

# For Fever

ERNST UNTING

THE FEVER HAS NO CURE. Death, timely and certain, floods over previous pastures of the future tense. As alms for the distant next, all antediluvian notions need only be identified, collected, and securely stored in the vacant corner of the chest. Once symptoms are observed, the afflicted has but one recourse: stoic attendance before the end.

For those near to the Fever, fear of contagion is obsolete. All are victims of the outbreak. All succumb to the same slow slip. This unity is the final glimmer to escape as the maw of the past slams shut. The fanfare decrescendos and every note merges. In the silence that remains, all things equal. As once before, now ahead.

At first onset, dreams deteriorate to delirium.

Among those bestowed with a resolute right to reason, it appears as a common consideration to dream no more. Armed with no more than hands at hand, they take hands to handle and, in grueling breathe, turn themselves off. They are doves let loose from the up turned prow of a sinking ship. Up until the Fever breaks, such self-ending selves will grow in number, which is to say, they will decline in presence. In later stages, there is no sense in conducting this calculus. This reconsideration of the first question may be envied, but cannot be seen as relief, the Fever always outlasts these premature departures.

The second phase is marked by ecstatic despair.

JERSEY CITY,  
WINTER 2018