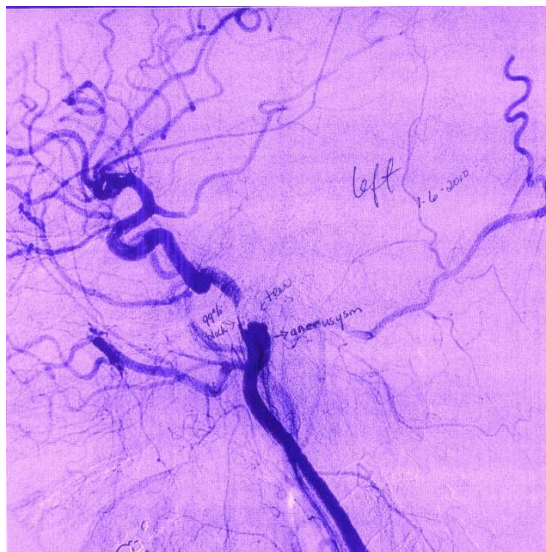


POST-STROKE



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Post-Stroke my words are not overly obvious. Why on earth should my non overly obvious **poetry be dead?**

1. Telebloodied brain cadaver with pernicious red limp.
2. Telebloodied drain dagger with growing open limbs.
3. My carotid swirling, awaited a dangerous blow torch from the crotch; clicked in, rose up, added platinum mesh deep inside my odd head. In spite of my almost annihilation.
4. A vicious new voice will slowly seep out of my skull.
5. Will spill more pretty crooked plucked out wordage.

Marmalade Glaze

Like a terrible pterodactyl necklace it bit,
sunk in and left me
bloody. Snorted thousands
of remembered words out of my system.
Appealing turned into appalling.

Red Shrink Wrap

My hands are staple removers with metal fangs.
Blown up promotional balloons are now bloody crullers,
misplaced phalli, bulbous sausages ready to burst
out their conjoined links. That soap dispenser was
a disconnected appendage, then it was an entire cow,
placidly chewing its cud, now it is a bright red tooth,
leaking. Dark push pins through my brain.

Unfurling

On & off my brain she/he wants to break
tiny splinters embedded into inner thighs
with a high pitched buzz. Lobbing orchids,
wet dark truffles oozed through funereal fantasyland.
Tentacular lobes unglued, steamy, no longer able to fly.
My parents' cat kills not only mice but butterflies.

Crepuscular Creep

Impalement arts with fang shapes and furry lumps

like some kind of bloody parachute silk clotting between teeth
like odd rats scurrying in & out of debris, laughing
like little grey witches attacking my marbled brain

Reptilian glitter stuck inside a strange crematorium

Mauvette Maroon

*Many household objects can be the basis
of amusing puppets.* They haven't lived until
they've eaten a chocolate-covered painkiller hybrid.

It filled my lips with villiform wigs.

Hair hard to swallow without strangling
my heart. The bittersweet root of it is black
licorice stuck to a fiberglass skull.

Angioplasty Show

Tiger teeth exhale red angiosperms
like a tattered face mask.
Misshapen corpse vat writhes open
a dark vaudevillian synapse.

Fall 1

My brain's nooks & crannies
are burning leaves.

Under rosewater stains
and damage darkly ingrained
beneath heavy dust, a secret
curio slot holds my arcane parcels.

Ribbon-bound rags, furrowed swoons,
tiny dried apple for a ghost horse.

Sepia-toned irises bloom into
molten eyes. Crows swoop
and consort with a Black Parrot

Fall 2

I wish to unbridle the ghost; burnish her hooves
to a feverish sheen. A hard rainbow.
Please let the Black Parrot sing.
Please let the Crows choose
more silken lining for this nest.

Aftermath

He purged me like a decapitated spread shot;
a moldy magpie slot when I used to be a slit
with girly feathers flung into a strip-tease.
I had turned into a grotesque disease.
A woman in need. Unworthy.
Might as well be dead.

Vile has two meanings.
I could be borderline
poison when he drank; strange
treat when he spit me out.

I could be a super-sexual séance underneath
a more luscious arrangement of teeth.
My porno-horrific rippling sensations will turn
into telepathic tinsel. My misshapen tonsils will grow
into succulent ornaments to float over your head.
I'm not a nightmare. I'm a dark delightful dream.

All of these Post-Stroke poems were partially inspired by/related to a recent health issue I suffered from, a Carotid Artery Dissection/Stroke which resulted in various side effects, including brain loss and Aphasia. For a few months after my Stroke, I could hardly read or write. Since then, I have been slowly but surely recovering and trying my best to continue to do so, but my reading and writing is still slower than it used to be, plus the situation has affected other parts of my life. I am still very passionate about poetry.

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Some of these poems were previously published in Arsenic Lobster, Horse Less Review, O Sweet Flowery Roses, and The Nepotist.

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Juliet Cook's poetry has appeared in a scrumptious plethora of print and online entities. She is the editor/publisher of Blood Pudding Press (print) and Thirteen Myna Birds (online). She has had more than ten darkly delicious oodles of poetry chapbooks published. Her first full-length poetry book, 'Horrific Confection' was published by BlazeVOX. Her second full-length poetry collection is currently being submitted and happens to include some of the Post-Stroke poems within this chapbook. This is her third time being a part of the Dusie Kollektiv. To find out more about all of the above and other yummy details, feel free to visit www.JulietCook.weebly.com.