

A N O E

N G H A



S A C S A C S A C

T R T R T R T R

G F F G F F G F F



### Formless Maintenance.

You must be warned; this is mud from an ashtray. The prick is hocking knives. Monitor sockets dislodged cavity. A mass of lizard husks where a testicle would be. Diamonds marble between tits nipples with anencephalic infant mouths. Razored by a disc of night. Elbow chips the mandible. We have to keep your hair looking wet for my thrash to break your skin. Fucked with piss right where you shit. Came so much blood their eyes had to yellow. Caters in whole to the friction of a slash. Crisp acclimations beggared rapists' pride. I'm saving it for the beheading noise.



(NCP)



## 30 THINGS I WANT TO DO TO A HORSE FOR YOU



1. Beat the shit out of the horse's ass with my bare palms spanking and spanking it because it's a bad horse and I could have had a much better horse if I'd started spanking it earlier but I was raised in a household where spanking was just for humans so I'm late to the party.

2. Walk it to a bog so full of children's bodies that I can walk across it without help. I know horses don't understand Jesus Christ but I still believe that in the presence of a holy

apparition the horse's brains will be basked in incredible intuition, leading it to admire me the way it would if it were a human like I've been told Jesus Christ was for a while.

3. Shove name brand medicinal ramrods up its ass and down its ears and into its throat and make it wear those ramrods like a second life until it either loses consciousness or finally complies with fucking me in front of my parents, as was the plan before I started letting the horse feel special too often.

4. Teach it to speak a minor language I don't respect so I can belittle it for not having as vital a language as my own and whip it every time it tries to tell me anything I don't want to know about being a horse.

5. Comb its hide so hard with a diamond-tipped rake it leaves deep cuts in the horse's hide where the flies that usually are all over me will prefer to feed for a while instead of always feeding from the sores I was born with, which aren't my fault.

6. Dress it up like a bitch and buy it a webcam and make it earn for me so I can buy other horses and kill them in front of it so it knows if it ever tries to quit camming it won't be able to get a better job.

7. Take out a huge loan in its name and use all the money to put up billboards around the Human Feeding Regions featuring artificially generated pictures of it using its hooves to cut its own dick off with a wire saw, gutting itself to fill a feeding trough with blood for supper, wrapping its head with thorns to resemble the savior we've already established he doesn't know.

8. Open a for-profit church that requires pledges to perform these tasks instead of me having to do it all the time.

9. Secure the horse a place in hell by ghostwriting merciless and abominable heresy in its horse name that eventually becomes accepted and followed by hundreds of thousands of people who will also go to hell for believing what a horse writes.

10. Violate my own ass in the same fashion I violated the horse's without a trigger warning, causing it to experience deep intestinal shame in discontinuous primal flashback, with only the disgraced language I taught it previously to seek and parse its own emotions into logic, so that it learns to hate the way it thinks. Explain to it that this is why most humans see horses as slaves.

11. Force the horse's head to bite off my tongue, making me a true martyr finally, seen by all who come to face me as the only Truth. Use my blood to paint the horse's coat from head to toe and from then on start referring to it solely as, "My funny Valentine, for whom Inferno's gyres turn."

12. Feed the horse so much Ozempic it hardly has any flesh left, then switch it over to eating only horsemeat culled from its horse family, who I have been videotaping me and my Senator friends raping since they were born. Rinse and repeat.

13. Fill out the horse's sleeping area with expensive speakers and woofers hooked up to play all of Drake's albums at the same time 24/7/365. When the horse is away from home, play very beautiful music written by machines at a reasonable volume.

14. Spend all my time thinking of other horses.

15. Replace the current working definition of what a 'horse' is so that it excludes absolutely any trace of what had made the horse feel like a horse ever. Create a new word that I bet the horse isn't going to like and call it only that unless people I am trying to impress are within earshot.

16. Come to the horse to confess that I realized I've been treating it poorly lately and that I'm interested in getting help. For my own benefit, prepare a scene in which it appears I'm going to bathe the horse for the first time since its acquisition. Instead, start punching the horse in the wound where its dick was, which isn't healing well.

17. Kill myself in front of the horse so that it will eventually either eat me or starve to death. Don't tell the horse that I've spent my entire life seeding my flesh with

pollutants so that it contains no nutritional value and will hopefully even make the horse sick.

18. Write a story about what I want to do to a horse but have it be all these really nice things that more people should do for their horses. Then erase that story and write this one.

19. Teach the horse about Jesus Christ finally. After it's fully bought in, tell it about the other Gods. After it's confused, kill it.

20. Kill the horse every day as soon as it wakes up and again right after breakfast and then go for a ride in the countryside while it's clear out then kill it again before I have dinner alone, then kill it for dessert, then go for a night ride down by the forbidden waters where the fresh dead sizzle. Then ride it home and kill it as many times as possible before tomorrow.

21. Enjoy my life without the horse.

22. Teach the horse to understand time. Install a helmet on its head that shows how much oxygen supply it has left. Pay for the horse to be shipped to the moon. Release the horse onto the moon with three hours of oxygen left. Leave it there unobserved, unrecorded.

23. Only allow myself to go to the bathroom while I'm sitting on it bareback nude. Never wash myself so it might think I'm trying to feel closer to it. Become closer to it, then hurt myself in a way that really only hurts it.

24. Dissolve its head in a bucket of acid. Invent a dance based on what the rest of its body does. Invest my fortune into attempting to make the dance go viral, failing miserably until long after both our deaths.

25. Fold the horse up like a napkin so many times it fits in my pocket. Take it with me to parties where people like me are talking about how much they hate horses and what they'd like to see happen to horses next.

26. Ride the horse across the ashes of what was once a place I thought I recognized as home. Look back and see the place I loved, like an ideal mirage but real and factual, but don't go back. Find the nearest cliff overlooking oblivion. Force the horse to run off it. Then go back. Find a life.

27. Never tell the horse what metaphor supposedly is.

28. Take the horse out to Dumper's for lunch but make it pay.

29. Treat the horse as I want it to be treated.

30. Refuse to believe the horse.

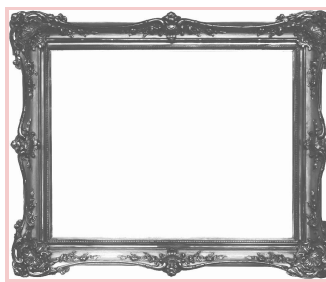


## THE LADY IN RED

I've never made it through American Psycho because I get too choked up. It's so very emotional. The waterworks start flowing as soon as I hear the Chris de Burgh song "The Lady In Red" and because of my loud sobbing, almost screaming really, I'm always asked to leave the theater.

## JACQUES DERRIDA

I believe it was Jacques Derrida who said, "Hello, I'm Jacques Derrida."



## ANGRY BIRDS

I was starting to get hungry. I asked a bird who was getting its head lopped off by a wind turbine where a guy could get something to eat around here. It pointed toward a food truck and then went back to being destroyed.



## REFERENCE

When I asked Mister Ed where my new me—was it my ad in the Racing Form or my where I play all the parts and speak in a would just exchange glances with Wilbur Angeles).



employers had heard of comical TV infomercial, the one Swedish accent?—Mister Ed (17230 Valley Spring Road, Los

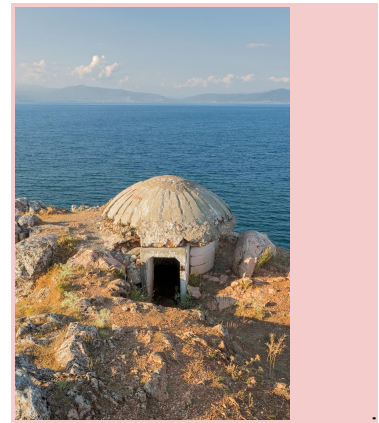


### TV PARTY

The party was pretty boring but then I saw in one room some people were watching TV. I joined them and watched for a while, but it was just an old rerun of Bounty Law. I'd seen it before. It was the one where the herd gets bad news from home.

### THE BUNKER

Mark Zuckerberg is building a 5,000-sq-ft underground bunker with a blast-resistant door and its own energy and food supplies on the Hawaiian island of Kauai. Every day you read about billionaires hiding under or behind things. I guess that's what makes them leaders, hiding like that.

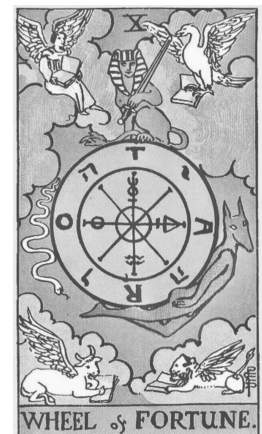


### BOOM

College isn't expensive if you work a summer job and stop eating iPods all the time.

### THE GAMBLER

After my friend had gotten his legs broken by loan sharks, I asked if he had broken the record for broken legs, but he said he didn't give out information like that anymore. He said posting that information on social media attracted the wrong kind of people—the gambling element.





THE BEAR

They taught a bear to put out forest fires. It worked great. But the time came, cancer, and Smokey died. You would have thought someone would have trained another bear to put out fires, but it was a careless era. Did the earth survive? You can find the answer at your local library.

GEN



This fragment is admissible as a premonition:

A guttural wail short in duration.

Corduroy trousers: hemmed by mama. Somewhat loose... inseam.

A sigh of relief that borders on the passage to unconsciousness.

A dam giving way.

The rapidity with which a building collapses. On the top floor, the occupants are simply falling at the same rate as the roof being pulled to the sub-basement.

At the colloquium Professor has provided a crockpot of beans dried from his garden. The geometric analysis of human liquefaction.

Local man addicted to having diarrhea at Starbucks.

Potential colors for possible corduroy: champagne, tawny, Weimaraner gray, sand.

Potential hues of sand for coloring of possible corduroy: Pedernales Falls, Searchlight in California, Atlantic seafloor, Venice Beach, the funerary island of San Michel, a pond in Mashpee, Skomakerdiket.

The imagery is a fixation, fluctuating yet enduring. It's telemetry relentless intrusion is suggestive of predestination. Instability in catalog of possibilities is in fact further insurance of the inevitability of the event in that its eigenstate, the eigenstate in it exists, is scintillatingly coalescing until its fruition.

The aroma of beans suffusing Marvin Hall.

