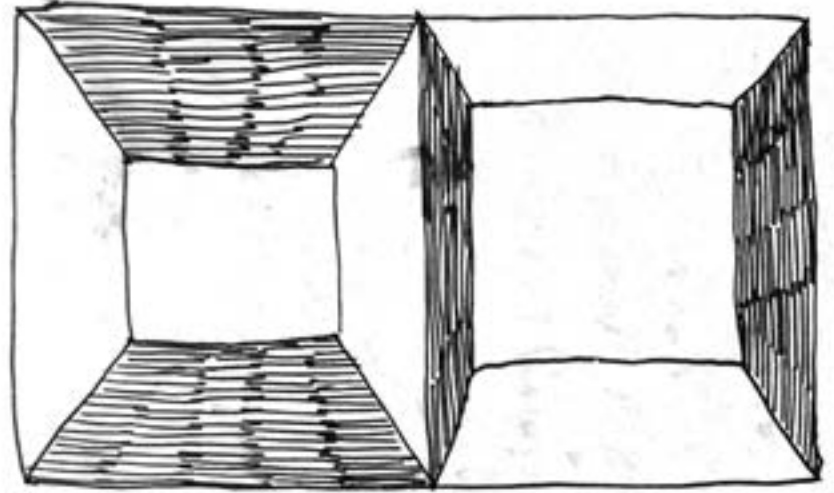


our limbs made of bark

*our bodies
the way to dissolution*



a collection of media by **Vivienne Mount**

Clean, Counted

hanging on line
dry out
money counter brill
i am but a slip
waits for tending

watching bruises while they turn green
like mothers eyes
green, soft, undulating
thin blades in gales of warm incandescence

my vision strains
forget eye to eye this is yelp to yelp
storming out to greet rainfall with fingers crossed
soldier homebound
[easebackward] *[splitonatrigger]*

change measured in miles
measure instead in : willful mercy,

$$\frac{time\ spent}{time\ left} =$$

candles burned / dollars blown
down rusted / drains to make
pretty copper eruptions / things
there are never enough of / how
grass will always look greener

greengreenprettygreen
i should have measured sooner
thank God there is a court
a playing field
i keep count of each move
i am the Referee

many counterfit saviors crawl on by
you must run
before they can snag at your leg
pull at your hair
each strand

