



julie marie taber



an **illustrated** chapbook



tweeked safely amay in the box

of things to mener ever Som land

the Horse

The Horse is not in love with me.

He watches, knowing nothing as heirloom necklace wavers, jaded and golden robbed unceremoniously from the drawers of the dead

Waxing hypnotic little jewel collides with my teeth Again and again to the merciless rhythm.

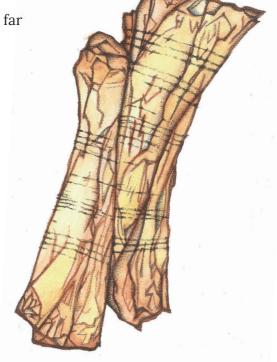
The Horse has learned to speak he can even lie indulging me constantly lavishing me with compliments knowing my vanity smelling out my weakness

I'm just a toy
I'm a good girl, he says
Good Girl.

Slavering like a dog with a bone, endlessly chewing, working the jaw, the teeth The Gnashing of the Teeth until all that's left are shards, crumbled remains pulverized by the Rhythm.

So entranced was I by this mechanism so mesmerized by the slow spiral that only when I caught a stray kick of silver hoof did I finally awake conscious of my mortality

Bad girl having ventured too far Never to return



Enter the street

Pushing through wall so thick I feel like I'm underwater the bloodbath below distracting from pounding hangover

Shoes on the wrong feet I don't give a fuck the anguish of being stuck behind slow walkers every living person disgusts me

and then, just at one of my lowest moments everything spins into surprise TV game show And the joke's on you, pal!

So it's hard to tell who's real and who's fake but when I cut into you I can see that you're entirely rotten

Dying strangled Tangled in a mass of wires

Exeunt

Violently hungry

All the starvation finally paying off in a fevered state That deeper hunger never really goes away never really satisfied

urges persist like infernal swans sent through pleasure incendiaries

My voracious appetite
-they tell me it's a sign of healthbut I am clinging to a rock
to avoid being drug out to sea by it.

I'm a fool savagely tearing into fruit Rose tinted water rolling slowly down my cheeks

Suffering the same punishment I gleefully doled out.
The cruel beauty of the day:
a slap in the face.

Small brown bird at my window again Please distract me, distract me I'm begging for distraction

while they watch on and click their tongues staring unwaveringly



Mission: containment

Keep a lid on it Keep a lid on the squid

No one has to know nobody needs to know it's in their best interest not to.

But I fucking got too drunk and God damnit this black bile has spilled all over the floor undeniable, viscous, stubbornly clinging to everything.

You've seen it, there is no mistaking it You'll never return to my room now knowing its corrosion I've fucked up everything with my twisted chemistry.

But how do I objectively experience The Redness of the Red?

It's so red its blackened into Void humming archaic having folded in on itself millions of times over.

It's all unavoidable of course It's the nature of the beast It cannot be contained

Me versus the massive force within I'll never win

warm night

Tastes like a bad idea

I can taste your mouth it's like I can taste your age savoring your whole life.

I am preparing myself for a dream.

I can read your mind when our heads rest together your thoughts seep into mine

like subtle heat of soft ground penetrated by rain staining and seeping in cracks and crevices.

Tried to take a picture in my dream the photos turned out angelic, ethereal

but It all just slides away

parting easily like Butter before the knife

The Girth of Venus

It's nice to be surprised surprised by timidity, demure, tactful gentleness in softly waxing window light.

Hours go by stretched out in ecstasy in and out of sleep

cobwebs between worlds thin as the iris clung to expanding pupils

Expanding veins filling up with blood as if by a pump a delicious mechanism

My favorite game



the Horse pt. II

I am watching myself fruiting body dripping evil thoughts

walking down to the water a rabbit screams in the night.

I have a gun, am going for a swim.

Trees rustle in a staggered line, disturbed he is running towards me dark with desperation.

What am I going to do?

It's screamingly obvious: him or me?

