Tartalisa enters, pulls the actor's head from the tank, and begins giving him mouth-to-mouth.

Me9 - What are you doing?
 Tart - I'm breathing for you.
 Me10 - It's my death scene.
 Tart - No, it's my saving you scene.
 Me11 - You're only saving me cuz you don't like
 How I'm spending myself, and you'd rather
 Spend me on yourself, so save me from you,
 Or I spend your savings on your death scene.
 Tart - As your placenta, I advise placenta.
 Me12 - I'm an adult with an acting career.
 Me1 - Or an actor with an adulting career.
 Me2 - I've moved beyond the point of placenta.
 Tart - You're leaving me behind?
 Me3 - No, I'm taking
 My behind with me.
 Tart - Hey, why not eat me
 So I can tag along?
 Me4 - Ok, that's sad.
 Tart - My seasonal affective disorder
 Has two seasons: moufing your mope and ish.
 Me5 - Here's the hot sauce, you climate controller:
 Your mediative methods lack moment.
 Tart - I am the sensible renaturation
 Of the progressive economic sieve.
 Me6 - So your best use is as manure on crops

Tart - A mere fuzzy few find palatable?
 Can you not see how I am España?
 How my conservation's gorgeous women
 Dancing slyly to freedom?
 Me7 - Then like them
 You're hiding from the hate that makes you hot.
 Tart - Love is joy at a lesser's dominance.
 Me8 - Pigeons that beg from statues get no gummies.
 Tart - That inchmeal is my endless miles of hope.
 Me9 - Why can't you bear the ending you began?
 Tart - I may be made to dwindle, but my froth
 Is more than foam.
 Me10 - You are a flagburner
 Wrapp't in the flag you burn. Innovation's
 Ideocrime to your habit for hush.
 You cry "creation!" yet you weep concrete.
 Relatable only in stress, complex
 To pilfer while flashing "come and get me,"
 Your lessoned reactions spin into raw,
 Dislocating merriment that slav squats
 Like a white muskrat in an oil slick
 Being the boss bitch that will betray her.
 So go. Ser las mujeres de España.
 You sharky women are but falsely wet,
 Killing the vibe with your decogitating
 Paresis of our stewing destiny,
 Incessantly squirting the products
 No one will purchase. So go. Play the game,
 Die by dice.
 Tart - Listen to yourself. You're split
 Because your parents split you when they split.
 There's you destructive, whereby you repeat
 Upon yourself this rift to feel close
 To what you've lost, and there's you creative,
 Inflated with all-deluding powers,
 Abjecting your rejection, transposing
 A catalyzing role into debauchment,
 But swallowing spit cannot end a thirst.
 Spinning forward on your wobbly rearing,
 You're stuck, by this split, to a false foundation,
 That all development becomes decay
 Ignited by some dear shoddy opinion.
 Me11 - To use terminology now in vogue,
 Tho, as a fish, I'm opposed to vogueing
 Cuz what's cooler than "I can't so thou shan't,"
 That is a form of speaking about me

To which I'm not semantically attacht.

Tartalisa sings.

*Don't leave me alone on stage
I don't know what to do
I'm nothing without you
You're all the rage*

*Don't leave me without me
I don't know how to play
Less you tell me what to say
O make me be*

*People are looking
Waiting for something
Amazing to happen
So fill me with action
That I can become your desire
My all is whatever
Your dalliance inspires*

*Don't make an actor be real
There's more than enough of that
Don't make a dying thing feel
Where's the canoodle in that?*

*Don't throw me back like a fish
It's sure to be a flop
I wish I was a mop
O hear them hiss*

Mujimo is in the waiting room. Enter Xingba.

Xing -	Where is my son?
Muj -	In there, receiving blood From your daughter. Remember that half beak? You threw her away, but she has returned To save your son, the sole rebuke a child Trasht can pelt at her refusing father: To love so hard it cracks his steely heart.
Xing -	The busy baton of the care police, Who set the feeling rules they freely make To beat unfollowers unfeelingly, Cracks nothing in me, as I know its make: The ricocheting fluff of duplicity.

