

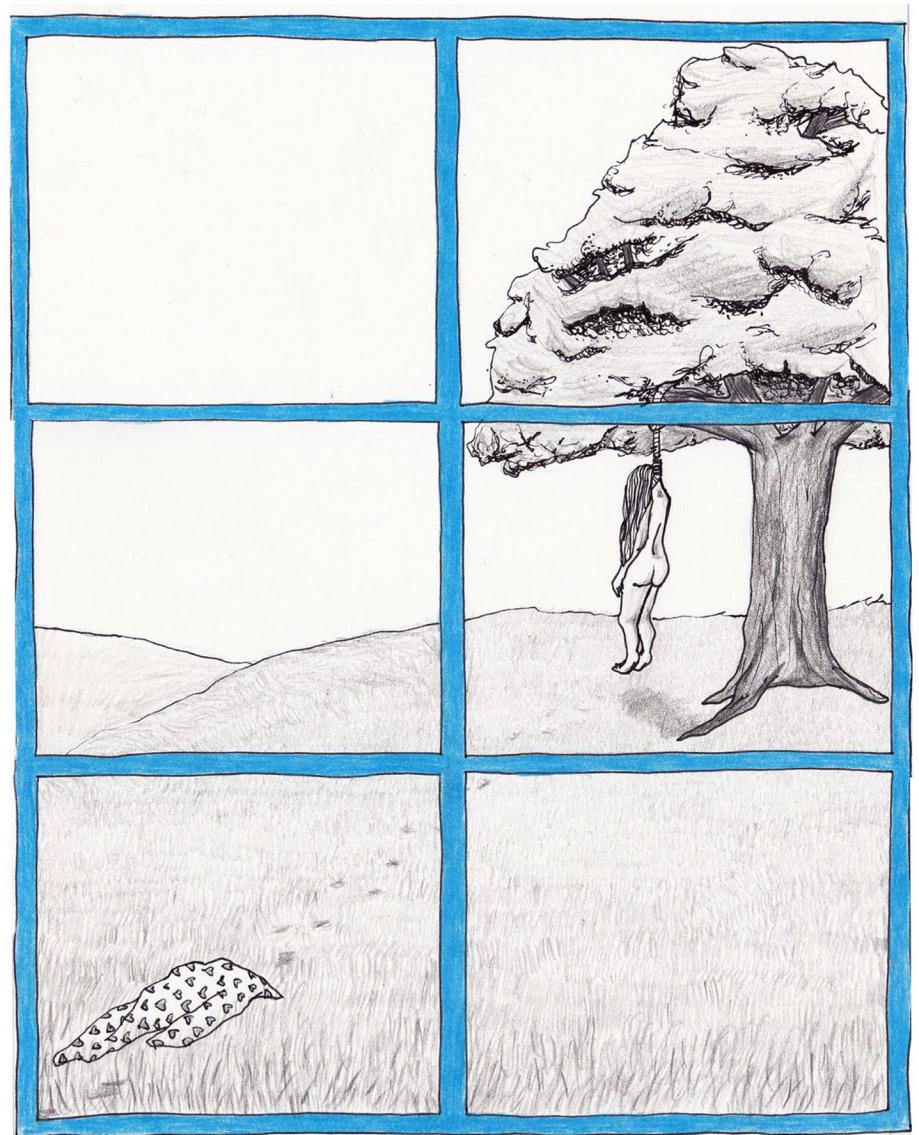
# YOU FUCKING PERVERT

BY LIV MERSHON

Thanks for reading, it means a lot.  
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I used to steal pencils  
from the public library.  
You know, those little yellow ones?  
I didn't do it on purpose.  
I would just get home and my pockets  
would be filled with the damn things.





