

Natalie Day

Celled

Underneath, where it's warm, we

blue on the boardwalk, all in a weepy row. Handcuffed, we keep dreaming behind the back.

1st: Our hearts fill with milk and suds.

2nd: Our heads fill with baby babies.

3rd: Our bellies fill with infection.

The girls get covered up, bald below concrete. The nudge: Not the most original haircut, is it?

COUNTDOWN PROJECT: Release

Things evolve out of our recognition.

Bevies move and get reputations

(bad girl gone good girl gone bad)

Again, mono-fuck our way out of this one.

Cigarette trade. Because our hands have told

too much time
to be good,
still.

We say: Cover up that bruise with a bathmat.

1st: We costume in fur helmets

2nd: We costume in striped kitty cat outfits

3rd: We costume in devil skins shaped like mad hair mamma's

Feet first we made it through the ceiling fan. The sassy sort of sin, someone's pants in our pants.

Breakaway . I flew under the big house and lifted it with my girl legs.