

## Floating Heart

... *Ah-ha!* ...

...

... ..

...

*Ah-ha!*

Like a bee foraging amidst the dazzling whiteness... of... the clouds. A hive beneath the deep navy blue of the sky, letting light flow out! “I am drawing; *I am ten.*” (!) At this precise moment, the toilet bowl perfectly contours to the shape of my skull. (My mind is a set of scrambled markers!)

What I liked best—in the vein of “how to become a model little girl, fitting the proper moral mold”—was the chapter corresponding to my current age: the one devoted to \*Candied Fruits\*. Which of these fruit jellies do *I...I...* I prefer?

“I have no gender.” (!!) (!)

And as a poetess, I am an imperfect fruit. Not even a fruit!

(*Inhale | exhale.*)

I am a pair of pruning shears. I know there was nothing just about the rape. The marked trail will pave the way for others to follow me. *Me?*

I have an intimate relationship with my toilet bowl. For me, this relationship is a bit like Proust’s madeleine is for some... *people.*

And so. So...

So, who is talking about fairy tales, Ségur, or even Proust?

This ‘madeleine’, a fruit, an artifact like any other, is the taste that stayed with me from the day of my birth, when—against my will—I had to pass through all that repugnant flesh ...*pugnant flesh!*...

I’m 16, I was 4, 6, 8, 9, 10. Where is she. Is it. *Is it a she?* It. A she... Staring back at me... My what? Mother, oh no! *Not a mother.* My nemesis in the mirror—the mirror reflecting the Moon, the moon in my toilet bowl!

(Mother is the Moon.)

)! (

That toilet bowl—she should have had an abortion! An abortion. As white as I was, and staring back just like that, as empty as... what!

(A toilet paper holder.)

I know I’m going to be hated for this, but what can I do about it? I was drawing. Screaming: screaming silently in distress and fear. Screaming in my head, *I was ten.*

That’s where I’ll puke on the way down. Between two drawings, between two withdrawal periods. At twelve...

Ah-ah!

*Ah-ah!*

My heart is blown away, blown away. “And what if it grows up to be ugly?” My mood. Mood? (Mood.) Mood? (Mood.) Where is the mood... Mood!

Have you really met the ideal mother, the inner one—or rather, that myth found in fairy tales?

For the bourgeoisie.

I am a pair of pruning shears.

In the toilet trap, as I  
flushed, a little piece of my heart  
was floating *there.*

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.