

1995

Untitled

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Untitled

Light in her eyes
steel, white crisp
masked men
Plastic hands on her
thighs
to life out pull out the
thing — she had waited
the pain turning
inside to pop through her skin
the Alien was here
coming out ripping
their eyes on her she is crying
screaming. Peggy is saying something
and Sage is outside
“I hate you both!”
sweat.
her hair in her eyes
“you’re doing good, honey”
the Doctor’s wire glasses
bifocals she wants to spit on him
his plastic hands
a horrible mirror — her splitting
stomach
hemorrhoids
the thing’s hair bloody
Peggy is smiling and weeping
beautiful?
slime and too many drugs she can’t feel
ripping
screaming thing
purple tail and a pan
full of sludge from her insides
tiny girl-thing
repetition
the plastic hands
holding her little butt
and her head on
unmusclcd neck sliding to one side
twist scream
“It hates me.” cannot look
they scrub it down and
Janice is wheeled away

wet sheets
 shaking thighs
 belly still large, hollow
 face masks sucking in and out
 Her breasts are full to popping,
 oozing the
 jism for the Alien girl
 her baby.

Adrienne Fair '96