## 2006-2008 writings



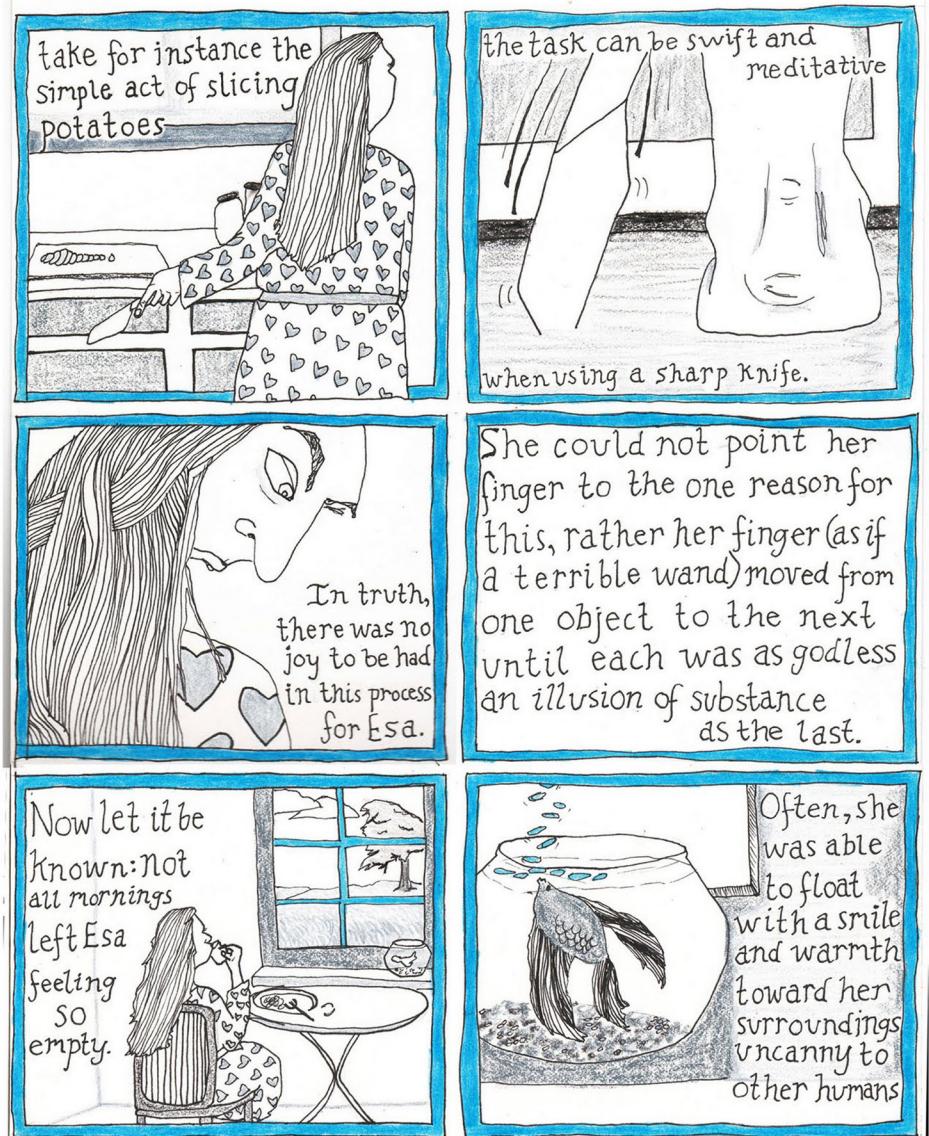
## Bath. 2006

With the taste of smoke and the feel  
of your hand making me long and beautiful  
I was under a spell  
flittering terribly. I turned  
into seven thousand flowers.

The space between your skin and toe nails  
was filled with dirt from drought, colored  
like the shitty hot chocolate my mother used to buy  
because it was all she could afford  
and I loved it  
because it was all I knew.

I remember the cigarettes and how  
they made me feel so good and dirty.

You pulled up onto the lawn  
fast and covered  
in sweat, smiling that sideways  
mouth of yours  
and just looked at me.  
We were already fucking. Inside,  
my roommates were building a solar cooker.



## "Problem Solved" words by Ryan Baker



## Twenty-Something. 06/07

We are the late night shallow bones  
holding each other up by the hard wires  
that run the length of us.  
We are aluminum and rubber spinning,  
commuting from here to there  
from somewhere to nowhere.  
We are one drink from drunk,  
a stumble to tunnel vision.  
We are the early morning blinkers  
hum drummers  
sweating up basements, sucking down substance  
spitting innards.  
We are somewhere between the knees  
and the next century  
the lost and unfound, not yet sold  
bottom of the barrel. We are the change  
spent on cigarettes and booze  
instead of toilet paper  
the strings that stick  
to calloused fingers  
out of tune and ringing.  
we are the highway at night,  
the gas stove  
left on lite  
the hair clogging the drain.  
We are hydrogen and helium,  
gessoed and waiting  
learning how much wine it takes to stain teeth  
pitiful sleep. We are the leftovers for day's misgivings,  
freezing floorboards, the gnats that hover  
over dirty dishes.  
We are the graffiti on stop signs  
looking for the right words, wondering if there's anything  
to say. We are this same thought punched out  
from the young bodies of our ancestors  
eloping with disaster, ignoring hunger--  
hardly aware.

