

*at can serrat, i was working with textural erotics and chewing gum, which became poems/blueprints for a sculptures.*

1.

slow motion  
plunger mouth  
skin rough and glistening

heavy, no problem  
hey  
very strong

i know this thing looks like it  
crawled out of me

and  
“again Out of me i slide  
again i am here and  
strong body  
i wrap it again  
my muscles hold  
a metal pipe  
again  
i wrap my body around it”

i lay on u like an organ full of the heaviest water  
i grip u to eat  
my skin translucent and wet and craggy  
when i eat u  
i look like u  
and  
i look like u now

i watch it over 3 days 5 days don't know  
wrap itself around a metal pipe  
the pipe cannot move under the muscle of it

hey,  
i took u on  
and mainly i am liquid  
and i will have babies

and i think u will live forever  
and i am not jealous

and  
and i can remember this:

this thing comes out of me when i do finally  
finish off

finally no one tries to  
do anything anymore  
i don't try anything anymore

**45.**

you have a big face

a deep opening chasm in my chest but it is soft and it feels good as it opens feels like a sucking in and it is sucking in yellow pale yellow pith pale yellow hunger pale yellow pillow foam gaping pulling open and what it sucks in is rubbing up on a white puffing out dying dandelion flower

nearby there is a loose pile on the floor pile of thighs cellulite human thighs piled up really high and there is a ringing sound that does not seem to stop

**2.**

and there is a jingling now a light jingle from the left

my armpit tingling from this jingle

my left nipple wanting to lactate

my left nipple wanting to come apart and feed

i want u all to crawl here and lick up the milk from my left nipple i unscrew it from the base when i unscrew it thin horizontal lines the texture it feels soft the screw is soft i feel so open when my nipple is removed finally it feels cold now a small blow cold slick coolness it tingles in my armpit that is where my milk comes from u all crawl up my body to drink my milk a parade of u microscopic milk procession i want to feed u i want you to take my milk march on in i want to be your mother all of your mothers and i want my mother to see me do it she would be proud that all of you are licking and sipping from the fountain of my nipple unscrewed but she cannot understand that that is what is happening that i am a mother now to the procession of all of you coming in

i hold the screwed off nipple in my right hand it is squishy it squishes it is the size of a small marble but more cylindrical and squishy like a sponge a wet sponge the roof of my mouth the sand wet with liquid but squishy i hold my nipple and squeeze it in my fingers i like squishing things of this texture while you all feed more and more from the crater you come thousands of you come marching in all day and night while i sleep i wake there are more of you here coming and going i have a lot of liquid in me which is good i do not know if i will ever dry but i do believe that i will

you lap up lick up my drink with your mouth you want to drink what is from me i let you i let u i want u to drink it i am still here and that is what i am for

what else am i for  
what else would i be for

what else am i for

what else would i be for