

# from Diseasium

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THESE SCHOLAR-NUNS WERE DEBATING in the Royal Philosophical Courtyard wearing flared overcoats and Bermudas:

"Uh-oh, looks like the lamp is burning!"

"Oh for chrissake."

"I completed vast practices and I make *now I really make the call* for universal love!"

"Oh for chrissake."

"Do you hear me calling?"

"Have you come to a debate or to share your TV slogans? Do you have supporting reasons?"

"I honestly straight-up *live* reasons now. That's my debate. Having completed vast practices, you know, my body is reasons. *All* this is reasons," and she made a general environmental gesture.

"I'll give you 'vast practices'!" and she looked like she was about to whack somebody.

"In and of itself it's all I need to begin calling and singing for you."

"I don't accept this."

"I done *done* vast practices regardless. They *been* handed down, handed down, all, to tell me one thing: I'm no huckster in town on the corner like you're treating me, and I'm not lying on you, and we *got* to have universal love up in here!" And, with that, this nun clapped her hands in front of the other's nose!

"Oh for chrissakes."

"How you like me *now*?"

"Careful now! And even you said 'now' before. Careful with 'now'! Don't act like you've *gained* or *become* now you're back from retreat! Don't act like anything happened. Vast practices don't need being 'handed down', as you say. This would strictly be in the larger sense. Do you follow me?"

"I feel you."

"It follows that, as you say, your 'body' was 'reasons', *before retreat*. So how did this get handed down?"

"Regardless if vast practices *been* being here, it *was* handed down, overstand. And it *was* transmitted because before I didn't start calling for it like I am! Like pure direct education."

"You must understand I'm not talking about someone explaining it to you, like, 'You should do vast practices and here's how you do it, because you will want to call for it all

over and teach them...'. That would just be somewhat conventional. You must understand I'm talking about *in the larger sense*."

"I feel you."

This nun looked dead serious: "It follows that you went on retreat, did vast practices, and nothing happened."

"You act like I'm entranced from retreat, and like I don't mean it. You act like I'm a corner huckster, like I'm lying on you. You act like there's no such thing as two things. You act like there's no effort. And this is like giving cutdowns to me!"

"I love you in a personal sense, welcome back to the temple, and hat's off to you; I just don't ever in a million years think anything happened on retreat."

"Look at you you're all smug! You bring up 'the larger sense', but your reaction is straight-up smallest scale. That's on the real *for real*."

"Can you prove you're not entranced from retreat?" Nuns around these two were having their own debates in the courtyard. It was a nice morning. The nuns felt fresh and alive. "You said 'you act' but *you* act out here, and flap your lips after your non-retreat full of nothing special!"

"My proof is the next ten thousand years of my behavior."

"Well, as long as you are thinking about the future, I think you're caught now and finished!" and she shut down her personal space.



ALMODAD WAS THUMBING THROUGH a music periodical in bed. He was glancing through the music periodical. He was looking through it. The nightstand and the whole shebang. The lacey nightcap, the clock-radio. The periodical. His makeup was stacked on the vanity. All his everything else.

Most unexpectedly, King Big-Ass Slappy appeared in the door of the bed chamber and sat down on the bed. This brought up a flood of emotions inside Almodad's soul. And when that happened to him he put the periodical aside for now.

"What's good, blood?" the king said. He wore a blue floor-length silken medical gown and Ugg boots. He arranged his gown a little bit. He was fiddling with the bed. There were some food plates around.

Almodad thinks: I have compassion to him. I have love for him. Not only to what I can get; this is my king right here, the Noble One. I want to have a great time with him. And no one can be more surprised at how I feel than me. This is not the usual kind of thing for me. I should tell this fully to him through my music. I could do a whole album to him. Join with him through my music. Connect through music and activities of course. I have compassion to my king in here. I have love for this man and I can't explain. Join with him, be with him. Be a part. Eat together. Share the food, share money. Go to do activities together and rest later on. My king in here amuses me. Look at his funny gown. Look at his peculiarities. Join me! Spend the day! Come! Take a late lunch with me. Go to a restaurant. Go to a neat little café with me. Order something. I order plenty. Order a meal and a drink with it, sit with me. Be in a café. Join me for a late lunch. Come take a late lunch after you have seen everyone and put everyone in check. Let's drive to a neat little café in a neat part of town and listen to music on the way. Spend the rest of the day after. Rest together. I love you as a friend so protect me. Be my king of this. Put me in check. Listen to songs. I like singing for you. I see how you are in pain. *I'm* in pain; my head, of course. And I am also lost. I know you're sick. I have compassion to this. I have compassion to this. My idea is to spend the day. Come to you, you come to me, and spend the day. Let the café workers serve us and look after what we order. We sit together. I will listen to you talk about what's it like being the king, and I will share what I know about my music and current music. We have a lovely late lunch. We spend the day. We eat the lunch. Let's eat! You go ahead and eat, Noble One! The food is awesome! The waiter is beautiful! The cook is well-built. Let's eat!

