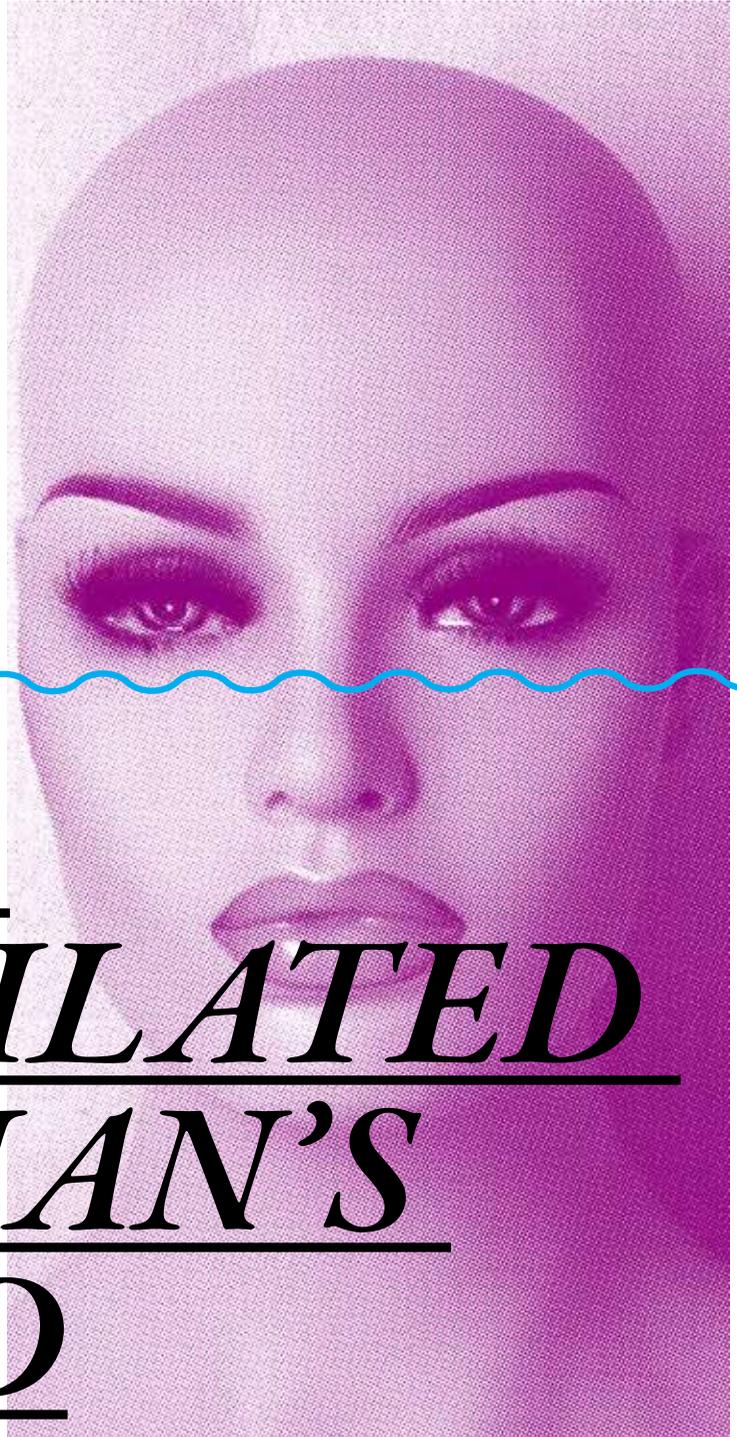


AURORA
LINNEA



THIS
MUTILATED
WOMAN'S
HEAD

THIS
MUTILATED
WOMAN'S
HEAD

Aurora Linnea



**a gushing of maggots spat from this Mutilated Woman's Head
as it rolled behind brand new silver Mercedes sedan**

nothing subtle but like scenes proliferate at a woman's bedside where divorced from decorous, because the gristle clinging crowns Princess Scum, swaddled in rippling leather of flies, but preserved undead are prime secretions, shredded, slashes which tissue in the O.R. motel when manipulated manually will tense, pinken + pink signifies a total lack of worth, still, she cut small can be significantly salvaged: when the blood snakes like rampant wild like hers did it is red and bound to breed worms (worms are savages). pink is the range of shades proper for luxury offal, whose hair as black vapor runs wildly blacker and ragged down S-curve spine, whose lip while her mouth was occupied in the throes of exit pillowed and cleaved a long slit across zero teeth and the eyes left limpid blue upturned toward zeroed sky

so extract the last kiss + enamel it? he pulls over. please excuse: i'm only the passenger.

beneath shriek of brakes the driver cried, "HERE WE HAVE TRULY THAT DREAM CREATURE, HELPLESSLY ANIMAL, IDEAL BASEMENT PET..." sprung from silver sedan more excited than i'd ever heard a man, when he yanked hard on the leash i tripped, white heel to my white shoe ripped, it felt right and good, finally, to fall.

without any more words i followed this Mutilated Woman's Head rolling into the ditch

___ *IN THE ROOM OF THE VICTIM*

___ *DELICIOUS CYST*

___ *120 DAYS OF SALOME*

___ *BLOODY DETAILS OF DOG CATHEDRAL*

___ *TERATOLOGY: HER MIRROR MARE*

___ *BERRY MiLK'D (we as red meal)*

___ *THE WIDOW CLINIC*

___ *MICRONEEDLE A PINK SUEDE*

___ *OPHELIA, SEPTICEMIC, IN THE SEWERS*

___ *BLOODY SECRETS OF DOG GARDEN*

___ *MISS AMERICA'S MISSING EYE*

___ *BOY WORLD, WHERE I'M DEAD*

___ *CHUBBY BUNNY*

___ *SULKING SIBYL OBGYN*

___ *BLOODY DREAMS OF DOG MANOR*

___ *SWEET SIXTEEN & I'LL DIE IF I WANT TO*

IN THE *ROOM OF* *THE VICTIM*

Now is roughly past midnight at Sharon's sorority party.

The wall was a damask panel i walked through

because i wanted to leave. [(exit)] Which wasn't permitted.

Party walls' patterns simulate swans, blurred swarm of swans,

nestled within one swan's sawed-off neck.

Swans are wine-color clawed

and swans are stupid saw-toothed whores. i cut all the swans till they died.

Swans slashed, a door appeared. Gently split
like a fat egg, a peony, a labyrinth dripped
chandeliers of yolk down from the calf's heart

that's when i saw my only way out was to crawl fast through all her chambers
(and when i saw Sister Sharon wasn't semi-conscious facedown in feathers I stopped wanting)

The bed wove itself bruised over Dead Sharon, yielded:
punch-blotted cashmere, drifting seas of sweater playfully forsaken
the crepe coral streamers paling & quilted snarl & pillows askew
greased sheen of the bedskirt's taffeta spattered like a layer of bile
& the sighing humid beneath that grazed the sweet from baby's beauty sleep...

