DONALD DAHMER

Rhea Dillon

Monteg Press Interjection-006-10 Rhea Dillon.pdf

Do you ever piss on your feet in the shower

searching for the medieval folklore

that cures ailments

could still be true

?

I pull the remnants of

a blood

babe unborn

to join

the remedial potion. Figures.

I am my mother's keeper

Kept her;

mistake.

Old born full form.

To release is to always have

contracted prior.

What do we hold

that we never let go?

Wandering orifices

looking for

a sucker

to fill when the

atmosphere is an untapped resource?

Vacuous.

Space, you missed a spot.

Inflate me with your sea

Men come and go but

Woman is for life.

I surround myself accordingly.

Buoyant in their love,

drowned by their wish for

true love's breaking point.

Going steady. A supple skin beat of the drum.

The Mother Lode.

THE MOTHER LODE

I would like to be swallowed whole as soon as possible
viciously drenched from head to toe
spread the awning to reveal all the red sea glow
gripped, aping man as women we plunge headfirst
leaking everywhere darkness strap me to a tempered warmth
I crawl to the source cyclical calling slippery yet firm, oh to be held
I mean really clenched let gravity switch off and truly
hook into me...

proper.

SOMEONE SOMEWHERE IS GETTING OFF ON ALL THIS DEATH

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It is remembrance It is faith It is heal

It is the glory whole

that golden arch

showered down your leg

It is left It is hot It is boneless It is

I mean to say, it

was a pretty poultry imagined

It is back It is break It is breach

the only thing I know is BREACH

Roasted breath

Tonsorial rage

Caught in headlights

Oh dear

as

as in

suspense

A halt

Is it

the stop

It is the hand miggle

It is the salt knowing movement better than water

Undoes my jaw so I can

lay in the infringement of my people past

It: me myself and

Changes with takes from runs into

yelling:

"beholden!"

BEHOLDEN TO HOW PRETTY AN IT