

Natasha Murdock

Empathy Porn

Imagine his thick dick/ in my mouth,
his rugged abs, his cum/ on my face, no blemishes,
imagine everything you hate about yourself perfected
imagine his cock taking me from behind/ he's young
& good & great hair, he's a throbbing member/ right up my ass,
he's a/ moaning, asking, begging for *more*,
imagine him Loud & unexpected—
imagine him giving it/ oh giving it/ as long as I want it,
he's never finishing/ first— over and over again I want him—
anyone, *really*, but not you, not you downstairs
 working, not you downstairs rocking the baby,
 not you downstairs folding laundry, imagine anyone fresh
& new & hot & ready & telling me *I like it* & pounding me
real good/ *harder, harder*—clearly not about you—
I do it for me—for me—
 sorry

the wasteland

breeding / Lilacs out of the dead land -t.s. eliot

blown-out / big&floppy / hallway / loose / gaping / wide-set / beef-curtain / baggy / black hole

c-section yeah but there was still a whole hand up there

like a crime scene like a kidnapping like a hotel sign no vacancy like a pancake/no butter like do not walk no
turn on red *literally* like no double coupons like after a short commercial break like don't touch that dial like
some forgotten jelly fish swallowing itself

now you're a milf as in no I will not take off my shirt

after six weeks, exam, speculum, etc. *this may hurt a little, a little pressure*

okay, okay, looks great

from derivative

sometimes I do what you tell me to and I like it but it's still what you ask me to do so I am being what you want me to be and I get confused like when I like you to tell me to bend over the kitchen stool and show you my ass—I do it. I bend right over. I spread my cheeks. I show you the parts of me even I've never seen. You tell me to tell you I like it and so I tell you I like it & I like it. I like it so much that later, the next day, I ask you to tell me to spread open, to tell me to like the way your big hard cock slides right in. I ask you to tell me and so you tell me to ask you & I ask for it. I ask for it & I like it. Like you tell me to. I am so wet.

Something is Not Right

whatever it is, it's eating us,
ripping through our forests like fever,
enveloping us in new sadness...
it is a hard moon, missed light...
the old *it'll be different this time* joke...
volatile as a salted pot...
whatever it is, it's quick turning
our palms to dust and shards,
the cat pissing on everything...
the old *this is what you wanted* joke...
we buy the grapes and we do not eat them.
we say more to ourselves than each other.
the laundry sits in the basket for weeks.
you're so angry...
all of our jokes are true & mean.
we can't see the future...
we don't even bother.
we never wear our glasses in the house anymore.

No Head in Oven! He Says!

I sleep on his side of his bed.
I leave my book on my side of his bed.
I web-cam masturbate on his side of his bed.
 this is not a joke. . .
I had glitter! I was not live!
I was real; I had to fake it.
I drooled on his pillow in his bed.
I pet his cat in his house in the morning.
I put on his underwear!
I watched his Bill Maher!
I am hung-over to death from drinking to death from missing him to death!
I am sick to death of missing him to death. . .
I don't even live here. I don't even bake here.
I took a shower and used his soap!
I smell like an Irish Spring now!
I do not remind me of him!
I do not want to miss him at all!
I do not want to clean his litter!
I do it, but I do it.
I do.