## Circadian Bee-Bop. 06/07

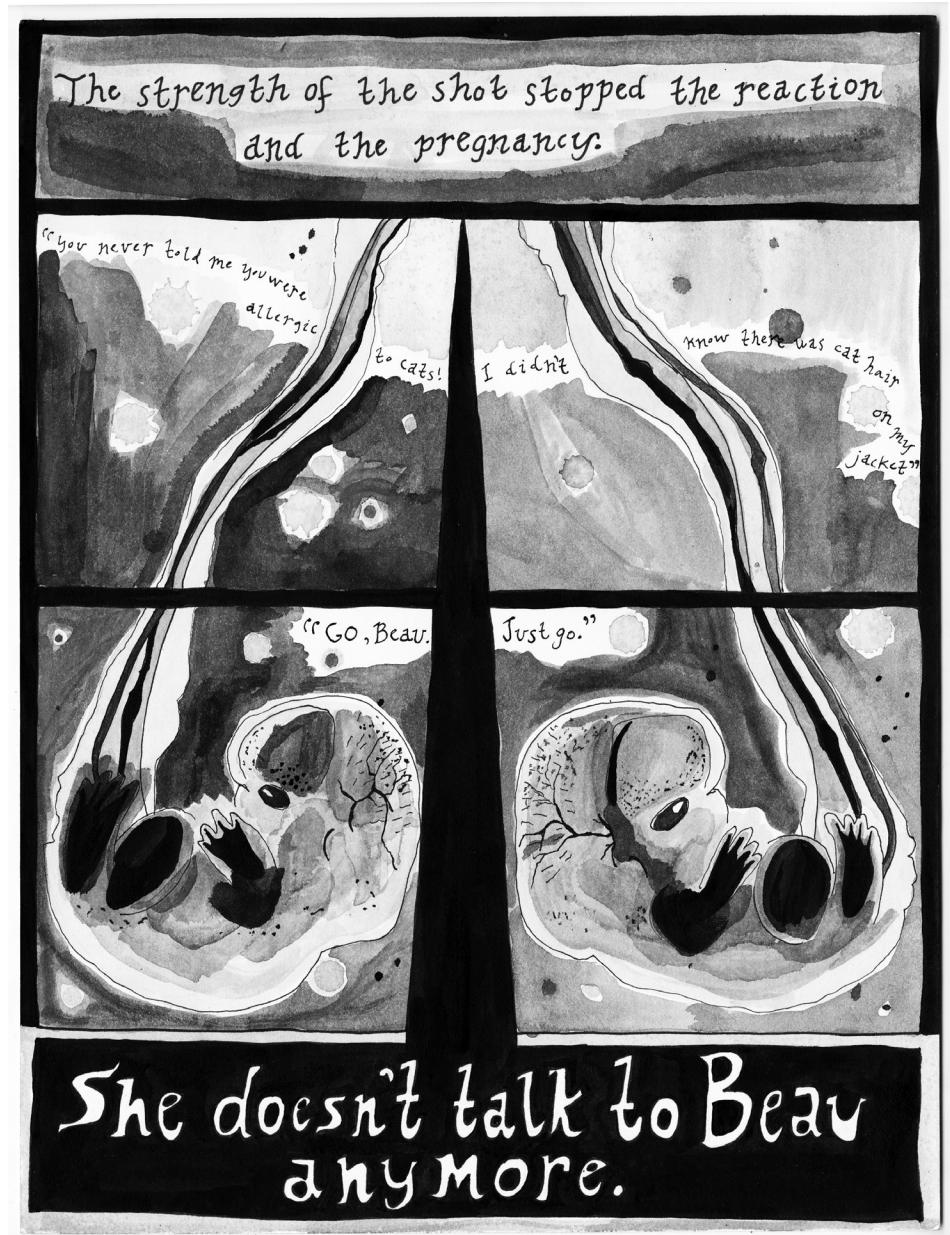
Fog! Fog!  
Roll in over my bones, let me rest  
find the slumber behind my eyes and the dreams  
we forgot before waking.