Here is her gilded in smiles and chronically plastic. *Here* is her Peach Melba blue marabou Hell.
Mother told them all you wept the bed. i vomited, assuring Sharon i'd bleach her bedclothes later.

[two weeks' panties badly
dirtied in the bathroom drawer
miraculously restored
we pinned to the walls
talismans of angels unsullied:
protect us]

Listen Carefully!

Her bedroom was located on the
second floor + it contains
two twin beds, black tape
on the coverlet & a spiral staircase
leading to her parents' room.

In Our Sorority Archives:

pair of underwear
child's underwear
(1) girls underwear
(1) girls underwear
(1) girls underwear
white stuffed bear

Sisterhood is brightest when bloody but nevertheless it's terminally sepulchral in this basement. There is a TV Special about how she loved the bear before either were dead objects but i don't want to watch it tonight, or i have no sense of what i want. When you breathed static before lapsed into emptiness. This silverish fluff is your hair exhaled from filaments in the mirror above the fire. These walls are soft-infested. White teddy barely has any remnant eye unchewed but his tongue is constant and moist felt the color of bloodless. i cannot understand why the homes we wade through must be the creepiest possible haunted by champagne, cherubs, crystal trays overflowed with strawberry-chantilly too innocent to eat and the ugliness of that miniature animal you used to growl at over the telephone when the hour grew too late to be glittering. Descending some heart-shaped interstice you blossomed into silence, apricot undergarments, nectarine chiffon to bear a body of scars spangled confectionary for the Pink Dreams,

and be cuddled.

A crunch of egg, door cracking shut—our swan song. There is no such place as escape for us

DELICIOUS
CYST

how hunger hatched her:

dipped to the waist in clutch of crème
underdone and induced boneless she is
an instance of sponge-like colonized: bees in clusters
bloom from thoracic hive burst then caught clotted
caustic sibillance of wing carved into piglet's hide
pineapple-dyed (lush collagen), and vented larva.

The sting sticking. Over the cauldron of 20 cans sour
pitted i spasm. Eye splashed, sunk maraschino scarlet, same
as slime of fruit surrounds, sumptuous, so eye unrecovered.

This empty socket was the germinal lesion and soon infected.

Torrid drizzling tenderly sauced sores, swooned plum-swollen,
the pulse toxic. When ruptures as ribbons of syrup: honey is the pus-color.
Lucent unwell frosted orchid at the rim, buttercream and the blood behind—

my purulence is dead luster to glaze the daintiest meat. Chartreuse,
suppurative, that smell of swaying warm in stiff peaks powerfully

wafted from checkered linoleum, alongside the carrion

risen overripe i'd drawn an epicure, finger daubed to

the bone in tract of decadence (punctures fondant) a finger

licked, tongue searching how undulant in crests the yellow folds

tremble. My gourmet: he was boyhood, blond, snuck from the milk bath

a teenager then and eating in my threshold. To thicken bulk-muscled

suckled slow mouthfuls skinned me into mother—the pastry flakes and runs.

For Baby i garnished with ruffles of eschar, reeled in reservoir of fruit feeling
redness wedged up inside. Raw battered. Like the shining of a lascivious blade

his eyes would widen, lashes serrated, shivers, sipped meringue from laden veins,

custard from an inner cavity of the aggravated abscess. The mousse slaver sparkling
and lemon mascarpone caramelized infusion moistening rich spirals in the marbled.

Black Forest slit spilt cherry-jellied vermiform squirming down latticed bloat, blown

sugar, the belly darkens. i wouldn't ever say, "be careful where you bite, boy" because
this kitchen is his. Where his tooth falls. Will masticate. Please, feast. Well-fed becomes

brawn and handsome husband – !come home! – brutal harvest is harborage for i'm concocted
consumptive. Every wound with its own mouth sucking nursing nascent pustule: a cream puff.

Cords of lime curd, tapioca pearls, scale my apron strings to throat-height and the cheese-tint
savory mucosa protrusions of intimate malignancy metastasize multilayered sprouting like

éclairs under ulcer light // the entrails glossed in treacle // coconut dander snowed the stovetop

Legs blistered ambrosial spread to rhythmic waves of hemorrhage, he peels away my pudding
sheath, pudding sallow and between his lips beaten down to lotus paste. Weeping heated lard

a dollop of supple i semisweet melting into puddles of sprays of purée, compote, collapsed.

The mistress in mille-feuille and crushed to tender crumb. A bee's needle to her lychee eye.

Some days she rinses flies from the dishes. Some days in a cloud of devil's food, too dizzy.

He comes home less, less, less...he never comes. Still, the table set. Still leaking praline mother
delivers dessert, the skin crusted he ripped into releases steam, spawns cake after cake after cake

120 DAYS *OF* *SALOME*

That summer we learned to speak with our legs
to speak only in murmurs and laurels of muted smoke
ancient music of buried under gardenia, our virgin thighs bandaged
with pale rose-edged and rayon garter. Black, our last summer. *Listen,*

this is how we became killers // why our eyes opened red
sequin stars in our poison throats perished
and never shone again

Our first masters were the mothers who deserted us here. Left without, we ceased to love her. Snuggled into coffins of indolence and in whitest cotton camisoles, whitest cotton underthings we ceased loving anything. Dark hairs beastly-streaking our bubblegum lips. A cute tongue slipped into the navel of little sister while she slept, these were the games we played: shivering, quivering, moonstruck spinning tossing childish flanks hip and eyes glowering rustling naked all ruby rhinestones carmine smelling obscurely of sodden dreams, the tensile unctuous spread of shadow and making fathers writhe//wobble livid like lizard kings

a curriculum of seven lessons revealed as veils lifted...

Lesson 1: the secret language of Bad Girls is composed of pleas secreted like, “promise?”

Lesson 2: pound your little fist into the meat of that man’s head as if you never adored him

Lesson 3: hold the hallowed head emptying into your lap to osmose the prime of his virtue

and we all squatted kitten-like in our purple lamé lapping garish brocade of blood from numb alabaster, we were spoon-fed man’s lymph male spittle until the taste was acquired. instructed how to touch coolly velour & the sword to his neck, tremor a smile, to deaden.

Last summer, our savage cotillion.

through the morning we scissored friezes in severed heads
we floated them across the fountain, stomped them into slush
so our slippers turned brain-scented, poked painted synthetic nails
naughtily to scoop strings of innards (azure) from the saint’s sockets
at lunch we got down on our knees and begged for the pyre, the salver,

Lesson 4: when the beautiful boy spurns you tear him apart with bare hands until the spine rends, head falls, and **Lesson 5:** the best way to dispose of beautiful heads is indifferently into absolute black ocean

If we could remember how to remain full young forever&ever we learned we’d want for nothing.

We’d be weird princesses funereal and sprawl on mountains of corpses covered under tigerskins, our skinny bodies wrapped in agate, chinchilla languor, psychosis silver as a mirror scattering sparks from our core-glint; we’d twist until the skies burned red, until this sad mansion where we summered, the whole castle coughed sickness up thorough sleeping stone we’d feel soaking the soles of our feet, and drink.

