

Skid Marks

By Jocelyn Brett

Ideas constipated at the back of the throat. They will never
make it to my tips:

tongue or fingers.

I strain to release them from captivity of the brain. But all the
straining simply results in a prolapse.

no real outcome.

These are marks left on the bowl when the concepts are flushed.

They retreated within themselves.

Back from whence they came.

Body splitting
Dis-morphing

She pulled her lips up and around herself
until she could zip them over her carcass.

Inside out she saturated the floor.

At her funeral her mother said that she wished she was still inside her, held safe within her. Protected from the world ...

Hot and held within my sack.
~~A mother's~~ warmth pressing in.

no need of breath
no need of food
no need of thought

I am comfortably compressed.
Balled into myself.

rotting in her womb.

unformed limbs disintegrating within its embryotic sack
- merging– becoming fluid.
A gloopy mud-like swamp
Chunks of sinew blob
down devastated legs.

The borders in between myself and the ones I love are
non-existent.

As we touch our skin breaks and our blood mingles, swirling
into one another, blocking each others arteries.

Waves of nostalgia spew like vomit.

Her skin sagging off bones, flesh eaten by long gone organs.
I saw her shrivel as if all liquid had been stolen, milked from her
body.

Face shrinking back into itself as the skin hung from skeletal
protrusions that were once striking cheekbones. Unknowing.

Donuts of eyes shone in their sickly-sweet innocence from
crevasses of sockets. If they were removed you would see the
empty hollow of the skull. Straight through to the grey back.

Quivering imitation's
of past thought echo out.

Vacant emotion. words without meaning reverberate.

A sentence void of sense.

Watching a live body decay.

Sink in.

Rot.

Fester.

Hearing a mind break up.

And.Loop.

trying to find meaning.

A corpse locked in a box of itself.

The satisfaction of an idea hits like a fit
causing my limbs to twitch,
shuddering like the dying movements of a spider

And like that spider ideas die without grace, without beauty,
limbs curled in with one last agonising jolt.

Flat on my back.

They die.