One clean shot, square between the eyes Bye bb x i Look into
your eyes
while fucking



Concha

Found an intact shell in my bag resisting the crunch of the collocation of things in time
The form of it making me want to cry somehow:
Reaching inwards
Despite everything

I no longer look for you in the street (lie)

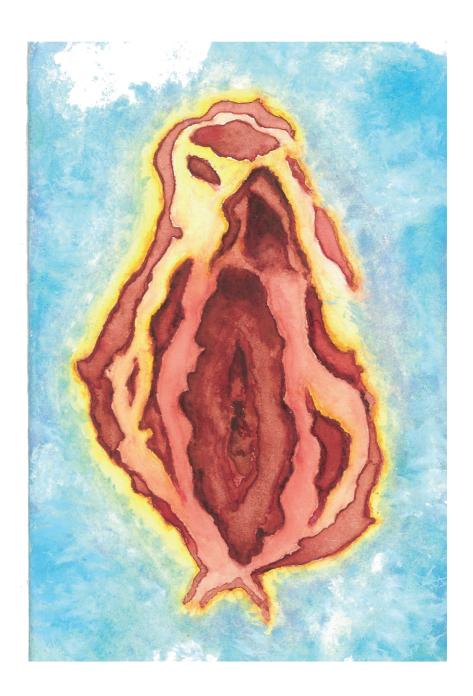
I hadn't lit a candle for you in almost a year. A lot of good that did.
You're dead.

The countless desperate candles, The pilgrimages, the rituals pleading with god or Mary or someone anyone

Lotta good that did.

Still, I find myself crying in the cathedral. stunned speechless by the ornamentation of the years reaching its spindly fingers towards someone, anyone,

Please



bad blood

The ripe bride is a warm, pulsing vein ready to peel away like cruel laughter

When she slipped and revealed her hungriest face, a sanguine new sadness was conceived Heaving like cornered prey In the Lion's Den

Pressing her fingers on pearly organ keys limbs rise and fall, marionette, bayoneted And so her song pours forth like a prayer

revealing images stitched together in dust burned letters of a well-familiar name branded on the hollow of her brain tricky, twisted letters of a name so familiar.

And so it is born clawing through the soft vessel fresh as envy's first sting white hot as new shame in the milky stealth of night

a little death for a little life

The Belvedere Torso

Sometimes the part is more than the whole.

This too shall pass:
my mother's refrain
for times of suffering
on a loop
recalled as I maniacally clean the fuck out of the apartment
in a jealous rage

needing soul scrubbed out stockpiling emotional ammunition

Something I hate about myself: my father's daughter 'So your mother decided she didn't love me anymore and that's totally cool with me.' Gritted teeth

So I'm Digging the Old Hole focusing my hatred through a diamond-like prism my eternal flower centering it and perfecting it and beaming it into you



Back on the Sauce

I dream of strangulation, unwavering watching the life drain from his eyes Another one Another one

Blood on my hands I'm scrubbing like Lady Macbeth that spot is never coming out Another one.

Uh oh back on the emptiness again it's rotten, nauseating

Don't leave me here with it Please It's always just waiting Hovering in the corner, Mocking me

Feeling abandoned by the dead my jaw about to split apart Somebody pry this wretched tooth from my head (they didnow it's just a wretched hole) Another one

3 Days in the Hole

Sheets drenched in Nightmare sweat

Always wake up with a start, heart racing grind it down to a little nub in my sleep ow

A big, fat, rubbery mistake trembling like a horrible bloated balloon Red, obscene, unforgettable

it's squeaking against every conceivable surface it's letting you know it's there Always

high-caliber clown

Spooked by graveyard flowers' plastic crinkling in the wind

I flee to pale green tiled room but not the nice kind to calm your throbbing head

the kind with a drain in the floor Easy to clean and scour and siphon away the matter.

I find myself locked in, stuck with the simpleton overgrown in his chair: garden-variety stupid

There's puke in my gills from the nauseating scene overcome with helpless, rude disgust unable to hide my traitorous face

He sits in his cage regarding me licking his lips, menacing seemingly a mile away in the corner but way too close

It's officially a living nightmare.

Yet my idiot hope lives on, imagining the taste of strawberries

like some eternal cursed spring.

