

MONDO CRAMPO



Juliet Cook



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Ovarian Follies (a prelude)

I was cutting & pasting the contents of my latest diorama.
It was the pinking shears and red-painted papier mache phase
when I felt them twinging, pinging, plotting, besotting
and then my ovaries jumped ship. Itty bitty mutineers,

they giggled and slid down the laundry chute
and stained all my frilly panties, one random pair
of socks. They fled the house, gently bleeding;
seeking grandiose adventures and thrills.

At first my ovaries stuck together like tiny Siamese twins.
If anyone pinned them with a mean gaze, they played dead
or posed as suspicious masses of gelignite.
Reports flooded in of misshapen lumps

in the street. Drivers thought they were bits of road kill
until they skittered away. 'It did not skitter,' claimed one woman
on the local news. 'It moved like a hairless caterpillar, contracting
at warp speed and I felt a flutter like butterflies in my stomach.

Carnivorous butterflies. Tearing at my...' cut to commercial break.
I left a small dish of milk on the back porch and my ovaries returned
most nights. It turned out they were nocturnal
or almost never needed sleep. They loved to frolic

and splash in the bird bath as the neighbor lady's matronly brassieres dangled
on the line, eyeing my ovaries disdainfully, murmuring in their haughtiest tones,
'Do her ovaries have no shame?' and 'Ovaries are meant to be kept contained'.
I glared at the bras and flashed them my sharpest scissors, my unsupported tits.

My ovaries drifted apart as one of them developed an unsettling reputation
for histrionic mumbo jumbo; the other became known for oddly obscure pranks.
It grew more and more spherical until it transformed into a magic 8 ball
and answered every question with the word squiggly.

The smaller ovary visited the milk dish more frequently,
sometimes appearing so cold and forlorn that I built a diorama-sized bed
with a special spongy pillow. I even considered petting her,
but then she might think I was inviting her to purr

her way back inside my womb. Into my fragile bone
china teacup, onto my high gloss black serving tray, alongside hot
buttered crumpets and curdled cream. Soon it was time for my ovaries to sing.
My ovaries live in concert! Squiggly on stage, cooing her creepy

mezzo soprano operetta while the runt hovered above
the balcony seat, peeking through her crooked monocle and sighing
like a poor little orphaned ovary. She was such an adorable specimen.
Oh, how my fallopian tubes ached to embrace her, choke her, swallow her whole.

Mondo Crampo

I have big bad “cramps” &
“bloating” & such inappropriate desire
to piss in the chicken soup.

I’m craving more deviled eggs,
but my tongue is too swollen
to fondle them before I swallow.

I just want to chew chew chew.
I just want to swallow swallow swallow.
I just want to spit spit spit.

Shove it all in me, there’s no real limit
to what I’ll consume. When I’m overloaded,
I’ll just shove some kind of pills down there.

I’m feeling like a dumpling academy
stuffed full of little juvenile delinquents &
charm school rejects & art school misfits &

alien witches who can’t control their own cauldrons,
which are oozing some kind of red ectoplasm,
and bitching about their “water weight”.

My tongue is so swollen it’s like a cow tongue
and of course they’re going to make a sandwich
out of it—some kind of PORNO sandwich.

I’m craving a long ride on that carousel,
on which all the horses have rainbow-striped
dildos sticking out of their backs,

& of course I’m going to get it all bloody & gross.

Fuzzy Womb

Pet my fuzzy “womb”.
Feels like a kittenish cactus,
which is purring and then spikes you.
Tastes like a sour apple lollipop
right before a “seizure” occurs.

An occurrence, a happening, a scene.

In this scene, my “womb” needs a personal assistant
to smooth away the staticy fray of cheap bakelite
cluttering the honeystomachs, of rude cellulite mucking up the porn,
of marabou vamps against crude backdrop of fungus-infected toenails.

In this scene, my “womb” needs an obscenely sexy midwife
to monitor my breathing as I squeeze out another X-rated jelly donut,
which is disobediently spurting its blueberry innards all over the room’s
crisp white sheets, until she sticks her tongue in the misshapen hole.

The “placenta” is a little pillar of sugar with a squib inside.

Cat toy, sticky stick, prick-induced paroxysm, retraction of
another fake orgasm. In this scene, my “womb” needs a talk show
life coach with big fake tits and an overdose of audience reproach,
so it can hiss, ‘You don’t even know me!’
right before it blows up those vanilla pods.

Dim Sum Womb

In this scene, my “womb” gets an upgrade
to an exotic jellied consommé, served adjacent to the thighs
of an “exotic dancer”. How it quivers like raw organ meat
upon the silver tray, mere inches away from her “deviled egg”
aka “dumpling factory” aka “steamed sticky bun”.

