

I Need You To Talk About Me

I realized I like people who are smooth when it matters. When they ooze a coolness to what fundamentally moves me because they know it so well. I realized it today when I peeled the pear with the same knife I had before sliced the cucumber with for breakfast in the morning and then licked off the blade after, pink tongue dipped in cucumber pear juice pressing against the blade, as it moves downward like a snail slugging down metal, moist and vivid, leaving a trace of breath like airy mucus as slimy vapor in the shape of the agape mouth, lips open just enough to comfortably lick a blade. In that moment by the blade I felt I can have it all. I make it come to life in my mouth, set against whatever object. I can link all the things I want to link, I can bind my world like a tornado lasso, a twister, a gravity field around which things curve depending upon my imagination. There's no one who decides the thread in which my mind must move. I'm the one who haunts herself, like the ghost of toddler twins playing hide and seek hiding in the brick cube of the fireplace of an old abandoned mansion. I hear the world's haunting hum

all the time. I wonder who else feels like a strange, sad ghost clown, a cowboy who rides alone into the desert to die under a blood moon, surface as that as the round slender white orchid by the big window where the widow keeps it to inspect it, to watch it at night from up close. At night she steps out of her bed with bare feet onto the berber rug, toes dig deep into the wool, she feels herself sink. Gravity in the fabric. Outside the sky is black with saturated night time, a few stars and windows twinkle. She slips into thick cotton socks pulled up almost all over the calf, the brim ending at the point on the curveline of the calves a few centimetres below the inner knee, then walks over the creaking lacquered nocturnal wood floor, bends over her exotic oasis before the big east window, her biblical palms, her alien succulents she sometimes sees as sigils in the night, hieroglyphs amidst the primordial fern, her biblical alien moonlit garden, dark black greyish green like wolves in a forest of pine trees in winter. So each night she slides, sinks, pulls, walks, stands, bends

over the orchid pallid faced in the full moon, her mouth throwing shadows tinged from her lava lipstick which glows through the occluded moon space projected on the petals as a subtle blush that now glows its minimal post-apocalyptic sunrise minimally in spots at its edges, and so as the widow hunches close to the star diva in her garden, we watch how a purple-orange hushes over the ivory cheeks of the orchid. ("Orchid blossoms appear in almost every imaginable color except for true black.") Namely, as a mouth shadow, darkly, yet aphrodisiac. Maybe you can measure by the shade of the shadow blush the distances in which two people orbit, how much their perceptions overlay.

Kill your masters. Then make them anew from clay. My tongue caught a new juicy blend on the blade as I ran it along it, and in the reflection of the knife pointed toward the tiny garden the full moon behind me appeared, as if I was licking the trabant,

that extravagant marble decor of the night, right in the big moon-laden window in my back, my moist moving mobile muscle smears the glass, I suck in the firmament, the full moon, a few stars and possibly planets, round shimmering twinkling things, and they all twinkle and shimmer, and all taste of cucumber and pear.