

*from* FIRST HEAT

All of my favorite fairytales start with someone's head falling off and lips sprouting elsewhere. Are you trapped to death by your own folds? I feel myself spilling over, and over, and my nipples are like cones and touch my thighs. Yesterday, at work, a dog bit my breast. This is the goal of translation. After the dog bit my breast she became pregnant, but never gave birth.

When the groom is about to cum, it is very important to act repulsed. This is what we are taught at Camp Mystic (a church camp in West Texas). This is the specific moment in his life that will bring him closer to god.

I am charmed by the groom's roundness, although our bodies are very similar—I pour liquor in all the wrong places too. This is a service rendered, think about venality, think about jewels every time you devour a Chambermaid. If you recognize the Big Baby, you will see her in the old Lecher and you will see her in the advert of Dorothy Sayers' lost novels  
I'm blistering somewhere  
discretion has been lost—this poem—secretly abducted.

When a poor child enters their first heat, they mate with whatever is at hand. They fill themselves into obliteration, as humans we have forgotten what it means to be frustrated  
this generation is *so lost*  
the Chambermaid and the Big Baby tell me so.

We will stone the old Lecher to death.

He took off his skin and his skin took off him. It kissed him, "I'll get you hard." The skin shirt had such a little mouth and it widened until it contained all of us.

Saint Anthony of Padua selected me to take in hand the old Lecher's death. He died suddenly in the night while we were in containment. I cut my breast

one must always tell the truth, molecular saw dust leaked out, and I couldn't feed my children and the skin shirt that contained all of us closed its mouth

and we were contained, embryonic,

but we weren't born again.

My kidney is a masochist, I like to admire the roses on my belly, it would indeed be a compliment if someone shaved off all my hair and put it in a jar. That would be, what we call in the business, a real intimate moment. All of us, the Chambermaid, the old Lecher, and the embryos refuse to say anything about our beginnings in this new beginning. Even though the old Lecher has dough sticking out of his nostrils, even though he barely levitates, he still strikes us all as dangerous. I am charmed by roundness. I inject milk into my veins in order to emulate

I'm still starving, but I'm getting rounder, a yellow towel shrieks in the distance and my feet fall off, or no, they only become hidden from me. I am stuck in the ekphrastic position. I snarl in the language of a billion missing crabs. I am chucked into the pit with the other dead and I'm fine with it.

I am revolted by your dog,  
I lick the bones off the floor, my nose is clogged with centuries of leisure  
eyes mellowing into pus into a state of birth into a state of holy disclosure, the Chambermaid  
has bidden me farewell. She will escape this plane of existence, she hates me but offers to dry  
my tears anyway. She won't tell me my archetype  
There are neurons in my ears and they are mildewing, I have blasted so many loveless love  
songs through the cortex, I can no longer cope with a thought.

When we eat food, in the videos, the pornographer always changes it to semen.  
I am tired of finding myself unrecognizable in film. My fingers are leadened with the  
responsibility of murdering the old Lechers. I cannot play songs, without their bones breaking!  
Take heart! I long for a death that only boredom can grant us! They have discovered we are not  
like them on the other side of the world and annihilation is coming  
any moment now.