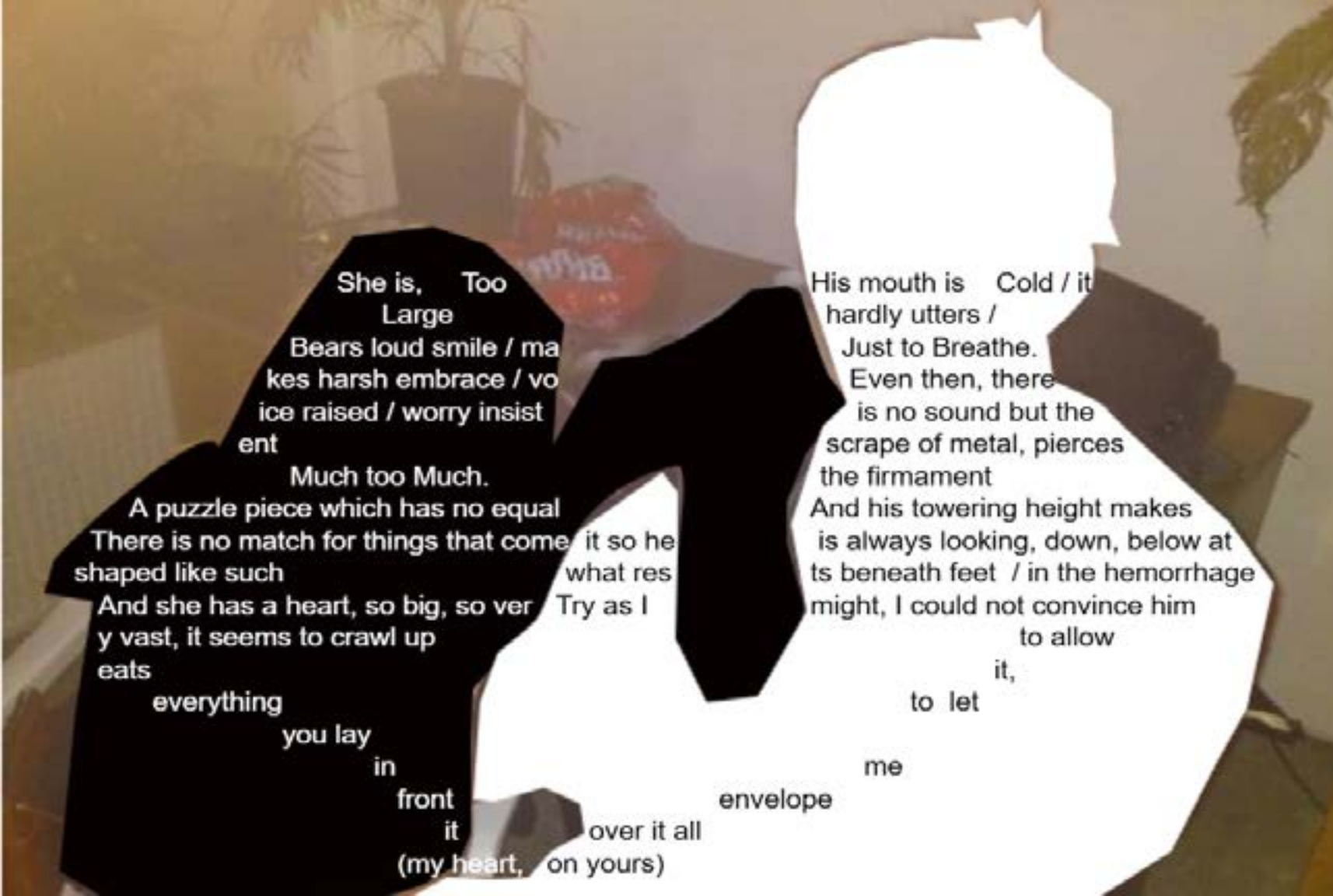
i run too but
hands are always
[onmyscalp] *[downmyback]*



Gnats in the Umbra



Flies mutter	low	breathing under covers
Now :	<i>A vestige</i>	
Seat		hurdles forward
	Reflected image	
On water		disembodied
Semblance feels difficult		(These Days)
Caught in dark	Mask, Black, Obscure	
	Phantom - remnant	
Behind	,Me ,You ,Us ,Together	
Especially; Late	Even - ing (out)	Small Jacket
		Tight Sock
		Cursed Vision
Gloom soaked sky entices Above		Rays of doom glimmer Below
	<i>All roads lead to Glory</i>	
Technicality of skull,		Cells filled with Heads
cell,		Mush
mush,		Crush
blood		Dust
Exclusion to the Shadow		Banishment to the Edge
	<i>Nativity, like Containment</i>	