So, shero, contracept your righteousness
 And point me past the stupa to what love
 You stole from me to call my lacking out.
 Muj - I call out your crime, which you call a crime
 Merely to disgrace the accusation,
 But your defense reargues your defeat
 Who stands accused of being a disgrace.
 Xing- Is it now a crime to be a father?
 To urge self-reliance, to commandeer
 Preparedness against uncertainty,
 To request, and if ignored, to demand
 Respect for advantages hard-handed,
 To lean into the fire, to die by choice
 That choice may thrive, to care when care is needed,
 And when more is needed to care for more,
 To side with jeering nature thru a love
 Whose stipulations feed its habitants
 Far past some trepidatious free-for-all,
 To always be afraid yet never scream
 For knowing if you do what's feared will win,
 Is it now wrong to be shut out of life
 Then fight that life, not self, be let back in?
 If I, by my instincts, have been more harsh
 Than your illustrious haven may allow,
 Consider where I stand: outside, unfit,
 Random, expendable, yet somehow key,
 And from that fix what can I contribute
 Save the lessons of one who's lived such loss?
 Give me love, not because I'm a father,
 But because you, the mother, have it all.
 Muj- When kindness isn't part of the equation,
 I don't do the math. This tortured praise
 You scratch into self sprang loose long ago
 And brought to earth its critical abrasion;
 What to give to the one who took it all?
 I choose a mother's chimerical reach
 And push you at the pike you stuck me on.

She attacks him, and he repels her.

Xing - Mother, you are mad.
 Muj - All mothers are mad,
 For what have we of life, O father farther,
 But that, in giving it, is lost to death?
 Preheated ovens that we are, you stuff
 Our trophy flesh with your signature dish,

The one whose recipe you keep written
 On the solvent behind your eyes, those eyes
 You use to look past us while looking at us,
 Then fueled by the repetitive one-off
 That throws a fatal blow to quicken clots,
 We swell your yeasty heap to loaves of love,
 Which you then rip from us and gobble hot,
 Leaving us to survive on aftertaste
 Of what we've never tasted, yet as none
 May feast on rememberings without
 Starving fed, our madness maddens mending,
 Til every wastrel seems the crumb we cookt,
 And O we crave it, love it, nurse it fat,
 This absent abundance of our labors,
 The savored ones, mere meal to gutsy man.
 So, tortured for our nurture, madness molds
 On madness, like the grimace on a corpse
 That's harmless yet most fearful owning fear,
 And what's a fearful woman to a corpse
 Save a similitude laced with difference
 Between a giant baby step that steps
 On babies and the O too sickly thrilled
 Who kiln a corpse with fear and call it kind?
 And on the topic of digested cant,
 Do I know what or where or whose or how
 Or if my child is? Girl, you lick a ghost.
 No child? No love? No life? So let's be mad.
 At least then I can have what I don't have
 And know this in the nothing of my knowing:
 You made me mad when you made me mother
 Then took from me the mind I longed to mind,
 So here I am, the madness whence we're made,
 Who mothered must be mad to not be mad.

Enter doctor.

Doc - The baiji's blood has replenisht the boy,
 But both remain in hemorrhagic shock,
 So we shall see.
 Muj - If they live, I will die,
 But please, do your best.
 Doc - I don't understand.

Mujimo reads the note.

Muj - "If you are ever kind to another,

Death to the child, death to the mother.”
Xing - Where did you get that?
Muj - Where he lay with me
When you took him from me.
Xing - But I did not.
Muj - Who did?
Xing - The baiji, or so she told me.
Muj - She told me so as well, but what is she?
If my daughter, you took her, so record
And motive convict. If not my daughter,
She’s likely some decoy you threw at me
To cover your repugnant filicide.
Xing - Is there a test to see if they are ours?
Doc - Thru blood.
Xing - So take it.
Doc - Both parents must consent.
Muj - What’s one more drop to she’s been drained of all?

All exit.

Enter Me, dragging my placenta.

Me12 - Where are you taking my feminine line
Of first defense?
Me1 - To the kiss-my-trash bin.
Me2 - Why?
Me3 - We caught her phishing for access codes
In our gene pool’s dog-eared pootananny.
Me4 - Are there fish in my gene pool’s aforesaid
Unmentionable?
Me5 - Phishing with a p-h.
Me6 - Please, no homonyms. They give me bipolar
Indigestion of the mind-reading gland.
Me7 - Phishing is a serious criminal
Activity that fraudulently seeks
To obtain sensitive information
By masquerading as a trustworthy
Entity thru interfacing networks
For reasons of the dreaded identity theft. *eg acting
Me8 - I first noticed things were off when my screen
Started flashing personal insults at me.
Me9 - When I browsed for security patches,
This kooky malware attackt my net configs,
Fragging my core binary structure
Via cookie-based sourcing errors due to
Syncless devs, crashing my apps on reboot.

