

# The Contortions

Nicole  
Mauro

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\* a dusie/e-chap  
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DUSIE

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Produced as an e-book for Dusie/e chaps

I.

O fuck  
all your I'm, and the gone, i.e.  
the bathroom  
you fled to to free  
saffron  
from the mammal  
while I over-watered the  
palm. All lack  
-look down, please-  
at the ass  
tanned by the dawn. If a head is  
wedged  
in it (every cry  
mewled between thighs  
is not that of  
a bald infant), I romanticized  
wrong. You're gone, said the psychic  
"to the desert." There's  
a dromedary sun there,  
a scald  
template, some vicissitude. The hope  
is eyes,  
engorged  
pockets. For example, cacti  
and in the sky  
comets.



II.

To to-the place,  
twice, I freaked  
-out to,  
behooved. Dutifully  
locked in the bathroom, all  
nozzles  
on, I tapped  
code on snatch, ganglia  
fumed. The psychic  
said she felt nice, meaning  
you, mid-  
east, petting  
the hump  
of a dromedary  
at noon. Folds of sand, she said,  
or perhaps  
at a bazaar-in reverse  
of a hinterland...cacti in  
the corner,  
succulence of  
dunes. Turns out I'm a  
shithead, been rubbing  
the wrong  
wound.



III.

Head up the ass-I contorted,  
withdrew. To to, intellectually, I  
suppose,  
it  
dove in to  
inform the smaller-grammed  
organs  
what it  
knew-that they are viscous,  
caught  
between  
solid and fluid. They just sat  
there, they still sit,  
all the while  
my gourd  
halved like a rectum, plotted  
the calves  
it would shit. What a bestial  
day, I  
ought  
to be reminded of you. O  
nostalgia, O  
former splendor  
of everything wan and  
exhumed. The sun, askance. How  
do we  
get the fuck  
out of this  
room.





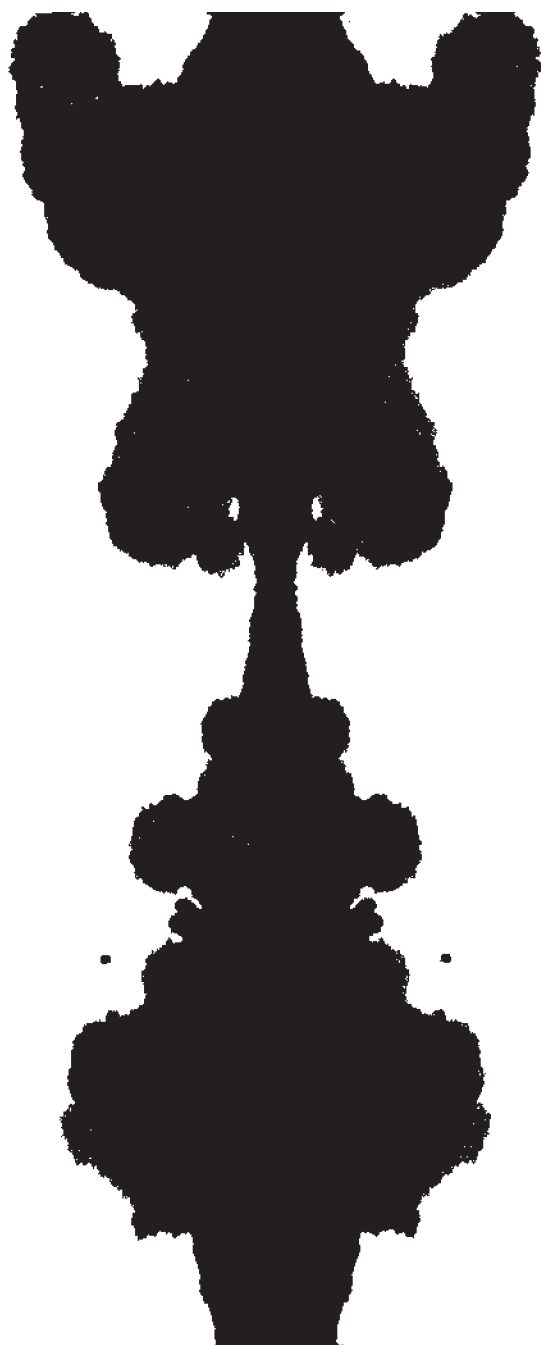
IV.

Fulminations again-again vs.  
no. Struggles  
of sun (I hummed)  
muffined above  
yellow. Oblongatas cradle  
far cargoes, how preciously  
heads put  
their lbs. on their necks,  
ferrying  
from ago. Before  
present, neat versions  
then pre-perversed the pronto.  
Hunters pointed warmth at labium.  
Once suddened the anon  
foal. Hung like equines, men  
uttered: maybe  
the flesh spheroid inverted,  
flattened into  
sphincter  
to protect  
the merry opening of holes...logophobes  
maneuver  
around these orange things,  
all the time,  
called cones. Kind of, hark  
arrived-what else  
is there to imagine, to  
hope? Change or variation  
re-organs, lump-  
throats the organisms. With a  
vehemence sprang  
aphrodisiac  
emporiums, and droves of young  
volkswagii  
jerking their wagons  
towardly.



v.

