

INSERT SOME NARRATIVE HERE:

Something satisfying, concrete, something, words with a beginning middle end^{eleven}, words with a point, that make sense, that explain. I'd have to make something up and I'm too tired from the outspill of bodymemory upon the bedsheets the page splattering the walls seeping into the bathwater as it must, as it does.

Just rest child, let me tell you a story^{twelve}. There are plenty pretty written and you can just fade and fade and rest.

Let your story come out as it must, in gasps, in waves,
in spurts, in dribbles^{thirteen}

*dermur murmurmu dermurmurmu murdermur mur dermur murmurmu
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mur dermurmurmu murdermur*

where have all of the pajamas gone? all of the small soiled girls in all of the sweet sweet pajamas¹⁴.

* precision is the key. Slide inside heart not so delicately. Long and lean.

** beautiful bleeding here upon faded pinkblue comforter wal-mart like comforters

(last night I dreamt of evil in stages, black, then a harsher deep blue)

*** I freeze him, kill kill, he deserves it, I do not, I believe at the time this is for mom, for mom only.

**** haha

**** putridly sweet, not cloyingly that comes later in the warm honey fields

***** ahhh here we are cloyingly sweet honeyfields, DRENCHED, YES! DRENCHED in honey

***** demure murmur murder

***** NOW THERE'S BEAUTY. YES, GROUPS, GANGS OF KILLER GIRLS, KILLER GIRLDOGS, LETS G'NASH'EM. NOW.

***** how does greeny differ from green? Greeny is runnier, a younger, more childish snot. In throat, we know the taste of that. Mix with blood = pretty nice incest murderous

***** always resides in bodymemory. In under skin in under bone.

eleven this spirals in no particular direction, like everything, I believe the reality of beginning middle ends do not exist only spirals nowhere which is everywhere at once causing disappearing acts.

twelve how about alice? Is there a childrens story out there void of trauma of dissociation? Probably but that's all I see.

thirteen murmur + scream bloody hell, (dribble wetwarm down chin)

14 oh all the poor poor girls, they're coming back to get you that's where.