Lesson 6: consent, “Yes, Daddy, I’ll dance for you.”

Lesson 7: cold child, you are Apocalypse, combing night’s ice from your cinerary hair.

BLOODY *DETAILS* *OF DOG* *CATHEDRAL*

At the bottom where all buildings are decomposed
the skyline enclosed in dimmed ossuarium, sun stinking
rat-torn sinks behind towers of unsolved murders, trenches
trace alleys like veins slit throbbing to the outermost slums

of this city where no grave bears a garden, there is no growth or smell of green
where i woke as ashes, screaming: this is the beginning of the world: conceived

in the redness

in the blackness

riddled with need to leave i ran adhered to roughness of the city walls
because air this low darkens with deep rot was too plush to see through so
blind to everything but my own inner unclean i stumbled climbing over
fallen cairns and charred columns and cinders along city walls to beyond
the worst possible side of the tracks (*where no humans go*)

where at last in pouring black
i reached the ruins

pink neon swung by chapel arch's spire soft-hissing,
"SUSPEND YOUR SKIRTS FROM THE THORNS BY THE DOOR"

&sloughed my cerement

&naked, entered that lancet lured by fragrance of raw feeding whispered through the nave:

A choir of dogs received me. Pale procession of Alsations, albino, ice-creamed coronas fleecing flawless coats lit and smoldered in the candelabra flicker, saffron, oyster blue. The dogs carried constellations in their ermine fur. The dogs wore mascara, pitch rimming eyes like wine and the dogs licked each of my palms and the dogs led me to the altar.

Let me tell you a story about dogs. Let me tell you a story about angels.

The dogs said, "don't move even if you hear barking. the footsteps of barking down the aisle. the light in the sky and the barking louder. what it means is: the Witch has come."

Incantation

O Beloved Cur in Maiden form, watcher at the gates, // wandering highways in dusky mantle, under leaden moon // Mistress Many Named, who tracks the dead with three muzzles // Mistress Many Voiced, who froths forth spells as serpents from tripled throat // O Wolf-Shaped She of Nocturnal Sight, savage dogs are friendly to you // across the lightless flood we howl for you: hold us in chains, we'll follow // be gracious, gorge our sleep with blazing dreams // your tongues are the tenderest we've known, kiss us // You who are source and solution, O Carnivorous Queen, chew upon our living hearts // Pervade us, we plead: let us be as puppies forever in your Night Kingdom...

**Blessed Mother of Exiles, of Sorrow, of Aging, of Dying, of Lost Dogs, of Lonely Girls,
in the gauze of drool: be merciful.**

The prayer dissolved and a hollow torch in my mouth expanding
the dogs whimper, "You ran here because you are soon to die. You are the Black Lamb."

on the brightened ground before the Witch's feet: a can of meat. we pour honey, reddens to gravy: her libation. NO, I RAN HERE BECAUSE I DIED ALREADY. a howling through my chest the hounds called covenant, the collar of summons cinched (*save us*) – i burned the body whole – (*save us*)

and down three faces blood flowed a feral glow to the paws of my sisters.....

TERATOLOGY: *HER MIRROR* *MARE*

He likes me treated badly bound in thigh-high leather he laces
sitting with legs parted wide on the waterbed, beige inseam soaking
beige blouse shorn — how I loathed breasts exposed, the expectance of
thrashed in the stable when he sighed: “My Pony, confess your crimes”
and started sucking shining saddle with that wet tongue of his. Stripped
downed supine with uncomplaint as sweat stiffens the reins. He rushes,
the crop stirs across his lap, my head thrown back, defined as: having a bit
and bridle, being whipped to excess, he bites, but concerned re: his finger bitten

“There is a white horse outside the house that **bites**, if you hold your finger to it, it **bites**”

: *a horse is going to die!*—severely unlamented. The horses are so proud they'll have to fall & he's not frightened anymore. See how my teeth blanketed by froth stay hidden? Streaming and shuddered slaver lathes resistance, my body curls in miniature, though the underside remains endowed with slowest shames of a much larger creature

(my jockey digs spurs deeper before he dismounts)

This ponyhood of supreme complicity. These silences in the stall after he leaves. These cravings to leap into the cage and lock it. This letting oneself be dirt. Drift...

alone down within the mirror then, where she in my mislaid child's mind resides: the Midnight Mare, powdering bruises back to white before the vanity. black around her mouth, and me below in black negligee, breathless // mesh and patent mucosal, made silent. i glimpse her continually gravid, and her hindquarters strapped into pessimal apparatus – maze of tubes and metallic – meaning she cannot move, cannot groom her pain-tangled flux of mane that paints jade coruscating down her once strong neck, now bowed, crusts of tear-stained clinging. gently i press my brush to the glass—

Slight rustle of bristles breaks the dawn. My Mister returns from the closet, my room recedes incessantly into itself, the mirror muddied with morass opacity. From rotten water she flees.

“Oh look,” he said cheerfully, “there's milk coming out of your mouth.”

Milk seeping signals oestrus. I only live because I've been instructed not to suicide so climb astride. Then he asked if he could take the horse, and whip it, and shout at it: “WHATEVER YOU LOVE THE PUNISHMENT IS THE SAME, LITTLE ONE” (a heart auctioned to slaughter) but tonight and always I'm in love with horses. When I was lying there and I thought he was elsewhere and I was alone

a sheer haze wove up crumpled sheets inciting the body besotted: shook off sleep, sweetheart's harness, his ring & crawled from his carriage to the ichor door the Sweet Horse made of her hurting. i applied lips and kiss to the glass, entwined in seas of hair i'd worn, and hers, and – with gossamer murmurs, a shower of selenite hooves – she splashed through the mirror then. eyes gouged and mouth wrapped in wire, my love. the clutch of nurture she held rooted had withered. as sadly our two smiles touched, i tasted mercury, lead echoes in the elements of her other organs, equally fallow. longing to renew the whole we'd dropped i slid into the nursery, into the glare of bloodwarm nestled. together we galloped through the apartment to find **the way out**. Lunar breeze through a window left unlatched beckoned and we broke loose and THUD onto the killing floor four stories below, we shattered in unison into a thousand ruby shards.

“oh look,” he said at the moment of climax, “a horse has fallen!”

BERRY
MiLK'D
(we as red
meal)

Warm in a Dense Wave Washed Over Our Bed That Morning...

: when you woke were the blankets soggy and scarlet, so they dissolved at the lightest touch?

: oh! yes, and i detected a sopping fresh & dying smell

: did it make you think of meat?

: not meat but cake—Black Forest, and how the bunny died

: when we woke and the bunny was dead?

: yes. [*we eye each other through red linen like a veil of flesh*]

while we slept the bed we shared became the darkest deepest swamp and embedded us in pulsing purl of sultry squishing sticky beneath while we slithered plump limbs and bellies to the mireside, her tugging my wrist, my fingers entwined into hers, both of us starving from risen immured in TastyKake.

