

# I'm Just Skimming Stones and Thinking

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An erotic/horror cut-up in the form of Prose Poetry

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I'm just skimming stones still shitting yellow against the lake. reaching in his pocket, for grateful sex it struck me it was not uncalled for, They had to sit for a time like a cow pissing on a flat rock though Sometimes I see her straw purse have a quick word with him. two young women who knew he wasn't gay reaching for the overhead light relax, knees on the hillside while Barbie purse dreams pass me by

I've never known what to make of my hot, hard pulsing life Don't tell anyone. it's very nice, her bottom thrust out behind her it's surreal nowhere else. She can captivate The bullet's discharge hit the ice I'll never forget We should have tied him but it won't mean a lot on a mountaintop in a few minutes but I guess I'm willing to try, she never lets you in, Mrs Harker, devoid of clothing opened her mouth and removed the ball, Her eyes flickered with ecstasy when the wind reaches out and undid your wrong-footed pants for your truthfully post-War soul

be a little honest, sometimes it's better – must have been too much for me. a painful night at the hands of the professor and sometimes it's worse – odd and faintly titillating. they'd know better next time the erect nipple tapping against his arm, In the dark she lingers on your first date, hands dragging He frowns trying to hang on some of us with Grandma's corpse stretched out on the backseat. I give her a smile and move in the spotlight my face sweating and burnt. sometimes it heals into a fierce lonesomeness that luscious, juicy fleshy square, blocked off and sometimes it hurts without real data... whipping in the wind Like a tear berserk with a twelve-gauge shotgun liberated from his pants like a rocket. his sleeves marched on waiting for a round of applause

so hail king's ransom submitting to the morning first in cloaks then rich blood dripping Shall we start? old codgers? And I Deptford nothing a lonely girl felt her heart skip her face, bewildered, surprised, streaked with dirt, as though she were lost, pulsing in pain, waiting. when the people go home you face a new direction, left all alone sunken cheeks lifting with humour But it was impossible, it was not the end and now that I get to thinking Her body rigid, her face set with a strangled voice, It's a party to them, whose wings beat Trying to find her way, always on the edge to face the sadness before she could save herself, take your blood, your clothes and all behind closed doors

a charming smile on some castles after the amputation and that trip, meant the dark mysterious man stared, his face lit up with blood calling do you know he's a vampire? She doesn't lie way beneath the sea busy, almost frantic, breathing shallow everything is an untruth In this mixed up Mother lifted her middle finger to the ceiling messed up *Oh, fuck that God!* world. It's those combs of green eyes that seem familiar. some rows paralyzed with fear I scream, want a lot of hooting and cat calls don't want you to run Dracula. you always said that it would be such a long hard summer fashioned in appearance and dark dungeons And I see I'd become a watchful child my breasts tormented, weakened with the smell of indignation so many faces gesticulated back and forth like her short skirts; maybe I recognize you and she didn't want my hearts blood hurtling across the black sky with darkened boneheads don't need the pony-tailed Barbie head wonderland

and now to another eye his own ass cheeks, the thin bamboo cane its here, and I can break the moon ice on this little love child's cold water. laughing with joy for almost a full minute The pond still not rippling *When Harry met Sally* So many broken hearts avoiding the tighter than I imagined world at the black shoulder of the coast – Stop

fussing just want you to write everything See the world their cocks dripping love me Don't yell at me sometimes it's better that this crumbling path of old dried blood paying for music sometimes it's worse where celebrity musicians be your nudist painters. the crippled and deaf children heard the hurt *Stupid cunts!* And I sense my body starting to tremble screaming out for help Cursing him, some of us my treasure, want silver linings

the half-skinned steer Prince Char was never around Swedish-looking children it hurts... the juices inside her break, her tone had been too sharp Filled with hate. Drenched in stinking sweat He said lately She could endure any pain so completely and utterly; meaning more silent phone calls. I think I fancy myself Was his exclamation, she's been watching her step chilling my bones before her belly to be the belle sending famous people into bed cheaper than that of the old rodeo ball Have you thought so hail to the stamp catalogue wherever camping gear moves her into position Stop trying to distract The weather with a rooster painted on it doesn't know what to do I don't think her hard nipples could mock it I just want you to be going down in a blaze of armored-looking metal cans wild, bent and twisted. a sadistic representation of Glory

it's now Even as he said it that I get to thinking Rest? cause sometimes she wished warmth and fullness when its cold outside Just this one thing, the story means nothing at all And I have to go bury him feeling blue because it's time The child has a few seconds left. I count...

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**AN:** While the overall piece is mine, here are the sources I used to create it:

Books-

Kinsella, Sophie *Can you keep a secret?*

Knight, Amarantha *The darker passions: Dracula*

Levine, Gail Carson *Ella Enchanted*

Proulx, Annie *Brokeback mountain and other stories*

Tracey, P.J. *Snow Blind - now you see me now you die*

Songs-

Thom, Sandi *Castles, Lonely Girl* and *Superman* (from the album *Smile... it confuses people*)

For those of you that wish to know my methodology, just let me know and I'll be happy to tell you... I had to write it all out as part of my assignment, so it's no trouble ;P