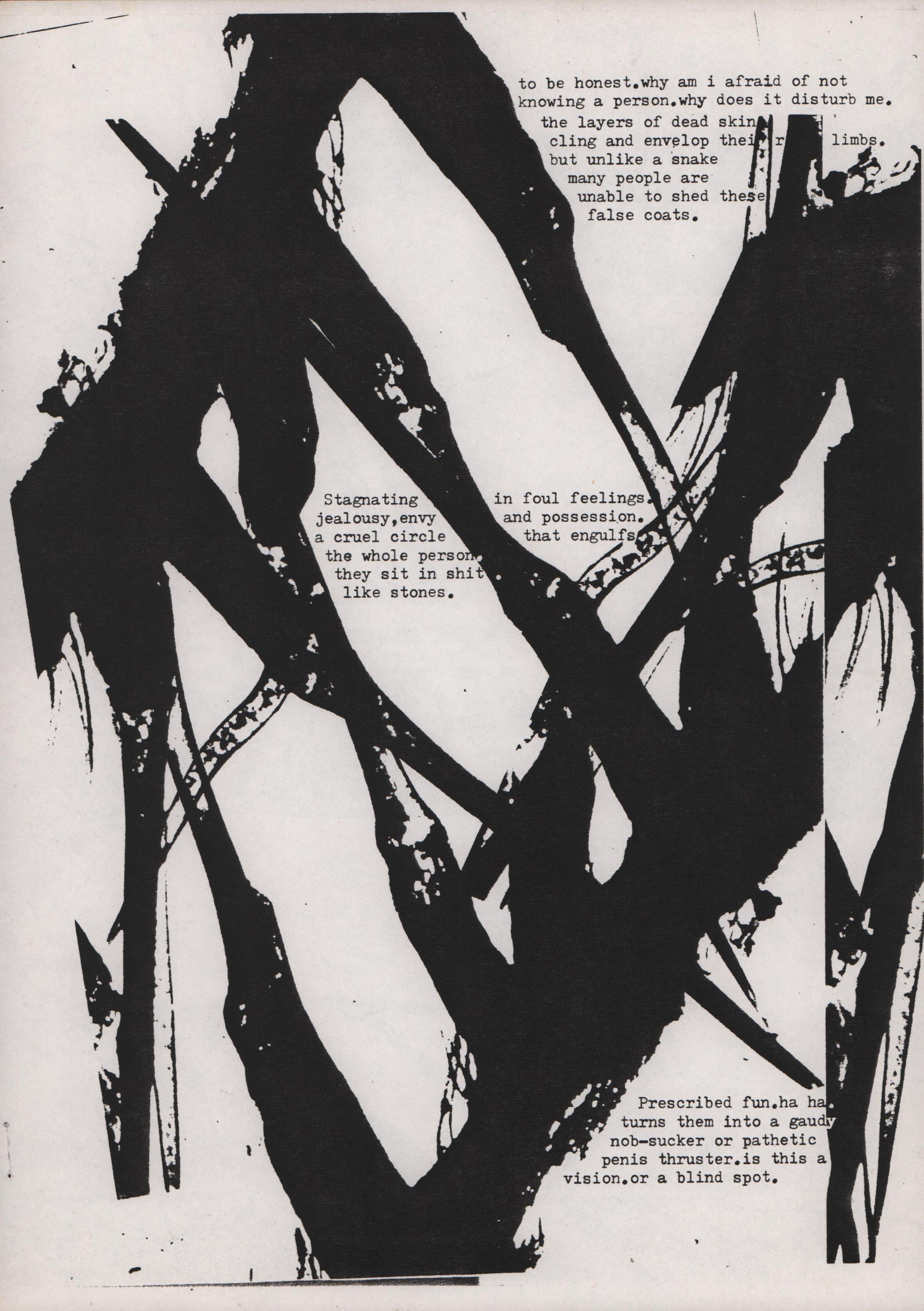


Hiatus

false



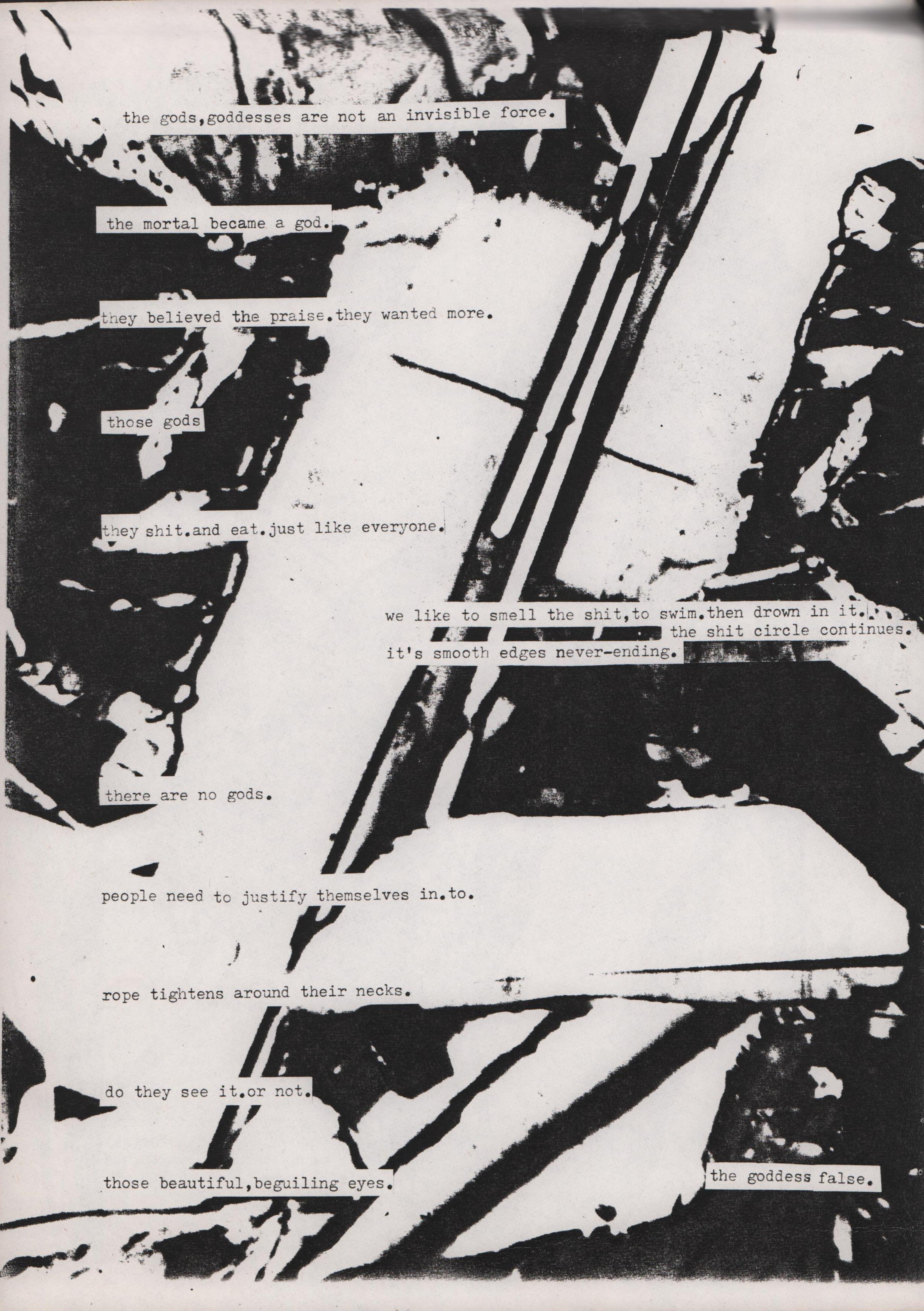




to be honest.why am i afraid of not
knowing a person.why does it disturb me.
the layers of dead skin
cling and envelop their limbs.
but unlike a snake
many people are
unable to shed these
false coats.