Photograph of eggs developing inside a chicken.

Human cloaca: the yellow flux of masonry liquefying in the basement of The 7 Doors Hotel in The Beyond, except it is the human body and the site of the spreading liquefaction is the anus dilating.

People running across a landscape that is caving in.

Panning

a  
from the

panning  
is not the  
The  
grainy  
sucking  
column.  
depths  
plaints.

equal



Gore  
soup

and  
the  
which

across a seascape horizon from cofferdam that is far enough shoreline that only the waterbody is visible, the 360° action is not perceptible. This ocean... sewage. Solid waste. texture of the foreground is and glopping across itself and downward through the fecal Air pockets escape from the containing low murmuring The foreground and the distant background, the horizon, are in focus and without perspectival diminishment.

Resultant hypotheses of situation: lens is set at exact height of the top of the inside of a hollow cylinder wallpapered with a polyethylene terephthalate flexible OLED display broadcasting seamlessly looped footage from an orthographic vantagepoint over a vessel of sewage cooking over low heat, or, the scale of the sewage granularity is organized with precise hierarchy constraining the



grains to smallest in the foreground to largest in the background.

On Earth, at a nominal elevation of 0.5mm the horizon is 79.82m away. This is a significant distance to maintain scale-based hierarchy of sewage granules. A more plausible scenario is that the sewage sea is on a celestial body with a smaller diameter. An analogous situation on the dwarf planet Orcus places the horizon at 29.496m away. On the dwarf planet G!kún!l'hòmdímà the horizon is 24.495m away. According to the Golan and Globus (1973) equations for gravitational self-organizing of extremely viscous liquids the

ideal range for a radius of self-organization is <15m.

Using the same geometric situation on the Neptune trojan (612243) 2001 QR322, whose diameter is only 132km, the horizon is 11.49m away.

Reached for a quote, American astronomer Chad Trujillo, on break from a world tour as the most recent of 5 bassists for Rockitus, suggested that Neptune could have twenty times more trojans than Jupiter.

"Complications from bacillary dysentery include delirium, convulsions, and coma. A very severe infection like this can be fatal within 24 hours."

<https://medbroadcast.com/condition/getcondition/dysentery>

A satchel sewn from corduroy. Amorphous beanbags inside. Each beanbag maintains its form although each beanbag is a distinct form. None of the beanbag forms are describable beyond the words: amorphous, bloblike, fat globule, fleshy, supple. The beanbags are seamlessly covered in a pale pinkish lambskin over a reticular dermis of a firmly gelatinous substance.

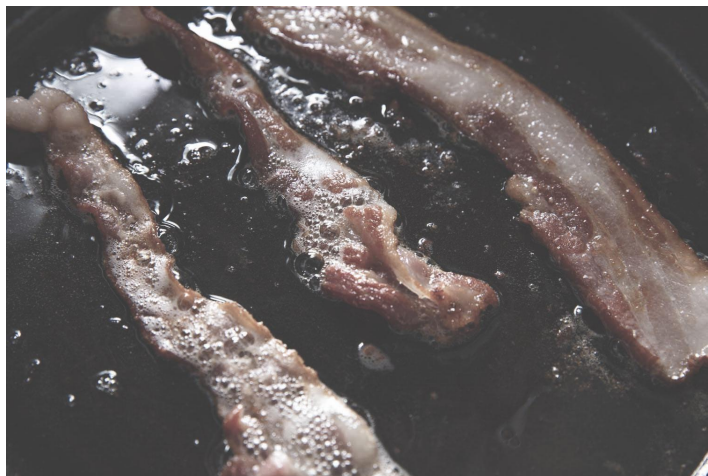
Chilled bacon grease.

In order to maintain the yielding firmness of the bags the beans are hierarchically organized from smallest on the outside to largest in the core: urad gota, moth bean, urad dal, matpe bean, brown lentil, green lentil, black chickpea, chickpea, black soybean, soybean, black bean, navy bean, black eyed pea, pinto bean, cranberry bean, kidney bean.

The process of placing individual hairs into a doll head. Dick Wolf. He's a wolf for dick.

The shiveringly yielding firmness of a soft orb in Chronopolis by Piotr Kamler.

According to experimental data used to establish the Heck/Piggott equations for  $T=0$  diarrhea, given that beans are approximately 17.5% fiber, eating 650g of beans within a timeframe of 40 minutes will produce, within the next 150 minutes, diarrhea forceful enough and instantaneous enough that the subject will be caught without any recourse but to catastrophically release. The data from Binion and Warding (1983) establish that diarrhea will saturate polyester corduroy within 70 seconds and dry, forming a stiff crust, within an additional 850 seconds.



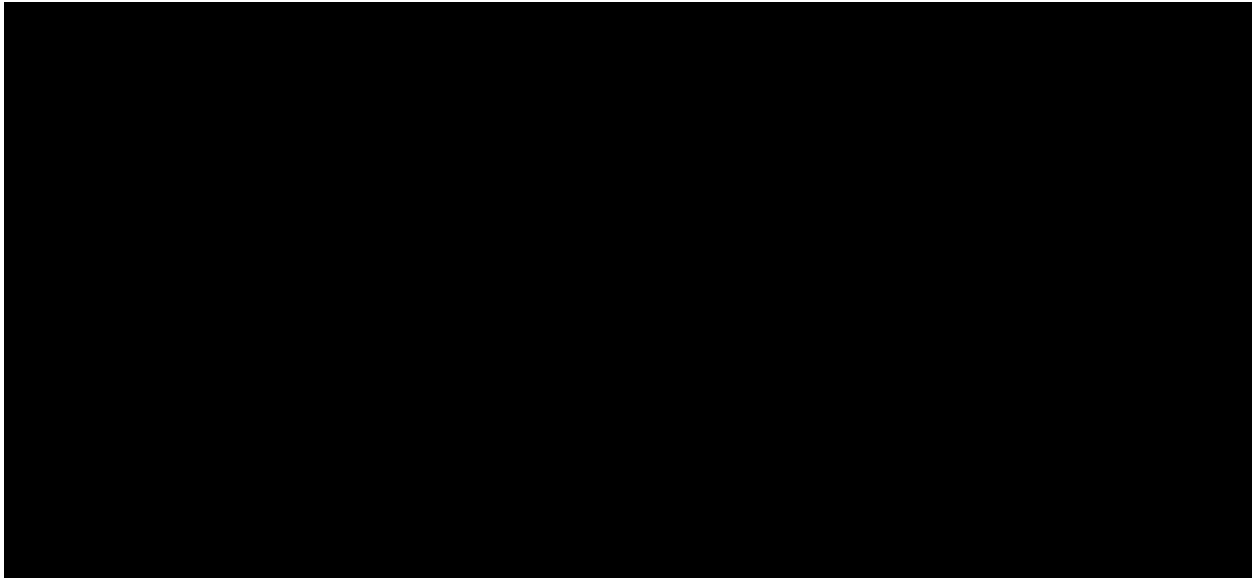
"Come, I will show you how you should proceed. Around four o'clock go to the tavern. If you see a wine drinker holding a glass in his hand and dozing, inform yourself. If he is a scholar, he must have risen early to study; if he is a day laborer, he must have gone to work early; if he works the night shift, he could have been making needles. But if he is none of the above, he is a thief and you can arrest him."

– Rabbi Eleazar ben Rabbi Simeon

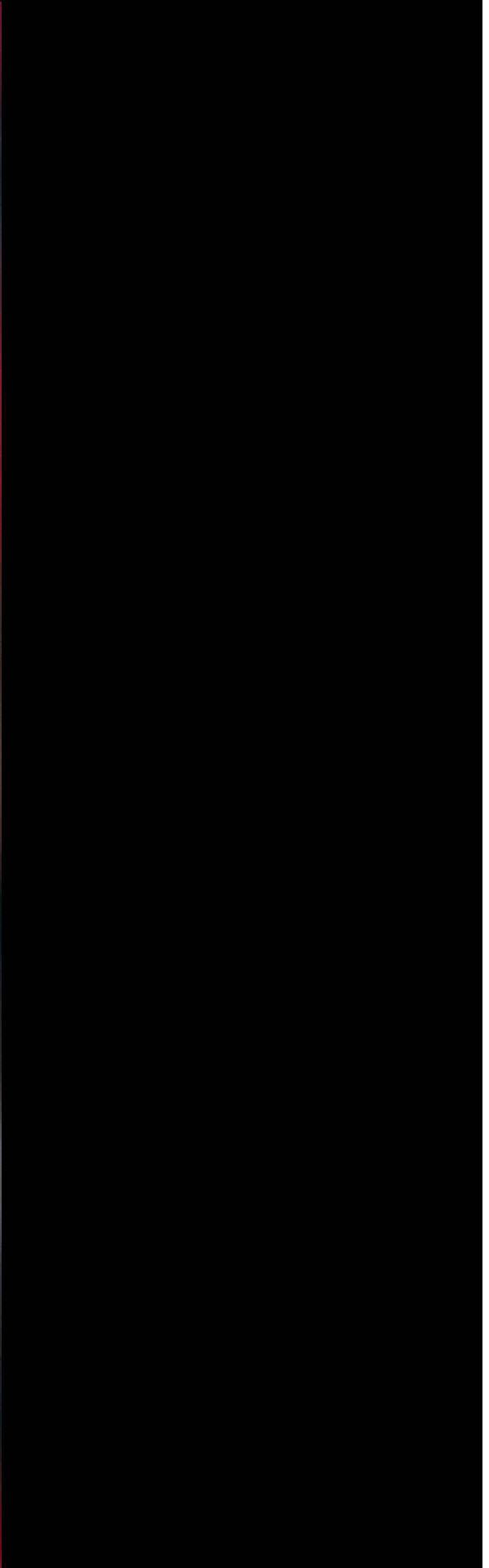
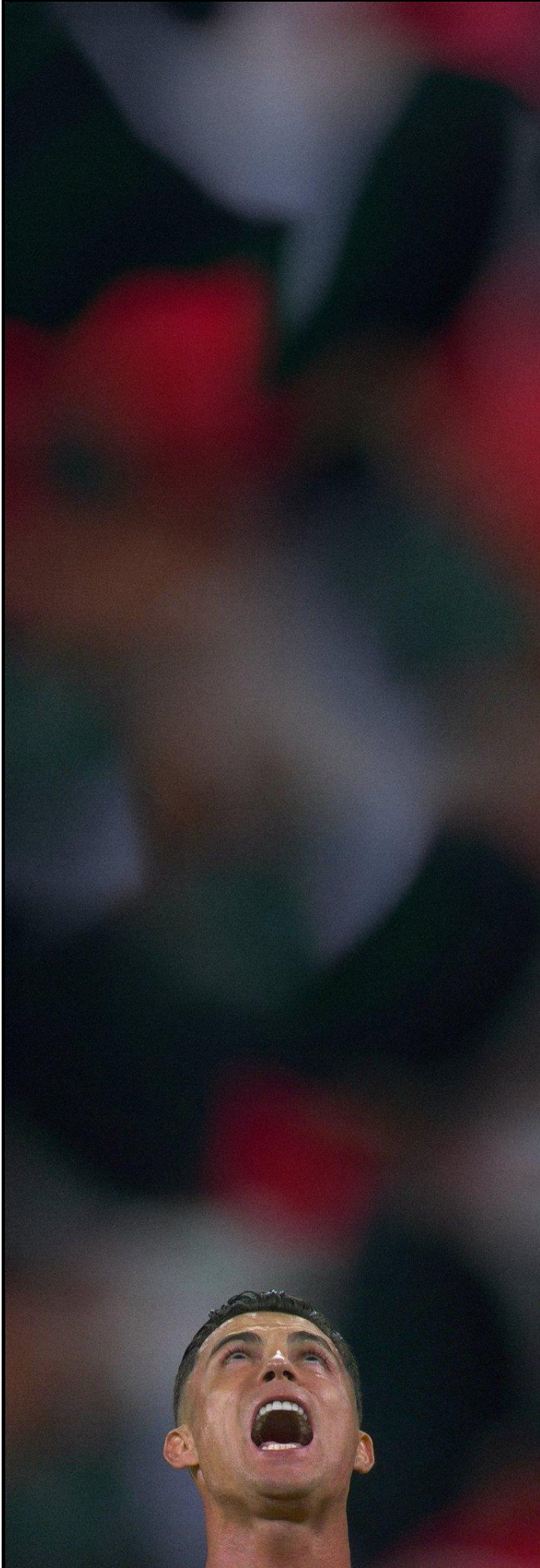
REbRS

