

THE LIGHT SECRETS OF THE IRT 7TH AVENUE SUBWAY LINE'S GHOST DARK 18TH STREET STATION GATE

While I was limping through a deserted subway station under 18th street under little old New York one night many years ago when I was a young crippled Newsy, I came upon nine gigantic statues. Under the first, of Cleobus of Lindus, it said: "Measure is best." Under the second, of Chilon of Sparta, it said: "Know thyself." Under the third, of Periander of Corinth, it said: "Master anger." Under the fourth, of Pittacus of Myrtilene, it said: "Naught in excess." Under the fifth, of Solon of Athens, it said: "Look at the end of life." Under the sixth, of Bias of Priene, it said: "Most humans are evil." Under the seventh, of Thales of Miletus, it said: "Never sign for an other's loan." Under the eighth, of Heracleitus of Ephesus, it said, "Your inner atmosphere is your fate."

Under the ninth, of Itsbngudtonou of Solong, it said: "Farewell to my 4000,000,000,000 sperm, my 2,500,000,000 heartbeats, my 740,000,000 breaths, my 350,000,000 quarts of pumped blood, my 333,000,000 eye blinks, my 25,000,000 finger flexes, 540,000 laughs, 202,300 hours of sleep, 127,500 dreams, 40,520 quarts of urine, 75,000 shits, 3,000 cries, 350 miles of hair, 60 feet of finger nails, and one spark of joy that rose up my spine and settled around my neck and shoulders like an ecstatic jeweled necklace of love when I first met my friend Deborah Rintoul." So taking the first letter of each name to make a real power

name, I limped pathetically down the filthy IRT tracks and I weakly yelled up at the ghost dark tiles with every ounce of force I could marshal: "CCPPSBTHI!" Nothing happened. Now I am an old crippled Newsy. The 18th Street station has been rebuilt. All is gone save in the shining men's toilet Solon's giant marble nose protrudes amid two sparkling brand new urinals. The nose is sprayed with a strange, intricate, somehow chilling graffiti: Stars shine bright on shatter light mother above or below, diminish or grow, then or now blood, I realize I know I know I know I know I realize stone. Thee.The.The. That's nothing is finer than light sweet light, homes