

Fetal Singing

"Um... what was that you sealed up in a baggie?

— That's none of your concern!..."

She turns over, cracked wall facing her. Mind your own business my ass! The small, particle-free vulvae on her forearms?

Liz's completely dry but whimpers a little—more out of awkwardness, the sort that says: "What the fuck are you trying!" And she cries—dry tears, more of a hiccuping sob.

Ethnology of the anesthesia, stenography of one's fingers' pads. Every time I smoke weed, mine get all sticky. But Liz got her degree—a master's in fixology.

"You enjoying?

— Should be." With a shift in stance, one makes it very small. Very small...

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She injects herself with a stronger dose. Oh! Oh! Oh! Her eyes were dark-circled. I roll myself a blunt fatter then wrap her in a light blanket. She's presenting it as if there were possibilities! The eroticism of lips sucking on a joint consumed too quickly. Fornication of the arm, the vein that slips away. Quick split-second. Then the inner space... Adapted to stasis, Liz—she is the one whose lexicon has atrophied. So thin that the bones seem pliant.

Again, mine against hers. Ethnology of an amnesia in some zines. Embryo of a thought that is unraveling with the selenography of a miscarriage! Is Liz entirely enveloped in a cloud, and struck by a bolt of lightning? Here she is. Living in a slum with me, her niece.

I'm a nice teen that is also a punk known in my neighborhood for being a smart thief. That's what they say. Nothing petty, oh no!

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Oh! Now... Look at Liz raising her eyelids to reveal those cloudy green eyes! I fancy them; I'd like to have the same color for mine. I cast aside the dildo, like a part of myself I am shedding. Due to the void, my hips are bothering me a bit. I'm going to be a bad boy! Not a snot-nosed brat, no—not a girl, but a real boy!

Now we are lying down, in peace and quiet. Liz floats weightlessly inside her own belly. When she emerges from her womb, I will find her in the fetal position in front of the toilet, clinging on to keep from sinking.

She's wearing tight jeans that highlight everything that would otherwise go unnoticed. Hybrid blend of attraction and dread. All yellow and blue, like lilies. There is Liz—floating, sinking, vomiting up the rats abandoning the capsized ship of her stomach. I push her and roll onto my side, level with her hips.

She asks me, "Why?" I reply... "Never mind." Liz is in bed, wearing thick-soled yellow boots and a sun-colored rubber raincoat. I'm rolling myself a big, fat joint. Lots of smoke, the crackling of seeds.

A very stylish, ultra-lightweight raincoat—and nothing but pink panties underneath. Liz's absolutely wasted on heroin.

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Out of curiosity and a sense of mockery regarding the tragic nature of the scene, I lift and pull aside—toward the soft flesh of her thigh—those immaculate panties. Perhaps because of her green-dyed, hairy crest, the pussy felt stiff beneath my fingertips. She sobs: "What are you trying to grab, you dirty little slut?" Fuck, I was just whacking her twat to take out a tampon she didn't need anymore! Her blood only deceit. There is a bag of crystal meth in her tush. Her eyes were washed out, anyway...

My rectum is tilted at an angle that is now oddly positioned on the white rectangle of the mattress, where the single sheet is rolled into a ball.

Try being considerate and kind to a junkie!

Lyrics: Enya Mellows and Craig Dohring.