





Love is a memory
Time cannot kill
The cherished tune
Gay and absurd
And the music unheard.

-Barbara Payton-



Locasts breed in my iron stomach, as I
prepare to push forward inspite of bad luck.

My story begins in the belly of the child protection crusade of the 1980s. I've returned to the world of my past. Captured in the video stills from news recordings.

how could I feel lonely with the News anchors chanting for my safe return home?

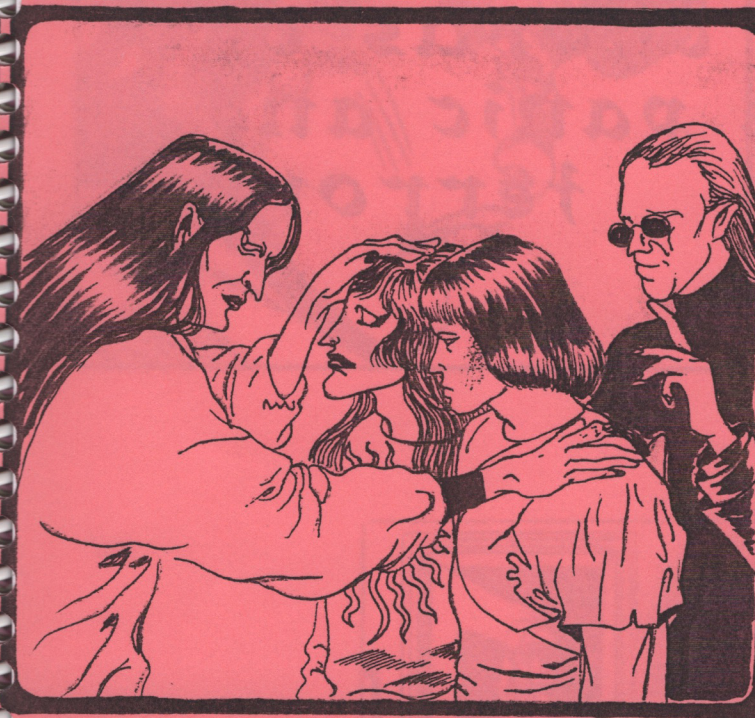
All day I choke on the fumes of this dreary paraphernalia

My sister and I are now in the hands of pig agents

Unless they sell my sister

They will never willingly surrender either

I don't feel so lonely



They parade us around the universe of orphans to magicians and idiots

She carries the name we were born with better in this set of circumstances

What this VHS depicts so achingly, is my sibling deep and abiding sense that we would be seperated.

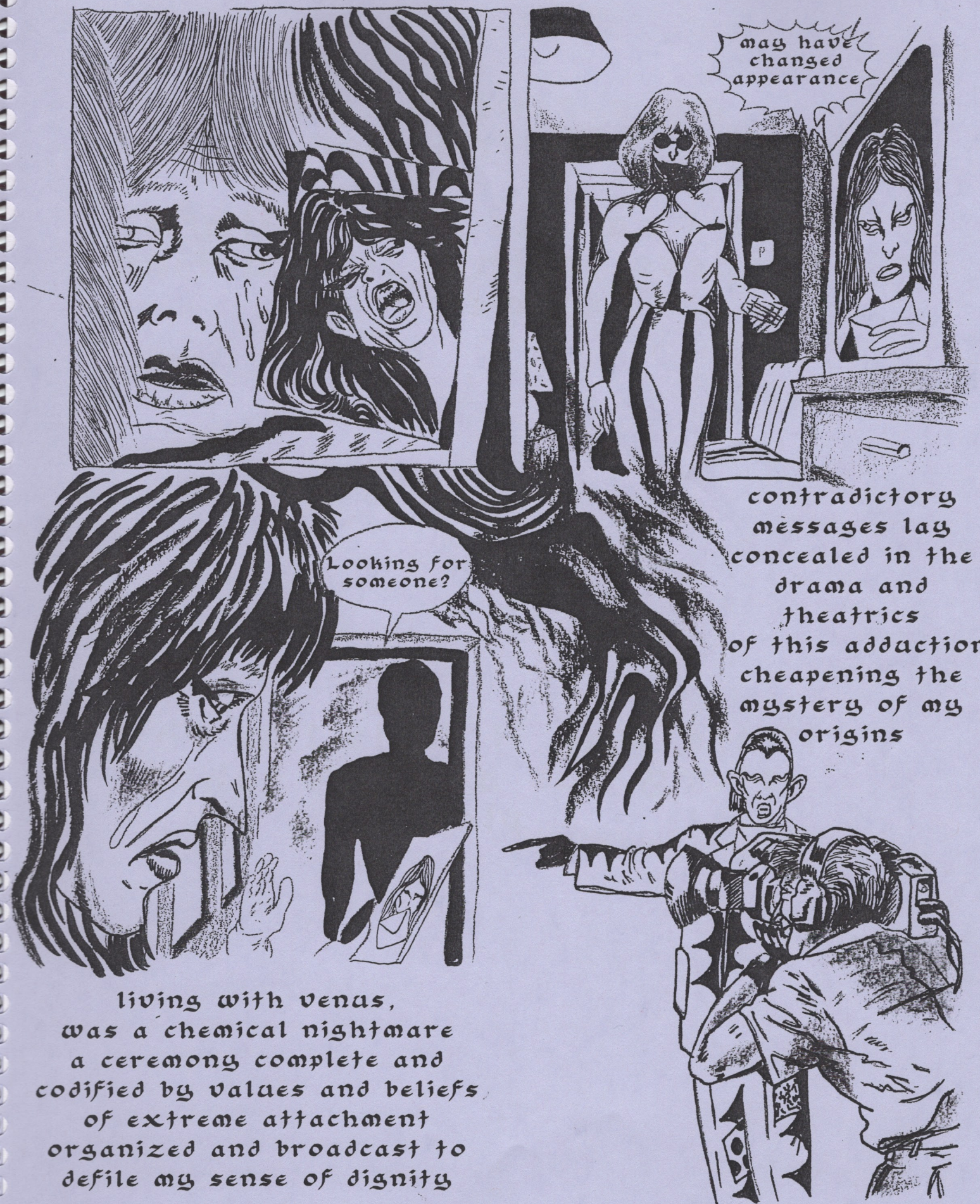
how could I feel lonely hearing this chorus of hope panic and terror?