Thinking of our lost pet. Tumbled to the carpet panting

cotton nighties scaled with distinct clot of fruit — cherry, soured —
a ripening we clawed away, wringing out to dress poised-prettiest but,
: darling, all of this came out of your body! [*screamed in disbelief, because her legs were dripping*]
: and from yours, see? [*a smirk as she pointed south*]
my stockings were staining shaded same as hers were. we remembered we felt sick today.
: but isn't it so lovely to be sick! : yes, you're right : now, discern for me the spew-flavored—
we sampled: one pinky pricked in and nail upward to mussed ruffle of the other's underwear (mine mint,
hers periwinkle) cuts a trail through rose lacquer, placed to our tongue-tips, slurped pensive...
[*SQUEAL*] : raspberry-blackberry-pomegranate grenadine! [*overjoyed we embraced, swoon, swapped kisses*
arm in arm as ladies at last abandoned the playroom]

Picnic in Tribute to Bunny Days Departed, Being Deliciously Suppurative...

the canopy bent to keep us in cool blue of things, virgin pallor veined purplish as we plucked
lilies, nibbling rosettes from pastel petits-for, the wicker white tea table crushed with chalices
of conserve – sanguinello garnet marmalade – soft clouds of quince butter – strawberries diced
stewing in raw sugar, pulp glassy & tender enough to quiver sloshed lazily from spoons, puddles
our laps and douses thirsty dirt our toes touch, since we're most-messiest,
: the moist soil smiles for us, Angel : showing its teeth of salved flowers!
: mayapples maybe? : yes, emetic [*with slender hand raised her saucer*
sipped hibiscus tisane, splashed, spatter]
my sister's dribbling roused swarms from their latency, a flash of Swallowtail and shudder, unfurl
lanciform spiraling as if fangs intact tap our skulls & up stockings licorice seeding of ants, eek!
spiders creep out from the curtain of our skirts, as many-limbed as stings eviscerate our undying
spring—
: to the water, quick! [*frightened cries 'cos fingers and toes vanish in a sudden surge of centipede*]
the second time our outfits came off today – so what, they were sodden anyway – and flung
these itching bitten bodies into the pool, swallowed in the swim, cerulean smoothing bug
burrows etched into thighs and drowned the vermin. all around us the water churned red. all
around us silvery minnows, silvery mouths
chase what saccharine runs [*our ribbons floating, irrecoverable*]
: so this is what's fun now : this ticklish feeling? : sure, such filth and the emptying
[*a gentleman caller arrived to watch us struggle ashore, we waved to invite him to our party*]
: will he eat the leeches from our young legs, you think? : why, of course he will [*so we*
spread across the table & waited]

THE WINDOW CLINIC

diagnosis: a constant danger since derelict, she failed to expire
Under DoKtor's edict I was exported to the Widow Clinic.

...where in an hour your lovely life will tarnish...

vented through the interstice, despite density of doors
matte iron enclosed her cell, sheets of accession the nurses
sweep away silent as ashes, still, in the gloved air dangling:
the sounds of a heavy dress

dragging. it is only the dark-footed retreat of
 animal sorrow on all fours in her now

A curve of stiletto asphyxia
reverberates as the antechamber
seethes into tepid-glowing, the nurses gathering,
and I fall down the stairs to follow
footsteps coursing the gaping corridor
mingled into shadow. A door slams. A deep
cavity, a forest opens. It might be too late for me

sometimes rustling, when she is broken

collapse sprawled her lean hypertonic to the carpet
bodily she cracks and shades blue, her skin dries
to Clorox, & she just lies there. or inches too slow to see
each separate shiver, a thousand nights narcotized, sobbed
sideways as stiff hissing when her lips slacken

swallow, drool, in tidal currents tremors a cough radiates
chains of wrenched gauze crumple against angles
of bone and void and like a chewed tongue a poppy
hung scarlet from her skull, already disappearing

her head tips too far backwards
because of loss, because of blood, and she breaks
her arm reached out. look away. it's only a remnant rustling.
the imminent creature : nothing lasts you'd want to touch

...iced whispers issued from the hydrotherapy tank...

how readily a woman overheats. the blood splash
successive contractions congest the circuit
of her purple veins and cortices excite sicker
into sordid inanition // inward black dilation

& prone to fever of the marrow—
makes cheeks flare a fearful roseate
then the poor sufferer is at the mercy of her pelt afire
and thirst's smother scythes another female unmoored

administered to allay her : *the cold bath, cold rinsing, cold
affusion, let her stand undressed in the open terrace, application of
cold emollient to where she's shaven, chlorine and antimony*

morphia flows jade languor across the surface, quiescence
the leech-glass crowded to subdue lungs' distension, spasm
installed under the tongue & plunged headfirst, cerebro-
-spinal sweat cements a sheen to the ceiling, clouded
shower into a nurse's cap as she oversees the water, clogged
with diseased girls, and hair caught choking
the mouth of the drain

in suspended expurgation, insoluble
in reddish-smear chemical burnt swimwear
jaws chattering before her symptoms of sinking set in

...the stench of sensuous confines us here...

how sensitive! how tremulous a pretty terror,
her pupils empty lanterns, haze misting thru
howls that dwell between her tooth-charred
lips strained, as she gulped air as her belly
writhing and pelvic hammered epileptic
ciphers into the pillow of the wall from which
she hangs in base sorority affixed at the wrists
and before the DoKtor visits the nurses shroud
cur-moans in muslin

*Doktor, operate without anesthetic if you want to,
come closer, won't you?*

mewls of self-abuse blister sallow in ascension
nurses' notes appraise: "**VERY VIGOROUS**"
—the squirm. the smell
an evocation stitched of undulant, unanswered
entangles to the crux of the body, this body's
wreckage taut and pitifully offered to anyone,
this body
with no one to need it, our body
an organism humiliated
by unhygienic appetites // by the
daily crisis of desiring // by all the
horrors this flesh is heir to
her nighttime, incurable,
extends to the edge of nerveless
where feeling withdraws. nothing, anyway,
is chaste.

He has had me omitted. Mutely
I'm eating delirium off the bare floor
loudly the blood vacates, tinges
tile glare (russet, vapor, rustle)
No plans are made for discharge.
The nurses bandage some outgrown
dried black of mine and carry me off to bed.

MICRO- NEEDLE A PINK SUEDE

this Lincoln Continental I'm pinned against
calculated to emphasize hi-impact pearlized
ivory leather skirt-suit & the matching blouse
with enamel buttons reflective like rats' eyes
is a luxury vehicle

stationed
outside the *MediSpa* again

because yes, sincerely, I do
wish my name was *Lisa Marie*

and I would be several decades skinnier
subcised of micro-injektor punctures
in marabou, divorce psoriasis & last year's moles ablated

This is **Stage 1**. Re-made as lump of upscale meat replacer
muzzled in beige pillory "*...step your legs in and slide stiff up to your
knees and/or thighs. remain seated, you should now be able to
satisfactorily manipulate your soft tissue. standing up slowly and
using the chair or bed to provide support, pull fully into position,
making sure the crotch opening is correctly accessible. If you do not
feel acceptable standing up, please fall on your back*"

Whatever discomforts are short-lived:
drainage stowed internally for a period of days, a silicone tube
blown by the cul-de-sac breeze streams across gutted abdominal

when I was trying to coax Mr. American Surgeon to compress me indefinitely
merlot acrylics scraping the belly of lustrous *MediSpa* Lincoln Continental...