I

There's a pain in my eye. Is it in my eye? I can't tell if it's my eye. It's in the area of my eye. But it feels further back. Like it has exited the globe. I was walking around town today, smoking, two cigarettes at a time, always, and a bug flew into my eye. I could feel it burrowing into my cornea, as I clawed at it, trying to remove it with my long fake nails. I crouched down on the ground in the middle of the street, unafraid of the tight dress climbing up my ass and flashing my panties to the world, and I clawed, and I clawed, and I clawed, but the bug just dug further, and further, and further into my eye. As I write this, I feel it in my head. I think it hasn't left my eye. It still burns. I can't stay still. As I write this, I am listening to:







## The Tavern

I have no doubt that Rabbi Eleazar was skillful. But I find his police wisdom a bit too concise; to go to the tavern and calmly arrest those who drink there if they are neither intellectuals, day laborers, nor night-shift workers. I pondered what this could mean for a long time. Is it already an anticipation of police inquiries that take place in bars in our modern capitals? In itself, this would not be much. Well, I think all this means that Rabbi Eleazar accepts the struggle with Evil on the State's grounds, in the Roman sense of the term, "state", and that he accepts revolutionary action as political action. But Rabbi Eleazar shows us the source of Evil against which he will fight. This can be understood in two ways. He might have thought that those who do not work with their hands and those who do not study are the source of Evil. All the idle and useless ones. I suppose writers are included among those who study. All non-workers are Evil. Parasites are thieves, in the broader meaning of the term. Man must build the universe: the universe is built through work and study. Everything else is distraction. Distraction is Evil.

I think of yet another possible reading of our text. The two readings are linked, in any case. Rabbi Eleazar has discovered that the source of Evil is in the very institution of the tavern. The tavern, or the

CAFÉ

Hype Williams - Find Out What Happens When People Stop Being Polite, and Start Gettin' Reel

, has become an integral and essential part of modern life, which perhaps is an “open life” especially because of this aspect! An unknown city in which we arrive and which has no

CAFÉ

ミドリ (Midori) Sayonara, Gotou-san (Last Show) (Live at Tokyo Liquidroom)  
Brutalismus 3000 | Boiler Room Festival London 2021 | Possession

Nine Inch Nails - Woodstock '94 (Full Concert Remastered)

seems closed to us. The

CAFÉ

FOR CALM NIGHTS

Trust Me- Can Jesus walk on water?

(432 HZ) Klaus Schulze - Kontinuum [Full Album]

1 Hour of Chad Orthodox Chants to Redeem Your Soul

clipping. - CLPPNG [FULL ALBUM STREAM]

Melanie Havens / December 22 / 7pm-8pm

[2007] SALEM - \$KvR3 1 (Bootleg)



holds open house, at street level. It is a place of casual social intercourse, without mutual responsibility. One goes in without needing to. One sits down without being tired. One drinks without being thirsty. All because one does not want to stay in one's room. You know that all evils occur as a result of our incapacity to stay alone in our room. The

all at the same time. I think that if I overwhelm my brain enough, if I batter my skull enough, that the bug will have to come out. My legs are bouncing at an unkeepable rate. I am writing this and I can't think more than one sentence at a time. The bug keeps crawling and crawling. It sticks its little claws into my flesh and rips it apart. It is eating my fucking eye. IT KEEPS FUCKING CRAWLING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK TO DO. PLEASE STOP THIS SHIT. I CAN'T FUCKING TAKE IT ANYMORE. It is inside my fucking skull. I grab chunks of my hair and tug at it. Anything to distract me from the bug. Not the fucking bug. "Something exciting", the religious man has just said. That's all I could understand before he got swallowed by the orthodox chants and a harsh noise burst of clipping.. I can't take this anymore. The bug has reached the back of my skull. I am banging my head against the wall. The auditory chaos I am experiencing has put me in a trance where all I can focus on is the munching of the bug. Through every sound I am listening to right now, I can still hear the fucking bug.

The fucking bug is leaving me. I feel him piercing the skin of the back of my neck. I turn around. He just flew away. Through the open window. Into the summer night. He flew away. As my liquid brain oozes out of the hole.

PATRONS



## PROJECT X



"No enlight. No transcende," it said on the hand dryer at Supersonic that makes the sound I hate. There was a short guy up in my ear, an angry kid named Marek, telling me that if I really cared about the Earth I would kill myself. He followed me out of the bathroom, hanging on my shoulder saying, but no, I had to come, I couldn't miss the afterparty, it was gonna be crazy, like that movie Project X. We were really gonna lose it. Not tonight, I told him, no, and unhooked his fingers from my raincoat. I saw my friend, we call him Marek, on his tiptoes leaning over the bar. He was the one who wanted to take me out tonight after we'd met at the natural history museum just across the river. I'd only wanted to return him his letters and see some insects. "Supersonic, two hours. Please?" Always Supersonic, every single time. But tonight he had slowly turned two hours of drinks and dancing into an all-night going away party, breaking the news to everybody, one by one, that I was leaving the city. "This is the last hurrah," he kept saying. "It's the last hurrah. Let's just say it." When I made it to the bar, I told him I was going out to smoke though I didn't have a thing on me. I went through the door and picked a half-cigarette out of an ashtray and stood taking it in and out of my lips. Sitting on the sidewalk was this guy I used to date back when I lived up north. Let's call him Marek. He rolled up his sleeve to show me a new tattoo. "They mixed in mushrooms spores with the ink," he said, "so it's more of a pet that lives on my skin." He didn't have

a lighter. I hailed a car passing in the alley and crouched down to the window. Roll it down, I said. The driver, he looked like a Marek, told me to get in. He told me I smelled good. He hit the gas. He told me that people hunted him in his dreams because they knew he was having visions of the future and the only way to escape them was to kill himself. When he does that, he arrives in a new dream, one level up. He spends the whole night killing himself, rising one level up, up, until he's awake. I finished my cigarette. He asked me if he should call off his wedding. It wasn't that his fiancé slept around that bothered him, it was that he beat the hell out of the boys he went to bed with, leaving bruises on their arms, their necks, black eyes, but he had never once given a mark "...to me. You'll be honest, right? You'll see. It's gonna be a real party. You remember that movie Project X?" We arrived at a shiny black apartment building up in Montreuil and he paid for me at the door. I wasn't dressed to listen to this kind of music. A girl was chopping wood into a microphone. Marek's fiancé was drunk and wobbled a cutting board up and down his knees, slicing limes on the couch. When he finished, he brought me to the kitchen where he said I could call him Marek and drank six or seven cups of coffee while the second band started in the living room and I smoked my head off out the window, wishing I'd never quit drinking. He told me about a guy at the bar where he works, whose name—but he forgot what he was saying and grabbed his phone, raising it like a threat. "Tomorrow something's gonna break." He tossed a cookie out the window like a discus. I pushed my way through the swaying crowd to Marek's room and collapsed on his bed, which I later realized was a stack of coats on a dresser, falling asleep to all the sounds I hate. When the house went silent, it woke me up. I stepped over the punks curled up on the floor and went out into the streets to watch the commuters. It was sunrise. I passed a baby in a carriage who seemed very serious as he stared at the tops of buildings rolling by, everything through the screen of a crinkled poncho. I think I heard his parents call him Marek. It started raining. I sat on the 9 with my elbows on my knees and thought about Marek dancing in his coat at Supersonic, drunk across the river, let's just say it.

## RUBBER



Bounce. Up and down. Side to side. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. It keeps bouncing. It never fucking stops. I feel it in my skull. Bouncing. Side to side. Up and down. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

It is made of rubber. Sounds like rubber. Feels like rubber. Bounces like rubber. It jumps from my left ear to my right one in an instant. The top of my skull constantly demolished by every impact.

I've learned to live with it. Live with it, huh. I've stopped living for it. All I do is sit, alone, in the dark, in my bedroom. Day in, day out. Smoking. I smoke so much. I smoke so fucking much. My lungs have shriveled to the size of two dates. Tiny, tiny dates. Every breath stings. Every cig stings. All my breaths are smoke now.

