

An old woman lets me in, makes me sit on the couch by the fireplace. An almost-boiling-water-filled aquarium on the floor, in which a huge lobster takes up the entirety of the space. The voiceover starts speaking. *Mother Octopus is signaling today is not a good day.* I turn to the old woman, frowning, confused as to why Mr. Voice is calling the lobster an octopus. *She chooses to hatch soon.* Mother Lobster-Octopus starts pushing, her eyes almost coming out of her blood-red body, the energy she uses to do so making the water come to a boil. Dozens of tiny lobsters come out of her pores. They stay still, staring at me; and though barely visible through the air bubbles, the scene is disgusting.

I wake up. If I had a name, if I hadn't, I wouldn't know. My throat is sore. The bathroom leak has worsened overnight. I am going to want you today.

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Have you tried lavender coffee, have you tried orange blossom coffee, how do you know you're attracted to somebody, how do you instantly know they're going to change your life, what is your mother's name, how does she know about Mar Charbel? oh you are gluten free, I didn't know swollen gums could be a PMS symptom, were the missing suture pliers found, are you a lesbian or do you love everyone? I don't need to act on my freedom, I just need the certainty of it, could we order the Earl Grey again? it's my wife who makes all my

jewellery, yes for real, isn't it beautiful yes this flower,  
have you seen that video about colour disappearing  
from public spaces, furniture, cars, clothing? I'm quite  
skilled in mosquito murdering, do you think we're  
doomed,

\*

meticulously dreaming yet again, reimagining the bath  
scene where you held me like a womb and touched me  
like a whore,  
in a room waterless and full of computers,  
I'm doomed,  
we're getting donuts,  
do you find me beautiful at all? when was the last time  
you found me beautiful?

Humble torture, leaving the bed where you remain so  
naked and I face the horrors of continuous printing and  
smiling,

truffle talk, mono'd and finely fingered,  
all things sweet and smooth swallowed gracelessly,  
tourniqueting myself with the bright blue Ikea bag heavy  
of all light clues corroborating you may think of me when  
I am not there *shocker*  
wine drunk fantasising daily torture  
heart beating in the elbow juncture

and then  
tea bag having the swim of a lifetime

and then

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what did your impeccable music taste leave behind ?  
Shiny traces in the mud. Proof it was once good. And  
when we run into each other someday again at Jenny  
Hval's, Dijon's, Active Child's  
and I have to hide and pretend you never watched me  
sleep cheek pressed onto your car seat headrest and  
squeezed my thigh and try to forget you ever watched  
me sleep cheek pressed onto your car seat headrest  
squeezed my th

igh was it ever  
good or are we easier to swallow than the concept of  
loving somebody for years only for them to do  
what you did to me?

Writing keeps me miserable, sure. But how to cease the  
only thing that continues all else? would I rather be  
miserable or annihilated? I don't know

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how to say that I want you to want to fuck me because I  
want my body to be something else than a failure.  
Thank you, thank you for asking about my day, I am  
learning to answer, and I am learning to leave, and I will  
someday, but in the meantime

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baby: another year around the sun throwing peanuts to  
crows cooking meals in your all-green kitchen  
magical-thinking smell-hallucinating doing so good doing  
so good my love what a thrill the certainty of you  
to be had by you

who loves all of my blues all of my beer-induced  
silences all of my inadequate smiles

*You are a blessing, you say.*

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And Jenny sings

*You must be disgusted /*

*But I need to keep writing*

*because /*

*Everything else is death...*