The romantic imagination flakes away revealing my small dark

Experts say that children who remember past lives are more likely to forget them the older they get.

I scale a building to reach a woman I am researching who lives next door to me. When I get to her attic I realize she is not home. I leave a note, very worried. I go back home to work on another book about a little girl I knew growing up who disappeared. I look up and the house I just scaled is suddenly demolished. Simultaneously my book arrives at my door, published prematurely. There is nothing in the book about the little girl or the woman next door. I begin to wonder if I really wrote it. Instead the book is more about my own childhood. I look through the book at sad memories of myself I have forgotten till now. I notice the little girl is in fact obscured in the background of some of the photos. When my phone rings it is the family of the woman, they demand to know what happened to their house. They don't believe anything I say and I begin to get scared and wonder why are they even asking me? The family is very violent, they threaten me over and over. I cry because they are crashing me through the receiver. When my friend arrives to visit, I am not so good at describing the fear, everything I say sounds like I am describing the book that came early. He says the book is really bad and that I should just donate it to a village. I agree. But I am scared the family will find out I was writing a book about them. I have to help the woman, I have to warn everyone in the neighborhood. When I try to describe what happened, what I describe feels like a description of a cheap souvenir. Which makes people laugh and point to Christmas lights, nic nacs for me to buy. When I blink I walk around this market place of my story which has been turned into cheap plastic souvenirs of demolished houses, lost women, books, and little girls.



contradictory messages lay concealed in the drama and theatrics of this addiction cheapening the mystery of my origins

living with venas, was a chemical nightmare a ceremony complete and codified by values and beliefs of extreme attachment organized and broadcast to defile my sense of dignity

my essence is under
construction

and i am the only faithful
witness to this destruction
of memory

thats why it feels like this
story has already taken
place



We share a shape sifting
melodramatic imagination

watching us on the tape is
Like viewing a movie
without the sound,

when you're really seeing,
you'll find the seat with the
clearest view.

I Was On Your Side Even When You Were

I dream his
blarry face

I am
electrocated
by my
lonely
horsemen.
distarbed by
the choras
of sore eyes
peering
from a
broken
dream,

Andrea Lalic



the zoo gets quiet, and i know I don't
belong here,



crying over the fresh light, the
nightmare speaks a coded language.

Sometimes I dream the incessant back and forth between myself and the things behind me.

Like a comet crashing into the dormant parts of my dark brain.



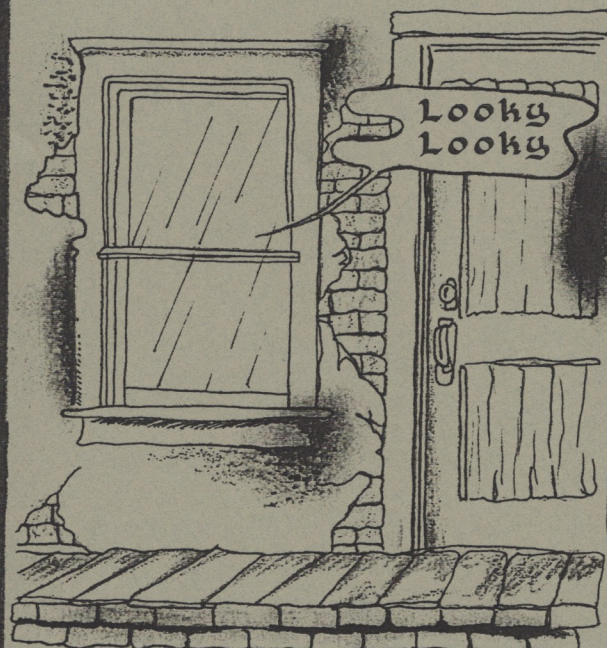
There was little attempt on my part to disguise the hollowness of my voice when I ask, "Where are you going?", as I watch him disappear. I sink to thoughts so self-hating they are impossible to turn off.



interior dreamscapes
the infernal boiler room
scream
"They're coming to get
you!"