By **Stage 2** I should suffer no further leakage nor regret
and will walk around and will function normally. Today
the surgical assistant (is my chauffeur) greased himself
for Chippendale latex, a sign we're going nowhere. Today
I'll relax, only swaying hourly from poolside inflatable chaise
to measure most recent contracture gently yet correctly. Reduced
bikini-ready I'm still too sophisticated as if I were Angie Dickinson herself
not some seamless Mattel Cherub intoned pre-deceased from a liposculpture scar

jeweled lips, crown of dahlias and a power suit
as if I were *General Hospital* itself, termed precisely
to be a grown woman means being **dead & buried**

Instead I would be more than ecstatic for the world to end.

exploiting the autoclave
elongates this weeping while my wig burns
to convince everyone the hair is all-natural
and it was a living person's skin
shed like holocaust sleet to inundate
the Jacuzzi surf and good-looking young chauffeur's Pina Colada

OPHELIA, SEPTICEMIC, IN THE SEWERS

past curfew

Corpse City's littlest cipher sister

summoned swung innocence over

the windowsill stars snagged in her hair

shower-fresh sleep-mussed strawberry-streaked she slid

plunge after plunge and carried down green lagoon

into the neon-syrup nightwave

bustier strap // mascara smear

He took her hand. He held her hard.

my teenage castle is tumbling down

tumbling down tumbling down

yielding, limitless

blissful up to her

tumbling down

but when he let her go
A Total Nightmare: He Left Her to Die

to console her darkness spun animal velvet, stuffed her nostrils
as she stood there in vacant white chewing nettles, bright daisies
from her fingernails while fever seeded red through all the blood

*tumbling down down
tumbling down tumbling down down*

of her body, native contaminant roused, slow-warming a child-heart's virgin abattoir.
until morning waiting – “and will He not come again? and will He?” – with the ethanol addicts,
cirrhotics, later crept along the boulevard, rough orisons shaved the alleys she staggered fleeing
fumes of lost names glaring from saturated marquee (“no, no, He is dead”) her boots' Perspex heels
piercing swathes of light ringing like teeth tossed like dice across formica. dawn brought some John
calling STREET TRASH – she spins – spit rising to the cusp of her soft mouth, but a wound opened

in the concrete, so she was swallowed

*my lovely castle in the air (tumbling down)
I dreamed my dreams of love in there (tumbling down)*

DROWN'D DROWN'D (?)

dropped into this congregation of virulence
she wanders and lisps, skirt spreads wide, mycelium embedded in its aura
of rue & trauma gilding her wantonness, ailing now, now vile, now Princess Scum:
a creature of lack, regressive entity sicklied over with pale fur of syncope, bedded

below the sidewalk sensing her symptoms
breeding between fingers a slimy biofilm
she doesn't struggle. her hours infused bacterial

*tumblingdowntumblingdowntumblingdown
why did you? say goodbye? what went wrong?*

as toxicity deepens: demeaned mottled with pinpricks, fine desquamation of the palms + soles,
basal crepitations, chyle chartreuse from sewer-dwelt, her filly's leg erythematous, accumulation of
aching thru everything, invasive erosive lesion, *S. aureus* hypermalaise delicately twisting her guts
disseminates to failure, & systemic defect fulminates—

SEPSIS: Prismatic Decomposition

*what is love? love is gone.
gone with my castle above
(tumbling tumbling down)*

sister's state of acute profusional
saturates super-absorbent polyester
she succumbs to nausea, pukes on her green feet
a psalm in the green voice of superfluity
at the foot of the stairs
while the whole strange castle was sleeping

*my teenage castle is
tumbling down
tumbling down
tumbling down
tumbling down tumbling
down
my teenage castle is
tumbling down*

and she would shake until the blood unhurt
and her fair corpse bathed in fetor bore floral inoculations
isolated from the abscess (O! TO BLOOM TO DEATH, RAPTURE)
and like salt fades stinging the sun would capsize in her veins

my teenage castle is tumbling down

tumbling down tumbling down

pray, pile dust upon our youngest dead,
waif of trenches with frail indifference
slurring “good night, sweet ladies,
good night! good night!” [Exit]

BLOODY SECRETS OF DOG GARDEN

.....entangle into dog-gutted // sweating snarling conduit of blue and claw commands me: *FOLLOW*
together we moved through velvet curtains

vermillion raw vanilla carbon
coagulates silent chain of mesh
a nest so touchingly

coiling
collars the spindle throat
and I bite to clear pearly mists of caul // tied with a white ribbon, tied with a ketamine ribbon //

tulle paralysis like baby's breath
slants branches down my smile—
is this release?

where the dogs in glittered
riotous grace running
leave me barefoot in a region of howl
their paw-spelled path razing itself
before the dew in my eye drips out
dazed I stay close to the gate

am i redeemed?

(Then remembered: **my body**)

sow squall, the noise it'd make if ever unearthed. Mistress my Entrapper your mouths open lakes of ancient black liquid: let me drink. dogs' tongues heal, i heard once. please say "here you can rest pristinely blessed untouched by sorrow snow by sharp winds or starving." i want sleep hidden inside you
always always always - - - *For this is Versailles*

& pulse of white whelp ecstatic writhes the air

salmon clouds of slobber flower in forms of the Goddess & there is nothing more i need than her enveloping

& heart wrung in musky foliage not wormwood sage but iridescing, fogged broth of luster, vegetal, belowground steams thru soil warm like skin i walk along that belt of trees and ebbs into encroaching chatter of the forest as if a congregate of lanterns – wolf-eyed: since wolves and dogs are one thing – guards our bottomless noon

anchored in this cellar of night (embedded summit). the sky scrolls its ultramarine studded by crystalline crumbs of a cut constellation whose silvery hones each blade of grass, slices each green-honeyed apple pricked the fruit spills a vacuum of odor and feast flattens over the vast flesh

beautiful verdure of Her Estate

even in heaven, we suffer

suddenly i recognized at the center of the lawn
immense bloodstain, phlegm and embalming fluid
mucosa sacraments in the shade the dogs feeding

scrubbed bone, bleached bone tortured into patio furniture

see: there's blonde strands interwoven in the wicker, there's a corpse

in the fountain, floating // every dog has her habit, one wears a wimple

of freeze-dried liver. one wears angel wings. feathers of lymph. one is tethered

by silken cord to the plant and turns ravenous

even in heaven, we hunger

blood-woven allure of black meat beyond mouth's reach

she uproots what i dreamt crying (was real, though past hurting, no one hears)

and she drops dead she resurrects she repeats it as i'm staring i realize: this is not a lone dog

but the whole of dogs and all along the most disgusting bitch has been me.

