

Is The Cat Elf Crazy

Spew these words out of your mouth! Stretch out your inert limbs, open your soul, let the pain pour forth. Shed the bark of one's body and reinvent oneself as earth. The green-tinted moonlight gliding in a puddle.

I dreamed that my touch could thaw her lips, open her mouth, and allow her to stretch out her tongue to spit out a sentence or two. Others besides you are traversed by words. Pitching camp at the edge of one's pain.

Calves clad in blue fishnets, a pinkish, overexposed calf, a limb half-shrouded in shadow, lace-patterned thighs, forearms tattooed in navy blue ink, and arms anchored at the shoulders by tribal designs.

Limp limbs and dangling hands. Floppy tongue and deadly words. Flaccid prick. Tiny cock like a child's whistle. Have I become hardened to pain—even my own?

The dream of a troubled soul. The dream of a sensitive soul applying makeup to its legs and arms, shoulders and back—just as a woman would for her eyes, just as she does when applying lipstick. Everything that stems from a gesture barely sketched out in the wings of the shadows. Behind the scenes of them. Those stretched limbs! That soft, lumpy skull. My baby. An embryo of words bathed in a pool of syntactic blood. These stretched-out limbs! Limp limbs sick with pain! Flesh pierced by the barbed wire of dread. Sickening enough to make you vomit. What would the gender of this stillborn sentence have been?

We are partying underneath the family tree. We are partying. This will be a toot. The baby in her arms is already dead. There must be another side to pain. But you still don't know where the exit is. You still don't! Wow! While waiting to find it, do not harbor false hopes: hope is the enemy that would make the pain even more acute. A pain that has just flared up seizes you. Poor thing! From your right hand, four long silk cords simulate bloody scars. Scars that make you cry your eyes out! They really make you cry! It is not a pain that occurs at random.

It isn't a cinematic cliché: soon, the unborn baby arm breaks free, detaches itself from its greenish shadow and emerges from your body. The cracked head, split at the level of the soft spot, is still stuck in your computer.

An ultrasound of wounded feelings reveals this to you, and it must be the one you found. The baby she is holding in her arms is already dead. There must be another side to pain. But you still don't know where the exit is. You still don't! Oh-oh! While waiting to find it, do not harbor false hopes: hope is the enemy that would make the pain even more acute. A pain that has just flared up seizes you. Poor thing! Poor thing!

Lyrics: Andy & Colleen Woolley.