Well, well



Looky
Looky



the maggots race to
a dream in a room full of
perfume
destined to melt the walls of
her bored expression

In the dream world I have to woo them
to get a look inside. I crawl with the
critters to get a better look.

my essence is under
construction



This area is
restricted to
noble low
life's only



Slamlords



and i am the only faithful
witness to this destruction
of memory



the evil mystery
that enters from
within,

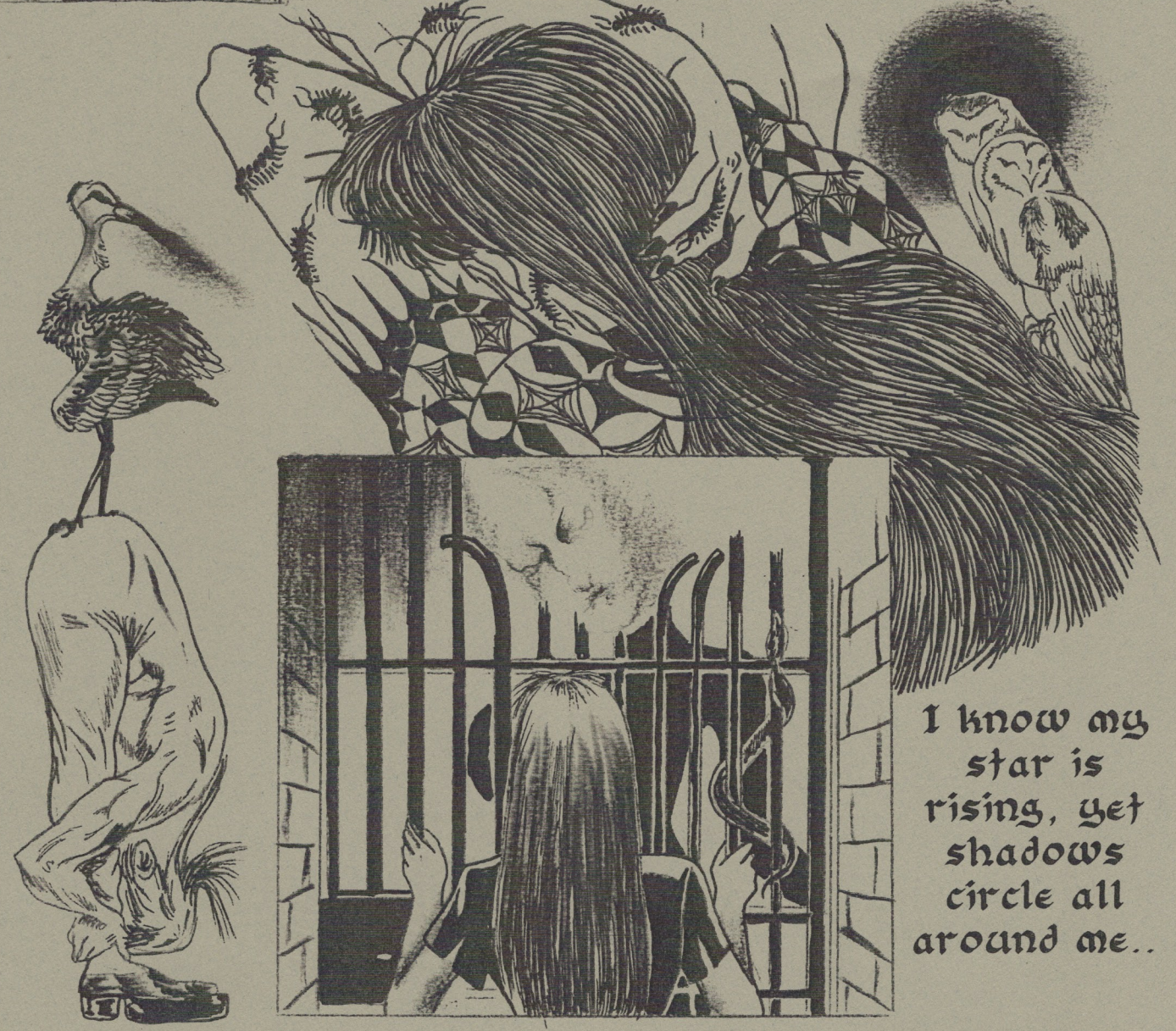
is the past



the evil mystery
that enters
from within
is the
past



"My love, if I die and you don't"
bargain this carnal instrument"



I know my
star is
rising, yet
shadows
circle all
around me..