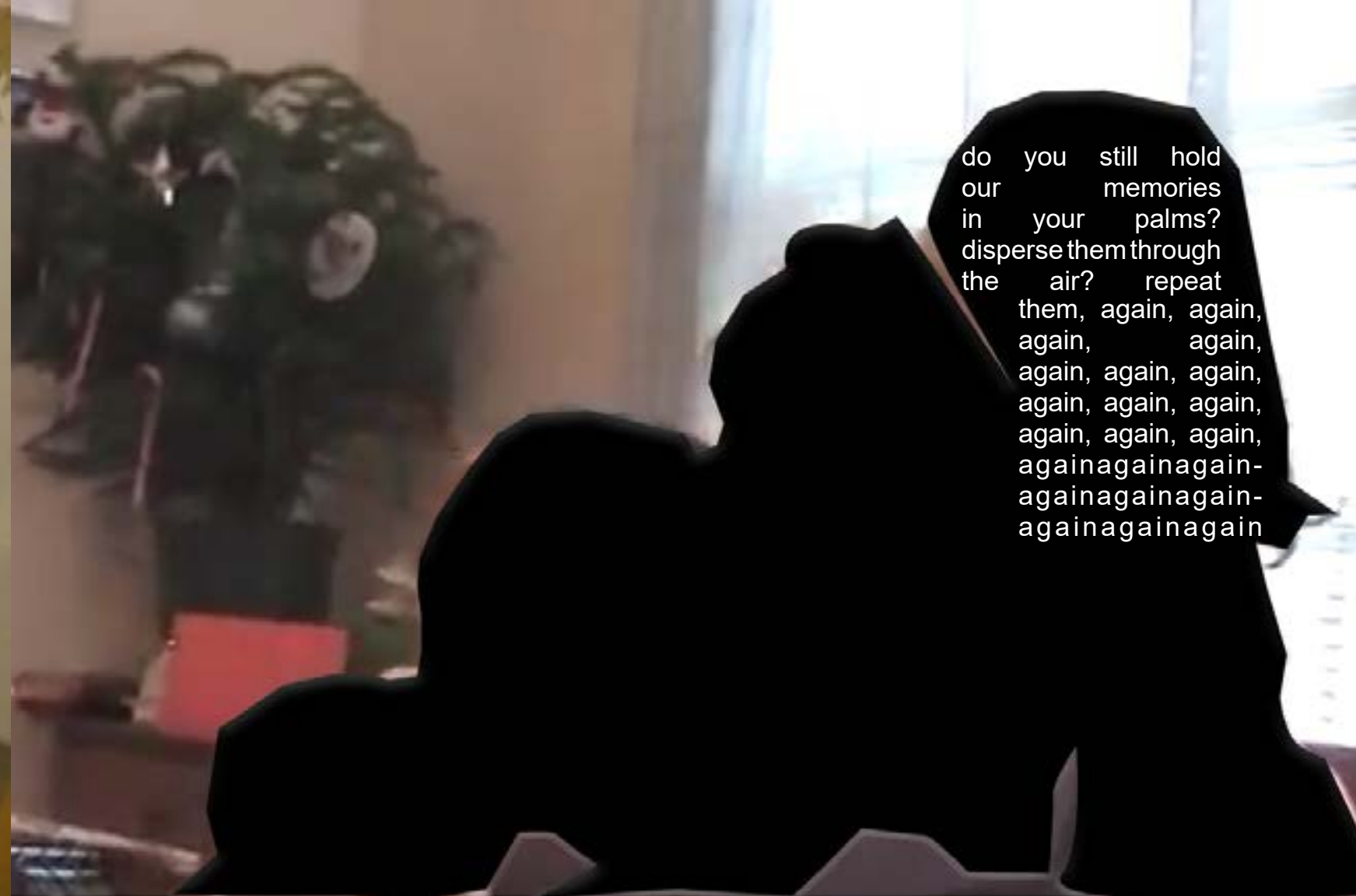


She is, Too
Large
Bears loud smile / ma
kes harsh embrace / vo
ice raised / worry insist
ent

Much too Much.
A puzzle piece which has no equal
There is no match for things that come it so he
shaped like such what res
And she has a heart, so big, so ver Try as I
y vast, it seems to crawl up
eats
everything
you lay
in
front
it
(my heart, on yours)

His mouth is Cold / it
hardly utters /
Just to Breathe.
Even then, there
is no sound but the
scrape of metal, pierces
the firmament
And his towering height makes
is always looking, down, below at
ts beneath feet / in the hemorrhage
might, I could not convince him
to allow
it,
to let

envelope
me



do you still hold
our memories
in your palms?
disperse them through
the air? repeat
them, again, again,
again, again,
again, again, again,
again, again, again,
againagainagain-
againagainagain

On Casting Spells; Losing Blood

Every time a man touches me I lose three drops of blood from my largest artery, so when he grazes my skin in morning light I reach my thumb over the prickle to stop blood from dripping onto the bed sheet. Alarm on, feet glued shut like my mouth, bleary eyes come out of the dark to harsh rings in the black. Only for a moment to feel your touch again, feel blood pour, prick, slush, , , ,

My bed is clean now since I washed my sheets and you can't guilt me any longer. All stains stripped to white, bad graffiti buffed: your skin or the drops from my aorta, circles to demarcate my pities. Sometimes I hear you turn in your sleep but when I wake I find a branch has brushed against my window, it says hello. I am glad to see the branch, more glad than to see you and I sit and watch it tap as the squeaks seep through my skull like a drill. It drones, coaxes me to sleep, what came before, *I remember you, I do* how I spent all the hours: hand on heart / tongue in cheek / I plead for forgiveness / tastes like candy / rot my gums /pray for salvation / something to finish me off.