Dim sum “womb”, little stuffed dumplings, addled “eggs”.
We pray to the egg cup—“Please cradle us in poreless
porcelain embrace. Please don’t you dare break.
Amen.” But of course more quarters get inserted
in the jukebox and of course the music revolves our hips.

Of course more rolled dollar bills get inserted
into sweet & sour egg rolls. Of course egg tarts show their insides.
Of course hot egg drop soup drips slickly down the walls
like some visceral piñata mishap, like some vicious gang
of dumpling grenades, rebelling against being bite-size

side dishes. I do want to be the highly coveted main course,
even if I do despise the man brandishing the shrimp fork.
Why must our bodies be such messy meals?
Who could not be jealous of those overheated thighs?
Who could possibly decide on the right pair of stripper heels?

Who could possibly decide on the right dipping sauce?

A few of the things I might have meant

When I said “egg tarts show their insides”,
I might have meant spread shots.
When I said “egg drop soup drips down walls”,
I might have meant large screen plasma TVs.

I might have meant giant gumball machines
with their giant slots and their plastic funnels
and their “funhouse tunnels” and how we just stand there
with our numb +/- or gaping maws and watch
the candy drop right into our palms—
gumballs, bouncy balls, jawbreakers,
little chocolate earths.

When I said “giant slots”, I might have meant the all-you-can-eat buffet
between some girls’ legs. When I said “giant mold”, I might have meant
doll injection. I might have meant “tube steak”.
I might have meant “totally tubular” doll steak.

When I said “fallopian tubes”, I might have meant vermicelli
twisting on your plate, glistening with melted butter.
When I said “saturated fats”, when I said “SizzleLean”, when I said “Splenda”.

Does assembly line scrutiny of cellulite make you feel uncomfortable
or relieved? When I said “tanning bed”, I might have meant “heat lamp”.
When I said “cramps”, when I said “conspiracy”, when I said “hysteria”.

When I said “vagina”, I might have meant self-cleaning oven,
but you know how it smells when you press that button—
the whole doll house just might burn down.

Clean it Yourself

You're the one who wants to go gourmet.
You should be happy enough with buffet-style, but you fake
contempt for pre-molded trays, pre-shaped mounds of

“mashed potatoes” with tiny wisps
of “chicken” on top. You can't stop your bitching,
but really you just want the “staff” to pay

attention to you and your special “style”.
“Waiter, there's a pubic hair in my soup!” &
“Waiter, there's a discolored nipple in my JELL-O square

and not enough whipped cream to cover it up
and anyway whipped cream is so clichéd
and I'm a delectable melee of art school model and stick figure!

Waiter, why are there so many morbidly obese people in this place?
They're blocking my view of my own pelvic girdle!
They're making the milk in my little titties curdle!”

You're drinking it up so “artistically”
in your latest cum guzzling fantasy.
When you strutted in here, you were svelte enough, but now?

YOU ARE SO BLOATED!

You have a hot pink glitter bowling ball for a stomach,
with fingers jammed in all three holes
and you're utterly dripping with “crème brulee”.

You're sorry you grossed him out with your discolored nipples.
They're more like the color of weak “cappuccino”
seeping out of some generically sleek machine.

You might even be willing to let his pet dog fuck you
during the “party”, as long as he bathes the thing,
using expensive shampoo & conditioner.

Because you deserve soft, shiny fur.
Because you deserve kinky flings.
Because you deserve to be a “chew toy”.

Donut Holes

Now every time I roll up a tube of red lipstick,
I'm going to think about dog penis.
I'm going to confuse myself with puff pastry.

When I typed 'vagina dentata' into dictionary.com,
it asked me, 'Did you mean giant anteater?'
and I thought, 'No, I meant sour cream cake'.

Thinking about donut holes is so strange.
I mean how do you really eat a hole?
I mean how do you resist that magnetizing desire

to smash those bite-size morsels
with a sledgehammer?
(Okay, maybe that's a little heavy-handed.

Maybe that's a little more cream schtick
than cream stick, but what if
your "cream stick" is overstuffed?

I mean what if your "frosting nozzle" is clogged
and those innards really need to be released
before they crust?) I mean how do you curb that urge

to squeeze out every last drop of that spoiled custard,
to watch the "donut holes" desperately bob in a vat of hot grease,
to stuff freshly baked "snack cakes" down the garbage disposal,

to dredge up the sugared debris and lick its furry mold.

Smoosh

How did that sticky gaggle grope its way out
of its crimped-tight packaging?
Don't they know they can't escape
the hue of artificial fruit and spoiled milk?

Just who do they think they are,
getting carried away in this queasiness-inducing parade:
Circus Peanuts with centipede legs,
Circus Peanuts with tiny fright wigs,
Circus Peanuts in heat, trying to mate
with the crayfish of the murky creek bed,
with the sickly sweet roil of fake banana etouffee.