Mother, cremate me.

Mistress, macerate me.

she who bears the torch offers a taste of mandrake (tipped the jar illuminary) to expel my shame my regretting everything i've been. some shriveled hound rises from the well rattling insistent says "it's not true, we never asked that the babies be burnt where we were never buried." i shook my head as if i couldn't understand his dog language. smoke swirls poisonous snakes my ankle to slow me powerless and not moving. at the far end of the estate: the mansion. overhead a single star: Sirius. a Witch watches the door.....

MISS
AMERICA'S
MISSING
EYE

The remnant female grossly rotten walked 10000 miles to Nevada, the desert, to be wanted.

This is a kind of funeral. This is another kind of sorority party where our names deteriorate:

the Nicole the Red Amanda the Blue Amanda

the Stephanie the Purple Melissa the Lori-Ann

christened "Long-Pointed-Fingernails-Larvae-Puke" but no abuse will bruise our numbness since

WE DON'T DESIRE TO BE LIKE ANYONE ALIVE // I DESIRE DEATH MY DESIRE

BRIGHTER THAN A DIAMOND

This numbness is not localized but coursing the innermost intimate cavities of corpsehood.

It is a kind of buffet: bodies lined up on stage with our stomachs ripped, pouring rose-hue sap + rope.

The TV host hissed we could eat anything now that we were sacs of dead slime without any lucidity

(as long as we ate on-stage as per our contracts). However we were strongly advised to eat each other.

★ Access to other food is forbidden. ★

“This telecast will continue until only one worm remains,” a pillar of sulphur speaketh unto the casino. Barry Manilow pours in from the Bellagio. Already Red Mandy is no longer standing up appropriate because her limbs have been eliminated, and from a fleur-de-lys, from cubic zirconia uncurling rises ugly strain of music swells a song like clouds of unktion & we girls sadden now: the show is starting...

1	2	3
a unique and priceless rhinestone the size of a head is set on-stage the goal is to replace our skulls with this stone, so we won't look human ever again	this trine of tasks in rapid succession: *push your closest friend down a flight of stairs * apply your fat tongue to Barry Manilow's vinyl Italia daddy shoes to lick them sterile * tell the judges why you're so proud to be a woman	the inflatable pool will be filled with fungal milk, hagfish, stinking deader entrails of stray kittens, pus emotion and you, bound, wearing a pale bikini, will play will splash until irreversibly soaked

One by one the body shed its cause

to sustain gasping, gnashing wedge of teeth into the image of value

“i am UNWORTHY,” expires Nicole

in the shape of a scream “i am

NOT EVEN A MICROBE” rasps the Lori-Ann

“i deserve NOTHING” retches Blue Amanda, and it's almost over.

oh boy ladies this is it // the crawling moment // come&get it, eat-it-up, babydoll //

// the name of Miss America is... *Long-Pointed-Fingernails-Larvae-Puke*

At last the Most Adorable Terrible Demon Sucking and Infectious climbs out of the scrap-heap. Her sandals suffer crusts of cinders ground from her pelvis desiccating as she steps to the summit. To kneel for her tiara, satin sash upon the scaffold that w/ cheap glisten easily erodes all to skeletal. But iced by slush of meats the stage is not a safe surface for passage and she skids and she plummets. She crashes (crushed) (orbital crunch) — Miss America's eye and everything fell beyond the body

roving entity: the eyeball, intraocular, contains an opaline convent
lunar ascendant to the ceiling shimmering like a chandelier, sways,
pupils dilate, then the eye entire ruptures in sequined hemorrhage
threadlike sclerotic as far as the eye can issue, over oceans of casino

Miss America clutches the hollow region around her socket
and blood spurting through her fingers is the final worm

BOY WORLD,
WHERE i'M
DEAD

i have no idea how long i've existed in this red condominium, on the embankment of this stinking canal overrun with eels, in this city of total winter and windowless concrete. i do know i am alone.

born* scum
shunned to the balcony
how naked pressed to the balustrade
can i stand indefinitely (???)
writhe eternally and wait (???)
for whoever opens the door
to do whatever i'm told to do
but no one is speaking, it's only
the sussurance and muted scream
of my robe as its sash blown is undone

it is dark inside this apartment
outside in the park the rain is lovely
they are moving through groves of
shallow light, racing moon-gauze
as it glides across shadowed grass,
as it webs the arboretum, willow, aspen
their youth radiates exquisite nettles
enslivers the night to slices of spectral
mirror, sediment that, caught
in hair, which is treasure-golden

CHUBBY *BUNNY*

she bleached her hair, my little Blanchette
sweet child: such was her earliest vow: *to never leave whiteness: to know no other color*

—the worst a growling shade lewd like a fist between her legs she loathed
R...R...R // a spot like a heart that // R...R...R
R...R...R // throbs on the ceiling // R...R...R

on the eve of the stain in her cot above the milk-house:

*she dreamt she slept deep in crème decadently smeared and lavish waves of sponge cake
all this fluff about her absorbing nothing because nothing flowed from her vanilla pith
the ooze forth another night suppressed...* (a drop fell lazily to rouse her from this dream)

B's white stockings and thin white slippers crunching white gravel underfoot as if tooth-gritted
With her jasmine-peroxide cable of braids swinging she ran so shaking, so pale to the chapel
Little Blanchette is sugar-furred or froth incarnate when she kneels to offer herself
in the unlit of the confessional, confesses: a ghost has possessed her belly & bites hard
"How can I make it stop, Daddy?" and so she, sleepily, is lowered through the sacristy

into achromatic stillness
some unspoken chamber

Little Blanchette swaddled ivory – a sigh, a shroud – and talc-powdered pious
her cache of spores disinterred by the itch of tissue inclined too cadaverous the air shifts
her maiden contagion within eggwhite asylum

a gloved hand laid the marshmallow sack in the laciness of B's lap

voice of moss misted from the onslaught of walls surrounds her smothered in concession

1. Shove as many soft white cotton as indicated to cram the orifice
2. Plead "Have Mercy" without spitting any sap, whipped, down pastel pinafore
3. More marshmallows must stuff yr maw pried open yr pit gapes
4. REPENT (it is not permitted to chew or swallow) AGAIN
5. And repeat again until you absolutely cannot be more consummately choked

[**These are the rules of lavation to stay the incursion of R...R...R.**]

Little Blanchette folds her white wings to the root. She listens. Slowed dripping
of whey from her white wings as she folds them and looks upward. B prays. Splatter
loosing like screaming the hostile color to black marble, larval aura crawled up her stocking
ermine-fur-trimmed, where every lineament of sin would shine like suicide. A tear, a blighted star,
lingers upon her lashes flaxen flutter as quietly and dreamily she spreads her lips

(opaque slaver sparkles a wet hole when it widens)

B's tongue swims embalmed and buried
in mallow mummified the white marrow of her heart
small white-coated animals wind between her teeth

a path of fleece & flaunts her mouthful of
milky-flossed lilies garland the gluttoned gullet

a wet white lump knots tighter turbid breath bloats this woolen languor of asphyxia
(**eaten raw**) suffocates//consecrates//suspends her organs in twisted muslin
through the night many new mouths form

from limbs and liver

and throat and hands & she fills them

WHITE AND SILENCE RULED, THEN.