Winter is coming now, with speed, apologizing all the while for replacing the sun *I remember you* before four pm each day, you and your watch. It seems that everything I touch sticks forever, medical avulsion of the skin I turn it raw, glitter coated rashes from ripping things off; grape flavored dutch wrappers and picturesque smiles look up at me, tinged in my red kiss. Many others resists my attempt, turn spirit futile. I'd let this avulsion grow deeper, layer of my skin falling off if I could only wipe it clean. I think of this often and sticking my pale, blue, hand, narrowly through sternum to meet sticky sludgy evil I picture it would be wet, thick, would slide down my ribcage, dissolve back into the rest; honey in tea / glue on bare skin / tree sap on birds beaks / if / I / could / only / wipe / it / clean.

I wish I knew a spell to cast
where could I buy it?

Residuals

purpose use
plexus folded into post-its
thin crinkles make love
kaleidoscope of running blue
running red
running running running
get faster quicker stronger when Used
favorite toy lying blanket to sleep
warm water over closed eyelids leaking

used / soft / used to be
not quite
new perfect like:
lines of code converge to a sect
written corpse written mind

new perfect like:
neat folded clothes in drawer
before thread can escape
running,
running,
running,
down a leg
down a street
down down down it runs and runs it runs
blue
no
red

still left still thick
sweat that cakes through the sheer
while
beams of air breed cracks in clouds
make it all melt

Geometry of Doubt

sometimes Indulgence is key
i write letters to God ask him why
i made it this way why He did
the letters are to myself not God
isn't that how math works? like:



God = x
Self = x
why(x) = why(x)
why = why
whywhywhywhy

im not sure i forget
i forget my name
my face
i forget math
myriads of triangles squares circles littering my vision
cursed to repeat
cursed to see
cursecursecurse
though i break each time still i am swallow - ed whole
repetition makes it mean less
power less

i've been thinking a lot about Him my skin could crawl
right out from under me on top of me from behind

only mush will sit i Stand

i think going backwards always leads to hell
i write this in letters too
maybe god doesn't like that
maybe that's why he's turned his cheek
left me all alone
maybe i have turned my cheek
left Him one too many times

sowed my triangles in the pavement

speak in tongues maybe riddles maybe
i don't speak at all
i dont speak much we dont talk
no words no math
we don't talk we just sit
dont sit just wait
for a sound hear none

lines all accumulate
i played the game all the wrong instructions
no math won anyways
no words
rather, lines coming to points, plotted
to guide my side - walk this dim night i wont touch:
powder on weekends
lipstick on broken skin
simple allegories for the mess

memory is old and hard the spine of a bible
always comes back around
why ever go backward?
why chase down hell?

стаята ми е пълана с мухи / *situational declines*

I battle with fruit flies
when rotting in stomach
lick dust off counters

grind teeth to spit out scars
cough up pink melodies for the drain
talk to walls
chalga cackles back

