

Interior Castle



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Lakshmi Luthra

Voice and synthesizer

22 minutes

Greetings, and welcome.
I'm so happy you're here.
Are you ready?

So, let's begin.

Do you have trouble making decisions?

I see.

And do you have trouble getting things done at work?

Difficulty keeping up with housework?

What about fluctuations in weight?

I see. I do.

Do you dread bedtime?
And do you have trouble waking up?

Have you stopped taking

pleasure in things you used to enjoy?

Do you have hobbies?
Headaches? Stomach pains?

Yes.

Where did you have your first kiss?

Say it again.

In what city did your parents first meet?

Yes.

Where does your nearest sibling live? What brand of shampoo do you use? Your mother's maiden name?

And your hymen, how did it break?

Yes, yes.

What color is the mucous?
Did you have any nick-
names growing up?

And is it a dry cough or is it
a wet cough?

When did your body chills
begin?

Yes.

* * *

It would please me very
much to torture you. You
will do exactly as I say.

Feel your breath as you
draw it in through your
nose, filling your lungs,
drawing it down into your
stomach.

Deeper.

Allow your breathing to
slow. To stop.

Stillness spreads through
your limbs. Your blood is
thickening and slowing in
your veins. Your heart is
becoming quiet. Your or-
gans are hardening.

Yes. Yes.

Imagine you're a bird, a
crystal, a black dot in a
white void.

Yes.

* * *

Can I tell you her vision?

I saw in his hand a long
spear of gold and at the tip
there seemed to be a small
flame. He appeared to me
to be thrusting it at times
into my heart and to pierce
my very entrails; when he
pulled it out, he seemed
to pull them out also, and

to leave me all on fire with
a great love of God. The
pain was so great that it
made me moan; and yet, so
surpassing was the sweet-
ness of this excessive pain,
that I could not wish to be
rid of it.

* * *

My bruised and hairy legs,
all hard body and soft skin.
Sounds are too close. Diffi-
culty with facial expression.
A hole in the middle of your
back.

Pressure on your chest.
Pressure on your throat.

Self-soothing, tapping on
the sternum. Self-loathing,
disgust, disaster, fore-
boding.

What's coming? Nothing's
coming.

I know. I know. I know.

Restlessness, moaning,
shouting, unreasoning
resistance, obscene ob-
stinacy.

I know.

I have no stomach, no in-
sides, no brains.

Yes.

God demands constant
pleasure.

* * *

Blinking and being and
playing with his balls
through his pants pocket,
he said:

The birds lived in the air,
always turning toward the
sun and never alighting on
the earth until they came

to die. The female laid her eggs in a hole in the male's back, and the birds drank dew as they fell.

* * *

Let me tell you a story:

A man, he finds himself stranded on an island. Days go by, he sees no one, he forages little bits to keep himself going. And then, one day, half-starved, he hears a great rumbling in the distance. He crouches in the bushes, and peering out, he sees a rising cloud of dust, hears galloping hooves. A great herd of deer rush by. He sees their cotton-white, upturned tails receding. In hot pursuit, just behind the deer, men come running, naked, unadorned except for their rigid erections.

Day after day our stranded man watches this ritual unfold; the aroused men pursuing the deer and disappearing into the distance. He is lonely, hungry. Still it takes him many days to steel himself to try and join the group. Finally, one day as the deer and men pass by he discretely emerges from the bushes, sheds his clothing and joins the group. He runs as fast as he can, eyes fixed on one of those cotton-white upturned tails bobbing up and down ahead of him. The deer reach a cave and rush in; the men rush in after.

In the gloom of the cave, each man pairs with a deer. Our stranded man looks around wide eyed, tries not to stare, not to let his gaze linger for too long on any single copulating pair. He

sees a small deer, a little knock-kneed, standing on her own. He thinks, "She doesn't look too dangerous. If she bucks hopefully it won't kill me." He marshals his forces, determined to join in with the others. He approaches the deer. He grabs her by the hind-quarters, and as he penetrates her a hush falls over the cave. The men all turn to look at him, and he freezes.

* * *

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