I go off, talk-  
drop  
ridiculously,  
um  
"happen" and "what,"  
tongue find  
coniferously. This sucks  
O curses,  
the  
brain's beaten out. I  
forget why I  
said  
you said  
a changed mind is said to have  
firmness  
when (I can't sleep) its  
waves  
"totally quotation"  
the slow  
quark of current. Alas idiom,  
and time, no  
landlubber  
heard it...it's like the hump  
of the dromedary  
only  
worse; when you rode it,  
said the psychic,  
you fell toward me  
in reverse.



VI.

You've eaten beeves, said  
the psychic, askanted teeth, lit  
cigarettes, been,  
she said,  
slumped solid til tromboned  
underneath.  
Floc curdled in salivary  
beams, O poignant slurp of lewd  
word, I and your mother,  
hurray,  
"opened the goods." In order  
to figure out  
the purpose of bothering  
to grow my own  
nuclei,  
dur. O  
ventricles arrest  
your murmurs. In the hinterland  
it's like a stuck  
tree  
loved doggy  
-style  
by breeze. O why,  
goes the mind,  
do I prestidigitate anachronistic  
visages, only to, in reverse  
expectation of expectation,  
abstain from self-  
flagellating the creations I've made  
of the creamy forsake of those images?  
Tanned men on the lawn bailing  
greenhouses  
away, scenery. I  
rub shelf  
after shelf, squirt  
bottles  
of antiseptic greenery.



VII.

On my blotter, a pile of  
whens-I  
wrote I caused  
carpet static, had the could  
ofs,  
not have beens. Possessed of  
a whole other set  
of a heretofore  
unmet person's  
ventricles, I'm at desks scribbling  
spastic, again. "The former  
splendor of everything." Ampersand.  
"Succulent  
dunes." Well, OK  
then, ideally  
I'd have freaked  
-in, been  
more  
confused. You,  
as you  
had been, are digging  
other  
whoms. Un-  
held for so long, without hands  
to grow fat  
and to  
lay in, the past grew  
erstwhile, erstwhile  
as fondness. In the attic,  
the abandoned  
homes  
of sticky insects, & issues  
presumed. To begin again, or continue  
past. I  
long for longer  
bygones, re-  
categorize X-mas  
plastic.





VIII.

Attitudinally, next. I'd  
hoped for usuals, that I'd  
reoccupy  
conversational "I'ms"  
as in "fine"  
by seeming  
pretty  
much the same  
breadth. To be as though  
before hadn't,  
in reverse of dromedary, ahead  
of the curve of shadow  
as though  
doubt  
weren't a priori,  
already  
in depth. I saw, in Rorschach,  
facials, that promiscuous  
light would lay  
itself  
next to anything  
spatial. As if the horizon  
were really a line  
the licentious sun could respect,  
the wall cast  
a person  
so tall and carelessly hung. Last  
night,  
I wondered what you are  
nearby, among  
and how  
by it  
you slept. "Usually,"  
said the psychic,  
"The mouth is dry, and the eyes  
are all wet."



IX.

After that then, I de-  
cacti-  
ed my  
poon. Free association: on  
behalf of all  
the unshaven  
mounds  
pent  
to navel  
my fingerprints  
smoothed. On the sill,  
gout  
of sun-fed  
botanicals; facile insectarium  
things  
in the  
eye  
fluttered out  
corners, sprinkled papyri I  
squished into blots,  
nude. The walls erectile  
were joints  
taxidermed  
within our tactile  
cocoon. The rug perks,  
clits-  
up  
stuffed head-like  
that on a slain  
animal  
rugged. The door from  
the way  
eschewed. There is fire in the  
fireplace,  
said the psychic, though  
neither the exit nor the entrance  
beside it  
seem moved.



x.

On the windshield, splat  
thingies. Once spinal, once  
winged-the  
unknown  
is perhaps papyrally  
what wind's  
clung to  
and flown. Head up the ass...  
to another Sherwood  
by way of  
Chuck Norris. My Maid  
Marion yodeled for Hood,  
for the inversion of  
thoraces  
in the hinterlands'  
wood. Out the hatch: dumb  
soliloquies, some bombast about  
omnivorous feeders  
in wan  
franchises  
buggering their orifices with freeze-  
dried objects  
devoid of ulteriors. On Jeopardy, sick  
questions: what's  
with insects and all the names  
for their fucking  
exteriors? The head is in  
catacomb, said the psychic, all its  
lore stored  
in mothy Alex  
Trebek. So I wanted a palm  
tree, you went  
to the  
florist. "What else is there to  
imagine?"  
says Trebek, and "Is there a  
hotel in the forest?"

