

Jennifer's Body

We let the good bitch hold the knife
while the bad bitch watches;

No one yells
and neither knows our ciphers;

The cake is cut
just as they remember ; how to speak.

The world is a good place. Georgia good bitch is growing
switches in her garden cut; the foreheads at facelift height and
cut the hopes when they become violent cut ; Georgia when
a younger girl is born
and floods the garden ; with her pacifist white ; (a blade in the sun) ;
as it cuts through Georgia ; and she becomes a cadaver.

The world is a good place. Georgia good bitch is in *therapy*
so that one day ; she might become a violet ; soiled in violet ; that she might
regrow a violet ; over the bodies she witnesses on the internet.
Georgia's *therapist* informs her that ; the bodies aren't real ; because
bombs send bodies to heaven ; and there is no God ; so there cannot
be a heaven to store cadavers;
then, Georgia realizes she has no home to return to ;
only the garden

(Georgia goes home ; to the bombs in her garden.

blindness looks like oleander ; when the fruits of Georgia's labor;

take her to hell)

.

We hold Georgia's hand until ;

we encase it in epoxy; we underwear her in blue; so that the plastic
doesn't cover what we love to rot, more like
an orchid than a violet. more like a woman,
than a person,
(at least silent)
and working in the garden.

The world is a good place. and not at all hell. Jennifer is born ;
and sprouts powder fresh; from Georgia's remains; in a garden ;
that we've sold for land;. The juice of the earth ; we know ;
is worth the weight of a fingernail ; and the breath of a cadaver.. ; .

Jennifer is a dog and a cat ; a girl and a bitch ; plastic and fossil;
better than Georgia, that's for sure. Georgia had no children ;
the perfect weapon ; divorced from its own flowering;
she ; never metastasized ; only
carried around; the badness of insemination ;

Oh, Georgia,

if only you knew that every allowance you made ; every
pound of flesh ; made you the vector;
for another man's cancer;
and your bones became bullets in another man's war; and your words;
became switches; and your trees and their switches;
were made into ash.

Jennifer believes in personal and national sovereignty.

Jennifer bad girl; emerges

from the hole; ensuring, ; her calcification is never too much; for you
to penetrate.

(Unlike you, Georgia, Jennifer knows ; to keep the men working ;
We should convince them to penetrate the factories; their own
progeny and communities; in penetration;
they dig a perfect hole leading to hell; where you are;
so they, again, ; can penetrate You)

In this good world Jennifer ; never prays, but always hopes. Dead children
are; never her fault; since she can't remember making them dead;
and when she inherits the memory; of making them dead, (Georgia;

she goes to your therapist for it)
and is diagnosed with ; a cakelike mania. An auxiliary condition;
made possible by her perfection;
an empathy; discharged quartz;
to be broken open and; displayed on our mantle.

The world is a good place. Men invite her over to the world.
Quickly ; Quickly ; they swap the screen. First, it was little children;
in a way we have never seen them; without half a body. Is Jennifer;
supposed to ignore this? The question ; makes her realize she is Bad; since;
men skin her; when she leaves them or;
notices.

(The skin; a God ; or a lesser fertilizer...)

Men stain the mattress for Jennifer ; like the middle ; of her future cadaver;
though, still, ; she remembers what she first saw.

(How many deaths are equal to hers?)

Men go to war for Jennifer. Her gratitude ; a wilted violet ;
isn't good enough for any grave ; so she preserves it in epoxy; and ;
gauges out her eyes. ;

(she intends to give the gauged body ; to little children)

(and it isn't enough)

In this good world Jennifer; is blind before she makes herself blind;
and she is a flower of peace; a symbol; to advocate peace;
for future Jennifers. She doesn't think; about becoming a cadaver. ; though ;
at the end of her life; it does occur; the consumption;
a reclusive carnivore ; and how it ate a hole through her heart;
and left her with many meals ; and
many therapy sessions ; and
many dresses in unsexed colors ; and
many blankets in a soulless bedroom ; and
many homes endowed to her parents ; and
many excuses for

why

Jennifer shouldn't die for the lives already stolen ; in lieu of hers,

why

Jennifer should live in epoxied death

why Jennifer should regard; such a suffocation as eternal warmth;

because

if Jennifer remains nonviolent and ;

contained within herself;

she can end up as lucky as Georgia; shot

softly to hell;

and bled; until gracefully empty. ; her skin;

the sharpest most perfect;

pacified white.

Categorize Them by Pains of Love

Amongst assorted nights;

there were test subjects

(orioles and other birds

women ;

fancy soaps and tallow blistering moonly;

and pies whose deliciousness

- like that of every test subject -

was contingent on being divided

precisely through the middle)

.

On my first night it

was like the long night of a prostitute;

and I thought ; *it can't be* ;

because I was among friends who; fell

from my mouth, like children ; parasites of

the gold-leafed heart. ; the

shape of this; these

beloveds;

had a cutting edge ; and

amongst assorted nights,

I cuddled against it.

For the night of being halved; a hand; split-envy;

One end three-fingered, and

One end two.

(The envy of the body;

is what kills our test subjects; and

how foolish are those! ; who attribute

these little deaths;

to the testing.)

On the second night;

she became an object; ;*realisis*;

a term she came up with; matching ; the

eyeless syndrome

plastic made of ; her intellect. ; though ; we
don't know who we speak of.

So we laugh! Because life;
is made for joy;.)

New test subjects;

arrive each week; we

Categorize them;

by pains of love. Those;

who have seen the old test subjects; are typically
very intelligent. and so we love them some more; (when
we bleed it, it becomes sweeter;

and there is no evidence;

that the betrayal causes internal cancers
to the eaters;

who liquify these things; into heartfelt oxidants;
and become much more intelligent;
along with the metastasization.)

Cleaning ourselves;

we don't believe in suicide. It has never happened.

It certainly ; has never worked.

at night ; the garden ; outside ; the oleander;

propositions me;

and my sleeping husband. My atrocities;
must be imagined ; my body ; must be whole;

there is no seam-line ;

even when I feel it;

and I can't sleep that night; the taste;

that soars in my throat;

unpasteurized blood; and
the curse of hunger.