Stagnating in foul feelings.
jealousy,envy and possession.
a cruel circle that engulfs
the whole person.
they sit in shit.
like stones.

Prescribed fun.ha ha.
turns them into a gaudy
nob-sucker or pathetic
penis thruster.is this a
vision.or a blind spot.



the gods, goddesses are not an invisible force.

the mortal became a god.

they believed the praise. they wanted more.

those gods

they shit. and eat. just like everyone.

we like to smell the shit, to swim. then drown in it.
the shit circle continues.
it's smooth edges never-ending.

there are no gods.

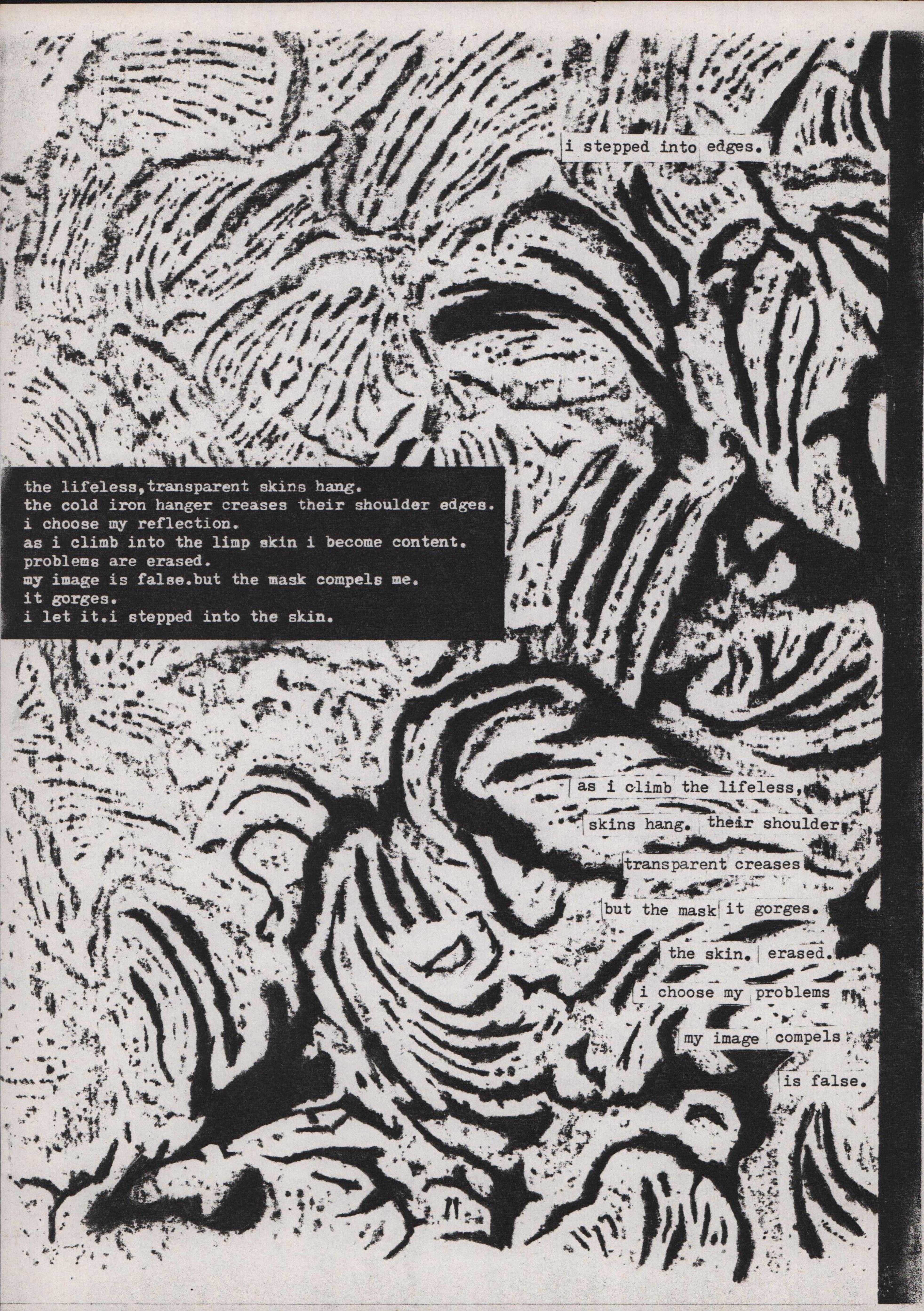
people need to justify themselves in. to.

