

The Last Link In The Chain

One black eye, two!
One black eye, and a nose bleeding in the fetal position.
Give me a blow, I will not flinch.
It's part of my job after all!
So, even my back to the wall
I won't budge—not even an inch...

You could be ruthless, precocious;
Like in street fights—and ferocious.

A rough boy indeed. A rough one
With a boxer's hands!
But you see, I am unimpressed.

You could show no mercy,
You can knock me out. No gentleness.
Nothing but kicks!

I am unimpressed...
Even when you're so bold. Dressed
In those uppity clothes.

So, with my back against the wall,
I will fight with all my might.
Cause it's... Oh! forget it. You will always forget
you being so dreadful.
So tough, so ruthless!

A rough boy indeed. A rough one
With a boxer's hands!

You think I talk too much and don't listen enough. Complaining
about your job, about your morning and evening commutes in
traffic jams?

Being fierce—so bold. Wearing
Linen suits, silk ties... and the latest pair of fashionable shoes.

Give me a blow, I will not flinch
It's part of my job after all!

These ties I knot around your neck,
and these shoes I polish and wax!

Radiating fierce confidence—a reckless audacity.
Strike me, pierce my skin!

So what?
The meat wasn't cooked enough, or not quite to your liking?
Oh! It's... It's... No, forget it!

Kick me again and again, oh! my dear husband!
Violent kicks—in the belly: right there, near the navel, where
your son's little sister is sleeping!

You could be ruthless, precocious!
Like in street fights—and ferocious...

Strike me, my dear husband, — a hard kick — in the very bowels
of the woman, there where your contempt for the true word
resides.

Oh, so the dinner wasn't flavorful enough, and the soup had
gone a bit too cold?
A word unspoken by a baby—your only-child tantrums!

Kick it with these metal-plated shoes!
Kick me, oh, my loving husband—hard kicks—everywhere:
You with a strike in my head, your near death daughter with a
kick in my navel.
Give me another one in the stomach,
Where Is your...
Where she was still sleeping,
now unborn but dead.
Me laying all blood into bed!

Foaming at the mouth, a body covered in bruises, and a lolling
tongue, horribly black! Exuding fierce confidence—a reckless
boldness. Beat me, my skin transpierce!

I won't close my eyes, nor will I dodge your fists of steel crush-
ing my jaw; I will not flinch—not in the slightest!

“Me?”
Hurting your feeling?
Oh! I am so sorry, so sore... so painfully heartbroken and sorry.
You alright? Poor husband!

Hit!
Here is the truth as I know it!
One black eye, two—nose bleeding, her embryo buried in my
own excrement.

So, with my back against the wall, or hips swaying, lying on the
ground,
I will fight with all my might.
Cause it's
Oh! forget it. You will as always you forgot...
being so dreadful.

But it's true, I'm your spouse, and being your punching bag is a
full-time job.

But this is a point slip, isn't?
That's manufacturing non-compliance; just deflection! “That's
not an answer. That's an abdication,” as you said once. Once and
for all, and for good!
I am an anomaly in your figures, aren't I?

So, with my back against the wall,
I'll fight with all my might.
Because it's... Oh! Never mind. As always, always... you'll forget
just how awful you were.
And cruel and violent!

So I will not shut myself...
I won't fall asleep... with pills! Not this time—oh no, I won't,
not even for the unborn child. Not this time, oh no I will not!

This time, my word of flesh—my “vain word,” as you call it—
wants to cry out. To give birth to the entire lineage of gagged
women.

And of all those children who mirror us—you and me—each in
our respective roles. Yours, gearing up for your next shift; mine,
serving as an outlet for your frustrations.

Kick me, oh my darling husband—a hard kick—in the very
woman entrails
where lie your disdain of the true speech land, the barren earth
of a discourse of flesh!

High, high, high...

Right where your son's little sister died in her sleep! An unborn
child, now truly and fully dead.

Strike me, my dear husband, — a hard kick — in the very
bowels of the woman, there where your contempt for the true
word resides.

You could be ruthless, precocious!
Like in street fights—and ferocious;
Cold-blooded anger, blows struck in the heat of the moment!

You think I talk too much and don't listen enough. Complaining
about your job, about your morning and evening commutes in
traffic?

Where your son's little sister is all dead in her sleep!
Now an unborn child very dead.

Give me another one in the stomach,
in the ribs, hips, and shins;
give me the “hardest time of my life,” as you say!

No kindness. All kicks!
Here lies, out of my offal, my little stillborn baby.

A baby corpse,
Its lolling tongue is horribly blue,
and its body is covered in bruises.
A baby unsaid-word,
and me almost dead, too. But true!

Isn't!
True that I am your partner—your “little woman,” as you some-
times playfully put it.
But this is a point slip, isn't? That's manufacturing...