BUTCHER AND BODY FLORENCE POLLOCK

SHELVES

BUTCHER

I grab her outstretched hands Pleading kisses She kneels before me Speaking frightened fundamental language. Mouth trembling touching me The hook sinks into the bone in her back Unusual urgent words Kicking out Stroking her white worn body The cleaver screams A pop in the knee seam Rub the tender moist grooves Magnificent repeating action Sound of detachment from her shoulder Yanks the fleshy stitches her tears blobbily becoming a slow moving riviera Chunk of killed meat, haughtily glints. A mad glint of frightened beauty Value in kissed Eyeball, Ears, Hand wrapped up From worn print delivery, I forgot to read

Ink seeps into meat. words everywhere. Butcher her body without love and without her kiss



BODY

The summer morning passing in the crack of the window. I embraced that fired January as I did the male crimes. Humanity being students of revenge, Doing wrong

Machine-made, man handmade girls.

Compelling lacework design,
made for a quieter lonely me.

A beautiful punishing man for the invisible woman.

There were two times I felt captured Held taut having sex As soon as it stopped brief relief Then again

Lace border taut to my neck. Fancywork imprisoned me.

I'm not myself
I admire the dead

My soul isn't alive

I know this love I've seen it with my mother, her mother, and her mother before that. Several lifetimes, death would never be kind. Years were too legible.

Raising a white napkin to his lips
And tumblers are filled with confidence
the foam bubbles out among the glorious glasses.
Humans exchange mere humanity for fabulous supremacy.

Our idle green refugee takes for granted Bloody endless mundanity.

Moments of the children in farmhouses
You taught them your craft on bronze-coloured country
Wildly disgusting demonstration of heavenly death
The children look at him with admiring enthusiasm.



How could I let you have them? How you had me How she let him have her How he took her They beckon hibiscus victors.

Depraved dialogue
Hearing myself
Dress in shame
I felt lace lines shrink into me.

To my utter dismay, never do I feel covered, unpunished, divine. Rather in the mirror I see a different soul often times ever changing, that of a full connected girl, One that has lived. One that is not myself.

The mirror is superior and I know it couldn't possibly be true

I secretly longed for a more significant life Every bright summer how I wanted

Mother, sister, sister, sister.

Their depraved eating Tearing Pulling

stretching.

A final toast

Are you done?

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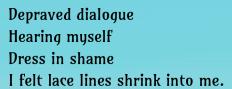


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