

LUSTMORD

I SWIM IN HER AS SHE QUIETS.

I SINK ON HER.

I SING HER A SONG ABOUT US.

I STEP ON HER HANDS.

I SPLAY HER FINGERS.

SHE ROOTS WITH HER BLUNT FACE.

SHE HUNTS ME WITH HER MOUTH.

SHE HAS THREE COLORS IN HER EYES.

I BITE HER CLOSED AGAIN.

I AM NEAR HER MILK.

I TELL HER TO SOAP HERSELF.

SHE TIGHTENS AND I HIT HER.

I WASH HER OUT.

I WATCH HER WHILE SHE THINKS ABOUT ME.

HER SALIVA RUNS WHEN SHE SLEEPS.

I HOOK HER SPINE.

SHE HAS A URINE SMELL.

HER SWALLOW REFLEX IS GONE.

HER HEAD EXPLODES IN THE FIRE.

HER BREASTS ARE ALL NIPPLE.

SHE ACTS LIKE AN ANIMAL LEFT FOR COOKING.

I FIND HER SQUATTING ON HER HEELS AND THIS OPENS HER SO

I CAN GET HER FROM BELOW.

I TAKE HER FACE WITH ITS FINE HAIRS. I POSITION HER MOUTH.

I WANT TO FUCK HER WHERE SHE HAS TOO MUCH HAIR.

I HOOK MY CHIN OVER HER SHOULDER. NOW THAT SHE IS STILL I CAN CONCENTRATE.

SHE HAS NO TASTE LEFT TO HER AND THIS MAKES IT EASIER FOR ME.

THE COLOR OF HER WHERE SHE IS INSIDE OUT IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME KILL HER.

I AM AWAKE IN THE PLACE WHERE WOMEN DIE.

THE BIRD TURNS ITS HEAD AND LOOKS WITH ONE EYE WHEN YOU ENTER.

MY BREASTS ARE SO SWOLLEN THAT I BITE THEM.

YOUR AWFUL LANGUAGE IS IN THE AIR BY MY HEAD.

I DO NOT LIKE TO WALK BECAUSE I FEEL IT BETWEEN MY LEGS.

HAIR IS STUCK INSIDE ME.

MY NOSE BROKE IN THE GRASS. MY EYES ARE SORE FROM MOVING AGAINST YOUR PALM.

I HAVE THE BLOOD JELLY.

WITH YOU INSIDE ME COMES THE KNOWLEDGE OF MY DEATH.

YOU HAVE SKIN IN YOUR MOUTH. YOU LICK ME STUPIDLY.

YOU CONFUSE ME WITH SOMETHING THAT IS IN YOU. I WILL NOT PREDICT HOW YOU WANT TO USE ME.

I FEEL YOUR SHOULDER BONE UNDER MY HAND AND I KNOW WHAT WILL COME TO YOU.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND IT DOES ME NO GOOD AT ALL.

I TRY TO EXCITE MYSELF SO I STAY CRAZY.

WHAT IS LEFT ON THE BLANKET IS CLEAR AND THE COLOR OF HELL.

I WANT TO LIE DOWN BESIDE HER. I HAVE NOT SINCE I WAS A CHILD. I WILL BE COVERED BY WHAT HAS COME FROM HER.

SHE BEGINS TO MAKE MISTAKES IN HER LANGUAGE AND I CORRECT HER THE WAY SHE TAUGHT ME.

I FIND HER TOWELS SHOVED IN TIGHT SPOTS. I TAKE THEM TO BURN ALTHOUGH I FEAR TOUCHING HER THINGS.

SHE ASKS ME TO SLEEP IN THE HOUSE BUT I WILL NOT WITH HER NEW BODY AND ITS NOISE.

SHE SMILES AT ME BECAUSE SHE IMAGINES I CAN HELP HER.

SHE COUGHS THE MOUTH STRINGS.

I WANT TO BRUSH HER HAIR BUT THE SMELL OF HER MAKES ME CROSS THE ROOM. I HELD MY BREATH AS LONG AS I COULD. I KNOW I DISAPPOINT HER.

SHE STARTED RUNNING WHEN EVERYTHING BEGAN POURING FROM HER BECAUSE SHE DID NOT WANT TO BE SEEN.

SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR IN MY ROOM. SHE TRIED TO BE CLEAN WHEN SHE DIED BUT SHE WAS NOT. I SEE HER TRAIL.

HER GORE IS IN A BALL OF CLEANING RAGS. I CARRY OUT THE DAMPNES LEFT FROM MY MOTHER. I RETURN TO HIDE HER JEWELRY.

THE BLACK SPECKS INSIDE MY EYES FLOAT ON HER BODY. I WATCH THEM WHILE I THINK ABOUT HER.

I WANT TO SUCK ON HER TO MAKE HER RESPOND.

I WALK OUTSIDE TO THE PATH AND SEE THE PLANTS UNMARKED BY HER DYING.

SHE IS NARROW AND FLAT IN THE BLUE SACK AND I STAND WHEN THEY LIFT HER.