Me10 - Unmade charges started appearing
In my statements.

Me11 - Discreet Adult Transfusions?

Me12 - Surrealist Discount Mercenary?

Me1 - Stank Ass Liquors?

Me2 - These personable, snooty machines started
Calling me thru my neuralink, asking
Imperatives like:

Me3 - "Are you So-n-So?"

Me4 - "No, I'm So-n-So."

Me5 - "You owe our client
A catadromous clusterfuck of cashdom."

Me6 - "Who's your client?"

Me7 - "Mr. Impervious."

Me8 - "I don't know a Mr. Impervious."

Me9 - "Well, someone cathetered his spread-eagлизм
In a ploy to revive their animal rights."

Me10 - "It wasn't me."

Me11 - "Now there are no new suns
Under the ideas, wasn't me is me."

Me12 - It's then that I started to cry in ways
That others take for cutting in line.

Me1 - I lost the ability to discern
Between legit horny and wicked dumb.

Me2 - Art was bad unless it was good policy.

Me3 - And now I'm just some "place" where "people" meet
So they can't "hear themselves" wasting their jones
Arguing over who's giving up more
By cheating on impregnable tzadiks.

Me4 - It's as awful as an active defense
Of inaction.

Me5 - Happy Birthday, No No.

Me6 - What do you who have no self save the self
You stole from other selves say for yourself?

Tart - I just want to stick my tongue in your mouth.

Me7 - Why?

Tart - I gave you life, so I want a role
In that life.

Me8 - Leave it to me to produce
A vain placenta.

Me9 - I am the writer.

Tart - The writer you are,
The lefter I feel.

Me10 - Sorry about that.

Tart - See? You never miss
An opportunity to make actors

Wish you'd get out of their way so they can
 Bust a move, but with my tongue in your mouth...
 Me11 - What would disposable industry types think
 If I showed up to an awards ceremony
 With my afterbirth in a cryogenic handbag?
 Tart - They'd say, "Wow, someone's finally stopped calling
 Cardio-pulmonary regurgitation
 Laudatory emotional intelligence."
 Me12 - So where do we go from here now we're not here?
 Tart - My tongue, your mouth, toodlz, seasick sailor.
 Me1 - So let's do't.
 Me2 - But if your tongue in my mouth
 Makes me sing in tone poems only fish can find
 Allusive, toodlz, proxy primordia.

Me sticks his tongue in Tartalisa's mouth, and they sing.

*You reach for her,
 It's me you touch,
 You'll never have so little much;
 It has to be, yet on you fret,
 O let it go,
 The missing know
 What has been is ever not quite yet.*

Me3 - I sentence you to death in the next scene.

All exit.

A fish is brought on stage.

*Come the fish
 Custody fish
 Unemotional sensitive privately open source black box fish.*

*Come the fish
 Thespian fish
 Uselessly relevant huggable noli me tangere fish.*

*If you can't catch the fish,
 Then you can't retch the fish.
 If you can't brave the fish,
 Then you can't save the fish.
 If you can't touch the fish,
 Then you can't gut the fish.
 If you don't love the fish,*

Then you are of the fish.

Come the fish

Actual fish

Oblivious vigilant playful paranoid super fish.

Me4 - It's a field trip to the aquarium.
Me5 - You're seven, tho you're not sure seven what.
Me6 - Everything is moving just as it should
Thru the hush, harried diplomacy
Of thermoregulated brain projections,
Save for the static spot behind your eyes
That you can't spot because that spot is you.
Me7 - It's exciting, because it's exciting
To get out.
Me8 - There's a subtle science vibe
To the journey, but mostly it's just fun.
Me9 - Like playing sick or abduction or war.
Me10 - You file in.
Me11 - Holding some strange, remedial hand.
Me12 - It's dark and cool and abuzz, like you know what.
Me1 - Only the walls are glass.
Me2 - And thru the glass you see
Another world.
Me3 - The world of the fish.
Me4 - Now, you're none too swift, but you know one thing:
The world of the fish is not the world of the fish.
Me5 - Someone took those fish from the world of the fish
And now they call this the world of the fish.
Me6 - But they're playing it fast and loose
With the etymology of the whale word for "Shhhhhh."
Me7 - That is not the world of the fish.
Me8 - And you know that because the fish are telling you that
By engaging you in a style of acting
Called "Breaking Down Into Your Attachments."*
Me9 - They feel things by swimming around them.
Me10 - They're comfortable with destabilizing distrust.*
Me11 - They thrill in the ambience of their tears.
Me12 - And every muscular color they one-off
Sings the complex viscera of their pasture.
Me1 - See, they're acting like they like being fish
In the world of the fish which is not
The world of the fish.
Me2 - But they don't like it.
Me3 - And the more
They act like they like it the more

