Here in the harrowing forest lie the harping trees... On the tops of the harping trees rose a funnel of smoke. The sent of cedar. The sounds of the harrowing forest. The smoke stretching for something more heavenly. A group of wild children dancing, dancing around a pyre. Some of them were angry. They were angry at the music, the sounds of the harping trees. The trees wouldn't stop talking... they were talking about cedar burning, about the funeral pyre. One of the boys decided to take a stick, the end turning to ash, red ashes: hot as the body it was burning. And drove the stick into himself. His skin was burning. The sent of molten flesh: I mean, his skin was melting, it was melting down to the muscle, then the muscle was melting. It was melting right off his bones. His white bones were singing, they were singing around the funeral pyre. Then I saw him, he was laughing, laughing with the other jackals. The jackal children were dancing & laughing. Someone was beating on drums and howling at the trees: the harping trees. 'The ashen sky, the ashen body. It was smoldering. Then one of the boys, in all his burning joy, took up the head of the corpse – it was still burning – and stuck it into the end of a stick. You see, he thought the stick was harping, he thought it might be singing. He needed the silence: he needed to silence the stick. Then the head of the corpse was blinking its eyelids at the jackal – the head of the corpse was burning – he was telling the jackal he belonged back on the pyre. It was saying to put him back on the flames. But the
boy did not care, he did not listen. He picked up the stick with the head on it and led the others. He led them down the corridor of the harrowing forest — through the harping trees. He led them down the dark way and they all followed after. They wanted the dead. They wanted this talking head. We will make the dead live on, he said to the others. We will make the world see how the dead live on...

So, the jackal in a fervor walked until he found the husk of an old tree, the bark discolored from an old death: it once had died long ago.

I must tell you now, what the boy didn’t know was that there was a ghost there: it was hiding in the husk of the old tree. It was watching the jackal; it was watching the boy. The boy took the head of the corpse — the burning head — and pitched it into the side of the discolored old tree. The tree was smoldering: the tree was set on fire. The jackal was laughing in the night; he was howling at the trees; and the others became afraid of him... The ghost was watching him as his lips curled up in that impeccable, horrific smile. The ghost was sitting on the tops of the flames: he was listening to the jackal howls. He was smiling with the boy.