

Desiree Santos

Stain

they multiply nine times nine
in cults and gangs
they all wanna
gangbang her up filthy walls
CUM ONE CUM ALL!
to fuck the girl of the moment
she'll razzle you she'll dazzle you
and make you feel
like you're the only one who exists
it's her gift
CUM ONE CUM ALL!
cum pussies and cowards
drug users and killers
heartbreakers and moneymakers
to watch the magic seep out of her
fantasy bleeds out of her
BOYS AND GIRLS STEP RIGHT UP!
to fuck her and leave her
make a circus of her infections
her diseases it's easy you see
to lock the doors as she screams
her demons won't let her break free.

Rosaries and Wine

and this is where you lose your mind
because I sleep
only to wake and meet satan
soaked in red I'm dying
from the absence of your love
my nights
devoid of stars he took them
he is my creature my vampire
and in dreams
I feast on his sadism
I take his magic I drink you drank
my blood for two years
poisoned I am
impaired I am
disavowed I am
morose
from this monster I sway
and stagger, lightheaded
I'm trying not to fall
apart
JOIN ME as he slices
my corpse my heart in two
on my knees I beg him
to sew me back together
JOIN ME as I trip
over the kisses he blows
and spill my own blood
among the dead I crawl
to find something better
but he is the only
and I remain caged
caught
in barbed wire
like a bird I can't fly
because he cut off my wings.

Monstrosity.

and when you speak the world stops.
my body is yours
it's under your spell someone stop this
wait
I'm falling
to please you to coax you to soothe you
to bring you back, back
to me
let me fuck you on the ceiling
bound me in black tape
spill my blood this can't be healthy
and have at me for hours
you make me feel alive
more alive
more alive
more ALIVE than I've felt in years
I can't think I cannot see
eat me touch me fuck me
but don't love me
you can't love me
because I love you
and equality is an illusion
fuck this life if I can't keep you
and fuck love cuz love forgot
about me
it piles up and up
and stacks and stacks
divide into
stacks and stacks of men that have left me
add yourself to the list that emo
emotionally affects me
kills me consumes me I want all of you inside of me
I'm just a woman I want a future
I don't wanna start over
fuck starting over my love
my intoxicating love
who makes my heart beat blindly
and wildly completely

out of control this is
cure me somebody cure me
somebody stop this!
please god STOP this-

JENNY FOR CIRCUS

Jenny, formally, describe your relationship with your father—

I am drowning, fuck, no – wait. FUCK. I feel like – I, I have drowned in my feelings for him. I quit him, or like smoking I want, I'd like, to quit him. I'm so all over the place, I can't think - THINK! - okay. Let me put it to you this way. He transferred an invisible disease to me through my mother and I sit here, with you, quietly hosting this parasite. My father he, well he, he burns, brighter than the sun and, that day, his face, laced with serenity said 'my, my.. it's a beautiful day to die.. isn't it?' This voice it, it lives with me. It cuts into me so deep, that I suddenly know no language when I hear it. I get lightheaded and, everything becomes blurry like in bad weather when you're driving. In my head, there is always bad weather, a constant static, an inability to see things clearly. Maybe it's my eyes cause they're his, same color. I wanna fucking scream someone give me a new lens, a new pair of eyes, take these away. Man (father is referred to as man, because he is the primary man, the very first man a little girl grows into and the one from which all destruction/succession stems) possesses the woman I would have become. He holds her in his hands and it's not that he wants to crush her, but like a flower, she is so fragile and his hands are too big and rough, unable to be gentle. He thickens the air I breathe I am the jester he is the King, and he is constantly, dismissing me. From birth his demons his sins have been fighting me, they fight me and I can't fight back, so I try with nothing no weapons nothing. My hands, fuck, my hands tied, bound, in spite of what he has done I am bound to him, maybe that's why I cut I try to sever the invisible tie between us make it go away, make it disappear decay divorce it from me but *nothing* is ever good enough. Not even my cutting abilities. With this disease in me, I spread like wildfire, monsters make monsters and so forth and I begin to travel through my world developing more monsters, spreading his infection with these tools he gave me – he bred me for this I believe in this I believe in this. I know man wants my love but that he cannot have, that he will never have, I am closed up shut down I feel this way when involved in relationships because everyone is him everywhere is him. I used to wear man's clothes his cologne drive his car watch his T.V., waiting. Waiting for him to come back I split him in two you see man was two people to me, I presented him to everyone in a *circuistry* sort of way: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! BOYS AND GIRLS! We have two shows playing for you tonight: on the right, we have the ethereal charismatic fulfiller of dreams and love and to your left, you can catch the abusive incestuous alcoholic [please attend whichever applies to you most conveniently].

Thus in entertaining him, in acting as a mime, a fucking mime, to communicate to all of my closest/dearest friends, and family, I used the only money I had left, to buy tickets to his nightmare. That is exactly how I feel if I can pinpoint exactly when I started to feel this way I'm not exactly sure if I can. Only this holds true: I have turned myself inside out for his viewing pleasure, I have slept, outside of his door for years, I have trapped myself inside of my undersized 15-year-old body – stopped the hands of time stared at a clock with no arms waited for someone to fix me fell asleep by accident several times in front of his door, like a bum, like a hobo awaiting some kind of revelation to emerge from behind a dumpster. I have knocked, I have banged, I have scratched at his door to where my nails have bled, all in this waiting process, like a patient I wait in his waiting room. He appears to me as a doctor, I am waiting for him to come out and tell me if I will live or die, if the carcinoma that is him has traveled so far into my liver or lungs or brain, where I can no longer function – and he has stepped out in a white coat, the careless heartless man in the white coat, and said to me with his stupid clipboard and stupid glasses and stupid fucking pen sticking out of his shirt pocket, that I have x ($x=0$) amount of years to survive, to live. So I walk around the walking dead, dead I am, falling off the edge into a downward spiral headfirst, feeling as though pain and suffering are embedded in my chest, overflowing from my lips eyes mouth gushing blood, blood love aren't they the same? I can no longer tell the difference.