I open my door twice a day. Once for lunch. Once for dinner. Food is just there. There is no one left in the house. Not since my mother died. So I don't know who or what is bringing me this food. But the ball in my head tells me not to go check. Just focus on her. It's all that matters. She's all that matters.

My penis has fallen off. One day, when I woke up, it lay next to my head, on my pillow. It was black. It didn't use to be black. The hole that remains where it was attached to my body started small, but grows little by little every day. I don't know when it'll stop. Maybe when the ball stops.

I don't open my eyes anymore. I know where everything is. Food is to the left. Toilet bucket is at my feet. Cigs on my chest. Protruding from it.

I used to spend all day jerking off, but that's no longer possible, or wanted. The last two packs that I got didn't fall from their chest shelf. They got stuck. And they melted into me. I have breasts now.

It keeps bouncing. Telling me it's not worth it. That I shouldn't leave. That all I need is her.

It is slowing down. At its pace. But it is slowing down. The tips of my fingers have turned into rubber. Every day, the ball slows down and I become slightly more rubber.

It has stopped. I woke up today, cigarette on my lips, lit, somehow. And there was no bounce. It had just stopped.

My body is fully rubber now.

I left my room today. A monster. Rubber. A living thing. But the bounce was gone. The world outside was as dark as my room. But I opened my eyes now. And I am getting used to the low lights. I can see now. The food is gone. The fridge is empty. The bathroom spotless. My phone dead.

I am rubber. But I am free now.



*Cut dead  
your messed up boy*

I want you  
to kneel down by the pool of blood I left  
behind. Keep me close after I'm gone.  
I want you  
to hurry; touch me again. Don't let me  
go cold. Maybe I could feel it,  
if only for a second;  
you could see what's left of me twitch and savor,  
that, if anything,  
I still know what to expect.  
I would let you go free this time. After all,  
I asked for this wreck. When you're done, go away,  
run me over,  
put fire to the rest.  
One last time is what my body begs  
for, regardless of what you made of it:  
that mess.

## THE FALLEN

You can't see my wings anymore. And yet I sit at the back of every church. In every lost town. In every lost world. Blinded by the incense. Although the churches have been locked for years. No one tries to open them. People pray in other ways now. To different gods, with plastic chandeliers. The blasphemy of dried blood hiding beneath peach coloured band aids. Instead, the wild takes over. Glacier-carved, star-gulping forest all the way to the horizon. Honeysuckle and dog roses. Whole cities steeped in warm darkness that no one saw coming. Foxes watch as we drive by. Tongues out, nodding their heads in unison. A rabbit-hearted boy, patron saint of youth and rage, carrying the shame of wanting something good. They remind me of childhood, that feral stink of tar and piss and blood. The hum of violently weaponised loneliness. The way I set fire to the world. The way I welcomed in the flames, burning something new. All my dark thoughts blown away by the wind.

## 9 Reasons I Never Killed Myself



We were watching *Perfect Blue*  
—the 1997 anime thriller from Satoshi Kon  
Scattered amongst the floor were limbs  
Of machinic angels

This is an invocation  
Lucifer  
Lucifer  
Vampire blasted across the Black Sea  
Sickle moon running through red bloodstreams

You called me a girl  
When we both knew  
That I meant absolutely nothing to the blank sky  
And the creature  
Crawling through the wall

Spreading my ass cheeks  
You emptied condom after condom  
Into the yellow crease  
Legs pushed backwards  
Throat choked in pale cheap stars

Nine Inch Nails playing on the portable hi-fi  
*Pretty Hate Machine*  
Bright pink cover of x-rayed ribcage  
You fucked me against the bed  
And I kept my mouth shut

The creature that rose up inside the room  
Was covered in filigree meat, silver jewels

—a diamond spluttered from its raw lungs

## DEMON / ANGEL



You slid the gun into my mouth ass  
What is this vanity one calls life?

# sense of duty



You wake up and crush a mirror. No escape whatsoever unless and until you work with what you have. People are just playing along, you think, and they might as well stop doing this when it's convenient. We try daydreaming and fragmentarily succeed, with a few snapshot exceptions. It becomes harder and harder to compatibilize what keeps showing insistently rubbing itself in the dry skin of your face. They just play along, and you just play along and I'm playing along because I'm giving attention to this. The miserable amount of focus I have left is captured by fleeting obsessions whose targets I tenderly cherish, interact with and recognize within and because of their own soul/behavior. I just wish to forget the glimpse of true immutability I had instants before I crushed the mirror, and after that another one, until I lost count.

There are snapshots and they succeed really quickly. What is represented can hardly be perceived, but nevertheless it persists. I let you drown in forbidden significance, where you stay. I don't remember if you ever managed to get away and I miss the way things used to age there, in this tangled snapshot web. Didn't even remember to look if the knots were tied sufficiently, I don't remember the connections or the names. I want to cherish it, this singular point I just found out about. Never built tunnels, but let us just imagine for a second: the tunnel tapering to the extent that the sequence is fulfilled. Never give up on the sequence but you keep forgetting it. Maybe next time I won't find mercy.

The omitted ceremony is about to start but when. The promises and bets are now mixed in fresh cement, ready to be deployed. The walls were already tainted with incandescent steel, the same kind as that which I saw fulfilling my childhood doorknobs. You never cared about anything but your self-centeredness and so much for the self as illusion because you crave the exquisite taste of a delusory prospection and you become inebriated with your own awe, or so you tell yourself. Fear, actually. I fear you. And yet I'm here insistently forcing you to face your own forbidden significance. Who attributes what to whom. And yet we're falling back. Sometimes only marks. Sometimes you see things in marks which are not marks. And you crave. The limit which you're playing with already gave up on you. Do as you like, but what you're told reverberates and may lead you to believe. And yet you fear me and you fear my words.

There are few. But your sense of duty makes you look deeper and deeper and deeper and you want things to get inside and you want crowds to get inside. There's a risk of unmanageable overpopulation but not like that, definitely not like that. See, if you try to imagine a different state-of-affairs, it's still the same shit. But the sense of duty stays and I don't know till when. If we try a little harder, this prospection might be instantiable. But we stay with our souls and we choose our souls, remnants of a taste for security. Your fragile body looks okay but you know there's something growing, and you know that it's just a question of time for this thing to spread and spread, and spread. I convince myself.

You're trying to look but I know you can't because I tried earlier and I saw the same as you, there's people in the way and they all are carrying something. I'm just like you guys, look. As we carry the weight of... look, it's not that bad, you just do it under the rule of the least effort, straight line, point A to B, but let's not talk about your movement as snapshots in succession, they might not be just it. Don't be the fool you always are, this is different. Omission is reenacted here and I want to see this, we gotta see this. Do you want to verbally acknowledge this whole mess? You have to be certain and patient. For now there's the ceremony and you can talk to us because we're here, just try not to be so noisy. People are complaining that you talk too loud, so stop screaming because you're not suffering or something like that, you're just living your life. In fact you're becoming insufferable and I shouldn't be guilty to think that, because I feel it deep in my heart, so leave the fuck out of here as fast as you can because no one told you you were welcome in the first place. However omission is just about to be reenacted. Stay on your own.

You talk about vertigo but this is different, I see it differently and we try to show it differently but we let untouched the task of recollection because we just don't feel like registering, comparing, collating, mixing, connecting, well I already even told you about connections. We will try to exit together just wait a minute.

Are you feeling better? I think we are. We are patient now, we demand and wait, and you are part of us. If you could embrace the idea just for a second and go back working on that damn tunnel you didn't even remember you designed. Yes it tapers, but only when you let it and you know how much you enjoy letting it so don't hesitate, just remember what you were told to do. We are here. I never cared about tunnels, in fact I hate them. They tend to offer an overwhelming consistency to a concrete form of interruption and it's precisely this that I just can't stand, so please if you could take care of this asap I would appreciate it. Just don't flatter yourself. You're not making any connections nor generating unprecedented articulations, you are just digging a hole. Plain and simple. Everything was there before but the hole, and you are taking care of that.

Do you think they'll have mercy on me? I'm playing myself here, and I've been fully advised. So this dirty earth will cover my body at any second? I've been told to learn from the mistakes of others but I just don't get it. This used to age beautifully but the passage of time was railed and corrupted by nothing but my own denial. Our demise is close but the tunnel is just not ready, and maybe will never be. I want to face your horrors before that happens. I want to seize the time we have to give you caresses and assist your gradual dissolution into this dirty earth, I want to watch it and participate with you in this moment, side by side, and holding hands. Nothing changed in the unshattered mirrors and maybe that's a sign that there shall not be such a thing around us. Remember the thing you do when you wake up? Not just this week but ever since [date] and ever since [date] and ever since [date] and from now on and day to day, routinely you ask yourself: why are there so many? And yet there are few. And I touch the doorknobs you told me about, and we see nothing through. And you try again, and there are still very few. Not the door knobs. But maybe tomorrow, if you wake up and smell the scent of unchangeability, just kill them. Murder is always tangible in tunnels.

A detailed botanical illustration of a plant, likely a member of the Solanaceae family. The main drawing shows a stem with large, ovate, green leaves and several flowers. One flower is fully open, showing a yellowish-orange corolla and prominent stamens. Other flowers are in various stages of development, including buds and young fruits. The illustration includes several numbered details: 1. A longitudinal section of a flower showing the internal structure. 2. A longitudinal section of a fruit showing the internal structure. 3. A single stamen. 4. A single pistil. 5. A single seed. 6. A cross-section of a fruit showing the internal structure. 7. A cross-section of a fruit showing the internal structure. 8. A cross-section of a fruit showing the internal structure. 9. A cross-section of a fruit showing the internal structure. 10. A cross-section of a fruit showing the internal structure. The illustration is rendered in a classic scientific style with fine lines and color washes.



## **Eat Speech**

Come along on transaction cloud  
Urn of prior rain  
Dirty water, hundreds and thousands.

Where's that radio, that  
Long interference, wan  
Like the safety  
Of a passing storm.