King Slappy has been thinking: The pleuritic pain is developing even more. No one can properly determine the cause of the pleuritic condition. They have come from all over to see me. The ever-developing pain is tough to bear and is *one* thing. It is that which has, the bitch-ass doctors tell us, "an unidentifiable cause." I have recently asked if it makes a difference if my sputum is yellowish or greenish. Doctors offer me nothing. I pay the bogus-ass fees. "Lay me on my side and go out of the sickroom." They can't even guess the cause of my pleuritic condition! They can't tell me nothing new. They aren't saying

nothing new. I have that which has no cause. This defies all logic to some extent but they tell me this. And this is *another* thing. "This defies logic!" I have actually shouted. (Who will restrain me from it?) "Your Majesty," they say something like, and being very formal, "we know there is a cause, but it is not been identified. This can often happen with disease." They all say all the same thing. They *all* say all the same thing! "Shall we roll you on your side, Your Majesty?" This defies all known logic! I go on my side in my special bed in my sickroom. Loud to them, and as pain tears through my whole chest, "This defies all logic!" (Who will shush me? So no one.) I keep on: "An effect with no cause! This defies all known logic to mankind, you assholes! Look at my wife in her eyes and what you're doing!" Am I not supposed to be daunted by this? This defies logic all kinds. This *is* daunting all kinds. My body the way it is I must rely on something, and I must totally understand what I rely on. I must totally rely on what I feel and what I understand. Example: I was made king, and I know and accept why. I know and accept exactly why. I pretty much accept exactly why. But "no cause"? What are these ones doing? I can say, "How did we get here?" *No cause*. "What can I do?" *No cause*. "It's going to get better?" *Can't determine. No cause*. "What's our names?" *No cause*. "What's the weather doing?" *Can't predict. No ideas, no cause*. Of course this sort of act will make your patients lose every hope. Don't you see? Months after months. Any hope I ever had is lost if this keeps up with you assholes! Here we are! Here we go! Make up your mind before I go get Cassawennie on you after being in a pissed off mood!

A wintry mix falling outside. Snow and ice gathering upon the roofs of the gazebos and the railings. Parents and children sledding. With all their different everything else.

"Hey with your brain-skull-mansion of yours," the king breathed.



"IT'S BITUMINOUS IS WHAT this is happens to be. This *could* be one hundred thousand other stuff," the Royal Scientific Bituminous Coal Researcher said to the ministers. The researcher was wearing a black highnecked chemise with gold threads paired with dark olive slacks and Jordans, was on the last slide of his PowerPoint, and he was circling some areas on a geologic map with his laser pointer. A moment earlier, he had asked if the ministers had any questions on his presentation. So far they didn't even.

"This was discovered hundreds of years ago and by accident at least it seems to me though they never mention," he said, often looking at the ministers. He spoke softly to them: "This is bituminous is what is this is. If all what you see is what something is then that's exactly what it is and is bituminous right here. As long as what you see is there and this is happens to be is this bituminous then this is bituminous. This boney pile. This bituminous the major product of this land which helps us which I discussed. The major product this is this is bituminous can be. We have all we want and this is one of the main things one of the major things about this land gives us. Can you believe this? We are so lucky in this age with all this you know. This *could* actually be a hundred other stuff. *Could* be. Where's this is coming from?" He knew he had hit on a major point here. So, he went deeper: "That's only one factor because we also have to have in place someone some people that can use this. Which we have. They have to be in place over here," lasering to different places on the map. "We have to be able to like find them and of course all this. We *could* be living some scenario where this is impossible and guess then we'd just simply have to 'sit on' the bituminous or not even know about this. We *could* of course be placed in a position where—and get this—where we don't even *know this*. We *could* even be these microscopic blobs with no knowledge of this. This is not out of the question as far as this. We *could* be like crap somewhere." He was sorry to have said this kind of language, but when the ministers didn't react, he walked a little toward their table. "Like some little bacteria out there in the place. More and more our scientists are telling us. So this is not out of the question for our realm of this." He turned around and started to laser point at the map and even clicked back to some previous slides and hummed. He felt there could still be a question in there in their minds. All that he presented, he seemed to feel there might be something about the presentation. "Nevermind of course of this product the major of our land but you could be some little crap in some nightmare in there. Your life, all darkness, and never know any of this because you would have no method to achieve this kind of contact we enjoy at this. Your life would be like pure brutal darkness and you like couldn't move or even talk with anyone. You would either be like bouncing off little organisms or just material, some piece of dirt or a particle like, never knowing anything and like never be involved in anything."

He waited another moment. This was just in case. He was just cheerful. "This is this kind of thing I think about. Maybe this sounds like I'm crazy but we'll find out pretty soon who's crazy." He was shutting down the equipment. "So, this is bituminous. Nobody questions? Thank you very much."