foolish fantasies

julie marie taber
tucked
safely
away
in the box
I never even saw you leave.
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 health–
but 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
mindfulness
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.
I feel nothing.
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 did— 
now it’s just a wretched hole) 
Another one 
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.