dusk at four - forty - nine
writihing along chilled step stones

corpse craving fever
these two red string tangling
algorithms of faith

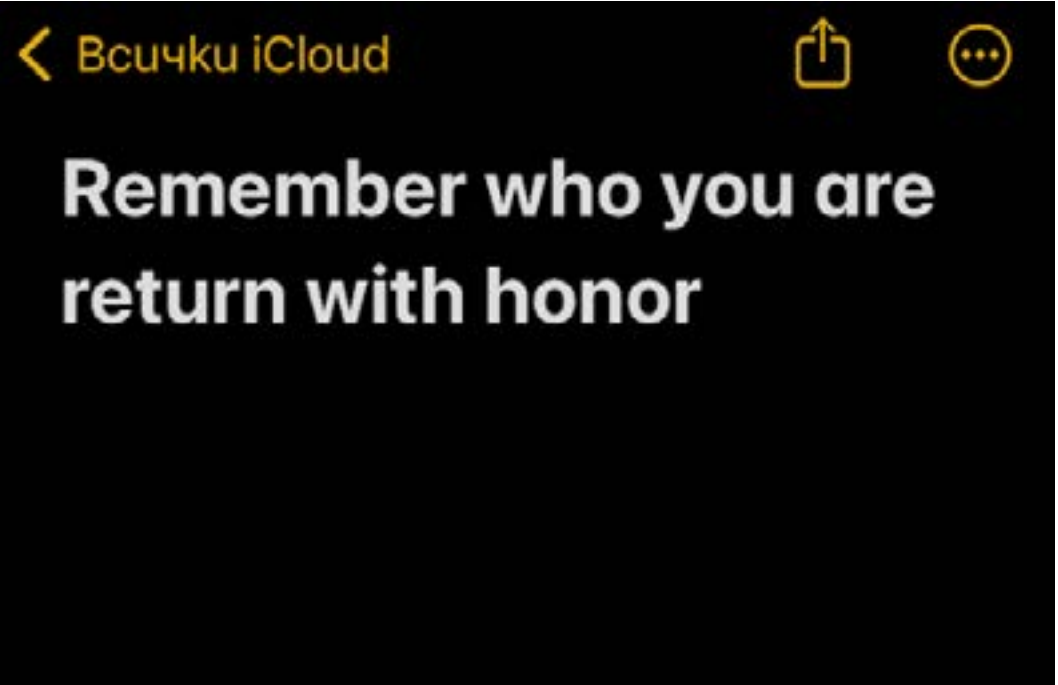
puddles of lies grow mold
cannot help itself
oxygen falling on deaf ears

съдба

gledam na slunce mutska

vsichko e zablude u lazhu
[това решение е окончателно]

защо плачем? nyama de rival



World Turns Soft at the Edge



Hints of cardboard and the influence of my mother up my nose
The sky melds, yellow and purple in a carbon cauldron, grey dust sprinkling over every surface
Leave my coat of muck I could taste, orange juice after mint-toothpaste
Filling new car are many different tears all made of different colors I sort them to groups of yellow, red, pink, blue, yellow, red, pink, blue
I want to minimize their mass, keep them small, close I wonder then if a flood could be reversed, contained, if I never opened the door and the colors kept doubling they could all stay inside, would it burst out instead? defy glass windows, spit up shards, regurgitate us out on the I-580
Wheels turn fast, try as I might the colors start to fuse, I scramble to keep them apart but yellow and blue are making green already, I look ahead with haste and car keeps going, smokey white emits at back and I wonder how hard this turn will hit, red flying perpendicular on blue
I look into eyes that don't look back at me they are contorted they turn like possessed child in mothers stomach poking out at the skin in grandiose shapes
I wonder how one could drive with such vision colors all coming out in rips through slimy fabric
The door is open now oh, no, why would you open the door! The colors the colors they all spill right out down the street melting into it sinking pores soapy water
Runs away along with them now I engage in a chase but I've never been a hunter myself feet falter on gas pedal and halts screech I just return
In bed I fill a garbage bag with new tears most being red hot hard burn my skin with might I've given up on their separation
There's a buzzing under rumbling blanket growl from a lion the buzzing is over my head persists never ending I resolve and run and run I find car I am colorful painted in splatters standing on a cliffs edge peering over
There is nowhere to go so I jump off and remember my parachute in my shoe I am reaching for it again as I sail through the air and when I land there are feathers to cushion me and I allow them to swallow my skull envelope over in a thick dissolve mucinex brain amoebas to drown into the feathers are soft and fluffed each stroke like the scrape of a soft animal shaped eraser on paper
I am a creature of habit reach my hand to rub my forefinger over the top and eliminate the extra.



neck quite

right
but not
far off

safely
missing a
neck

front & back
188



grandma nys my red eye
"is it enough yet?"