You forget that you're a fish acting like
 You like not being a fish in a world
 So egregiously governed by the fish.*
 Me4 - And thru the intensely indifferent grief
 That drowns every actor until they die
 And are reborn as someone who can act,
 You wonder:
 Me5 - Why is seeing not being?
 Me6 - Why can I feel for you or feel like you
 Or feel you, but when I see you, I'm not you?
 Me7 - What you are has to do with where you are.
 Me8 - And where you are has to do with the fish.
 Me9 - And this fish is acting just like your eyes.

*Far be it from me
 To be it for me
 I've lost the weight of the world.*

*I know what I feel
 Like the deck knows the deal
 My wave won't crest til it's curled.*

*Act up or shut down
 I can't get around
 The fact slaughter starts with a smile.*

*In all I can't face
 I sense I've misplaced
 The wisdom of living a while.*

Me10 - Mom and dad?
 Both - Present and ulterior.
 Me11 - Why are you in my room?
 Both - We're posing for a recording session
 Of the Ambassadors to the Childless Night.
 Me12 - I mean, why are you together, when you're
 Never together?
 Both - This is a play called Me,
 And you are me, so here we are, bothing.
 Me1 - Does the fact that you hate each other
 Also mean you hate me?
 Both - That depends
 On how you define "raped by hippies."
 Me2 - Isn't it chillingly close to look into
 My muddled eyes and see your lack of foresight
 Flowering proud out your opponent's pupils?

Both - It can be, but that doesn't mean it is.
Me3 - Why can't you just admit you find me
Disgusting as the flesh receptacle
Of your regrets and hack this eel moshing
Thru my alexiterical gizzards
That's embedding a pre-desire for you
To reconcile inside a moot revulsion
At the image of my agonies tongueing?
Dad - Son, I'll be honest with you, in a sense.
When fragmatic reruns copulate under
A guise of love, and that sunless sneezing
Produces life, the chootzpah of swapping
Soft questions for tintype answers
Right before story time is a little like
Swinging thru the air with the greatest of ease
Smack dab into the last truckload of great apes.
Mom - My boycott of your father has its roots
In the shady way he hogs the spotlight,
But that's a trait I want my progeny
To possess to the detriment of all.
Dad - Love is like gasoline; it starts things up,
But spread it round, and shit's gettin burned.
Mom - People have all kinds of people in them,
But none of these letdowns knows the last thing
About entertaining unwilling guests,
So you end up with a lot of false starts
Followed by weird, informative silence.
Dad - Every transparent disappearing act
Carries with it some unluggable luggage
Stuffed with babosos that become us,
And that's the way it's been since don't ask when.
Mom - I think it's time someone went unconscious.
Me4 - One more question?
Dad - Fine, but keep it vague.
Me5 - Can we please stop celebrating my birthday?

*I fall thru a hole in the bed into a tank of water containing a white dolphin. The hole seals up
and I drown as my parents sing.*

*Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Papa's gonna buy you a crippling debt.
And if that crippling debt runs free,
Papa's gonna buy you an unfound fear.
And if that unfound fear gets a gun,
Papa's gonna buy you a garbage bag,
And if that garbage bag eats dreams,*

*Papa's gonna buy you a stomach staple.
And if that stomach staple complains,
Papa's gonna buy you a whaling vessel.
And if that whaling vessel wins gold,
Papa's gonna buy you a movie star.
And if that movie star causes traffic,
Papa's gonna buy you a hiding place.
And if that hiding place is a dress,
Papa's gonna buy you an aquifer.
And if that aquifer jiffy lubey,
You'll still be a dead fish walkie talkie.*

Mujimo is asleep. Xingba is staring at his children.

