

Artifacts

I can't sleep without my kick. One little doll, two little dolls, a three-dollar bill. "In a dream," I too took a shit on Tracey Emin's *My Bed*.

I can't sleep without my kick. With or without a bubble speech. Poetry, rental sale... I do not know!

These bubbles that ate at least three verses after expelled them. "One, and two and three." My soul. My childhood and my imagination. Between four and twelve, and still sick. But now at 16 and I can't sleep without my kick. My. My kick! Your fucking gender!

Vomit from withdrawal. Hands cut sharp. Like a kiddo trapped, trapped by the eat, the sun, and dehydration. Somatic lost. Malison!

After 9, it was the turn over. Mum, Daddy and the dog. *The dog too*. Emaciated pulp of my brain, detached from one of my Fallopian tubes, an embryo of myself, descending into the uterus.

Drowning in the stream. They fond me with toys, and they liked it. Daddy and Mum. So, who is talking about fairy tales?

The library of my childhood... He took her right there on the living room sofa, raped her—me, her, in the mirror, the Moon—then severed my arms, hers, ours. "Where is the spirit?" *Her cunt!*

Here I, so here you. Ha-ha... ha! My vomit. It's all my anxiety I'm spewing out—it's running down between my legs! *Between yours!* Where is the scale of a rape?

I haven't always frequented upscale neighborhoods, but it wasn't in the most run-down ones that I was most brutally beaten up.

My first embryo. I was ten. She had offered herself, turning toward your world and its aura of airy, sunlit petals—with the smiles of a sarcastic skull.

My second embryo. I was twelve. A blank attack. A void. Bubble two. These bubbles that ate at least three almost children after expelled them. One, and two and three. My soul. The void after the flush.

The societal horizon of reception, the intimate resonance of its... Its... What!

Where is the scale of a rape?

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.