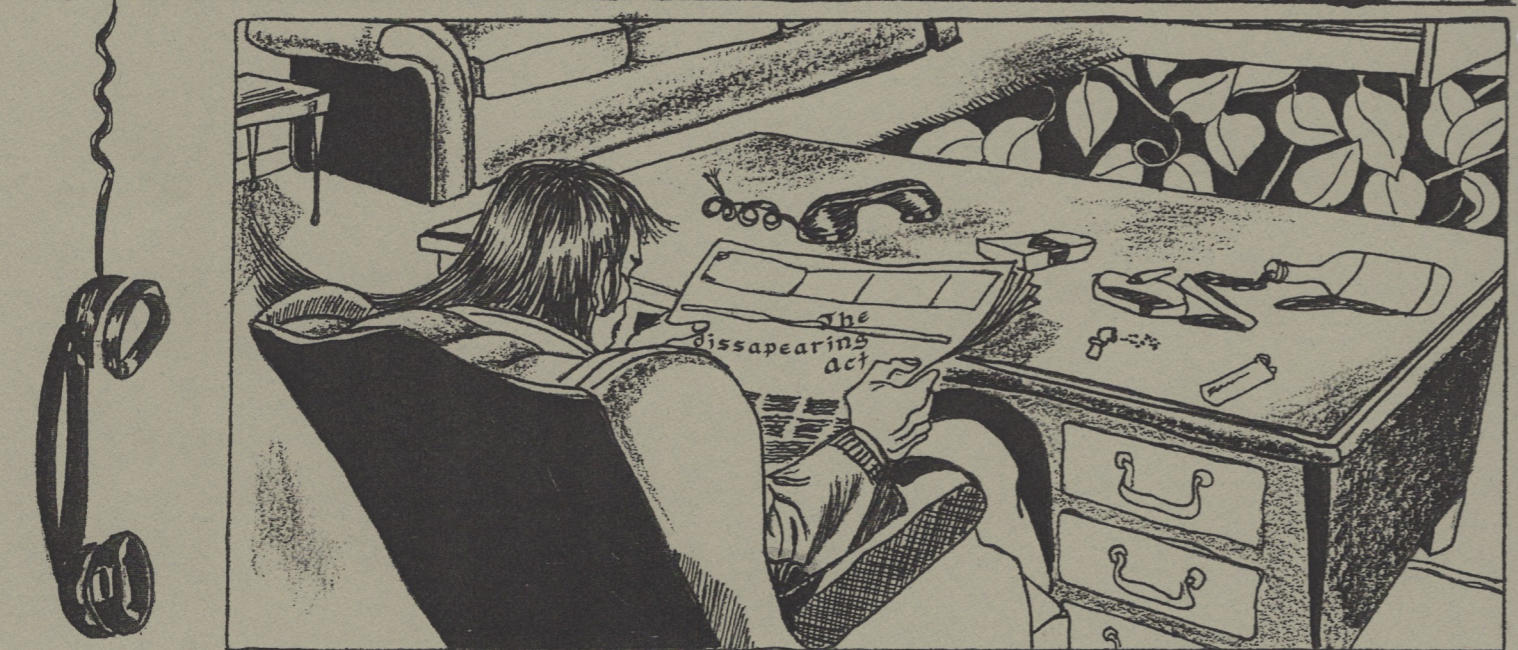
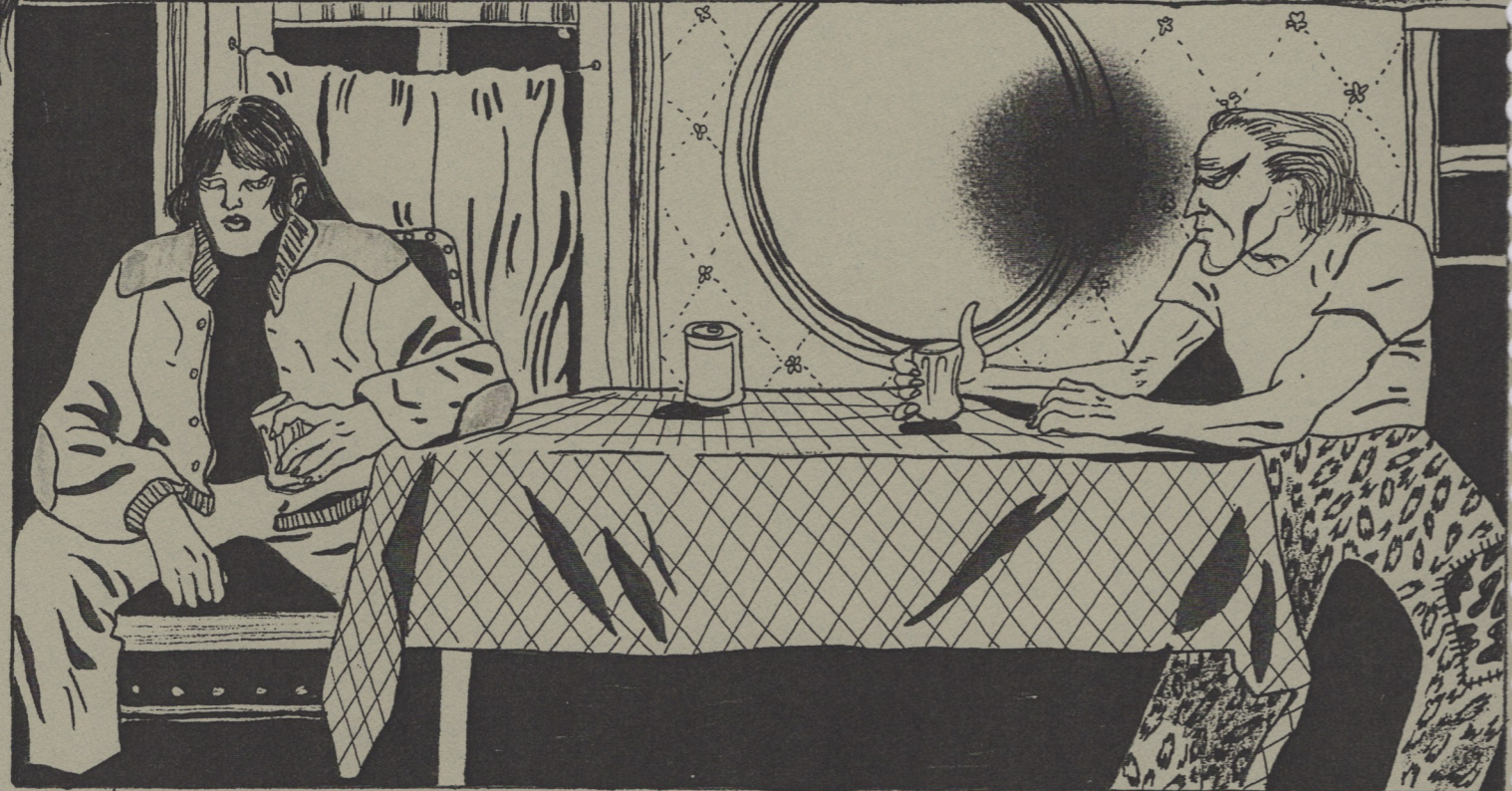
Every day the slow night
of darkness and silence
descend the pastoral
landscapes of what I
believe.

