

*Like How Children Draw Limbs On The Inside*

On the edge inhalations gentle and craving Torn wings the hanging cheek-skin of plane wreck victims and a kitten-soft fist clenching a broken Sambuca bottle punching my heart Black noise and white silence In the corner a bored child pulls a bunnies brain from its nose with a paper clip In his left hand a pair of bloodied secateurs A Bush Stone Curlew saint of the new pastoralists screams in a grotesque pose amputated leg sticking from its anus A bloated vile man who openly despises the erudite flogs himself beneath a burning melaleuca A rotting train car made from aborted dreams crashes through the supermarket wall A thousand hunger-striking refugees mouths sewn with tampon strings mince among the screams of metal bending in unplanned directions Palace of sad towers Field of bleeding LCDs Nightflowers luring moths Carnal ephemera The dark ejaculate of laughing monks Exhalations

Autorité! pfft . . . Vous avez pas le pouvoir

Her eyes like a horse killing an ostrich She has torn open her own abdomen She holds aloft her stuffing guts and lingerie catalogues She puts down her poodle One swift stomp on his neck A sound like punching a pillowcase filled with Christmas wrapping and fetal guinea pigs The shadows here have darker edges they bleed into the sinks of cheap hotels John removes his greasy suit Folds it but then throws it at her John scratches the eczema on his inner thighs cold unfeeling and useless as phonebooks Unfolds four mantis arms dips them into her wound molests intestines Infects

Come in! Come in from the cold Warm your toes let me take your wet clothes and fix you tea Sister what horrors what wonders What did you see? She rapes puppies with the femur of a swan Masturbates while watching security cam footage of murders on liveleak, studies for profession of banker defacto emperor maggot in the salad

A long silver girl waltzes on the sidewalk From where I lay beneath the table I can see an envelope stuck to her bum It reads To Consequence and To Dignity often thieved by Circumstance

Talking to you for so long on facebook messenger when we took our bodies down to the bar I found myself surprised Your voice does not sound like my voice Your smile curls nothing like the emoticon Your nominal non-verbal communication tasted like hyacinths and the menstrual blood of wombats I stroked your cheek in the dark and found it Alsatian We shall never come in from the cold The fungus aroma of decaying sperm on a moldy carpet

Her again! The detritus of stars and chance life force fenced in bones spread eagled on the pavement in homeless clothes Dead moon orbiting café tables. Not me, don't fucking blame me, you arseholes taught me a history which haunts me, the systematic slaughter of humans by humans. Because now I want to disavow myself of any human instinct you get upset? Filth bipedal swine horrible beasts wastes of space scumbuckets fly larvae insane animals pusbuckets Traditional antithesis of mammalian politics when time to do the dishes