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See the sun

See the sun. Look into the sun. Keep looking at it. Look at it. There it is, the sun. It's there. Say: Sun. Say it. Say it and say it. Say: I am the sun.
I and you and you and me. We are the sun. Take it.

Attack it. Swallow it, the sun, be the sun.

But: At night the sun isn't there.

It travels instead through the underworld, pulled by horses and falcons and baboons. See: Ra sails his sun boat, stands proud in his sun chariot.

At night the sun sites the moon as her replacement, while she herself is dragged through muddy darkness, the same size, but not the same size. During day, at her zenith, a ruler of the world and goddess. She

or he? Yes. Hearts will be sacrificed for sun to show.

Bulls will be sacrificed for sun blood to flow.

Love the sun, fuck it. The sparkling and infinitely rewarding sun. Invincible and eternally omnipresent. Solar plexus.

The sun a shadow boxer.

It boxes and boxes winning every blow. A lonely star standing undefeated in the sky, a glowing sphere of loneliness plasma.

An unimaginable negotiation between gravity and nuclear fusion.

The radiation pressure at its interior a precondition for the tiny life we're thrown into. We're dwarfs. Yellow boys and yellow girls.

The sun is a yellow dwarf.

It is a child we take by the hand until we too burn out. Until

then: See the sun. Look straight at it. Sustain its madness until you hear the sun scream yes.

Yes, we embody the sun, its hesitation. Yes, we are from the sun and try

to be like it. Nutrients and metabolism, we are chlorophyll

reaching upward. Cold blooded we lie naked spreading our legs in hot sand ready for solar penetration. An erection of phosphorescent matter

we stand with gaping membranes

while eyes and skin suck up light. Black holes in our eyes

suck and suck, ejaculating light into the light-orgasm of the brain. We see and see and see

as under the spell of epileptic seizure, unable to shift our gaze.

We see as animals see. See with the inhuman gaze of the sun. We want its

eruptions and solar storms and a thousand degrees Celsius. The wings of Icarus carrying us higher, eager to saturate the sun we want and want and want to be inside.

Two suns, three suns, four suns in the sky. A sky covered with suns

sun storms that blow through us and destroy us, burning away any trace of human existence.

Left behind is the gaze: A gaze that sees everything intently, an amalgamation of horror and beauty, of light thrown and

thrown and only this. Every morning before the sun rises
we arrive at the river to slaughter a bull.

It stands tied to a cedar tree at the altar.
The bull's nostrils dilated, it is Mithras and Uruk, it is uneasy.
Rotating its heavy gaze from side to side
the whites of its eyes visible now.
Helpers stand on each side with rope around its horns
the beast unable to move
forward or back, the butcher needs but a single blow and
the seconds after the sun lifts above the trees, a cascade of blood beating against the world the bull falters
falls and falls as the sun rises. A fan of blood washing the world anew.
We lie aroused and naked under the bull's shower of warm blood we wash ourselves to the sound of the dying
bull's roar:
See the sun
rise.

Yellow dwarf

Sunstroke is a condition where your body gets
overly heated. You have abnormally increased body temperatures. You have hyperthermia. Your skin flushes
red and bone dry. You are not to look directly into the sun. You look directly into the sun until your eyes hurt.
You suffer from exertion triggered sunstroke, usually set off by severe physical activity such as sports.

Heat builds in your body because you're not able to get rid of excess heat the normal way. You're bathed in
sweat. Your skin flushes red and hot and dry. You've got tiny
grey spots on your retina, that won't go away, sunspots. You're in environments with vast outer temperatures,
high humidity and powerful sunlight. The heat makes your body feel giddy and heavy, makes the dregs of your
blood rise.

It's too late. In the sluggish liquid the yellow-spotted fire salamander circulates with measured tail
movements.
You ought to dress in light, airy and loose-fitting attire.
The sun stands still. It is Earth that moves. You hear the sun as its own echo. You ought to seek out cool clear
water.

Your body temperature is 41 degrees C. Skin flushed
red and dry. You notice indifference, salty sweat, and
the waves, the waves arriving. Flashes of sun on the waves. The sweat. You pass out. Your awareness blurred,
confusion, unconscious and spasms. There's cell damage in your brain, liver, kidneys and skeletal muscles, as
well as bleeding disorders. There's indifference. You notice waves of blurred consciousness. Days blurred, the
sun sets. You disappear. The solar wind blows you backwards and into the future. It's no use drawing a map
for how are you to find your shadow on the surface of the sun?

You lie naked under a thin cotton sheet. Fine cotton
fabric in a room facing the sea. You see the sun shaft through the window, feel the sun through the fabric.
Your eyes burned stuck to the sun disc and protuberances shooting out from the solar corona. Sun plasma in
the form of burning tongues. You're a yellow dwarf like the sun. Your eyes burn. Your shadow burns. You
should have sought shade. You shouldn't have looked into the sun,

but you do. Again. You want to look away. But you can't. You want to laugh. It wells up inside you like water. You feel the sun pierce the water heating it up. You laugh.

You're a laughing yellow dwarf in the sun.

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