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FATIMA,
A FOOT
PLAY,
FATIMA

Punch
Viratmalee
■



INTRODUCTION~

John 20:27
Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands;
and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side:
and be not faithless, but believing.

How about this How about i shove my fist into your
stupid head and watch yoi cry And what arey you
going to do qbout yhat?



*The first scratch-offs from Theodore Psalter,
Constantinople, 1066 AD,
Now resting in peace at the British Library.
(Out, demons, out.)*





A FOOT PLAY

It all begun under that table, in the pit,
gauzy socks,
counting numbers of drinks.
A sleight of foot – feet.

?
??
???

I just wanna fuck a father with a daughter,
just to see how it feels,
to understand the mentality
of the men ~~who cheat~~.
(You can't escape a family history like yours.)

Flustered and woozy,
she drove home in her little red car.
He pushed the passenger seat
as backward as possible
to accommodate his legs – his arachnid-like legs.


(SOUNDTRACK)

*Worst comes to worst / I'm feeling like a natural
heathen / Superstition / Blood / I'm paused / Wait
for you / Ashes to ashes / Fun to funky /
We know major Tom's a junkie / Strung out in
heaven's high / Hitting an all-time low.*

„You know, my mum's house is like
150 meters away, I'm gonna ask you,
shall we go somewhere else?“

I wanna get up and get out of this –
Binding fabric, layers
A clothing that is myself and sit down on the couch
To watch –
The exact moment when he undresses me, and I him
buttons, unbuttoned
That violent bite on my bare chest resulted in bruises,
Purple,
blue,
green.





“Why are you going to that damn place,
You know that the place is a ploy from
the fascist regime to keep the people
under their control right?”

– An aging Marxist artist, who is currently rocking in the free world.

Fatima –

A massive Catholic shrine/complex where
the apparition of Mary happened in 1917, fully
equipped with touristic facilities and wholesale
shops selling souvenirs imported from
sweatshops in the far eastern part of Europe/
the world – think Disneyland, but for believers.

Peregrine’s way –

1. In an intercity bus to Fatima, A father chasing
his brood to the back, talking in a language
I could not understand. I sat there, felt a
drip of foreign saliva landed on my left cheek.
2. The first thing that came into sight are
souvenir shops, holy water, rosary beads
magnets, the usuals.
3. Walking into the proximity of the shrine,
It seems like everything in this complex is
designed to makes you feel tiny – humble
might be the right word.
4. A gypsy woman sitting in front of the
basilica’s gargantuan entrance, rocking
herself back and forth with such force,
begging for a dime or two – or more.
5. Quotes from the scripture and signage in
Trajan typeface, chiselled into creamy stones.
6. Hollow eyed statue of Jesus on the cross,
a contemporary bronze sculpture by one,
Miss Catherine Greene of Ballinasloe, County
Galway, Ireland. Me and K, We both agree
that it is pretty fugly.





7. Children waiting impatiently while their distraught parents pray, fervently.
8. We trekked through the square, white cobblestone were brightly lit despite the cloudy day that it is and we saw from a far, a massive plume of smoke rising up into the air
9. A blaze ablazed
10. People queuing in a row, waiting for their turn, inhaling petitions and requests
11. A 6-foot-tall taper wax candle
12. We stood there in an indescribable state of awe and shock, looking at half-melted wax buttocks, breasts and every organs imaginable.
13. An aging Indian gentleman fumbles hopelessly with a digital camera, trying in vain to capture a photo of his wife and son, who waited impatiently.
14. That same camera, the flash setting is perpetually on. Unwittingly or not, in a dim church, it is like a miracle of the sun.
15. *„High up on the slope of the Cova da Iria, I was playing with Jacinta and Francisco. Suddenly we saw what seemed to be a flash of lightning.“* – Sister Lucia, description of the miracle at Fatima on 13th May 1917.
16. Chapel that feels like a conference room.
17. Rows of handkerchiefs, floating, moving in an organised fashion.
18. A phosphorescent statue of Mary laden with glitters that transfer to your hand when picked up.
19. A human tendency to throw coins into every single pool of water in sight.
20. Places will be revisited with a copper coin.










(EPILOGUE)

On the way back, listened to young Stephen Malkmus (RIP, cuz now He's the epitome of DAD rock. For further explanation, please proceed to this link provided <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vtSVwrYdJwg>.) I smelled a distinctively grassy, greenish scent from somewhere near me. With a glance, I saw that K is munching on a raw bell pepper. I have mixed feelings about this.





The wavelength of desire pulsing and throbbing around this room without a house, without a host, a shell of conjugal bliss and banality. Voices from the television, a sonorous whisper of a plea to the feminine heart. „I love you and shall be yours until la la la time“; A peculiar simile, her grin is like of that one without a cat – potent enough to distract. „Nothing“ she said, and the play resumes.

- The tv – it’s ridiculous
- Where’s the remote
- You got such slippery skin
- Touch my face, it’s even smoother
- Lovely
- I grew so tall in a year
- And my knees are all scarred
- Mine too
- You have a single hair on your chest
- I didn’t shave my pits
- Just to see how it goes
- Did you use the Venus razor ?
- Do you have a favourite lingerie brand?
- Why ask such weird question
- Nevermind
- This bed
- Awful

- AAAAA
- Tired aaaaa – but wanna fuck
- Can I have a hug for another 5 minutes?

I remember the first time I saw you, on a rooftop.
There’s this space with some photography show.
I saw you and I think, This kid, Cute.

*His genitalia reminds me of a pencil.
Writes me, lol wtf*


An Asics cap A navy shirt A pair of Japanese denim
A plaid Hanes boxer shorts A ~~pale pink~~ Converse all
star A white t-shirt A nude bra A pair of manly gym
pants A black boyshort A black and white Nike

Sniff sniff/ You smelled clean/ Well, sure I took
a shower before I come out to meet you/Next
time, don’t/You, yourself smelled of something
woody/ C a r n a l F l o w e r

How about a sushi delivery? jk
Lol hope you got a cab alright
Good night
and morning.

~





„HAVE YOU EVER FEEL LIKE YOU WANT TO
HACK SOMEBODY INTO PIECES AND
SHOVE IT DOWN THEIR THROAT?”

Fatima –


A slightly neglected art deco local parish church
in Lisbon, dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary
of Fatima – Austere, dark, and dotted with senior
citizens.

That clueless man reading OSHO on the steps
outside the church porch.
Palestinian graffiti on the wall and a Volkswagen.
Cracks on the pavement gave birth to plants not
value for use or beauty.

*Roman Camomile, Mumbles, Cistus Oil, Coughs,
Footsteps in walking shoes, Elemi, Incense,
Vanilla, Guilt, Patchouli, Palisander, Secrets in the
confession booth, (INCENSED.)*

Ave Maria, gratia plena
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Iesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc, et in hora
Mortis nostrae
Amen

I've been using the latin version of Ave Maria as
a mantra, something to calm me down. I recited
it under my breath and out loud, again and again.





The word means very little to me but the sounds,
how the tongue twists and vibrates to pronounce
the syllables that reverberates within me like an
endless bouncing ping-pong ball in a glass vitrine.

(Occasional car horn honking from the outside
world in a cavernous cold space with turning
heads, white and wrinkly.)

I did the sign of the cross, dry, and step outside.

