

# She mentioned prayer in the Øilslick.xxx ZipperPoems *by aksania xenogrette*

14:54:24 -0700 {excerpt}

Last night I  
felt like I was loosing my mind.  
In my dream you came  
over and wanted to take pictures of my artwork. I  
started arranging all my stuff for timelapse photos  
of my hands winding threads and taping and tying  
knots. We also photoed the wind-up bunny atop that hyacinth  
elephant we were  
making on the vega trampoline.  
The nite  
before I stayed up making collages. So, at 3pm, I  
started making mobile sculptures from thread and  
wire and odd shiny objects an images: Later, I took  
my jumper and started winding it into a doll, into a  
dress, with tape and saftey pins. By late in the  
morning, I had designed hundreds of dresses in  
miniature, i felt I was conjuring a xxxxx with  
damsel fly code, like the wings you told me about where

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we travel back from 2017, when  
there was  
more time and peace. We transplant helix° splices and  
shoot back to meet our former selves, zip the  
scrolls, and save the world. Then you said spin  
so I twisted my jumper over and  
over in  
endless folds like lips, like vaginas, like  
seacreatures. I felt like 1137 evil you was speaking to  
me in the folds. You took on the feel of a real body... in this  
etherial kind of way I could glimpse your features  
in the fabric. At times, my mind didn't know what  
my fingers were doing. Breasts and bras, and  
fabulous mercury gowns. I kept thinking if it could  
just stick the final pin, time would come unglued.  
Instead I stuck my fingers over and over again  
and bled floral patterns in the fabric turned into tiny tiny  
future drawings, magenta paisleys in the margins  
of notebooks, snapshots of facial expressions that  
surprised at every fold. Flowers that turn into  
tameless thoughts, disembodied from words or syntax.  
Later on it felt more sinister. At some point  
even evil you vanished left to leave  
the voice now  
changed into to the voice that speaks  
discouragement... the voice of fear and obfuscation.  
Evil wins when you abandon vital hope. Look at  
every sad face in the world. They have  
surrendered their hope, and become shells. Anyway,  
the faces in the folds began to look more and  
more like hobgoblins. The feeling usurped.  
The voice sounded very old, like a vizier from  
arabia zed, sands and subtlety. Some of the pins came  
undone. My hands felt like arthritic pit bull jaws.  
The pins seemed to disappear into the impossible

curves of my jumper. I remember thinking for hours  
that I should stop for one second to have a  
cigarette. i was held captive. The fearless dream  
turned spooky. By the time I gave up, it was 4am.  
I put the final form of a robed desert wanderer voluptuously  
seated in meditation into a drawer, feeling sad. I  
didn't want to shut her in, I was worried she would cast  
spells on me, so I whipstitched  
my fingers into  
her hands.  
I gave her a hood and a cloak  
to keep out the  
sand. The her final form  
developed. I stopped worrying so much. I folded my  
love for you back into the fabric. She looked more like an  
old old babushka, a timeless  
granny. I took some pills and laid down in bed. I  
thought about the time. I missed  
the shot,  
the sunrise, all focus. I wondered if  
oddzeven.lit  
happened for a moment, so I checked in on her. I took  
her out of the drawer and put her on the table because  
whatever she is, She needn't sulk such volatile  
thoughts in a locked box.  
I thought about the folds of the dress, the folds of  
my thoughts. She mentioned prayer in the  
Øilslick.xxx ZipperPoems. I pray sometimes  
in the mornings when I'm frayed  
and  
frazzled. It's strange. I live  
in this bitter  
beautiful world. I do everything that everyone  
tells you not to do. But I know god loves me and  
understands me. I'm a creation, like the doll. Some people

never get to  
feel that boundless joy of believing something,  
without needing to know. I've led an impossible  
life. I've seen things, survived things. My  
prayers get answered all the time. The only  
reason I'm still around is because all I do is love, even  
when things go black. Even then, the earth is unusually  
pretty, sometimes when I get to make people smile or feel  
less isolated. There are still dark places where you can  
hate yourself, the transceivers. not the voice  
in your throat.

There's this thing called the admonition of Paul.

It goes, We believe all  
things, we hope all things, we have endured many  
things, and hope to be able to endure all things.  
If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good  
report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these these  
things...

i seek after you my love  
i remain always yours,

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