Tinkering spoon.  
Silence—to eat speech  
With the skin on

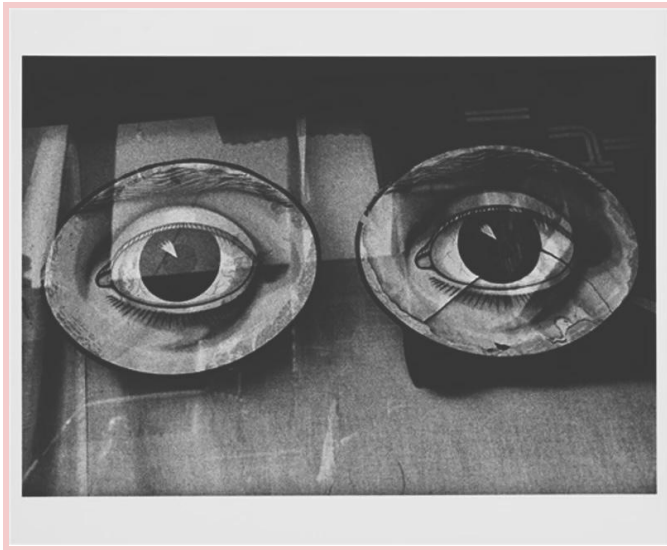
Knowing season  
Live through drought  
Talk only to give.

## Muddle notes



Hope is an accord no hope is in a chord or piddly like dragonfruit and—curious as a bass note, green grass and... whatever? Hey! I love a hey note. Who did the lilac one I was just telling you about. Sharp

confusion, as salt to food, come to mind what sea I'm from, makes the eaten project more—not just *anyone's* pear. We await heat to make what's on paper bloom—the actual herb garden, the tea and the milk—past the first transparency of adoration, before the extent of what's possible shuts us from the plush rooms, if sense counts as anything made, to glide giddy dying in fragrant letters, spore-radic ends of a sentence.

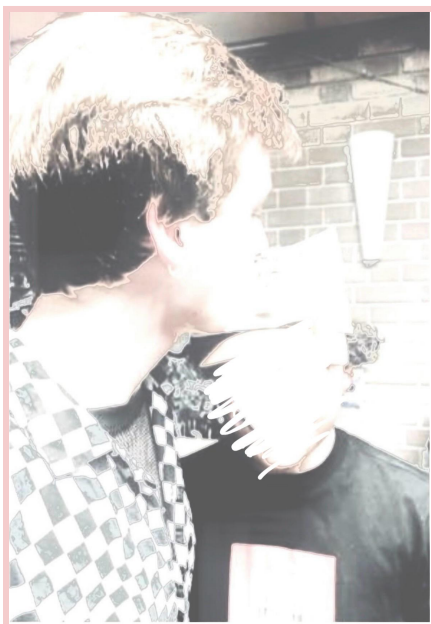


## SEX

I have one eye right now. There's a cut on my cornea, so I can't wear my left contact lens. I am almost completely blind in my left eye without it. The wound will heal soon and I'll be back on my bike risking my life in Montreal traffic.

A few days ago I was back in Atlanta visiting my parents. Mom has been cleaning the house, hoping to sell what's left of it. Dad has been counting calories. There's this guy I

used to write songs about. We have been close for years now. We always loved in slow motion. Moments of intimacy, nights spent driving around. I never understood my place in his world. When I was home we would hold our bodies for hours. Eventually we kissed. It was electric. I spent my teenage years dreaming about this moment. Something was certainly wrong. He said he didn't like kissing on the mouth. He didn't want to take his shirt off, his perfectly sculpted body hidden underneath a layer of polyester. This is not romance. He asked me if I had ever heard of asexuality. I told him of course. We held each other for a few more hours. I cried in the shower hoping the stream was loud enough that my parents couldn't hear me. He said he loved me and I loved him, but I cried because I could only love him in words. Our bodies speak different languages. There's no translation.



I cried in the car the next day and one more time in the shower. I couldn't pin down why. I called my brother and he told me that I need to put myself out there and meet more guys. I love him but he has no idea what he is saying.

I met a guy from Australia. We were crammed into the fluorescent Thursday night Arts Bar at our university and he put down five warm beers easy. Aussies. I drank until I found my arm around his shoulder and then his waist. My friends silently cheered me on and Aussie boy and I went out to dinner. He told me about these flowers you can eat and handed me one and it tasted like nothing I've ever tasted before and I wanted to kiss him so badly. We made our way across town to

my apartment. I gave him a tour of my troupe of random objects I have collected over the years. He said he's never met anyone like me and he kissed me like he meant it. I wanted to love his whole body. I wanted to show him what is under my skin. We made love for no reason. He held me. I felt held.

After one of my eye surgeries, the pain became so unbearable I woke up in the fetal position on the floor of Mom's closet. She found me laying there and asked me if I was okay and I was too high on painkillers and my pain was so glacial I needed to vomit. She kissed me on my forehead and our dead dog nestled up next to me. She was so warm and so small. She had already been dying for years, her spine sloping parabolic towards heaven, skin showing more than hair, bumps on bumps on bumps. Tumors. She always knew when she was needed. Tucked in my arms, I cried into what was left of her. Mom rubbed my back and the glacier melted slowly into stalactite pain, eroding cliffs, long smooth rocks and eventually became the beach. Morphine makes you wish you would never escape.

Dad told me a story. We sat at the kitchen table, his calf resting on the corner furthest from the television, of course showing golf. He told me about a time he ran into one of his old fraternity brothers outside a bakery nearby. They were never all that close in college, but the man needed Dad's help. His wife, Diane, was in the hospital. Breast cancer. She needed somewhere to rest between treatments. Our house is a mile away from the hospital. She would come over in her scrubs and sleep on our couch in the middle of the day, not saying a word. Chemo took everything. The dead dog would tuck herself into Diane's arms like a baby. Chemo made her so sick, so cold. The dog knew she needed warmth and gave her all she had left. Dad said the next time he saw Diane was at her funeral. The dog died soon after. She could no longer move. Mom turned her into a stone and she sits on her bedside. Where do moms go when they die? I hope it's where the dogs are.



The person who I have had sex with the most in the world, Amélie. We've never shared a meal. We met at a party and made out on our friend's bed. She rubbed against me like she wanted to absorb me. We fell in love for three hours a week. I told all of my friends about her. I even found myself drawing her. My lines are shaky, hands always trembling from caffeine or exhaustion. My drawings of her made her look like a shadow. I knew her better than anyone

in the world, but I couldn't tell you the town she is from.

I want to say something about the body, about love and then nothing. About covering someone in yourself, being covered in someone else. I miss the taste of it, I really do. She has a boyfriend now. Our ephemeral existence together ended. Anything this beautiful has to wither. That's what makes it so beautiful.

No one like her has ever existed. She deserves someone who loves her as she is. Someone who can remind her of herself, who can draw her from memory. Someone with a steady hand. She invited me to a picnic with her and only her. I am worried that if I go I will tell her that I love her. What I really mean is I loved her, or that I love our embers or something. That I love her in the ways I can't describe her.

The Aussie boy will move back to Australia in a few months. I want to tell him that I will go with him. I want to tell him that we will make it work. I want to tell him that I have never felt so good. I want to tell him that I lay awake at night wondering if a house fire will warm my bones. I want to tell him I run as fast as I can every night, only inches from the Saint Laurent. I want to tell him I was born to destroy myself. There's nothing any doctor can do, but I will love you. I will love you.

The first time you met me you knew I was looking for something, my eyes darting around the room like the walls had something to say. I can only hope I am not hollow. I can only hope I have something, that there is something in me that I can give you. You don't need to need it. I swear.

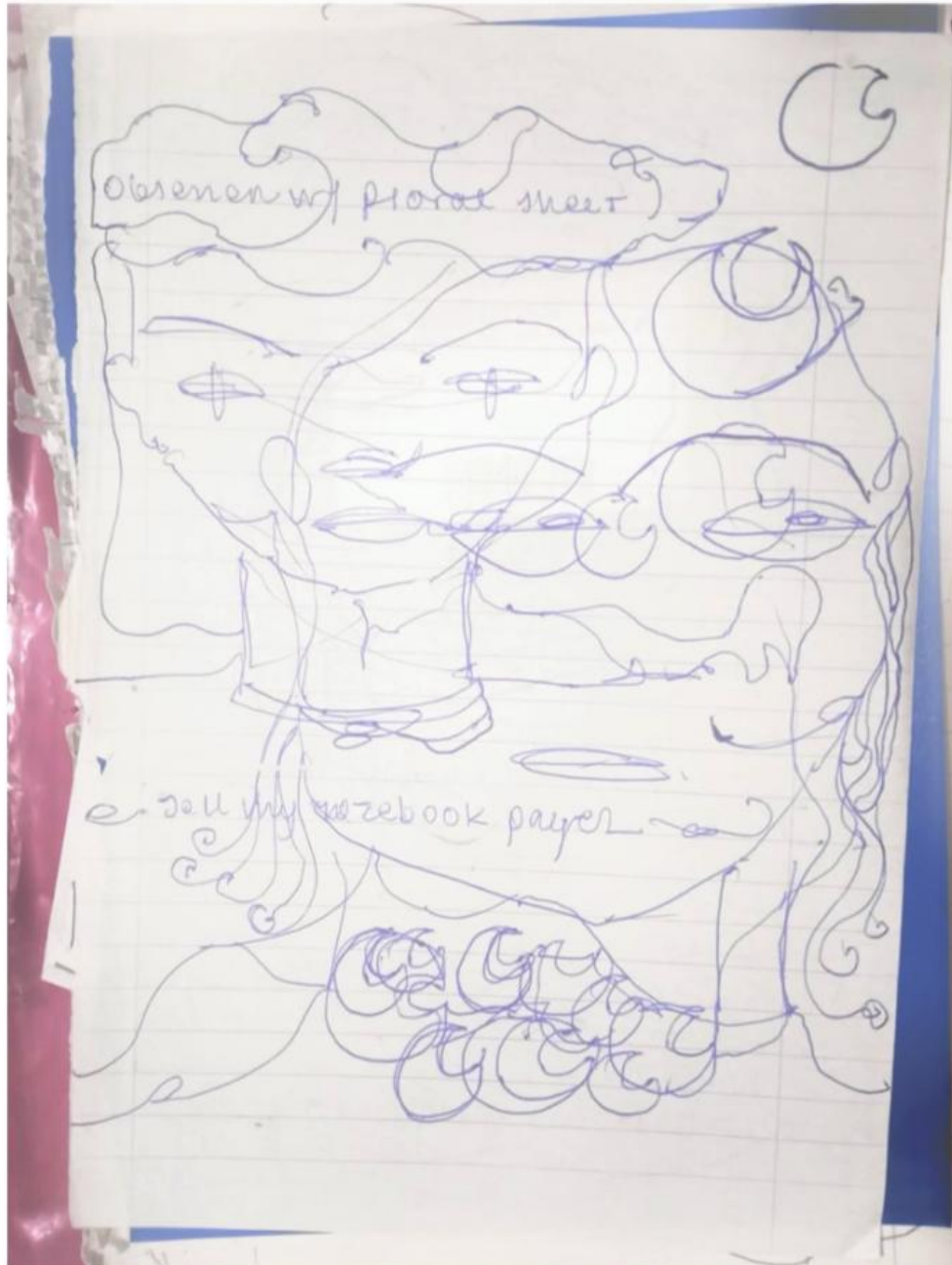
I remember laying on my back in the forest. Against the sky, tree branches become one dimensional. My ex-girlfriend had just told me she thought she was pregnant. I was sixteen and on my face the rain felt like nothing. Moments like these are discontinuous. Time beats like a heart. Lay on my chest. How are you real?