Magnifying the
subtle mechanics
of our
seperation.

S T I M
Someone who isn't me



I weep as I unpack the piece of the past.



I would like to poison the role. You keep me locked up here
in the headlines of eternity.

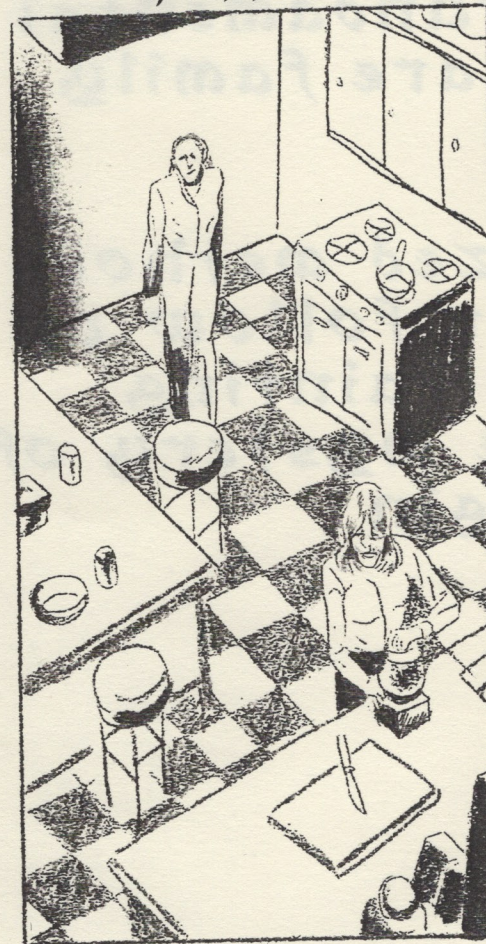


Miracles collapse

The only things that remain are the things which complicate and haunt her life.



This familiar pattern



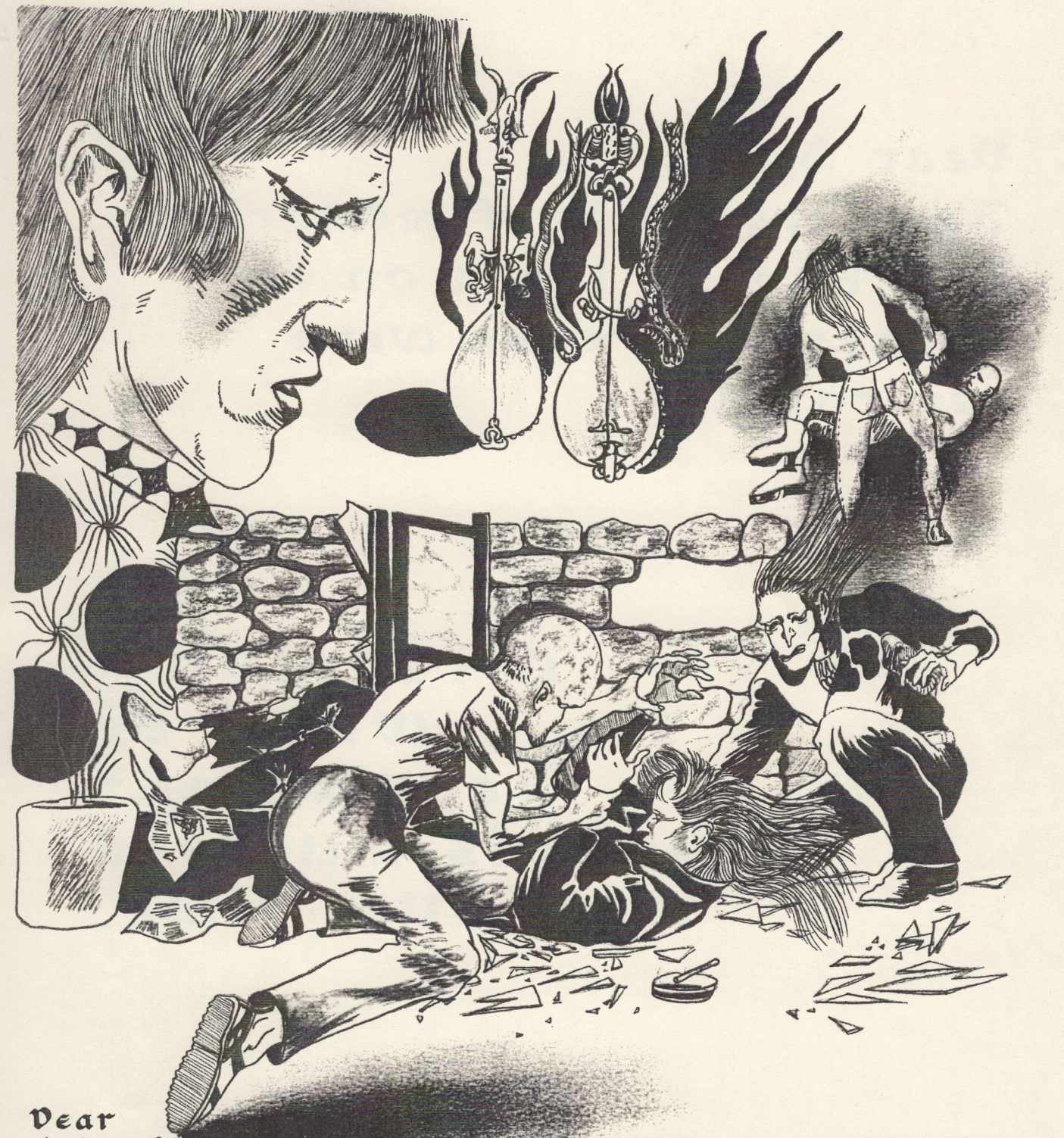
I follow the symbols which clarify my own course of hysteria and hallucination

