

## VI. PREMATURE EPILOGUES

Within his angle of the Westward sight, Hugo has been a witness to it all, and he limps over to his wooden chair and scratches a deep 'X' on the heavy wood table. The Westward window shimmers, sifting in airborne splinters of light to shatter on dust covered manuscripts and unfinished canvas. His Victrola sits untouched. The cell is bathed in dark mahogany hues and offers urine musk. He slowly now proceeds to enter into diary:

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BELOW:

The four walls of Apocalypse and Beast (remembered only in time's arching symmetry of wondercross) embrace skeletal remains shrouded in St. relics (two-for-a-dollar, penance plus)...but memory's visage stirs! Light quick! They cry. An offering burns and signs the air.