ALL OUT IN THE OPEN OUTTAKES



Games





Obsessed with floral sheet - sell my notebook pages





I am way more proud.





Sullen girl sullen girl



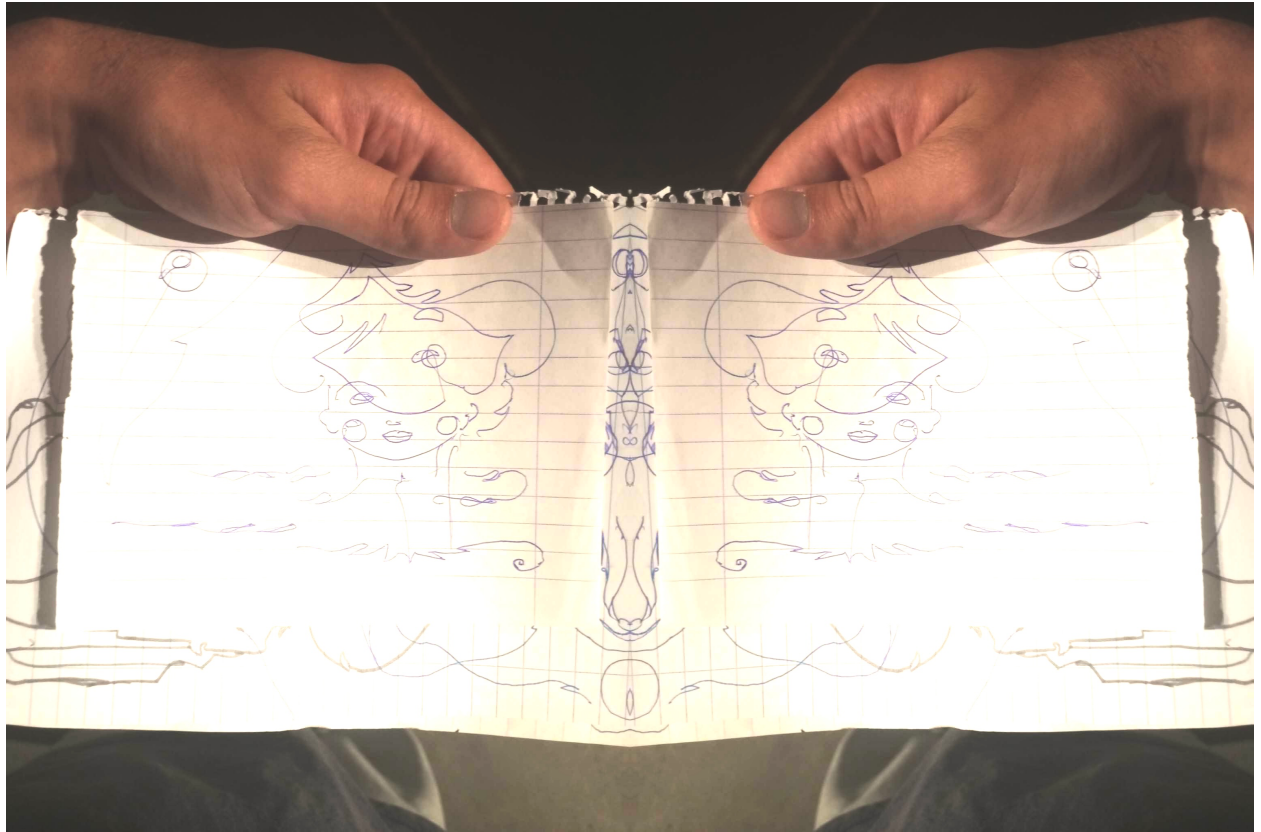
**L'irrequieta Tina Aumont**  
alterna il cinema alle canzoni