← Всичку iCloud



Everything I want is
nothing I can have

Washing Machine

my words recycle
turn inside out on their heads
theres been a lump in the back of mine
[near base of neck two paces to the right]
for months
i think thats why
i began to ask:
when did you learn to play God?
when did you learn to turn ribs into cracked comissary?

i dreamt my bathmat molded and i
cried right onto its face
turning sour is not so simple

acting out of impulse
rather resource
rather scarcity

addicted to whatever i can get my hands on
jabbering rehomed syllables to ears that remain closed
eating freezerburn off week old bagels it helps with the toothache
stealing flowers from the sidewalk i'm jealous of how they bloom

what if i dont want to cleanse my soul?
stay dirty like this forever
make friends with rusted bathmats and find roaches at my feet until they fall

i keep dreaming of bombs, too
once i died after one blasted
i saw myself
three months later
hairless
and covered in
latex
i thought then
we could all be aliens once more

My Family Owns No Land and We’ve Never Lived in a House

I need to go back and stare at those two empty rooms again.
I cleared them quickly don't remember what I had packed what I left alone
It was all carpeted Saints were ingrained into the knots beneath my feet
I never lived in a place with carpet again
The saints all got left behind and now I have nowhere new to plant them
they belong to another now by proxy
Always lying in adjacence to
God too
Clothing hangers
[Blurry polaroid hung beside bed I am always in that room]

We moved next door afterward

[Also scattered across my room: pencil thin glass shards. If I still had a carpet they would not prick my toes.]

In the new place wooden dividers acted as a wall Grain made itself tough thick Mirrors everywhere
I measured in minutes since seeing my two eyes made time collapse into funhouses of carb-free sugar-free lead in-
halations I wondered how many minutes until I entered ketosis let my intestine eat into itself
brimming down
If yellow sludge turns blue upon death like the derma
When something is lost it cannot evaporate
It just brims down
It rests on bottoms of feet
If you're lucky sinks to carpet
We didn't stay there long I said goodbye to the wood the whispers it held for me.
[One day I will have a house All made of bark]

Went downstairs, had shutters and two magnificent windows:
one for love and one for secrets
I slipped out of the slats on the right side often turned myself to a piece of paper and flew right out under his nose Hard to catch
I fell in love with a palm tree outside I gazed into its green spikes past screen of frosty glass
I spent a while there alone
My closest comrade: the smell of elevator mildew and carpet My favorite
Rolled around in wisdom tooth surgery medication hidden between shirts he walked for hours.
Walked on and on and on through woods
through anything he could find
I was happy being left to devices not fit for my hands On balcony my eyes became craters of black
[frequent neurological misfires, light - show]
When I left I thought I would be back sometime soon
Then I was back but it had all been torn down Monsters from my closet yielded ownership on my land
It had only been 3 months. They squatted the whole place.
He said there were just too many memories of
Her
There
I could not outweigh the scale Its number is never correct anyways
Come loose thread on shirt
[caught incessantly by a nail sticking out door frame]
I don't like to share
I don't like to leave
I am always doing both
There is a new, new, new, new place, foreign Filled with foreigners A dog replaced my grey blob given off years ago
I hope he plays in the greenery now
I never said goodbye
had a choice
I don't like dogs very much They lick they touch They take what they can squat like the monsters who stole my bed-
room I'm not sure why he got one he grew a sudden allergy to all things once adored. Does it hurt?
I know only one thing
That is : disintentioned exile
It is no good when there is no house for memory When it gets scattered all across the dirt When it cannot embed back into
your skin cannot greet you at the arranged spot Turns to soup and all you desire: A hot bowl of broth.

НЕРЕШИТЕЛНА
ВИНАГИ СЪМ

НЕРЕШИТЕЛНА НЕРЕШИТЕЛНА

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is gained

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НЕРЕШИТЕЛНА

АЗ СЪМ КАКВО?