

The same finger that lingered inside my ass all afternoon flips you off as you leave. The flowers look the same they did a year ago before I had even noticed let alone photographed them. Sticky that fridge. Lick the chocolateful spoon as clean as new. What would you put at the very top of your Maslow's pyramid ? I was in the bath yesterday when I realised I would not even put myself.

Getting all kissy-feely finally
concurrent-thinking life would be beautiful without my fingers

On all fours creeping up the stairs

in dire need of iron

the soft animal of my body being squashed between your breasts on which you won't let me suck and the weight of guilt making me slide down the couch supine attempting to expand each muscle each vertebra of the spine

The princess in her castle. The stones in her kidney.

This is how every end began : your annoyance at my laughter. The sound of my feet on the floor. Night light

managing to peek through curtains that are nor yours nor mine. Starved and bed-bound

the next person I eat

I am going to consume whole –swallowing included.

Morning light. Here you are writing about birds. Caring about birds more than they care about themselves. When was the last time you found me beautiful ? The princess limps. Her springiness could kill her any day.

YOU CANNOT SIMULTANEOUSLY BE A MOTHER
AND A LOVER.

So many keys in such a small pocket. Kiss and kiss and
here it is
rising as if from the dead.

[I go home with you. I go home to you.]

– Oh no! My stepbrother is stuck under the cabinet !
(laughs) [...] Je suis désolé mais il faut vraiment que je
te prenne en photo.

– Au point où on en est...

– What do you mean ?

– Bah y'a ma queue sur ton site.

– Dit comme ça.

(takes out the jetable)

– Je dois cambrer ?

– Oui. *(pas besoin de cambrer davantage c'est déjà
parfait comme ça)*

cambre

– Attends je cadre.

cadre

flash

– Ça te fait quoi de walk around dailily en sachant que
y'a ta queue sur le site de quelqu'un ?

– C'est ni négatif ni positif. C'est pas méchant mais... je
me dis que pas grand monde a du voir la photo, vu que
tu fais aucune promo de ton site.

(nervous laugh, stuff I'm best at)

– Fair. *(what a weird way of loving me)*

Morning again. Here you are writing about birds. Who gives a fuck about birds. I'm starving. Everybody's reading and I'm looking out the window starving and finding things to write for people to read. How many of them read the word "bird" in the last hour, I wonder. What happens if the mouse gets tired of being hunted and refuses to chase back. If the birds care about being found beautiful. When was the last time you called me beautiful.

No hot glue, no tape, no fixing. Let it rip wide open, all ripe and wrong.

[You take me home. I take myself home.]

I google *two month-long hematuria* while your hands tighten around my waist. You call me *a bitch in heat* but you are the one fucking all the way into me so I would say it is pretty fair-

—

Le truc avec le casque c'est que tu ne peux pas reposer ta tête sur l'épaule de quelqu'un librement, il faut soit l'incliner de sorte à investir le haut de l'épaule, soit se tordre la nuque jusqu'à ce que le nez soit presque dans l'aisselle de l'autre. Moi je choisis toujours l'aisselle, [...]

On court, je t'aime, je t'aime vraiment très fort, je te le dis plus assez, je t'aime, on court, tu sues, on sue, il fait chaud, l'AC du TER fait la timide, coup de soleil sur tes

pommettes, j'avais oublié, j'ai presque eu le temps
d'oublier,

delicious unwashed cherries, careful with the Japanese
knife, making you read me, mad at the birds just for
singing,

The cherry tomato squirts in the palm of my hand. You
make me read you. It is good. You are so good.