

~with every breath~

by aksania xenogrette

She wanted someone to knit a fine sweater for someone with her fingers touched lovingly by loving eyes she goes jogging with the feet of an angel the sound of crunching leaves like wrapping paper torn open to reveal an expensive doll and the light in her mother's eyes. This thought running through her mind, clear like the bead of sweat she licks, nipples clairvoyant, the finely purred rhythm of her tits, her toes grasping something just out of reach...

What is cold? this lake frozen black, my body burning special k my heart hot, throbbing in my neck, like the third orgasm, coming over and over, flipping through pictures, an accident, slip in the bath tub, the thrill of watching him falling down the stairs, running him down as he crosses the street, tucking in his shirt in a rush from that whore's apartment to make it home on time for steak and asparagus.

This so called man... I don't have the stomach for vehicular manslaughter. Manslaughter, her fake tits and false laughter. My Nikes a fucking blur. Displacement, control. I want to dive into this dirty snow, throw my body beneath the scoop of the plow blade, bones crushed into the salty street and studded tires.

Or just run out into the black and white horizon blanch my body like asparagus with rocks in my pockets and collapse into the water, hot body shock, sucking it in like last call, a drink of cold clarity... tiny ball of spite, I tried to love you, now run with every breath, wasted.

