

## Murder

*kim dawn*

*Voici l'histoire quelque peu fragmentée du plan pour tuer son père fomenté par une petite de huit ans. Elle ne pensait pas à cela pour elle-même, parce qu'elle n'y pensait pas d'elle-même mais bien à cause de sa mère qui s'immiscait profondément, lentement sous les couvertures, les épaisseurs. La petite de huit ans n'existant pas et ne pouvait exister. C'est le début de la revanche des enfants de huit ans, qui sont déjà en morceaux, en fragments. La page amplifie la chanson qui tourne dans la tête: le torrent de meurtres en italiques, le désespoir, l'insistance. Les notes en bas de page sont d'autres voix, d'autres fragments: l'oublié, l'enterré. Il y a des couches de souvenirs et d'histoires sous la peau de l'enfant qui a choisi l'amnésie et la fragmentation pour survivre. Il s'agit d'un long travail archéologique sous la peau, la page devenant couche de derme, avec des phrases, des fragments et le pouvoir des notes qui évoquent les sentiments, les pensées, les événements enfouis. Rappel du passé qui permet à d'autres voix de faire surface. Voici un morceau de corps fluide en accord avec le corps du souvenir.*

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murmurmurmurmurmurmurmurmurmurmurmur*

it was a lovely demure murder inside her head.

A slow, long incision<sup>\*</sup> with the kitchen knife through the comforter<sup>\*\*</sup>  
into his heart

He's made frozen\*\*\*

Helpless\*\*\*\*

eyes glass, pleading.

She smiles sweetly, breathes a sigh\*\*\*\*\* of relief, call the authorities to  
sleep peacefully in a prison cell all her own.

INSERT SOMETHING PRETTIER HERE:

Wildflowers, the smell of, sweet thick, alone, open, surrounding you  
summer green grass, body warm but cool. Wildflowers lulling\*\*\*\*\*

you, sleepily, lulling, thickly, inhale, filling your nose, filling your head, your hair drenched in the smell of waterflowers.

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she was eight on the outside.

Red hair blue eyes scrawny quick

Inside she was eighty forty seventeen sixteen dead sweet used fiery ready. Ready.

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to go where all the killer girls are. Now there's beauty\*\*\*\*\*.

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and blood the color of thick of runny greeny\*\*\*\*\* snot in throat  
and blood the color of paler than paler blue skies of paler than paler  
her mothers given up eyes

and blood the color of nothing of ache

and blood the taste of chocolate of anxiously trying to quell a broken  
to warm throat in all its nothing its aching.

and blood the taste of scared

and blood the smell of forgotton\*\*\*\*\*.

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## INSERT SOME NARRATIVE HERE:

Something satisfying, concrete, something, words with a beginning middle end<sup>eleven</sup>, 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<sup>twelve</sup>. 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<sup>thirteen</sup>

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where have all of the pajamas gone? all of the small soiled girls in all of the sweet sweet pajamas<sup>14</sup>.

\* 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 alls I see.

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

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