

Whisper Chamber

Achoo!

The moon is an ootheca that painfully awakens my memories. I am now 24 years old. My lily-white ass—as white as the mirror is smeared with the blood-red of my lipstick.

You the ghost. The fisher ghost.

I lack self-esteem and, shackled to words, I avoid mirrors... For in each of them, she was completely frozen.

The shepherd's star twinkled within the frame of the bathroom's small window. The mirror is now completely fogged up. *Snug like a bug*. From head to toe, I know that the rape was not right. The moon, my scream!... Her two fishy eyes were hook to my own reflection.

“How do you feel?”

You the ghost. The fisher ghost.

The mirror is now swallowing that reflection... I was completely emptied out, drained right out of my skin. Then I found myself... *she* and I found ourselves frozen.

“How do you felt?”

I was six. Six! At six, when you kissed her—me, us, we, I, she... At six years old, when you felt something shift in my chest. She was completely emptied out, stripped of my skin. Because of her? Maybe it's me. And—entering this tiny bathroom—the fog is breathing, emptying the outdoors—entering, entering this tiny...

Then I found myself... she and I—that reflection which had been denied to me—we found ourselves frozen.

How do we feel?

Her heart was deeply shaken—deeply shaken for those who had been trapped. But where is the moon? Where is it... From now on, I dread the night. Especially the full moon! And the fog, too. I am chained to words, and I avoid mirrors... Stream?

That word frightens me. I can't help it. Its signified. Everything that splits in two... And more than two, like the small, opalescent pearls of the fog—and the shower curtains too. Rose and fog! My private diary... Rose and fog! I'm out of breath! Ah! I'm gasping! Aha! She froze. Oh how she froze!

Obscure verbs, nouns trickling down after the storm. Her twilight blood transfigured her, giving her the color of those petals.

The atmosphere in the bathroom is heavy tonight, charged with a formidable tension. The mirror is now completely fogged up by the breath of the freezing ghost trapped within it.

The bathroom is now talking to the moon. Exchanging views. Whispers... And conversely. Sounds. The pale, sickly light of the moon. Light ejaculating in my soul. Upon the blossoming of dissonances—upon the calyx of a rhyme... A whisper chamber.

How do you sanitize a rape scene? I am chained to words. Starved... In love!

But I can't, because I was raised in without it. “Starve to death?
— Certainly not!”

A skeletal specter, wearing a crown of withered roses... And here I am, suffering from lexical anorexia! Sickly fog gnaws at my heart. In the mirror, she felt tears pricking at the palm of her hands. Then she blinked them back.

Here I am, and so here you are. Ha-ha... ha! Six, four, two.

Six, four, two. Blood. Arms.

Up. Shoulders. Up. Arms. Bloom. Up. Blood!

You sat in a daze—your mind. Mine is as empty as the disorientation. A jelly-fish, a ghost. You are the ghost. I am the Medusa.

Ejaculation in my soul. Raped. Mind you. Six-six, four-four, two-two. Twelve. Old it! It took me 24 years to bear it. To cope with it.

In return?

My soul. My childhood and my imagination. Cannibal chest. Bubble one. I am chained to words. Two, four, six. My arms. Your tongue. Achoo! She felt something shift in her chest. She was six. “Mirrors. Oh, mirrors! Tell me...” The other one, on reflection, insisted on telling me that it was only a thorny rose-bush and that a nightingale could nest in it.

Nest in it. Between my palms. “Where is her mind?” Fresnel zone...
And so. So. Six.

I cannot—I cannot give you my trust, let alone my love—because I have been forced too often to peer through the obscene gap between the orange and blue-hued shower curtains. “Gaze at it through! — Do not....” Her two fishy eyes were hook to my own reflection, line and sinker.

I choose to sink.

In the moonlight. Stars. Spectral lights. Malison—with the smiles of sarcastic skulls! Obscure verbs, nouns trickling down after the storm. Moon. Its twilight blood transfigured her, giving her the color of those petals.

Frozen.