

## **Matter**

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I have built the corners that scream at me,  
and suddenly I've got myself a room.  
At night, there's a growing shadow,  
I've seen it out my window when I was looking out on Mars.

It's a figure of a creature  
Made of gold but made of clay  
Limbs like rolled-out play-doh, through the palms, the squiggly worms,  
Lanky limbs with big hands and big feet and a neck  
cracked through and through that carries a massively oversized egghead skull with no features but  
it's hang.

No ears and no mouth,  
Eyes,  
Piercings. Indents. Dimples, grins.  
A void  
Instead of a soul  
And yet somehow and  
Every time there was just something about it where  
You could still  
Tell  
That it was there  
For you  
Beyond hearing you, smelling you, seeing something you've did, done, are,  
After that, or maybe before  
It's,  
There

For  
You

Through it's glaze refracted shadow upon the eyes, it's just awful

Even on the brightest of nights,

As if the world surrounding it succumbed to its event horizon, washed away upon its touch, for he was not of this world but from the world where  
Coming over here, to me at night  
Like this, all the fucking time as though it were a gloved figure,

But as a being. Sentient. Mew-Two level shit. And,  
It needed this  
Cloak

It needs this cloak

Whenever he wanted to come inside to the room with all the corners,  
He just  
Sifts through the walls and into your home, as though it bled through the pores of concrete and what was once your view is now your guest,

In this cloak, this  
Nebulous, black gown of the static that comes after one's settled down and is laying down in bed, face up, the lights are off and you're eyes are adjusting but then once they have you sort of like, Accept the darkness, or some shit and like  
There's that static - that comes *after* the blackness? And the more you let it go the more it festers but the more you try to pin it down and night-focus on it it just dissolves back into the regular hue of night this thing doesn't wanna ride or die in.

So, because it's trying to avoid the obvious of startling me so overtly,  
It settles in the corners. Cause it knows,  
Corners are always the darkest bits of the room, whatever light goes in,  
It ain't coming out.  
And so it's able to use it's static drapery in those corners because between the static and the light going in and never coming out,  
It blends in - so that corner - within a second or four's consideration - is only ever gonna look like that corner of night

Whereas  
Same token  
You could beat the system in a way, and really the way you beat it is also unfortunately the way you first went about doing things the first time you ever knew he was actually there, in the shadows,  
In the periphery is where you see the most  
And this maneuver tricks the creature, but ultimately, renders one exactly where it wants you to be.

Directly under it.

Through the periphery is how you see it move. Like a headlight through the blinds when a car makes a turn down the road, it flows through its effusing shroud of clouding, clumping tulle, knowing translucent, especially at Four

Twenty-seven A

M,

It makes no sound, for it cannot hear.

Not that it intends on avoiding the things on my dresser, my lamp, my passport, the artichoke ceramic

Or that accidentally does so on occasion

You know, a little 'Oops!'

A little ghost oops,

It flows through it all, gloved finger

From one corner

To the next!

It looks like the fucking grinch from the side of your eye, hopping chimney to chimney, Santa's bag of tulle

And you keep shifting with your head in the pillow, you know, now that's you're on to the motherfucking piece of shit,

As it goes

One corner, to the other corner

Grabs a sip of water, then another corner

Until finally,

It's only at the bottom periphery, where you imagine the lower bit of your eyeball can see,

And that's because he's now at the foot of your bed.

And usually that's as far as he goes.

Night after night

He lingers there,

Maybe taking notes, snap-chatting Tik Toks like a goon

But he's looking at you.

And it's then at that moment and every moment like it when you've figured to think that by turning to the side of your pillow of bringing up the duvet to your scalp you would suddenly make him go away. And the sensation he brought with him,

The drenched chill of vodka dripping down the underbelly of your spine, the cognizant mind and a pumping, warm heart at once existing within your frozen corpse. And that's how you freeze in place until morning.

But then there are the other times when he comes closer.

He's got Gumby limbs, you see, he's able to stretch out from where he's standing,

He's capable of looming - No!

Stretch

is the wrong word.

It's as if, from its ankles, where ankles ought to be, it's like

There's this never-ending bit of leg coming out, rolled tightly within its feet or something under his sole, a fucking

Soft serve ice cream machine

You know,

With the lever

But in reverse.

And fully retractable, without any spill,

Same thing with its arms, but not it's neck

It's already got that big fucking head on it

And when he's going bout it this way, you know

Starts hunching over

Quasimodo but on intermittent fasting

Not even reaching out for you

You're not his snack

If he had pockets, that's where he hands would be the way he leans in on you, keeping his arms curved the exact same way as his back, almost as though he were made out of paper,

And clay and gold

But mostly of construction paper with the way it all bends the same way at once while still stretching over you

And

You're doing the best you can, right

You're holding out and your spine is drunk as hell

But you can feel air from his lurching in just

Pressing tighter on your lungs, like you're the one side of a harpsichord unsung at the moment  
And

The closer he gets at you the more he grows out of the periphery but because you've looking at it  
this long you may as well just find some focus on it, the two of you are there and the bar is looking a  
little empty.

Maybe it's the surrender or the curiosity (there's something about the two of them) but the head  
follows after the eyes. You realize your toes have pulled at your sheets and knotted them and kicked  
them to the floor and you realize you were straining your neck to begin with and now your head's on  
the pillow the way it ought to be and you realize that this is it that we're going in and you look up  
once last time for closure and he's looking at you just the way he wanted to, you under him  
And the thought of screaming comes to mind

And you run with that for a while

Until you realize after the fifth or sixth time you can't produce a noise.

Nothing for you to hear. Hours made endless wailing for a whimper. It kills you a little bit, the  
futility. After a while you pick up on what's going on and you're just testing to make sure it's actually  
true, that this is what's happening, that this is what has happened, that this is what will happen.  
Sometimes. The sometimes that last an eternity.

And it wasn't until I began picking up on that bit -

It's true frequency, I mean, the eternity that only lasted sometimes, the  
Conjugal visitations

At the mid-top of 20 Seventeen

Um,

Just exactly what it was.

Who he was, after all the shifts in belief

You're too afraid of people doing to you what you're unwilling to do to them

You're too afraid the things you've done to people you suspect no one has done to other people

You are a raging narcissist

Daddy's in you

no.

No,

It was a matter of the blood.

The news of the recent at the time that had happened within my blood.

The stranger looming over me not there to antagonize or terrify but rather welcome me into the clan of the undead.

After the years in the nights of the screams and the face without a face that's what all of it deduced itself towards.

The inescapable neighborhood welcoming committee,

Pills instead of pies, the shakes instead of hugs

Or shakes,

This ain't Miami anymore.

I cut the screams and settle in, looking up as I spell its name,

There are almost jokes shared and stories told as he reaches with his hands the first time I've seen him do it and grabs my blankets off the floor and tucks me in,

His head's now shaping out like mine, I remind him when I was young and would run and my head would pull behind the rest of my body and now he dances for me like in Body Double and makes some tricks of his drapery and with time increased and settled

Finally one day left me as I said goodbye and he pointed to my window

Promising the comfort of company the next time I stepped out onto Mars.

The growing shadows receded,

No telling what's become of my room

As its corners crumble like Pompeii

And all there is is Space once again.