

## Between Worlds\*

*My ship has no rudder, and it is driven  
by wind that blows in the undermost  
regions of death.*

-Franz Kafka  
*The Hunter Gracchus*

Think of it as mockery of *The Hunter Gracchus* discussing his death in Riva, that men and women are deathships, one plug shy of the next world, leaving their cargo wedged in cynicism. The Kafkan stare is incendiary here, to burn the ghost, reduce completely what has fingered oblivion in safe, user-friendly words. Besides, there is sense in everything: a prolepsis of fate of marginal people.

See,  
we're belated

sages of television, beyond help, ship without a rudder, driven by the wind, no closer to knowing how to live. It's a ritual that makes nothing happen, a romance where one is neither alive nor dead, but rough heart, in limbo, celebrating the latest scandal and losing who we are.

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