



foolish  
fantasies



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julie marie taber



an  
**illustrated**  
chapbook





tucked  
safely



away

in the box





of 'things to



never ever

say



out



loud'



## 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





# 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 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.