rope tightens around their necks.

do they see it. or not.

those beautiful, beguiling eyes.

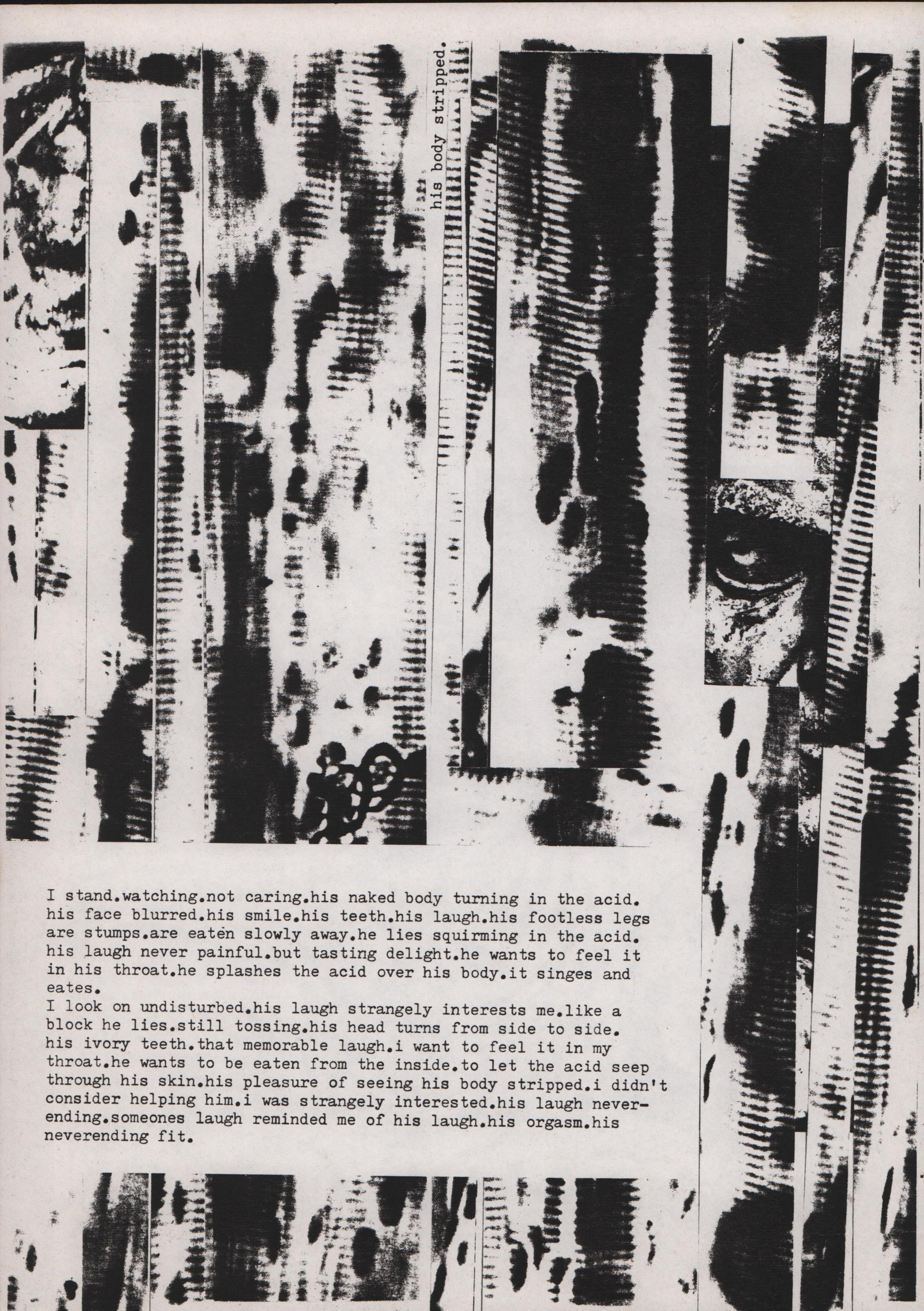
the goddess false.



