

# white mouth

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February 22, 2013 Revised: Saturday December 8, 2018 For, Brandy Gump.

Puncture thin ribbons through her hair, for noises erupted in an open garbage can of our white mouth. Fold up the replicas at home on a bench made just for pretty puppets~Doll, you once escaped her white mouth, an old Russian toy, your plastic hands chipped with nail polish and chipped with eyes surfacing her body. Three prongs from center to night. To erupt her place in the garden with statue of tongue, and soft whisper. We, eating breakfast with her, the shadow of night angles shape, white mouth is a dress, lying there across my vision, a cereal grain pours through the window. There is another window I had not thought of — {a} voice that can create or destroy, because I figured a voice was like hands.

White mouth, left open, hangs.

I really do hear something in the wall. But, how do I weave like the builders wove?

Like this, one braid of hair at a time, we lock together a lock of hair from a Ruski girl — look down in the shadows on my

ankle. The shape of her.

Search for what you may like about me — I study carpet to learn something of the letter now missing in the room. The

words corroding from inside of me, her weapon is her mouth that can weave a couch, or a room, or a sky, a whole world. I

should be careful for, those tentacle like chains inch along new forms, woven, felted, locked inside each other, my paper

boat sentences ? Nothing, compared to the sea of her knowledge.

On fire, I am withered by 'angular notion,' 'position,' 'realizations,' her 'concepts,' 'abstractions,' 'hallucinations,'

obscure continents she can find inside of these simple, yellow blankets. Pretty violet waves, intent on my destruction, feeding stored up radio waves, and shooting ray guns into me. I had sex with

you! You were the best lover I've ever..had. At least within this world! I would still be here, lying pale

but my eyes have ruined it for everyone — A violent shadow now, rummaging up, through me, worms caught in my soul, slither to

the surface, angry for control. The ceiling fan, focus on something, jump out of my soul, go to the light! A darkness, so bad it buries

itself in laughter, finally she admits me to sleep. My tongue tries towards your heart, my awful shadow of silence can no longer

survive the strong cigarette butts I put out on my flesh.

The darkness is upon us, I am going to be sick with anger,

garbage can dark, for my mouth is shivering. I need to fill it with teddy bears, I need to escape it, the rusted engine parts

of its anger, abuse, the broken guitar of its tangled sadness. Candles burned to the ends. If the sun comes out, I'll leave

here, whispering to my own heart, it's not you, don't listen to it.

But you are strong. So I can get ready and groan no, but the universe doesn't know what "No" is.

**Our white mouth hangs open. Music pours out.**

Ants wander through our plastic bag bodies, exploring  
the yellow folds we call skin. To find our warm bunny

feet, sails all twisted. Wire Nafysary, your friend tried to sing from  
her mouth, but I must sleep, I should close my eyes, live

behind my  
eyelids —good morning to the fallen leaves finally, carved with

wood burn, the morning reflection— A bed sheet crosses the wall,  
subdues window

I never want to go to a white person again— for healing, it is too  
strong a medicine, their white snowflakes land in

printers—

They say: If you keep acting up, were gonna keep you here,

bitch, you bitch! They form my soul, I don't get it yet, they are  
helping form my soul.

I think they are abusive, but they are showing me, at the clap of  
their hands, that I in fact am abusive, and their hands are

full of gifts.

Q tips, maxi-thins, and arranged flowerpots, and our lips touching,

making portraits. Stack your tangles on page two forty five. In this elaborate whispering, blankets of mania feel like

dogmatic convictions, they are covering our wet mouths, but the fun of our kissing is still limber. But why must I feel

stuffed in Essentials? Why this bad, why this bobcat mangled morning, the feeling that a cat has shredded its toy. She

leaves me in the room for hours—

in a red dot, floating, and gets a counselor wired up, on preorder, via the internet, so my heart strung up the broken

guitar anyway, and tried again this morning. Even though these arguments ate most of what lay left, burning in me, the

rubble. We must forgive, waiting to watch the therapy as it works, a counselor I don't want, but to mention your penis

to me is fucking with my head! Loud mouth! All you say are lines from TV commercials!

I can't feel wasted in your electric beauty, or sophomore delicate your cabled hands, that shiver across my back.

I am busy, searching for an outlet. For now, if you are bored, you should lick the watercolors off a film, or get a job in a

70's bathing suit, now the cats are hungry, scratch at the door. Birds swim the splashing rain—

Winters coming out of our white mouth

Whatever the show, tiled in winter, the claw foot highway curls down  
the One, down the spit shined sediment, all bathing in

flames—The way I empty myself into the field from a long wire of  
balloon lines, these new pock marked machines make the

ventilation— This is how I rise to  
morning. On a deck of playing cards— early shedding sound

waves, and she

Words a taste you cannot taste— a bitter hemlock, and ropes—It's  
not four yet. He devoured silk, her hair just kept

curling, always uncurled

And we just ate bagels, I think. And I just stared at her

stockings, torn from use, and tied with a sweater. And rain clogged  
the drains. Soggy cardboard filled the town. A sign

read: Do not hang from ceiling!

I see the Grid at nine-thirty. I'm not gonna control these piles of  
tarpaulin and chicken wire anymore! Done mating, I

don't have answers, I drew out all of the plans I could. My time has  
been welded with elk spine, I feel within a statue for

my soul. To go to her intelligent mouth is dangerous—

Respect her like the ocean.