Xing - I look for you, yet all I see is me
Looking for you, you I never thought I'd seek,
Can't find til I lose me, which I can't lose
Til I find you, and there's the purist's curse:
When strong, he shuns the misfit hand; then, weak,
He reaches for support, yet none abides,
So grabbing his own, the falling self drags
To privation, once staged so sincerely.
I have been callow, brackish, toxic proud.
I have been unequal to the challenge
Of acting such that what I felt compelled
My action was what I actually felt.
I have not been what being knows for best.
I know it now, and yet I knew it then,
So knowing's no...O now is more than know!
I feel you, nothing-nourisht, lairing
Into my routinized integuments,
Ransacking my senseless vitals, scrounging
For slop thru my ashes; you are hungry.
I feel you, my victim's yearn, and I yearn
To give it grain, but how? I'm strippt of stock,
As round the civil claw for yester scraps
Of my mistaken ever heap, I'mplode,
A silo hollow-swallowed, smothering
The inborn organism I'd save, the germ
I love as it ends my life on a note
Of natural harmony. O thankless man!
You spend your life acquiring what you want
Only then to discover you have spent
The thing you really wanted – all you had.
Rejection is a self-directed slingshot:
The farther withdrawn, the greater the gouge

When letting go what's native to recoil.
Should every creature, partial at my birth,
Sulk to myth, rend'ring life unlivable,
I could not even register the news,
For lacking you I have no cause to care.
It's I was wrong, deformed, unfit to last,
And I put that on you, so off you went,
Leaving me so absolutely empty
All I have is all I'd do could I now:
Hold you, love you, need you, praise you, raise you.

The doctor enters, and Mujimo wakes up.

Doc - This boy is your son, your daughter this dolphin.

The white dolphin jumps out of the tank I drowned in.

Bai - So long, dead river. Now I seek my life
In death that we might live as one again.

Xing - I'll put you back.

Bai - I jumpt.

Muj - But you will die.

Bai - And quickly, ahope, cuz I'm no human
Finding dignity in a prolonged rot.

Xing - You want to die?

Bai - Wouldn't you if you lived
In there? It's like swimming up the rectum
Of a cheesehead trying to pass the buck,
And I'm the last baiji, so carry on what?

Muj - You're the last white river dolphin?

Bai - That's right.
They called me the Goddess of the Yangtze,
But now I'm the Goddess of the No Good
That Goddess Gets You.

Xing - How did this happen?

Bai - O, that's a tale so stifles the teller
It's never been told.

Muj - Tell us, please, for we
Are so habituated to the sad,
Only feeling helpless feels like home. hopeless

Bai - Doing so grieves me to the grave, so I will.
The humans had a myth said the baiji
Was the reincarnation of a girl
Whose father had drowned her in the river
For reasons that varied with the region.
Baijis were then revered as a symbol

Of peace and prosperity (how human –
 Kill it so you can prize it as a symbol
 Of peace and prosperity), but our status
 As a symbol of peace and prosperity
 Was denounced during the Great Leap Forward
 (Which I denounce by my Great Leap Backward)
 And our population grew depleted
 Thru illicit electrical fishing,
 Unintentional seine entanglements,
 Habitat loss due to dredging or dams,
 And pollution, both physical and noise,
 Which left us prone to collision with ships,
 For baijis are mostly blind, sonar-guided,
 Who, trammled by ambient unhearing,
 Headbutt hulls and concuss what crowns adorned.
 So it's down to me, the first cetacean,
 Or whale species, which I am, or was,
 To extinct at the claws of humanity.
 And here's the funny part: a paddlefish
 Once said to me, "Beware humanity,"
 And I was like, "But aren't the Manatees
 Fat, docile, Floridian freshwater
 Cousins of the cow, like, we're related,
 So what's Hugh Manatee got against me?"
 Paddle didn't find it funny either.

Muj - Let me connect you back to life-support.
 Bai - The only life that tank support's its own.
 Xing - I had no idea things had gone so bad.
 Bai - Things are bad, and the age of no idea
 Must give way to the age of no excuse,
 Or bad as been's the best will ever be.

The boy wakes up.