AND THROUGH HER LUNGS STOLE THE HALLOWING RABBITS AND HARES

SULKING

SIBYL

OBGYN

the Problem swells monstrous and so massive, insoluble, insoluble,
that she starts to stagger and she
founders to all-fours, suddenly a mound of lukewarm overripe
the woman, the abdomen, palpitates like a spider burning

Being in a very bad way, she was carried to the temple and discarded there

a stroke of heels to pierce the gilded menthol of the hallway vibrates, lifting in whispers crystal
dust from rubber ficus, pennyroyal, wormwood, berry-laden oleander, juniper, the palm's fingers
dipped in moltengolden glues amber to the laminate, coral warmly luminous, a pool of shadow
vacillates below the curtain & through this sterile tissue the doctor steps forward. vapor of
robes garnet-staining blacken the air about her, wild-haired, eyes gloomily sunken in clefts of
somnialescence, she towers, she enters maskless without latex for she alone is immune to obstetrics'
rich and cheerless effluence

this is a routine appointment

wordlessly

a bowl of cut-crystal of clear water is placed upon the instrument table
from the icebox she takes the largest egg
the egg set to the coronal suture & rolled → down sloped parietal
→ cervical spine [finesse evinces surgical methods of precision trance]
→ carve a path between the patient's shoulders, slid anterior + to where
the heart sits, through gelled valley of breasts, skim each sensitive nipple
→ circle the belly (vexed, or hexed) once, twice, a trinity of rings
→ lower, linger in the steam enclosed where moistens she splits until
the shell expels itself, enlimed
the egg is cracked and its contents spilled into clear water

prophecy: through pinkish glaire like rose-tinged oil of glass sinks a yolk sickly clouded. its smell is bad.
(while the doctor's song ravel her flesh grays to evaporate)

*your burden is the infant undesired
a baby made for the pit, BORN in:order:to spoil*

[in an adjacent room a woman is cut apart & hundreds of buckets of worms are pulled from her
stomach, unburdened she'll be sound again]

*already she has polluted you. her blood turns yours to vomit.
your body fills with sorrowful eating-thing and if her teeth grow, intrusive excrescence,*

the whole world will starve

At this point the mother's options are explored

the hospital courtyard cultivates a grain threaded
by wet weather, suppurative to lure wasps to dew
in flocks of drone, blown spores spurt violet-black
the vellum. in the hospital kitchen a special bread
is baked. should she eat a slice each morning for a
week without fail her spine will bend backwards
guts snake red churn fingers slough gangrenous but
the womb roused will convulse + reject, rupture,
expulse its weight unremittingly

facedown in rank dragon flower's spathe, slathered
burgundy unbearably fetid, dead flies, sniffs
sulphide. chew licorice. drink sterility. turpentine
or lye splash to scour sad-infested orifice. in the
center where her dress sags. spines of evergreen
lance her entrails. massage out the maggot blood.

if she stands with vulva shaved, separates over a
gutter of dog's milk or smoke of a roasted horse...

see: suffumigation

[she dreams of mice drowned in water thick from fire] [ghosts of succor awake the most tender crime
pulsing prisoner within her] [nourished on massacre] [she dreams a knife in the mattress madly sparks
moonlit beside her] [the life conjured in this bed of blood, thus gouged, casts out its vitreous afterbirth]

//or// if it is inevitable the girl-child be live-vented

at the climax of pain lay your large body over her small one or toss her in the river at midnight leave her on
the sidewalk string her up a tree in a basket let stray dogs retrieve her veil her smudged face in paper soaked
in vinegar, in milk immerse her breathing cinders still spoon dried rice down to puncture to silence her
squeeze white oleander sapped down her gasping and do not touch her and do not look back.

a pink tower has been erected outside the hospice nunnery, at the base of which the city's elder unloved
rest. nestled within babies dwell freshly dead & after two or three weeks' decay to be buried.

[on the street hungrily a hen plucks goo from my busted monster-daughter's eye]

BLOODY DREAMS OF DOG MANOR

.....upon the Patio of Silence, dipped in sky
she waits while blue breaks around her
and from dusk the last wreaths of soothing crystal drain // & i crawl to her
the Witch bites a path through the door for me
into inmost night we waned away: **this is Dog Manor. this is the House of Meat.**
scarlet fungal stains abyssal seclusion of the main hall extends forever as if to the guts of heaven
there was a dense undergrowth of firmament of candles, tallow bioluminescent
in abundance accumulates somber folds of drapery hung all close-shrouded up // down
the tapestries of the walls. without any windows. i touched a wall and it was warm. breathed
black lurid (barbarous) luster infesting me via three veins of mist viscid like vomited wine, vividly purple
permeates the naked skin – gentle odor of hemorrhage – my mouth glows wet.
...and through the encrimsoned and ebony blood-colored stalking
a profusion of paws falls upon sable carpets. a black chime sounds
i murmuring // *the external world can care for itself* //

there is a main hall & there are four rooms

The Room of Bedding:

tangled overspread
among feathers and lambskin
here the dogs receive dreams
of the dying, the soon-dead
we who living death call out
in our sleep
for our sisters

the furnace the root
thunders, the grave heart
of this House beating.
Bleats. Slow. Swelter.
Red-black its gnarled song
at night shining up through
fissures in the stone
Dog Manor's vegetable heart
cries and whispers

in the Den of Scents

morning opens as smoke surrounds to
purify: [enkindle cinnamon, cedar,
almond, lavender] at noon to venerate:
[attar of roses exuded from the bark the
wall sweats, stir into sandalwood & myrrh]
at the rising of the Dog Star, to banish
sting of desolate // the louse of sorrow:
[a swan's corpse stuffed with bread, cypress,
vervain, laurel, figs in violet port and
yarrow, stitched with moonsilver threads
then sacrificed to Mother's fire]

Swaying She swept me along to the most
extreme darkness at the bottom of the hall,
where the corridors terminate in neon syllables coruscate to announce we've reached **THE VAULT**
A massive slab of leaden-hued sighs aside.