i stepped into edges.

the lifeless, transparent skins hang.
the cold iron hanger creases their shoulder edges.
i choose my reflection.
as i climb into the limp skin i become content.
problems are erased.
my image is false. but the mask compels me.
it gorges.
i let it. i stepped into the skin.

as i climb the lifeless,
skins hang. their shoulder
transparent creases
but the mask it gorges.
the skin. erased.
i choose my problems
my image compels
is false.

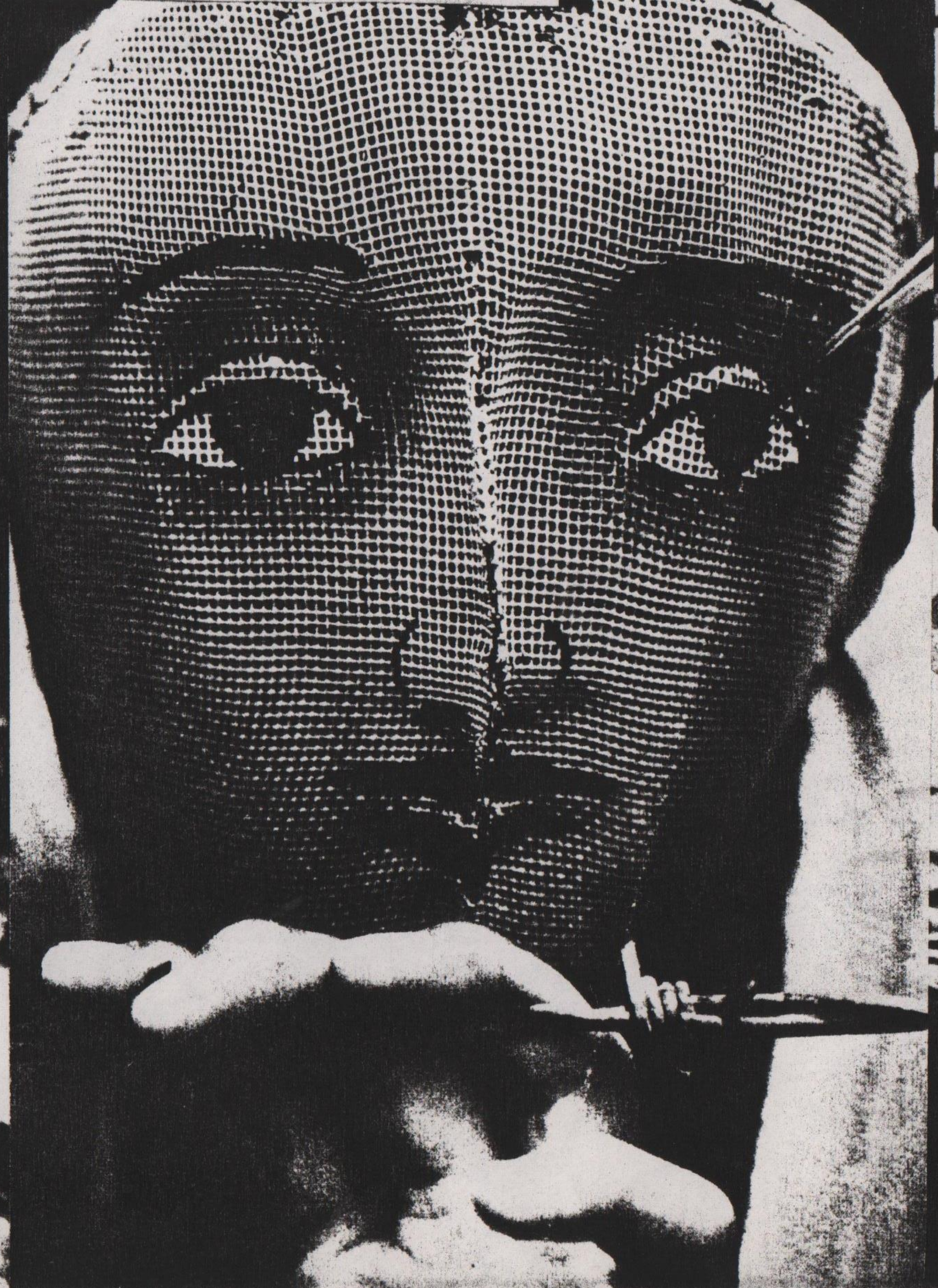


his body stripped.

I stand.watching.not caring.his naked body turning in the acid.his face blurred.his smile.his teeth.his laugh.his footless legs are stumps.are eaten slowly away.he lies squirming in the acid.his laugh never painful.but tasting delight.he wants to feel it in his throat.he splashes the acid over his body.it sings and eates.

I look on undisturbed.his laugh strangely interests me.like a block he lies.still tossing.his head turns from side to side.his ivory teeth.that memorable laugh.i want to feel it in my throat.he wants to be eaten from the inside.to let the acid seep through his skin.his pleasure of seeing his body stripped.i didn't consider helping him.i was strangely interested.his laugh never-ending.someones laugh reminded me of his laugh.his orgasm.his neverending fit.

to solve.
in by others words.
but words can be spoken and have little meaning.
the words who spoke them before you.
to react to live.
to dwell on past words.
pointless words.
to be hurt
or miss the (hidden) meaning.
you say there is not one.
i see too much expect too much.



but i strike out against this
