

“I went at her slam-bag and shot it in her guts”
It felt goo it get that far
my mother was goo to me and I promised her
one day I would split up her cunt again
so blessed she would feel
to have brought me into the world
that when they stitch her cunt flaps back up
it'd be like petting a mutt who appears in the stony
guttled scooped out rictus of your last brilliant dream
& clap your hands if you're sick of being you
clap your hands if you need more nice sploogee
on warm nights when you wish to swim well
& clap your hands if you think you have enough holes
if you ever wanted to shit from yr pits
if you can admit doing jumping jacks
gets you pumped
place de clichy is so bitching sweet
the lycée where I teach is so toooottally me
but still there's something
still I am unsettled
I feel I must have more
I feel I must feel more
I feel I must know more
I feel I must drink more
when other people are around
when the given prophet undoes his cremaster
I will be there with a warm compress
& melting candy on the tip of my tongue
saved from my baby first birthday
next year when I turn thirty
you promised me cumcakes
you said you would enlist yr brothers
I said: don't deplete yourself for me!
But really I'm not worried about that
if anything
I'm worried you won't deplete yourself enough
but still I look forward to tomorrow
& still I look forward to the next day
I guess I just want to smash a cumcake in my face
eat the frosting with my fingers
& enjoy the celebration
the suddenly formed procession
we walk from my childhood home
right back to my childhood home
and end up here
where I ask those of you who know me
to clap your hands if you came to see what would happen
to clap your hands if you came because I asked you to

— Jenny Zhang

