

Proust's madeleine

I've read it, and also *WC net intense*, and *Desktop*. The genre is now highly fluid: a perfect, striking spiral, a veritable dynamo of words; as a busy bee of the blossomed white sheet, he sign her name with the sharpie, a felt-tip pen and seeks it out at the cliff's edge, upon the assonance in full bloom—upon the corolla of a ditty. Tick, tick. Ditty. Click. Shadowy verbs, nouns that leak. Flick, Flock. Pink, green. Fuck, fist... Lips, plow. Clouds, city. Blindness. (*Cécité*.)

I have an intimate relationship with my toilet bowl. That relationship is, for me, rather like Proust's madeleine is for some people. And so. So. Panties or not. Daddy and Mum. *Her cunt?* So, perversion, tell me about it! You say in. Your pee. Daddy and Mum. That 'madeleine' is the taste that has stayed with me since the day of my birth! Flip-flops. And so on. My thongs. You might also find it worthwhile to read or re-read *La Recherche* by Proust—a name that sounds just like an enema syringe. *Or what?*

“She felt something shift in her chest.”

She was 15-years-old. He had picked her up hitchhiking, raped her, and then severed both her arms. *Both her arms—both her arms!* Like a busy bug upon the flourishing whiteness of the page, he severed both her arms. Then... then he threw it (*her*), tossed it into the bottom of a ravine, a ditch!

Father! That toilet bowl—she should have had an abortion! A ditch? Tell me about a ditch! *Mother...* Mom! Vomit from withdrawal. *I'm feeling so dizzy.* Nausea. The nausea of my entire non-being. When the flush is pulled and the bloody embryo swirls, the water in the bowl reflects the most exact image of my face.

I know I'm going to be hated for this, but what can I do about it?

Did you really encounter the ideal mother—or rather, that myth found in fairy tales? Read them again—those tales for well-behaved children. That's what I do, sitting on the loo when I don't have my head in the bowl—much like the time I spent, back in the day, between my mother's buttocks. My mother's buttocks.

That's where I'll puke on the way down. Between two drawings, between two withdrawal periods. Vomit running down *her ass*. In the toilet trap, as I flushed, a little piece of *my heart* was floating there. He cut off both: *my soul* and body in the mirror, *our soul*.

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.