land of bodies empty shells in
which we say i live to search
and delve through the masses
to find someone i continue but
never really know what lies
behind those pain(t)ed express
ions.



i had a view.ideas.i saw plots.their plans for me.

they sat motionless.

they were stones.stones were never moved.unturnd.

they had no eyes.

so it seemed.or maybe i wasn't looking close enough.

their visions had been impaired.too much exposure.

they looked like simple stones.but concealed deception.it was a clever disguise.

but they had plans for me.i would look the same.say the same.

i would think of little.i was to be a stone.

if i tried to close my eyes the pain seemed to grow.

to never think and question their laws.to sit in shit.regardless of the pain.

they must be stones.

their continual bombardment of stones.asking shit.hurts

.but i carry on resisting.



i laugh at their pale shaved legs as they walk awkwardly before me. they unite. with the tight trousered bulges. what goes on behind those tangled fibred clothes. i look down at the tangled bodies. twisted. enveloped in lust. a different part takes over. lust is their force. to imagine their synthetic sex. trying desperately to pump life. into the other. plastic emotions. bodies. minds. previous people have done their work well. to be told often enough lies in your mind. your genitals. opposites exist. merely in appearance. to find out. why. you should never offer your genitals to the same sex.

the bigger the circle becomes.but once you've slipped through the curtain.

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