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.

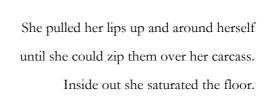
no real outcome.

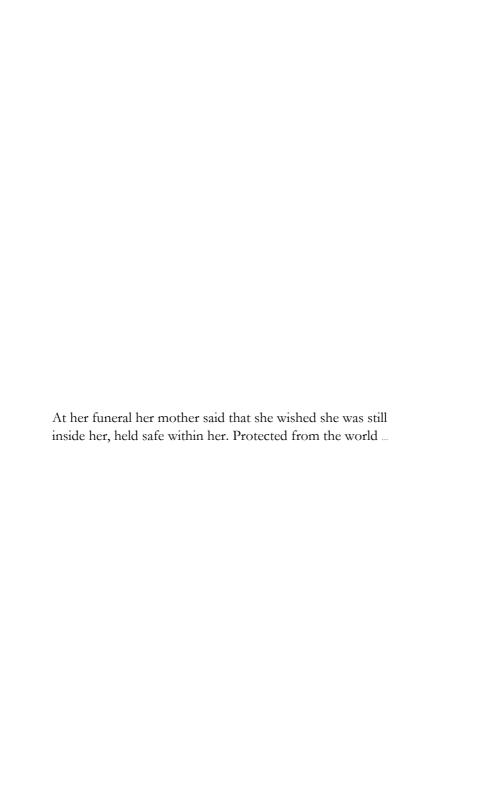


They retreated within themselves.

Back from whence they came.

Body splitting Dis-morphing





Hot and held within my sack.

A mothers warmth pressing in.

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

I am comfortably compressed.

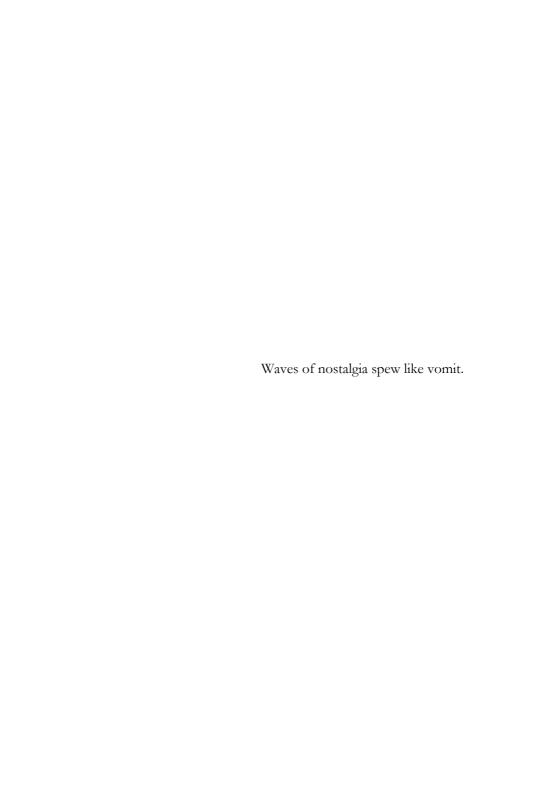
Balled into myself.

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.







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.