

The cat is having a siesta under the car, in the heat of the day, in the heat of Palermo, the sweltering heat that has no ending with the sun falling into the West, as the night engulfs the city, so too does the heat, a different type of heat, plaster;

A heat that emanates not only from the sky, but from the street, the cobblestones, the close quarters of the tight 'Via' this and cramped 'Piazza' that surrounding the flaky, sun-baked quarters of Monte Di Pieta, slowly, one old building at a time turning, turning, turning, but in a staccato beat, not neat and clean like the clearing of London's East End, but slowly, slowly, slowly like the way two lovers meet in the dark, underneath sheets on a hot night, pressing in and out of each other's bodies with fingers and various other holes;

There is a pothole below the terrace, and the cats creep up on it, almost as if it has some secret cat significance, a place of cat ritual, or something like a closer yet never reachable lacuna nearer mice and other rodents that skinny cats might want; they smell it, they sit on it carefully, tail straight back, head forward, always alert; it's 'just' a pothole on a dusty, poor threadbare street where an old Sicilian woman sits some ten-and-twenty meters away, near perpetually drying clothing, in an old armchair; I think: *green upholstery*? I need to photograph this old woman, sitting on that old chair, near the old pothole that the skinny cats converge upon as if it were the Oracle at Delphi, giving off cat vibrations or cat emanations or cat prophecies or cat dreams;

I turn the corner on Piazza Stigmata to put out the rubbish, and the cats are eating what I think are daily leftovers from some market—*the MerCATo del Capo*?—yes fishy leftovers in little bunches of used newspaper; it's always gone, whatever 'it' was—a fish, surely—something definitely fishy. And the cats are always licking the paper at that time of day, around 18:30 give or take. And the cats slink around the neighbourhood, sometimes in twos, *friends*? I think so. A ginger cat and a black cat; a brown cat and a ginger cat; a black-and-white cat, and a ginger-and-white cat; these things just happen. Yes,

Do you feel tired too?

Unable to write, read, think or view?

yeah and social distancing and the masks and the bleach and I-don't-want-to-check-email-read-the-news-I-am-boycotting-Facebook-because-Mark-Zuckerberg-and

yeah and trauma and the cat having a siesta under the car, and the heat, it is so hot the world is flat and hot said Thomas Friedman, and he's right to some degree but he's wrong about geometry because the world is a sphere, is a series of bubbles interconnected, is a wave, is a function of cognition, is a cognition of function, is a speculative fiction turned reality materiality

yeah and the cat is having a siesta under the car
and the world is not flat and hot but round and cold and freezing and icing over
and fire is coming out of the ice

and the cat is
having a siesta under the car.