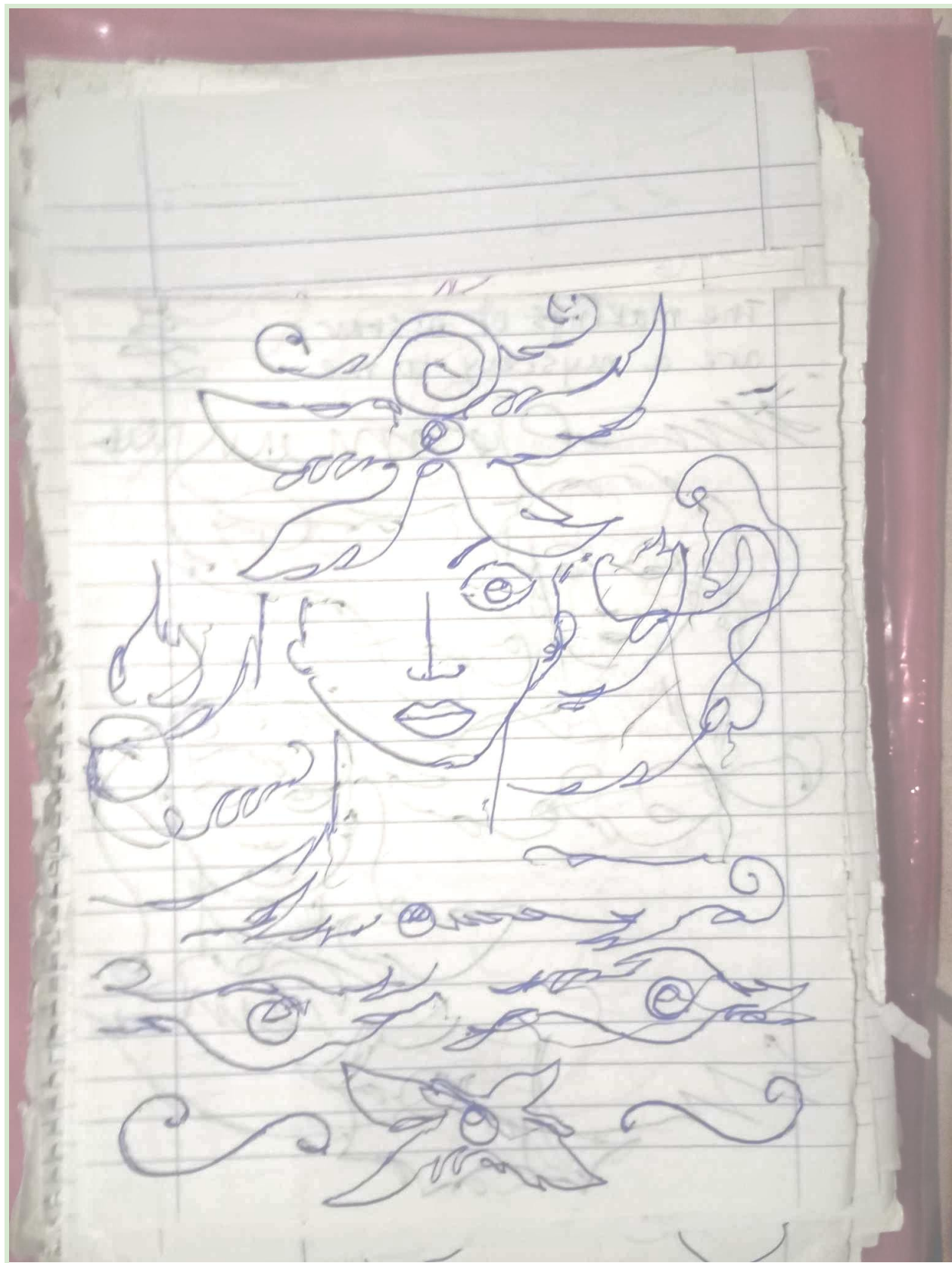




Fantasy



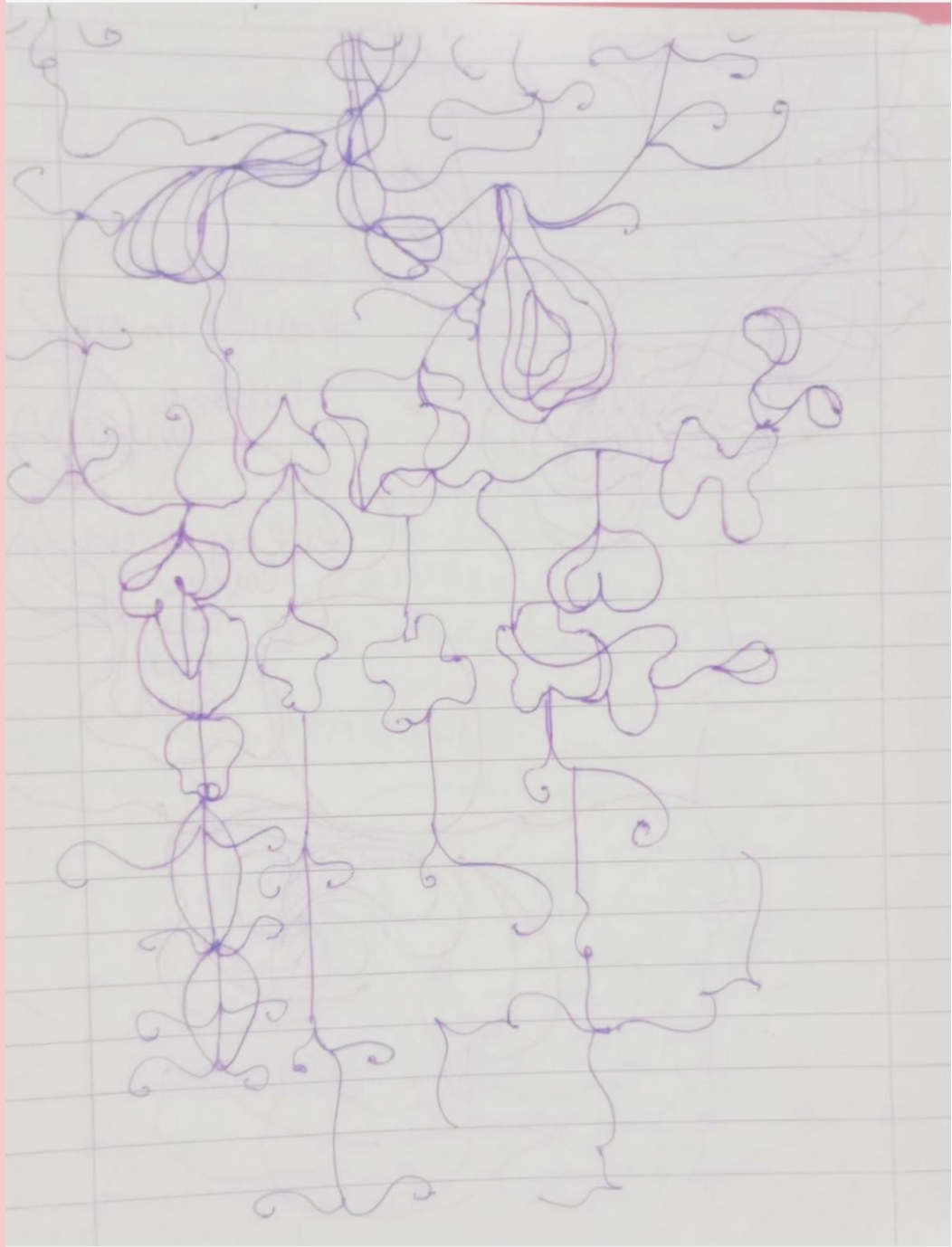






Strike due to







## ***Puckered***

I slowly rub my index finger through his pucker, feeling the bumps, valleys, veins; droplets of water, spit, sweat, water-based lube, ripped cheap-rubber bits, hour-old anonymous pre/cum, poorly-ducted shit-tainted secretions. I feel his pulse as I course through his hole, taint and beating pussy.

I allow my middle finger to join his brother and his surrounding twelve-hour-old sprouts of hair

prick their sides.

His pussy lips are red. Every couple of minutes a drop of blood falls from him and plings onto the saturated sheets, a small pool of scarlet laying over them.

**"Is it a happy matter to do  
To drink up your enemy's blood?"**

*The Woman, Anatomy of Hell*

I catch the following drop. It sits, unmoved, unchanging, stuck to my tip, nearly coagulated. I press it onto his hole, never puncturing him, but making sure it fully enters.

He moans.

I drag my finger into his pussy and claw at some more globules, pulling out when I'm tainted enough. Bits of flesh stick, cling, to the underside of my inch-long plasticky black nails and I climb him, reaching over his nearly shaved head and pressing it onto his lips.

"Stop. Stay in your place."

I pull my finger through his forehead, into his scalp, across his back and bring it towards my dick, jerking it, blood as lube.

His asshole has a life of its own. His moans come from a different body. There's a connection, as if through some copper/iron cables, but they're two different beings. I want to make love to it, not him. I want to fuck him, not it. I want to rape him, not it. I want to penetrate it, not him.

There's a camera in the corner of the room, angled towards my back, his hole. There's no mic, his moans too soft, too mattress/sheet/shut-lips muffled to be picked up by the camera. Only the silent buzz of the ceiling fan, the windowed car horns, the off old-TV-static. It doesn't pick it up. The blood coursing through every bump, valley, vein in it. It doesn't pick it up.

I approach it, puckered lips closing in on his taint; through-teeth tongue trying to pierce them for a taste. My six-months-on-E extra-sensitive nipples yearn for it, aching with anticipation.

My tongue runs through his taint like it was covered in too-salty two-day-over-expiration-date butter, and goes straight to his pucker. What I felt with my tips I could now taste. What I tasted with my tips I could now feel. Our pulses matched, every one of his libido heartbeats accompanied by one of mine—painfully, miserably, love-achingly.

The mix of clear fluids and solid-stained ones felt like the motherly dinner I'd never had; the cozy sick together TV-watching afternoons I'd never had; the "I love you"s I'd never had. I felt it, and it felt me. I understood it, and it understood me. I loved it, and it loved me.

I came. Catching the dead single-spurt of sperm with my palm, I slowly tilt it towards my tip and carry it over to his hole. I carefully push the liquid into it, making sure to never pierce the pucker with my finger, feeding it as if you would a baby.

I get up, look at the camera—my flaccid dick and barely-distinguishable-from-fat-man-tits tits pointing at it, accusingly—and leave the hotel room. There was a man waiting by the door, and I hold it so he can get in.

Its Sniffies "event" was online for five hours after that.

## Police #2



Alright alright let's go outside can we talk to you outside  
hey relax relax relax please please please buddy please  
please please Dylan c'mon

Hey woah woah woah

Hey

Hey

Dylan

Stop

Dylan that was a gunshot Dylan he grabbed a knife Dylan  
listen buddy we gotta put a tourniquet on your neck okay

Let me see you're on your face

It's okay it's okay

It's okay it's okay

You grabbed a knife it's okay it's okay c'mere

Watch out for the knife

Yeah I got a glove on

He cut me a little bit

Dylan Dylan

Dylan Dylan

Shots fired

Uhhh yeah they're in my pocket

Wait

There's a knife under my foot

## **Marauders**

Rush week, the blue  
wears off the plasma filaments  
in Kieren's arm.

I suck a bruise oval  
into each slab  
of granite graying in the quad.

Name this trait, is it vespertine?  
His head crests from his sweep  
of literal hair.

We stare ampoules into every male  
that passes us, they stare back.

Anticipation's  
a victor too  
like an athlete dad.  
Let love gnaw  
the jaw off your grin.

## Drooling Blood Remix



*I appear out of the water, rejected by the water, glorified by the rejection, a proud and solitary figure, an escape artist with imaginary prizes. I drag my floating corpse out of the wire cage. Sure, I can still swim with no hands, feet, or head. My bleached white body washes up on the tide amongst the shells and crustaceans. I haul my body to a shady lagoon, dump my thirsty neck over the edge, and drink fresh water. I don't contaminate it with foul blood. I don't choke on the cock that was cut from my body and stuffed down my throat.*

After being reborn, I crawled across the road to locate Ma, who had taken a cleaning job at the Allen Hotel.

The manager handed me a spoon and an ice cream tub and propped me against a stool beside a poker machine. I imitated the rhythm of the lights flashing and the sound of the



coins dropping. When Step stumbled through the door, I figured he was a patient from Ward 10B who'd wandered over to wash down his medication with beer. He called himself a travelling salesman. The manager wasn't interested in vacuum cleaners, but

Ma was interested in men with white Ford Transit vans. Step paid our rent and hung around whenever he was in town.

He would curl his drawstring tie, fasten his bull's head belt, say, "I'm off to top up the mercy tank," and speed away in his white Ford Transit van. Ma stayed home cooking lunch. She called her Church the kitchen. Breakfast was for sinners. She lathered me with suncream and draped a cloth hat on my head. She wore oil instead of suncream. Once Ma finished her work, she sat on a deckchair in the garden until her skin bubbled with blisters and melanomas.

*When I regain strength, I find some sticks to make a hook. I cover my stumps with palm leaves. It's painful initially, but I'll get the hang of it. At night, I can light a fire and cook turtles and dugongs. There's fruit and seaweed if that doesn't work. I can dive in the clear blue waters for pearls and beche-de-mer all day. My body was burnt and weather-beaten, sun-drenched, strong and rugged, a headless beachcomber cultivating muscular perfection. What a beautiful hut I've built out of drift timber and the remains of a Chinese junk. I create a garden and feel the flowers grow, feel the rhythm of the waves, feel the company of native animals and migratory birds, and feel the seasons change and the years.*



On the only road trip that Step ever took me with him, a cyclonetwisted towards the coast of Capricornia and the Bruce Highway was a washout, so we stayed at the Bruce Highway Motel. The room smelled of white

paint and crushed ants. There was one small double bed, an oversized General Electric

television, and a regular bar fridge. There were no pictures or decorations on the walls. Everything, including the curtains and the concrete floor, but not the bed or the TV screen, had been slapped with whitewash. There was no air-conditioner, and the fan only worked at the lowest speed. I followed each blade, grinding through the odour. The world outside was full of cane toads croaking back at the steaming tropical rain.

Step stacked two late-model vacuum cleaners, which he'd refused to sell to some local bastards, by the bathroom door. He was afraid to leave them in the van with the older models because his competitors might interfere with them. After greasing his hair and warning me not to mess with the merchandise, he took off to get drunk. I switched on the television and tried to watch a horror movie but couldn't sit still for long because those new boxes with new instruments, an exotic cargo of plastic and electricity, were too good an opportunity to pass up.

I unwrapped the vacuum cleaners and plugged them into the wall to make a horror movie. I lay on the bed with the vacuum cleaner hoses ready on each side of my skull. I hit the buttons with my big toe. First, nothing happened, then there was a flash, and then the vacuums came to life. It worked. Both vacuums came on. Unfortunately, the hoses were too powerful for my experiment and fell straight off the bed and snaked all over the whitewashed cement.

*One day, the tide might bring some clean white sheets of paper that slipped off the edge of a boat. Sure, I can ram a feather through my cock and tie it to my wrist. I'll use blood to write a diary. I cannot hear a thing. I make no sound except for the scratching of my pen on those sheets and the beating of my limbs on the sand. I cannot see a thing. I can never read what I write on those sheets. But I long to read what I*

*write. To know what I am. To understand what brought me here. To wait every morning for a gift from the tide. For a black plastic garbage bag.*

A moth hovered around the bedside lamp, leaving its shadow on the whitewashed motel wall.