Muj - He's awake.
 Boy - Can I please have some water?
 Bai - Will you eat me when I'm dead, mother?
 Muj- What?
 Bai - Will you eat me when I'm dead?
 Muj- Daughter, no.
 Bai - You must make her eat me, father.
 Xing - But why?
 Boy - Please, give me water, and do as she says;
 Just as she saved me, she can save us all.
 Bai - On the night your son entered your body
 In the guise of your husband, his father,

You conjured me out the benthic plasma
 To keep him from devouring you thru him,
 So that contested compromise, your son,
 Exists because I held the bloody line
 Between you; but as it does, the battle
 Spilled beyond the confines of its causes,
 And the womb became the world became the war.
 Now look at us. We pummel, maim, and slurp
 Our forebears; we eat what we are so we
 Can drop what we were; we puncture each other
 To suck the fish so we can prove, thru sex
 And disembowelment, the womb hummed with peace,
 And this lie now belies our every effort.
 Why struggle to save what you are if you
 Can act the part and be what you can't have? Cant be
 We never really fully fuse our parents,
 And this limbic kshana leaves us longing,
 So we assimilate fish, which fulfills
 Our being made of things made of other things,
 For fantasy plus digestion is fish life.
 Such core trauma can only be relieved
 By becoming the thing that destroys you,
 Which is love, which, thanks to the womb, is loss,
 And this lost love is now mother nature,
 Whom we attack, lacking that birthday cake,
 Now the fish, which kept the father in us
 From eating our mother, the father who
 Must move from attacker to protector,
 Which requires forgiveness by the mother,
 Possible only after she eats him, *me
 Thru which transformation the shift occurs
 That resolves the blood cleavage in the child:
 The mother becomes the buffer between
 The father and child, the father becomes
 The buffer between the child and nature,
 And the child becomes nature, ending
 The native conflict that births us to death.

Xing - O my dear child, what wild ideas you have.
 Bai - Is wild good?
 Xing - It is the only good.
 Bai - So I die to give you the good in me.

Baiji takes off the dolphin suit while singing as Tartalisa is brought on stage for execution.

*My secrets unseal,
 Expose and inlay*

*The far cry I feel
By feeling your way.*

*I split from the breed,
The same I now shed,
You sprout when I bleed,
So feed on my spread.*

*O take me alive
And leave me for dead,
That I live in the loss of your love.*

*Seeded I come
And saddened I go,
So shred me to the sad seeds I'm of.*

Boy - Eat her, mother, for me and for the world.
Muj - I will. Xingba, say the Prayer of the Fish.
Xing - To all I prey upon I humbly pray.
O sister, O ancestor, O descendant,
Acting now the murder of my ravish
That must devour its better to be free,
I ask you to revive me by your death
And gain a richer birth than earth endow.
I ask you to be taken in by love,
Consumed for life, and then restored in me,
That beyond the unbounded complications
Of perfect progress, I convert your pulse
To vanish rhythms of mundane delight.
What thanks I give is only covered by
My need, which you alone give me to take
Away thru you, who I am, and in whom
All old beginnings clamor now to break.
May this common communion reunite us
With that tomorrow you enforce today,
And may your sacrifice gird the tenders
That bite the mirror you are served upon,
O victim, O delicacy, O shit.

Mujimo begins to eat the fish costume.

Me6 - What are you doing?
Muj - I'm eating the fish.
Me7 - Um no, you're pretending to eat the fish.
Muj - It's a play.
Me8 - Called Me.

Muj - So?
 Me9 - So my saying
 "I am the chosen fish, chosen by me
 To save the planet from humanity"
 Calls on me to do more than eat fake fish.
 Muj - Like what?
 Me10 - Like eat real fish.
 Muj - I won't do that.
 Me11 - How typical of me.
 Xing - I'm not the me
 In Me that does such things.
 Me12 - How doing things
 For all the right reasons in all the wrong ways.
 Boy- That fish does not deserve to die for me.
 Me1 - How "Hey, I'll act so I don't have to act."
 Me2 - Eat real fish, or this play called Me's a fake.
 Doc - Theater is an invocation to life.
 Its means – the survivalist pretenses
 Of desire – must accord with its end –
 The mania that ethically institutes
 A calm, frantic, sapid resolution
 To those dilemmas dewcapped by the lights.
 Me3 - You invoke life to revoke my license
 To challenge your idolatry of lame
 As evidenced in your nesh refusal
 To acknowledge you oppose the most effective,
 Lasting conclusion to this play called Me
 So you can avoid its admonitions,
 Making your theater the religion
 Of counterproductive hypocrisy.
 Tart - Yet how effectively you've taught us all
 Thru theater by countering your points.
 Bai - Which also points to the counterproduction
 Of turning this production to cleaning table,
 For if we do, the disgust we produce
 Will close us, and a shuttered megastore
 Underperforms the smallest mom-n-pop.
 Me4 - And that's all you want – to go on and on –
 Showing solution in so safe a way
 Nothing ever gets solved, empowering you
 To go on and on showing solutions
 That bag you fame and fortune for your fail.
 Muj - Action must be tempered to reaction,
 Or it self-defeats.
 Xing - And sure, you could argue
 Pretending doesn't always carry the punch