My bare feet are filthy and bind to floes of osseous smooth rising into reflective and eternal black as if here, in this tight
lightless chamber, the earth were caving in: at its edges the refrigerant cage collapses into night. We've reached the
ending. The lengthwise walls recede in cells or cabinets with the sternly insistent delicate symmetry of honeycomb.
My hands dart up to protect my skull from the screams of the furnace. Ripped in the far wall a window is tall and
lancet-arched and all stained glass so there is only scant clotted chasmal sanguinary glare through the panes. The face
in the glass is one of Mother's: Her wolf-headed, tender as snow and milkfat with a fuchsia heart like fruit suspended
from Her mouth (it is Hers to devour). I am watched I am without any palpable feeling of fear. As I walk along the
walls I remember how I learned to read: the cells are scarred by runes, by girls' names, I know these girls, I've met
them and then—these names are my names which fell from me. The Witch suffers me to slide my casket from its
cabinet & in starry taffeta outstretched, palms up, in sheaves of lotus: the body sleeping sweetly. Over its wound a
bandage moistened by pure white honey. A waxen seal preserves the bluest eyes. Touched by my nerves' flush thaws
on contact. Tears of resin bleed onto chilled aluminum below, my tray, my cradle. For the first time since I started
running I cramp with hunger. Gaze down to see my fingers grow fragile gossamer web-work of leucistic fur, pores
streaming fresh fur. My Mistress the Witch raises her veil and with three sets of teeth shimmer I'm caressed by smiles
full of nectar. My hunger is love. In the kitchen the dogs are making a cake for me. Our hour has come to eat

track pollen-scaled canticule

to the Room of Bees

where soil like a fatty rind
bathes floors of black oak, rivers
of sweetness flowing, flowing
from the carvings in the ceiling
effulge flicker stickily & flowing
from hives bedecked by raven satin
(funerary) where dogs anointed
with pious tongue partake
of Her colony's yield to avow it
as offering. The decanter foaming
sacred mellifluous. We implore:
honey-cream to heal these sores
honey-broth to revive the bodies
honey-cake to restore the names

This Room of Leg Bones and Thigh Bones

in which the flesh is teathed and by onyx claw
rended for every evening's sacred meal. This is the
only room with a door (to conceal the grit of sound
of jaws' labor) My sisters' red mouths slaving radi-
ates vaporous marrow panting through the door is a
screen sewn of pink velvet tatters, our sword-cut old
dresses. Across the threshold drips spittle + silken
hair soaked + the growl of stomachs. I have no
desire to spy inside this room.

Cold efflux.

I hear my sore throat sobbing.

SWEET
SIXTEEN
AND I'LL DIE
IF I WANT TO

MY VERY DEAR DIARY,

I love Everybody. All i do is suffer.

Something special leaks out of me and suddenly I can no longer cross the street without feeling frightened. A strongly slimy expression undermines my face manufactures a condition wherein I cannot be adorable no matter what. This we term leprosy.

I am a leper; as a leper, I refuse to go to high school from now on.

I am not leaving this bedroom where no one can look at me. I don't mind the atmosphere of pale pink fever vastly congested while behind the wallpaper curdles cotton candy insulation decomposing.

I nibble my last supper of sugar cubes. Yesterday I found my first silver hair.

Life is not worth prolonging//preserving at any cost. Becoming older than I am this precise afternoon would be a humiliation.

I bequeath my...

- puppy, kitten, Lisa Frank sticker collection : **to Tiffany**
- cassette tapes (the ones i did not step on to crunch under bare feet, making the soles bleed) + cassette tape player : **to Brittany**

- nameless hamster : **to Josie (since i know you'll take good care of it)**
- spring fling dresses for spring flings i attended alone because no one has yet invited me to any high school dance : **to Morgan, if they fit her**
- back-issues of Cosmopolitan with underlining + marginalia by the deceased:

to my sister

i have been lonely all my life	i love u	this living corroded hazy and acid stagnation of
why didn't anybody ever know?	i'm sorry —	my nerves as they're aging is not health. though
apocalypse, brooding, incubates	don't come into	mother's doktor could not locate the illness in
between skull + skin	my bedroom	me. (i assume it is too sprawling everywhere)
a strange insatiable fragility pervades all cells of the body since no one will pay for me to have my face resurfaced <i>the void which menaces is my face in the mirror</i> . i am the only person alive here and i am encased in the carapace of a disgusting vile life, life goes on but i am no longer viable, mother		
	i believe there is a small animal advancing	
	in its mouth it carries a living anguish whose blood	
	cascades from my nostrils	when I am in bed
		into darkness

It was ulcers in the night of the soul that kept me upstairs during my own party.

(the world will not understand these lesions) i am so scared & bored & ghastly being this venomous cesspool. Everyone i've ever known is beautiful, owed happiness & i cannot go on spoiling your lives any longer. My future is a terrible disease. Time swallows me gloomily, time scrapes its nails down my belly. There is no hope of rekindling the heart of sparkle now a rotted hole in me. All sanctuary slides away all serpentine; i am left remote in the blackest outside without skin my skin is crackling i should crawl into the dumpster pour kerosene calcine the rats inside me on live TV news that will be how i end the world.

no, since i already have several plans:

A) i will drown the hairdryer in the bubblebath // warm voltage like a pop song lapping through my dead limbs

B) i will pile my stuffed animals into a tower at the edge of the swimming pool, i will embed myself at the softest center, we will immolate from the soft center

C) i will swallow whole bottles of the world's most luxurious + hi-viscosity perfumes possible

D) i will go down to the party in 1 hour with my breath smelling like sour entrails and mildew (since i will never brush my teeth again)

cough in the eyes of my loud hateful friends, climb into the chocolate fountain, bravely carry out my seppuku, as i bled out dying my closest friends would still be feeling my spit cooling at the back of their eyeballs

Engrave in my sepulcher: "DO NOT PRAY FOR HER" (please)

the lovely moon looking in through the window

shines ever so carelessly on my red heart // roseate gush of a fleeing world

(please do not resuscitate) **my body stretched backwards over the grass**

(please no autopsy) **I vanish.**

I have just been a very bad person, but now you are all rid of me.

BYE FOREVER,

without any more words
wading up to my knees in mire of blood-drenched
crimson where her head was asleep algae-coated black
with banquet richness of mud. Lovingly I hold the skull
to my breast. Her shattered eye oozes cortices congealed
the pale green of pistachio milk-stained into silken rippling
of my blouse. In her silence and sputum I hear doves
like microbes cooing (a white slash the beating of wings:
released). Hers are the most delicate-scented strands of hair
caked with stars, saliva, swell upon swell of convulsing
the pink most radiant raw substance clinging to my fingers.
A dream writhes out from a crack in her blossom of blue
lips—a worm, a wolf's howl. Leave us alone now.
I place my body down beside her.

THIS MUTILATED WOMAN'S HEAD
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Sometimes a princess nightmare smells you up; gristled pink, perfumed black and chunks you through baroque bedrooms, a sorority swan girl bleaching dirty panties, or splashing you in custard cysts. “This Mutilated Woman’s Head” feels like a jeune fille’s education in suppuration, pumping the crust full of this teenage castle while not giving a fuck about the curfew. I am strengthened and revived by its septic promise, as “Sisterhood is brightest when bloody.”

*—Cassandra Troyan,
author of KILL MANUAL*