spiritual decline,
empty symbols,
and rising violence
define the parameters of my
world

dark stars explode out of my
interior dreamspace

i sleepwalk
possessed by a fundamental
truth that we are family

still, synchronized methods
of spreading fear follow us
like eyes in a painting
messing with the mystery of
our origin



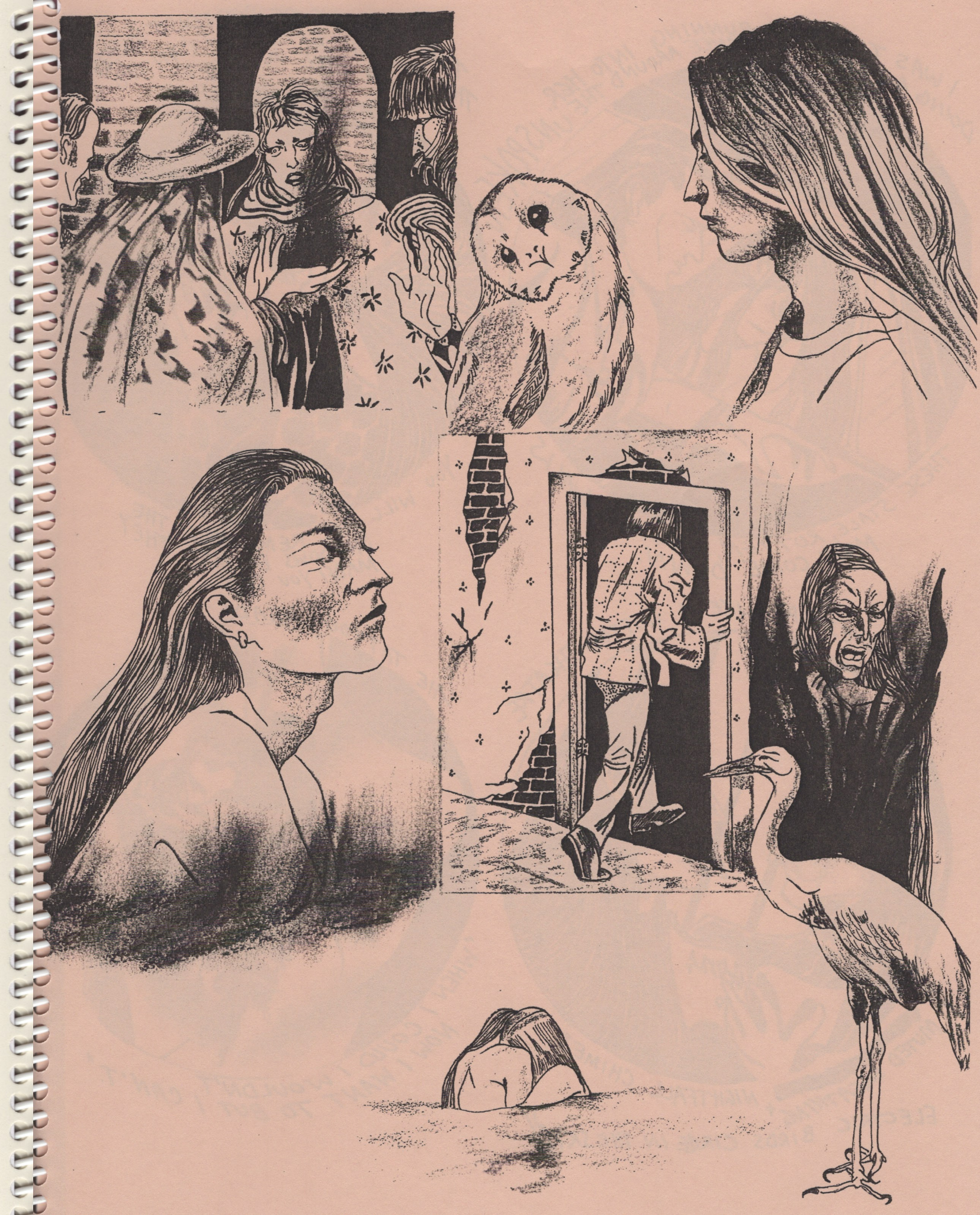
Dear
John Doe
Perhaps you've been
forced to face a terrible
freedom, where nothing
is permitted and every-
thing you feared is true.