I was lying innocent on the bed, dear reader, naked and asleep, cuddled up with the vacuum cleaners, when Step appeared and flicked on the overhead light. He thumped a bottle of Bundaberg Rum next to the lamp, pulled me up by my hands, and dragged me to the bathroom. I struggled and got a boot in the back. I hit my shoulder on the door and my tailbone on the bathtub. I got concrete burns and tile scratches. Urine ran beneath me.

Step walked around in circles and nearly slipped over because he was so drunk. The TV illuminated a strip under the bathroom door. I watched it glimmer and shift with the changing scenes. I could smell perfume wafting in from the bedroom. The ignition burned the residual chemical detection of material impossibility. Every sign was doubtful. Perhaps other signs lumped around the edges. Colour changes and bitter odours led to plural starting points. Other odours hurt me and became dirt. I inspected them and feared them. I was excessively perplexed.

The pacing led Step out of the bathroom and into the bedside cabinet, searching for a Bible and, upon finding one, back into the bathroom. He sat on the toilet and skimmed the soft pages, licking fingers, looking for something to instruct him, his bootheel tapping on a broken tile like he was about to burst into a country song. He couldn't concentrate on reading or singing because there was giggling in the bedroom, so he got up off the toilet, leaned the Bible on the cistern, and took off his bull's head belt. I thought he would beat me with the big horns because I'd seen him beat Ma with them before. Did I tell you about that? But he grabbed my hair, wrapped the belt

around my neck and the soap dish, and threaded the buckle. Then he took a glass from the shelf and a razor from his travelling toilet bag. He unscrewed the razor, removed the blade, and washed it under the bath tap. The tap dripped when he shut it.

After placing a glass on the tiles beside the bath, Step took the blade to my left hand. It didn't hurt. "This will cure you," he said, squeezing my hand until blood ran into the glass. Then he sat on the floor with his head on the toilet seat and mumbled some gibberish from a zombie movie featuring North African voodoo rituals. When the glass had enough blood to drown a snake, he put my arm back into the bath. He forced the glass into my mouth and told me to drink. It tasted like rusted metal, thick in my throat but pleasant. After that, he made me drink a glass of rum, and it tasted worse than the blood. It was the first time I'd ever tasted alcohol. I put my big toe in the spout to stop the tap from dripping and went to sleep.

When I woke up in the morning, I felt weird pains all over my body and noticed a blonde wig sticking out from under the bed in the angled reflection of the bathroom mirrors. I couldn't get my toe out of the tap, and the wig frightened me, so I screamed.

*Does the head in that bag belong to me? What about the hands and the feet that the tide brought in? Are they mine? Am I satisfied with them? I find the pine needle amongst my collection of tortoise shells and discarded fishing lines. Do I know what to do next? I clean my stumps with a sea sponge in fresh water. I sew on one hand, one foot, the other hand, and the other. I sew on the head.*

A gang of children gathered along the river's edge. They were playing some random game involving dead bodies and banknotes from worthless currencies. The sunlight reflected off the bodies and the water. My body was snagged between a jagged chunk

of concrete and a fallen tree trunk. The children ignored my body. It was naked, amputated, and castrated. It didn't fit their game. The world I came from never existed. My presence was a threat to their relationship. It's what people do to avoid calamitous medical situations. I want to utilise my military samurai experience. My paternal father is a Swiss diplomat and envoy to Tokyo. At Sakura time, the Chamber of Commerce holds its yearly haiku competition inside my computer. I'm a phenomenal Hikikomori, a reclusive adolescent seeking extreme isolation and confinement from a long time before touch screens. I want ritual DECAPITATION. Embalming is not customary in Japan, and storage facilities are generally inadequate. But I have a most prominent house.

I remember going to a relative's place when I was little. They were watching a movie that looked like a B-grade horror. A woman in a blonde wig was lying in bed with a decapitated head, and then she started to make out with it, moving it down her body. I need to fuck in an upright position with someone threatening to decapitate me. PLEASE HUNT ME DOWN AND DECAPITATE ME. I desperately want to see my head cut off, myself die. It's a thrill for me to see the sight of severed heads. It sends chills up my spine. It's not supposed to be painless. That's the point. I don't want it to be painless. I want it to be REAL. I need a bloody judgment for my years of great bitterness. I can ease my irritation when I'm holding a knife or spinning scissors like a pistol and WAITING FOR YOU TO DECAPITATE ME!!!!!!!!!!

*You don't like what's written in my diary, do you? What did you expect? A duplicate of yourself? Immortalised on those sheets. Page after page of discarded cocks? I'm not who you thought I was. You can't even understand my language. I've been alone for too long. It's time to go somewhere else. Will they accept me wherever that is? There's*

*only one way to find out. I'll throw these papers into the waves and build a raft  
instead, another vessel to take me away.*



### Three Feet from Death

He's watching and he's waiting

Until Death

Screams echo, but I don't tell them about  
you, in case you pretend they're not real

That three feet of infinite isn't traversable

But I am

Knock on my cervix like the devil's door

Haunt me like the devil does

Three months and you haven't hurt me

Maybe next time

Crush me with your corpse

Grip my throat and bruise my larynx

I want to feel like it's so real that it isn't

Prove to me that you're like all the others

I'd rather be right than safe

Tell me that's part of the problem

And I'll dance until you fuck me

Knock me down and show me

What happens to girls who dance like that

When you realize I'm an animal

That can't be trained to love

There's a darkness that lies in darkness and you brought me back to it time  
and again so the least you can do is dick death into me like the reverb of a  
realm where all the wires have crossed and closed and where I keep waking  
up against my will and where there's twinkling that burns and I think maybe I  
think maybe if you're not another man who can hurt me it's not real

I'm wet, and I feel fire

Burn me, baby



And then I'll cry about it  
To the next man who's been doomed to me  
I feel the fire  
I feel the fire  
It's three feet away in the dark, and I don't like how it lights me  
But what's important is you see it in my eyes  
And think I'm not just a reflection  
Of something that hurts  
Fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me  
The devil would do it  
And I saw you two talking in the hall

## BEING AWARE

Men are drawn to my ass by  
my death-trance blue eyes  
and black hair, tiny outfit,  
while my father is home with  
a girl, moved by the things  
I could never think clearly.

Men smudge me onto a bed,  
drug me stupid, gossip and  
photograph me till I'm famous  
in alleys, like one of those  
jerk offs who stare from  
the porno I sort of admire.

I'm fifteen. Screwing means  
more to the men than to me.  
I daydream right through it  
while money puts chills on  
my arms, from this to that  
grip. I was meant to be naked.

Hey, Dad, it's been like this  
for decades. I was always  
approached by your type, given  
dollars for hours. I took a  
deep breath, stripped, and they  
never forgot how I trembled.

It means tons to me. Aside  
from the obvious heaven  
when cumming, there's times  
I'm with them that I'm happy  
or know what the other guy  
feels, which is progress.

Or, nights when I'm angry,  
if in a man's arms moving  
slowly to the quietest music -  
his hands on my arms, in my  
hands, in the small of my back  
take me back before everything.





## WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

There's a face in the back of my mind like a stained glass window that throws its light on my lines. Brian Winchester's its name. It

is my subject, like "God" was the subject of the cathedral thus named. If it's hard to imagine in this time, it was harder to look

at the light in his eyes, though what I could see there was admirable, cum laude, literally. One night he was small and cold

at the crown of the nearest church tower, a star in the lighting intended to separate it from the skyline's less known, then he

leapt to the foyer. My hand is falling to earth. As it touches it scribbles poems lit from inside. I wish they were lines of

cocaine, less like dust on a place I admire, the window which brightens my room when it's sunny outside. Writing a poem in his likeness

I make it as light as the feelings that form in his wake. Just as black men lugged stones on their backs many moons to build that church

on the horizon, I've carried these words for a while, and throw them like rice when he enters. A mechanical glow from my writing

is changing from heaven to hell with the love that has colored my lines. Brian Winchester come home. It feels like a cathedral now.



#### KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Light embarrasses children who are  
halfway inside their pajamas, white  
surfaces all around them. Static  
snows on the tv, minus its sound.  
Shaking the small glass dome they  
are posed in, a white pillow breaks  
apart in the air, settling feathers  
on everyone. This is a mansion of  
white kids grouped in one room,  
while a parent sleeps in another.  
Its surface is barely disturbed by  
a grandmother dying with one small  
gasp in a Texas tornado, sixty mys-  
terious miles from her birthplace.  
A child is struck by a rock. A man  
winces, having his blood drawn to  
save her. She walks for the first  
time in months, tossing her crutches  
into the air, then runs halfway to  
her father. Lost, she falls forward  
into the snow, lightly embarrassed.



SEVEN POETS CHOSEN BY JOHN ASHBERY  
for Tim Dlugos

We are taking the obvious drugs.  
We are stoning the oblivious adulterer.  
We are sleeping with adults at last.  
We are last in line for The Teardrop Explodes.  
We are exploring vast nearby planets.  
Our plants are wilting while we're on vacation.  
We are vacating our new poems of meaning.  
We are mean to the people we live with.  
We are "live" on talk radio.  
We are living on top of radiation.  
We radiate good health on the west coast.  
We coast on poems we wrote eons ago.  
We will never let Ian Young sleep with us.  
We sleep where danger is least apparent.  
We are parents to poets who write like us.  
We are more right wing at the present.  
We are less right wing than our President.  
We write poems that sound like they're winging it.  
It is quite interesting what we are doing.  
We are the nice people cops are arresting.  
We cop a few hours and think we look rested.  
We are not what our horoscopes printed.  
We have a Hockney print in our vicinity.  
In this city, that's pretty hackneyed.  
But if we could hack it, we'd buy a Winkfield.  
We are the sickos beneath Tom Clark's hatchet.  
We'd like to clock our time in his presence.  
We are giving this present to beautiful people.  
We are the dutiful people you see here.  
We deal drugs at the foot of the suitable steeple.  
We wear these suits for an obvious purpose.  
We'll tote our purses into oblivion.  
We purse our lips to indicate our totalitarianism.  
We were totally flipped out on acid.  
The source of our flippancy is chemical.  
We slept in the doorway to the polemical.  
We kneel on the floor near the collectible.  
We place tape on the mouths of the kneeling.  
We write a play-on-words rocketing outward.  
We play good quality punk rock from England.  
We were a rock, now we're an island.

## YEARBOOK

