

CHAPTER II | WHEREIN YOU CUT YOUR EYES TO THE CEILING

Oh mother.

I can feel.

The soil. Falling. Over my head.

~The Smiths

<3 <3 <3

it is so un. re. lieved.

oh how un.re.lieving. to oh walk

around with my diaphragm tired out diaphragm
d'isenchanted with its work and real

sore a lot and d'isjoined from its vivacity traces
and d'isjoined

from its like... breath and d'isjoined from its oh from its .ma and

how un.re.lieving. this
thrush. on. me. this thrush on me of self-

resuscitating like des.peration on me ma
a pensive

thrush in my throat .her. intractable weather.

so un. re. lieved.

be.

me good cause I said my mother would not take carah

because
my mother was getting to know me for like

ten years but then my mother

was not getting decoyed enough
or like imprinted enough

or even just anything anything by then...
so she was not with me though I

. was once her erubescant organ . though I
once said my exigency is her

.my reified mother

to put her theophany hand

on my hair and refine my hair so that I finally repose there and start stilling and

if she had
placed her hand

if she could have brought her hands or fingers

to my hair and they were actually contacting me

right then it would have worked up this...

on my hair

...quelling ... impetus through my substances

...it would have worked up such a ...

an embryonic physicality now

oh a vaporous light bracing me for

an embryonic physicality subsuming

us both and it would have lifted me up yes lifted
me literally up

it would have been like this nice membrane
yoking us nice for once

it would have ,phosphorescent thing,

it would have honestly soothed me
all this in me

it would have been an englassed candle

it would have made her give me pep
talks that may have been about...

... cherishing me

and I want it

and I still can't

I can't believe the

there's nothing I

I just
want her

loving me and that means a single physicality...

..maybe...

...mom it never fulfills me

<3 <3 <3

and I said do you love me still but I could never
hear //much after that as we were perched// on the

top stair and I was prying do you love //your
boyfriend more than me and she said it's a different//
kind of love and do you love me more, though, since

you've known //me so much longer

and I cut my eyes to the ceiling and

was focalizing and was

not blinking and was not letting

.things breakout yet

and was channeling any grace-like leniencies I// could
because I could// not keep on because it was
too unexcitable/ for what it was//and
she was unmoved

/ I never saw her so ~/ she was placid//fluent// she was
endowing to me her mild balmy tones//for
the first real time// and I wanted to keep
wading in it and drifting toward it/and letting it /

make my eyes open and close/
moony//
but then. it was saying she needs to get
away from me//

<3

I never saw her so
something

she was really doing

no

I just wanted to breeze by in the tame climate of it
only but now it is setting up a lot
insupportable capacities on me why did I hear it

and I just had to

oh how I needed to devitalize her down about it
I wasn't in the mood for it because I never was
foreseeing it
but I refused to let her be constantly in her leisure over it

and anyway anyway what sort of intervention
can thwart the course of a deliverance speech

so I was attending only to that
hall ceiling but I was thinking of the tricks I was thinking
anything just get this all away
but then I became aware of something

because she made me aware of
something so disheartening

I think she had been the one thinning me out

so just implore her to cool it\oh tell
her\can't I please stay with you//tell her
please\\ as the please in your mouth
becoming// gummier and gummier\
please in your mouth\ the most
portentous\ utterance/ ever out your
mouth//ravenous please out of your
\mouth//
was the\\ blatting of a marooned
calf//marathon please//
please please unswerving\was an
antagonized cow// but it was a\ maimed
animal// and it was\oh it was/an
uproarious clamping on her torso \

and I bet it was
she never
I can't say she ever...

I said my mother never like fell
in lovewith me

and that \\unflinching please \ it was
my only leverage so it had// to become my
steady// occupation and it was
when //in the eleventh\\ hour I came to my
latent reservoir\ it was

when I ravaged what little //buildup from my little
latent //reservoir and I bore\ to the final
extent of it and turning\\ over every last like scrap in
there all that was recovered was \/
please ,please //illimitable please protracting
my \\lineaments with its pushes so you would
have been\\ able to observe the
//d'isfeaturing and
it was\guttural please it was too much fighting for it and I could//

not hold up right

and I had to double
over with my arms pulled in tight against my abdominal but
I
had to

hold on my mom's person which means hold on my mom's occurrence

oh my mom
back into you

I got to mix

I got to feel a few of the breaths in you
you can't
you can't take this much coaxing you
can't draw back your body from me
you can't

because it's deducting my vital principle
from me

oh why

did you even let me wear your unicorn shirt
did you cut my sandwich in a heart
did you give me all your extra chap sticks<3

how this came over you so fast

my whole god in life

I want to go back to her

precipitating pleases

I want to go back to her

and if I can't\what if I get sick/

if I can't be with my mother\ I will be
relentlessly afflicted and// I won't have any
mother and// that means I won't have my
\assuagements and that means I won't\\ know
to placate\ myself\\ about being feverish and
I won't// know to presume I//could shake it
I// could get some leeway and //I won't be
with my \\mother//
and I can't because once// I get beside myself
I can't// and I don't want it// I don't know
how to take to \\ my body// self//

and I don't want my own I don't want my own I just want my mom's

<3 <3 <3

I was your entrails to you before . I was your entrails don't you need me
no more

hey.I said my mother got to know me < 3 and that
means she

and that means she got to know me being as tolerable as I ever could and I
interesting as was really making sure

I said I was always making sure but my
mother didn't like to be with me
.no more

I said it is making me go bad. it is making me