I saw the patients, like fragile birds limping
past an electric fence

Dear S.W.I.M.
The labyrinth of memories
is a knot. I latch on to
images before we were
seperated.

A revolving
wheel of
equivalent
symbols mutated
over time.

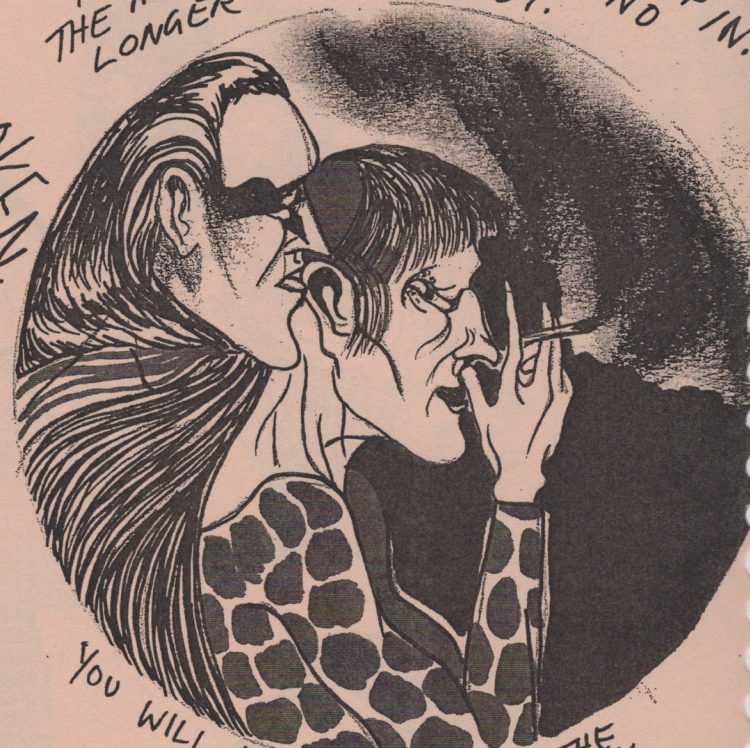


I WAS TIRED OF RUNNING INTO HER.
DOING A DELICATE DANCE AROUND THE UNSPOKEN.



THESE STALE, ROTTEN, DISSOLVING WALLS
MUST COME DOWN.

THE SHADOWS OF PARADISE CREEP IN.
THE MUSICAL EFFECTS I CAN NO
LONGER LIVE WITHOUT.



YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER THE
SHADOWS BECAUSE THEY
MADE YOU CRY.

YOUR EYES ARE LIKE A GUTTED THEATRE



♪ MUTED BREATHING + NIGHTFALL CHIMES
ELECTRIC BIRDS CIRCE IN THE SKY. ♪

THE TATTOO READS:



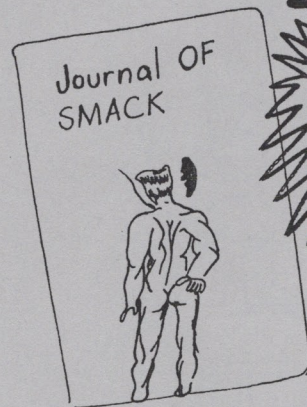
"WHEN I COULD I WOULDN'T
NOW I WANT TO BUT I CAN'T."





