

# ~elephant ink~

*by aksania xenogrette*

this way... people who count math and make-up and fear, forget the hips and body-tilt, adrenaline on the brow, furrows no, rather splash and wheels, because life ain't no wheelbarrow, or what you can win in a brain-fight, doctors w/a racket, robots in the form of pestilent wasps, zeros stacked in electro-syllabic semblance and caloric shed, mega-fun, thermal-nuclear-bore, drippy sluts wrapped up like zombies begging alms, fucking tax-breaks on the kitchen counter, the coffee table, the linen drawer, licking up blood sweat and tears off the checkered tile floor, the definitive measure of tawdry worth and hollow sockets. when we should be riding rockets, and treasure the resolvers,, and one day we shall...?cuando cuando, mascota? when this carnival has become tiresome, i prithe well, why do we persist in grinning to shoot our lips off, and hold still while these vampires and empires, esteemed themselves to be great men and pillars of goodwill, do we allow to let them spin a silver cup on a blind table shim-shamed? we stand in line with silly-putty in our mouths for the weak gruel of spectacle, even as we swallow swords for them, and eat wooden teeth in sallow shades, in desolate arbors where spines wander lost like garbage in the sea, the nuclear family, trestled in a bed of plucked dove and mint ballad, piked like squabs, smoking in a basement somewhere, strapped to a board, clutch and cord, wrist and rod, hacking up a lungful of toxic shock, over there, in plain sight, inside the pale mausoleum, the capitol thrill,creaking like a rocking-horse with rickets, crooked from the horse's mouth, cherry blossoms liking the butterfly that sways what fucks espouse and glory this ash-pile, the splattered blood of mothers and children aloft in the shifting winds, the yellow medal of honor, souvenir skulls choking on a ferry-coin, ...funny thing being, the only treasure to enter heaven is carried with spiritual arms, which keep their sinew and strength long after this dream of skin and bones, some tandem effect of the drought we drank in a fever of desire, an erotic dream of lunacy's opposite this swollen tongue, pinned like an elephant

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/aksania-xenogrette/elephant-ink>»*

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above a quill, spitting pits in our face, even as we thirst for an open window in this bullet-train of memes and mimes... drop by drop of strange blood slopes like dew on a pendulous web, the moth possesses a knack for levitation, and drafts in the wind-shear peeling off the monarch's wing, and the elephant is quite amazed to be flying so softly, aloft the magic carpet's writ and thistle, the quill plucked so artfully from its shitty heel, bile pumped like oil, and ink spill, locked and trunked, never to turn up its nose evermore, will suffer the absent memory of charred flesh and perfume, it will dance among the cherry blossoms like a free balloon, and never taste the pleasure of ambrosia jelly-fishing above the palisades of wisdom's silvery mantle, gone a rut, rams and roebucks bashing racks of falsehood, chomping up thorns, feasting upon this marble, the sleeping cosmonaut's worry-stone, shivering like a virginal nude in a sun-shower, awakens in her dream of sleep with a fountain pen for stabbing evil's mammoth form in its side, to skin it's hide, as a record of this humble people's rapture, shameless baby angels laughing in the tilt-a-whirl spring of the soul's marrow squishy and resplendent, in perpetual motion, the writ we wrote, tiny hand in hand, tooth and nail, one numberless character, an army of rants marching one by one, sand by sand, we move mountains this way...

