The Last Cannibal

You observe there are fewer characters in what I write. A matter of taste. Movement withers inwards. I'm seeing fewer people. What can I draw on? So many I've known are gone.

I have descended a long and knotted line to the bottom of the cliff, and will never try to scale back. Down here the ovens are black and cold. Stones you cannot count. No welcome and no applause. I do not wish to talk about it. One thing I confess. What was once high and solitary becomes simply lonely. I do not like the new people. They are without qualities.

Perhaps, earlier, I was too eager embracing precepts of the consumer age. There is no-one left I can talk to: none with qualities: well, it was for these that I ate them. Memory is rich as gravy.

LOUIS JOHNSON