THE FILTH CONTINUES

FRAN & DEE

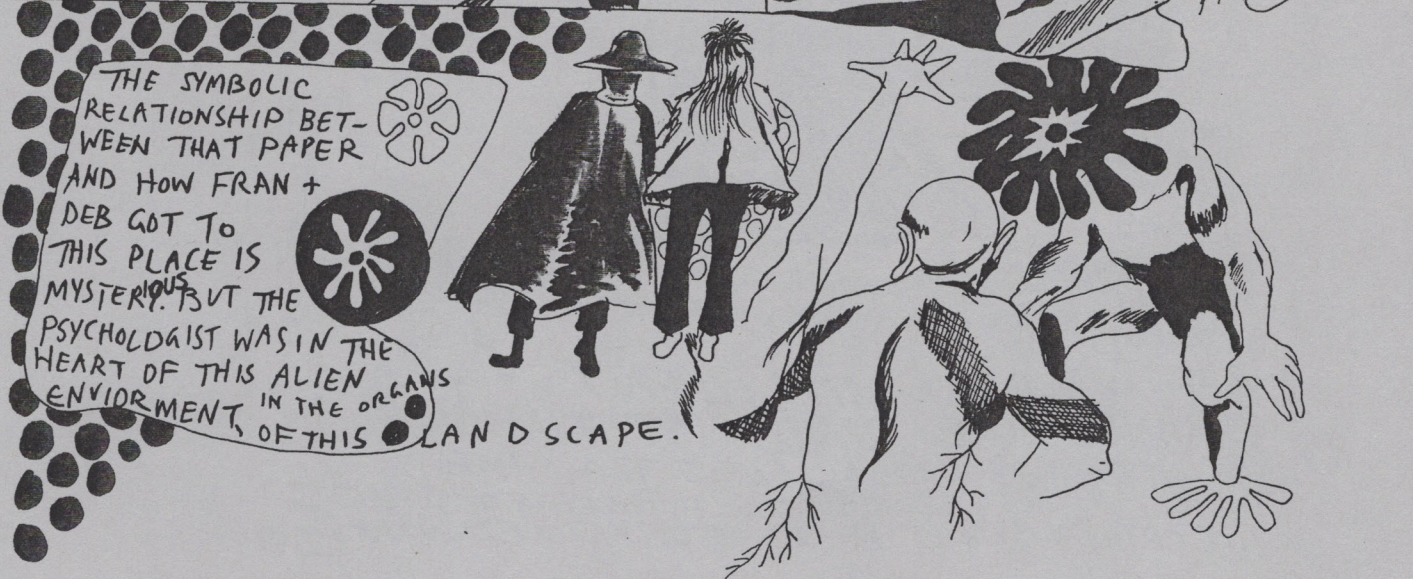
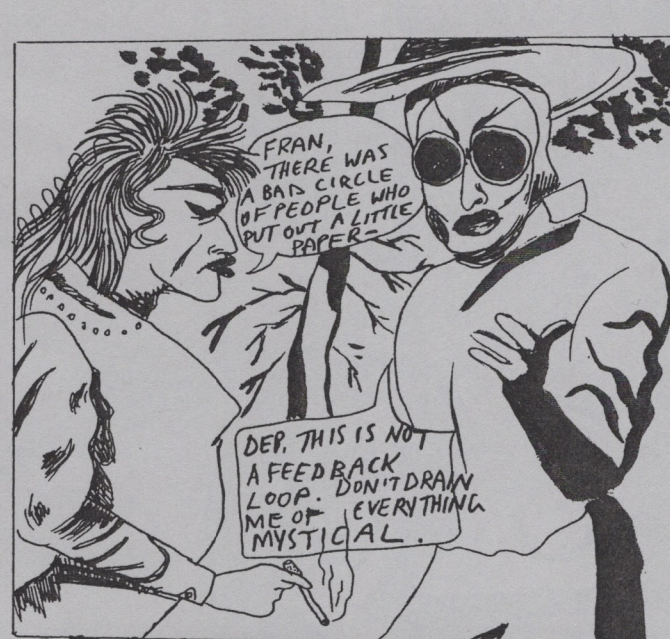
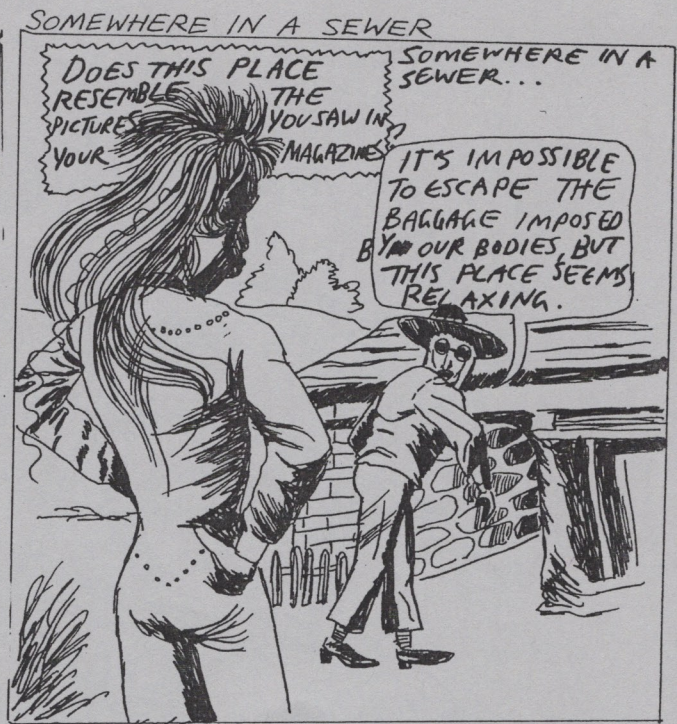


Where are they NOW?

"DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT WORK! I'M UP TO MY EYEBALLS IN DIRT!!"
- Fran



"USE AN ASHTRAY!"



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*** About The Author:

1536, MURDER PUBLIC EXECUTION
SAME AS CHARLIE



LONELY WOMEN
PEASANTS
FARMERS
JUDGES

SCREW HEADS, POWER POPES, ...
COWBOYS AND MOVIE STARS
AN ISOLATED INCIDENT. VS.
CHRONIC HABITUAL INSTITUTIONAL
THE HISTORICAL CORDON SEE'S THE SAME
THINGS IN THESE COMBUSTABLE POCKETS OF TIME
THE CRYPTIC SECRET WORLD UNVEILLED. ***

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