Is that a banana in your pocket or are you just
smuggling a Circus Peanut injected with human
growth hormone? Are you linked to the black
market trade of glowing Circus Peanut Fetal Pigs,
planted into the bellies of Visible Woman Model Kits
(with Pregnancy Option included) so that grade school kids
can pluck them out and practice a new breed of dissection?

Scythe off their ooey gooey heads—
so chewy, so plush, so stuck between
teeth like a sugary snuff.
How does that taste, little girl?

Like a squishy orange polliwog bluff,
they keep giggling and squiggling in
increasingly iffy incarnations,
growing too legion for the ranks of transparent anatomically correct
female abdomens. Now we're substituting Visible Horse Anatomy
Model Kits or Transparent Roswell Alien Models for the pregnant women.

Just who do these in utero mutations think they are,
or maybe it's the conniving uteri themselves, popping out
Circus Peanuts with nipple clamps and decorative ruching
or are those surgical incision scars?
Circus Peanuts with club feet and tiny crutches
or are they Circus Peanuts AS tiny crutches?
Either way, we can't risk a Circus Peanut insurgency.

This Circus Peanut infestation must be stopped.
Do you want Circus Peanuts leaving their gelatin droppings
inside your designer high-heeled shoes?
Do you want to give birth to a slime-encased Circus Peanut,
then be tempted to cannibalize that malformed marshmallow fluff?

Do you want to turn into a fat orange frump,
a sugar-laden shapeless blob,
a cheap candy nightmare spawn
with engorged Circus Peanuts where your heart belongs?

Lunchbox Tease

She wears her vagina on her sleeve.
Ruched, Shirred, slitty.
Puff sleeves, flare sleeves
³/₄ length “velvety sheathes”
like mutant strains of Supersweet Baby Corn
plucked from sheaves, shucked
and begging for teeth.

Bodacious, Sugar Buns, Jubilee,
Honey n Frost, Quickie, Tendertreat.

She carries her vagina around in a shiny hot pink
paisley-print lunchbox. Red napkin
like pulsating Valentine.
Glazed donut, tuna melt, peach
cocktail oozing out of its neat slot.
Insulated thermos filled with “passionflower” tea.
It would be so smooth and easy

to spike with GHB. Her vagina paisley blurs
wet paramecium. Silver queen on knees with
puncture-ready kernels. Her red wax lips melt
vampire teeth. Succulent cob milked into
husky debris. Empty wrappers. Slimy lunch meat
curled around fingers like vagina rings.

Roller Rink

1. flashback

With the sweaty smelling vinyl seats.
With the sno-cone machine bump & grind.
With the nacho cheese dripping down thighs.
With the couples-skate. The legs so heavy.
The body dragging itself until it got stuck against the shag
rug covered wall. The sticky hands dragging me
to the 'Love is a Battlefield' & to the 'Thriller' &
maybe I should have just skated with my sister &
maybe I shouldn't have sucked so much
syrupy slush & maybe I should have bleached.

2. fast forward

With the frankensteined feet offset by lamb's wool legwarmers.
With the laces cutting into the soft flesh of grubby fingers.
With the petting of the "lamb chop" to induce special powers.
With my special powers, I could be a roller derby queen.
With the ruffled panties and the knocked out teeth,
still grinning. I could be an epidemic of "box jellyfish", a rash
of painful stings which look like imperfect screen prints.
With my nebulous contours edged in neon pink & green. Bite me.
I'm a watermelon overloaded with seeds. I'm a genetic mutation of
painted bunting with angel blades for wings, ready to sing
my own rendition of 'Love...' I've fortified myself against.
I've immunized myself against the beautiful/poisonous
filaments whipping past my bruised and whizzing knees.

3. strobe flash

I've confused you with my neon pink thriller slush pastiche.
With black vinyl skipping, sticking to the soft flesh of my inner thighs
to replace the skin. With the bons bons in my hands and the pterodactyls
in my elbows. With the death metal soap opera music inside my legs.
My roller derby name could be The Black Milkshake because you suck.
I'm nothing a Suicide Jumbo Slurpie couldn't cure. I'm a genetic mutation of
bloody sugar water dripping down a shag rug. I've bleached my "watermelon",
overloaded with queen teeth & painful stings & sticky panty wings.
I'm a nebulous rash. I'm a sno-cone battlefield. I'm a painted screen.

Kitten Fur

Why should I be jealous?

They don't even have names.
They're just the hot girls, hot girls, hot girls,

lined up for their fake breast exams.
They might as well be manikins,

but they are so warm. I am lukewarm
and lumpish. Why do I feel like that?

Like the last picked in a high school gym class.
Like posed awkwardly at a semi-formal dance.

Ripped red crepe paper streamer
sticking to my ill-fitting kitten heel.

Smearing my uneasy trail of bloody fur.

