Mount Mound Refuse

Jessika Khazrik
I've invited a film crew to break into my parents' house and tear down a wall in the living room. I only wanted a piece a small piece to test. A sample so i
Dug my back
Took a skin took the stone Left the wall, called a lab.

Sort and lot, come on in, bring It on,
We'll make furniture out of your ragged
Shoes and clothes, workers expired smirched uniform
Yellow uniform turn into
Blue, fire but do not smell, red
Uniforms turn into black, sell, we'll
Pay the money if you take what we expel.
The way i looked at her and told
Her i am so many things not so human at all that my hair
Is a scion of vine, jeans, and wind swat, a wall
That when R__O steals my face my glottis
Glides in, thrusts up rocks my neck like a tumbling bell, a herald a wolf steals your face and sings aa a aaa aaaa in your head .
A triangle enters a circle and breeds.
It will not stand still it
Will not stand still. I am looking for
Words that do not function in stones
Extracted, buried and
Turned. Into buildings highways
Fantasies of a city reconstructed
After war, dirt, a forest is
A factory of dreams of halted witnesses
Dead from material for
Money distributed near friends.

From the depths of this vast yet finite forest I saw us
Coming.
I, Little Arsonist and R__O in
From the depths of this vast yet finite forest whose limits
We Have noted before coming
Here but have in this moment forgotten, the rattling sound
Of beasts, of our feet the soft thuds and whispers
Could be heard. It
Accelerated, stopped then relapsed in all directions. Was
Little Arsonist murmuring or was it R__O? I
Strangely could not discern between
The two voices I was most
Familiar with, or perhaps my own? We were used
To being alone together, but not in a
Forest, not in this one.

this is the Arabic title, you could now write poetry.

HCBD HCBD
Hurling Calmly Between Dirt
Hamstrings Climbing Barrels’ Debt
hello Come Baby Dance
hello Come Baby Dance

All the chemical formulas we turned into poetry
Hurling Calmly Between Durt

It will not stand still it
Will not stand still. I am looking for
Words that do not function in stones
Extracted, buried and
Turned. Into buildings highways
Fantasies of a city reconstructed
After war, dirt, a forest is
A factory of dreams of halted witnesses
Dead from material for
Money distributed near body and friends.

A thirsty hunter stood beneath a hole
A wolf glanced at him and never passed
Black rendered blue barrel fat

1 haqlun fi 2akwam el qumamaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
Waste installed on stone

The Lebanese Forces stood beneath a hole
A route of beautiful wolves glanced at them briefly

A الصياد said
"we are not a secret"
it it it
Missing Mountain blared
Black rendered blue barrel fat
Little Arsonist
"Why were wastes installed on stones?"

A forestslept in a hole
Hyenas glanced at us tautly

Little Arsonist
Don't think we were waiting for
Something else to be filling our words in this forest

Arthritic roads
Dioxins sulking under soil
In concrete
In buildings
Reconstructions
Beirut
My parents' house
Hurling Calmly Between Dirt
AgCN
Now we knew that
These militias even feared
Music
HAH

Our words remain
As silts of toxicity and song
For instance track #13 was far

2 was not listening
From the house which we pretended
To be in
At night while sound
Clinged into our hair
I banged my head so many times
Reeled my mouth loose
We did the same
In crowds and intimacy as you
Rolled and asked me why are
Words set apart by
S pace s
Remember when i fixed your keyboard

When we would lie awake the next day
Ournecks remembered
Dance kiss throe
Do it again and
Move to the
Antipodal side
Now walk
This place could kill you
I took hands and plucked the ground
Xylene

calm carpets citifying corpses casting creeds horrifying having held her coming home hurrily habitually
coming home hurrily habitually

From the depths of this vast yet finite forest
I will be kept
Under in a place
I have never walked
On still
Revolting against sleep
Until they do not
Excavate me to build
a state of affairs and flares

3 so many times
Enter the strata while
I want to fuck this place
Fracking you under your nadir
Aaaaa your legs like stars
Relapsed in all directions
Botanical marvels scatologies
Under infrastructures built
Apartmentheid walls
with wastes i did not know
Of.

From the depths of this last yet finite forest
I imagined the places you arrive
To
When you come.
In chemical violence
-s

From the depths of this last yet finite forest I remember well when
I was born on the
Internet
As when someone told me,
"I have a camera"
But I love
You in many
So I want to lock myself
In this room
And a forest
Be with you forever on
Glass, mathematics and paper
Buried in light digital form.

From the depths of this sad yet finite room
My screen abducted our solar complex
Impersonal sloven connections so

4 make me sway
Slow they run and turn
Me on at night Little
Arsonist heisted my dangling
Locks in a left hand
She wrapped the curls around her neck
Incandescence
A word you repeat until your tongue
Burned.
We wished we could look at the same screen and talk to each other.

From the depths of this sad yet finite forest
My breasts flew when
Little Arsonist asked me to
Commit sardonic murder with
4 lips
a n d 15 fingers
I went on my knees
Ate her nails
Blinker
On a weaponized earth dredged
Up, down, mucky
Architecture, love and intoxication
I spew words ay
Abolish text
With
Invisible friends.

Hamstrings Climbing Barrels’ Debt
A Film Crew and a Family
Girls, hunters, wastes, wolves, a missing mountain, many forces
Political lingo very global, envyronment versus tourism
Why were wastes - secretly - installed on stones
Pronouns are assigned interchangeably ii iii ii

Dead form material for
Money distributed near friends

To you
i <<<333 wonder
Will i be
As cinema toxic
When dead and
Buried in
iTALLY ??
Or would
I have
Abolished language
With justice and invisible animals.