

Involuntary Memory

Mum...

A moonbeam unrolled just as a roll of toilet paper unrolls. Hmm... I'm too sad to ask. But at this very moment, the toilet bowl is perfectly suited to my skull. Humph! ...Here is my mood. And my thoughts are nothing but vomit. Blood-stained vomit. Vomit trickling down from my ass. My ass fastened with a lollipop!

The genre is now highly fluid: a perfect whirlwind, an irresistible whirlwind a veritable dynamo of words. But where is my soul?

Between the mood and the mirror. Is it? Is it... Is it! The toilet bowl in the mirror, the mirror with my nemesis—my nemesis on the Moon. Mothers of Abortion. You might also find it useful to read or re-read **Les Malheurs de Sophie** by de Ségur—a name that sounds exactly like an enema bulb.

Mother?

The part I liked best—within the genre of “how to become a model little girl who fits the proper moral mold”—was the chapter corresponding to my current age: the one about **Candied Fruits**.

An uncle, Timothy. “Do not.” But he did it. All the time, he did it. *Tim!*

I was 8-years-old, but already very much under Pat's spell. That spell was: “*Suck my dick.*”

It's a Grimm fairy tale. One told in Uncle Tim's style. As for Pat... He never knew. Or did he? *Bubble one.* Like a young girl busy upon the blossoming whiteness of the page: a honeycomb beneath acid-green foliage, streaming with snot. “My childhood and my imagination.” So. So... Now. Skipping this song could be suicide. I've to write it. *Write it.* Write it down. (*Write it...*)

Write it! It. Down.

Down.

Down.

Down.

Am I desirable, as a gender framework, a compatible cellular unit... I sucked it out with a syringe. He was ordering me to wash him. He was insisting I wash it. And it was revolting. To wash his ass. His insides. And the bastard was handing me Monopoly money.

Mom, where are you?

Mom!

(Vomit from withdrawal.)

Nausea.

Nausea.

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.