Cleavage

She tilts it and sweetly scoops it—
a double dip of vanilla ice cream
with maraschino cherries on top.
She glistens it and coquettishly spills it
into so many gaping mouths
desirous to lick that, spoon that
oozing hot butterscotch

(gallivant, slink, pussyfoot).

She pin-up minxes it—
a bullet bra flaunt with peek-a-boo
lace and white satin waist-
high panties. Pearlescent girdle and garter belts.
Ornamental welts. Glazed cherry stems faked
into tiny bows and kinkier formations.
Creamy gams splayed to reveal

(stained fur, sharp burrs, bared teeth)

stiff ruffles. A hot tease of innermost thigh.
Worm moons, counterclockwise tassels,
a tightening corset. She looks good, but she'd look better
in a bukkake party. Pulsing, trussed wrists, black curtain
of saturated bangs. Black flats like patent leather hooves
with coarse hair tufting. Some kind of wild thing.
Some kind of dirty whore's heaving

(cleavage, cloven, carnage).

Once she is adorned by that rubber sheen
thorax fetish pageant. Once her face is splatter-
painted, an exquisite scene. Torn seams, hook & eye
buttons busted, red-caked lips a soused sheath
cum-guzzling all that throbbing meat.
Once she puts on that slaughtered animal costume,
how long before he wants to drink her blood?

(Heartworm, ringworm, money shot of maggots.)

Undressing

Sweaty tube top slide, misplaced glitter
in the crevice, the crevasse, the sticky ass
morass. A “lab technician” enters to analyze
your spit; adds it to the latest girlie drink.

Otherwise known as frou frou. Otherwise known as coo coo.
Otherwise known as cuckoo. Otherwise known as fluff.
You thought you were spitting out don’t mess with me daggers,
but it was just the metal file on another pair of nail clippers.

You should push your unruly cuticles down. You should prepare
for the “carpet remnant” evaluation. You should be painfully aware
that spare tire does not equal spare change; that stray hairs
will be subjected to industrial-strength “steam cleaning”.

You thought you were a different kind of stripper, a sassier version
of majorette. Yet your batons are just more hairpins and mascara wands;
sugar wax applicators dripping their marionette strings. You should try to wield that
immaculate “hostess tray”. You should keep all those messy “deviled eggs” in line.

Backstage

Fright wigs hang from shiny hooks
in the dressing room. Our real hair
is a pink buzz, stiff
the way certain kinds of cake frosting
respond to certain kinds of beaters.

Red pistachio shells and snail bodies curl
in the ash tray. We smoke "Vagina Slimes";
exhale into the eyes of our reflections
in-progress. Succumb to the gorgeous vermin
with their oh so sleek pelts. With their baited traps

just waiting to snap.

Prune Juice (a postscript)

Sucked the sticky pulp out of a plum.
Ended the succulent plum(p)ness. Hacked the symbiosis code.
This dark purple deflated shape is your ineffectual rage.
Shriveled ovary. Balloon animal
with its stomach pumped. With its sputtering interface:
pp

With its ravaged pucker,
a prune walks into a bar.
No a prune waddles on white-powdered legs,
fashioned from rubber tubing affixed to the bottom
of a glass specimen jar filled with an unidentified liquid.

So a prune waddles into a bar, asks,
“Is this preservation or exhibitionism?”
The bartender replies, “I guess that depends
on what you’re soaking in.”
The prune says, “Remember Hairy Buffalo?”

The prune has a speech impediment,
a celluloid lilt infecting its inflection.
The bartender hears, ‘Dismember Hairy Buffalo!’
The bartender hears a hybrid of “garnish” and “garish”.
The bartender pours another sipper shot to the pop cult
horror movie background noise of microwave popcorn popping: ppp

This is the glass-muffled plosion of withering
purple lips struggling to say something.
This is the cockled witch-cackle
of balloon animals who unravel and shrink,
of breast implants who leak formaldehyde,
of little old ladies who have concave chests and taxidermied pets.

This is a hairy specimen jar diorama.
This is ovarian alcohol poisoning.
This is fruit corpse. Wattles into a jar.
This is ineffectual anti-wrinkle cream.
This is rubber witch pricked. White-powdered pop cult
dismemberment. A speech impediment walks into a breast implant.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Juliet Cook's poetry has recently been published or is forthcoming in Action Yes, Diagram, Diode, Dusie, Melusine, Oranges & Sardines, Robot Melon and many more online and print sources. She is editor and publisher of Blood Pudding Press. She is author of numerous chapbooks, most recently including MONDO CRAMPO (dusie kollektiv 3), PINK LEOTARD & SHOCK COLLAR (Spooky Girlfriend Press), and Tongue Like a Stinger (Wheelhouse). Her first full-length poetry collection, 'Horrific Confection' was published by BlazeVOX in 2008. For more information, feel free to visit her website at www.JulietCook.weebly.com.