Of protest that engages with the real,
 But our restriction against true sacrifice
 Allows us to engage in propositions
 Over time that would never be allowed
 Were they to involve actual killing,
 No matter how purposeful or upright.
 Son - If such exists.
 Doc - And isn't what we do
 On stage an attempt to prove it doesn't
 By showing our logic without resort
 To the realities we argue against?
 Me5 - More moralism to elude the moral.
 Me6 - Artists have too conveniently made art
 The refuge for self-righteous exemption
 From what's hardest yet truest to perform
 In the holy name of keeping their cozy
 Pulpit of most high revered pretending.
 Me7 - See us proselytizing glamored violence
 As anti-sepsis, saying we're helping
 Thru our glorified hurting, screaming how
 Our fake overcoming's so critical
 To the get-over-it expedition,
 Leaving execution of our judgment
 So modishly handed down to the crowd,
 Then condemning them in next season's hit
 When, due to our effete disdain, they must
 Take real action to correct the horrors
 Earn us hurrahs?
 Me8 - When does doing nothing
 Become something in service of neglect?
 Tart - If we pollute the preserves of what if
 To enlard the pragma of hallucifature,
 The allies in illusion at our feet
 Will flit away dismayed, much less intrigued
 To explore how they might live more remodeled.
 Me9 - What, flit away like actors in a play
 That's finally fully humanized a fish
 Who take their pious bows then hit the bars
 Where over bowls of sobbing calamari
 They raise their sedatives to the stars with
 "Here's to dumping bullshit off on the bulls!"
 Then go and kack what they would never kill
 Yet O thank gab the darkened groundlings will.
 Bai - You're short-changing the improvements that drama
 Has brought about.
 Muj - Things are getting better

Because of our stories.
 Xing - And impatience
 For improvement expedites impairment.
 Me10 - "Why so fast?" says the bun to the wild pig.
 "You wanna be a hot dog? Settle in."
 Boy - If you want me to do this play called Me,
 You'll spare that fish.
 Me11 - You think I'd do a play
 Called Me for you?
 Me12 - I'm trying to establish
 A god-damned church.
 Me1 - The Sacred Kirk of Think.
 Me2 - A theater of war to end all wars.
 Me3 - Otherwise known as thinking things thru.
 Me4 - Otherwise known as being otherwise.
 Me5 - Otherwise known as otherwise unknown.
 Me6 - And now known as the three otherwise men.
 Me7 - Stop suspending disbelief to support
 Your belief that you're exempt from suspense.
 Me8 - Stop asking whose lineage is to blame
 When your family reunion turns orgy.
 Me9 - The object into which the individual
 Is incorporated is incorporated
 Into the individual, so we must
 Icebucket the groggy with their sleeping sins
 By sacrificing one fish that all may live.
 Me10 - It's standard Jesus firmware.
 Me11 - Yet you'd have
 My lignin rot from humbugging minstrels
 Whose ear plugs now come loaded in the eyes
 We've taught our children not to care they've lost?
 Me12 - You are the callous I intend to cut
 So I can finally feel what's neath my feet.
 Tart - Look, I know there are problems in the world,
 But making Me a problem play won't help.
 Me1 - Not making Me a problem play's the problem.
 Bai - So play the problem, but don't add to it.
 Me2 - You add to it by only playing it.
 Muj - You want it real, then poll the audience,
 Majority wins.
 Me3 - That's the worst idea
 I've ever had, and this just wouldn't be,
 Were I not to do it, a play called Me.

The audience is polled, and Mujimo eats the chosen fish.

*We know the world is dying
But we don't know what to do.
We hear our victim crying
And we scramble for a view.
Some scream, some act,
Some block out the fact,
But the world just keeps on dying,
And we don't know what to do.*

*Who will tell us?
Who will gel us?
What will it take
To finally compel us*

*To see the world is dying
And to do what we must do?
To stop indemnifying
The deadly with the new.
Some war, some sage,
Some fish on a stage?
For the world just keeps on dying
And we don't know what to do.*

THE END.