My hands are dead  
bathtub fingers, dead  
shriveled under early light  
I can no longer bear to lay here with you  
such a fool to throw off my clothes and think  
you might wake from such fantastic sleep  
hands in pockets of bed sheets.

I cannot write this poem because it is the  
death sound in your dreams, but I will try

skin tongue sweat under cap  
saliva-made bridges collapse  
hands rich with thick knuckles bend,  
pop, push me under,  
press the skin onto bone into  
malleable parts                      lift  
pick through the bits, now  
sky arches under backs  
head and feet meet  
slow lull leaf  
pound down under jeans in dark deep

Let's go  
anywhere, touch my toes you are  
so soft. lets go, lets go, lets  
go to the bedroom  
where you will dream of me,  
your grandfather's no-string guitar  
in my lap, all of my hands  
could not make it sing.  
tender, tender please take care  
of me.



## Manifest Destiny. 06/07



It was in a drunken Germantown alley that we decided to move to California. I was nineteen and I never believed in purgatory before those months working sixty hours a week getting wasted every night sleeping with a man from Birmingham I didn't understand who's face was too stunning to look at directly. I didn't know why he wanted me.

And the only man I'd ever loved found a diamond in the Marsh parking lot and moved west while I saved in hopes to pay one month's rent in a city 3,000 miles from home.

I remember swallowing a thick gulp after watching Matisse snort a line of coke off the wooden kitchen table at the house on Swan Street, her eyes watering as she shooshed me goodbye. It was three weeks later that I had my first line.

No matter how much I drank I couldn't get drunk that last week before we moved and the drugs just kept me up so late that sleep became an act and if it wasn't the cocaine then it was Julian and I in the kitchen with the lights off. I let him borrow my copy of Slaughterhouse Five with a secret request encoded inside for him to come with me to California. When his girlfriend handed the book back to me at our going away party, I was ready to leave.

Amy and Damien sat on either side of me at the end of the terminal with their different ideas on leaving and even though I didn't love him, I wanted that man from Birmingham to come running past security guards just to kiss me goodbye. I wanted all of my high school teachers standing next to the plane waving. I wanted my mother there to hand me the last blanket my great-grandmother ever quilted so I could finally fall sleep.

In flight, I became acquainted with the curved nature of our planet and learned that even if I squinted my eyes I could never see the midwest from San Francisco.

## Fall 2007

I still don't know: am I a falcon, a storm, or a song?

I still don't know the smell of Oregon air or what its like to fly over an ocean.

I still don't know if I have anything to say. I still don't know if my words are accidental plagiarmism.

A falcon makes me think of mother  
A storm makes me think of earlier  
A song makes me think of things that have tried to keep me from being here and whether or not I should believe in signs.

Oh. I still don't know so much.

Falcon, cloak your wings around me  
Oh darlin I want your talons in my back.  
Spread over me, I feel the blood raining down on the precious earth below.  
I can sow nothing with that blood, Oh  
I can sow nothing with that blood, only  
watch it drip as you take me down  
to your feeding ground  
to your  
feeding groud.

The scent of your hunger for meat  
running under skin  
through and through  
I was always here for you  
waiting, calling out  
like a distant bell dropping a pearl of sound.

You could smell the substance in me  
Before I knew I had anything to offer.



## "Beau Slump" words by B.B.



## On Passing. 2007

Being ten must be like a firecracker in space because I can't remember it. One of my parents must have been asleep in the basement while the other muffled cries on the porch swing. I was somewhere inside trying to find my genitals with no way of predicting the weight my hands might uncover and that one day I would lose my virginity too soon to the wrong person on Hallowen night.

I thought that two houses might be nice, though. One for forgotten memories the other for frail adolescence. I could box up the rest and leave it at the back-door of the Goodwill store.

The year I forgot to buy her a gift on Mother's Day, she lay crying in bed all day long. The cat pissed in her hair that morning and one of her students committed suicide the day before. I was busy wondering when I would get my period and if it was too soon to reapply my lip gloss.

I saw a ghost today It vanished when I remembered the suicidal student had an identical twin. As other people walked by with other tragedies, I wondered if when he tells someone his name does he want to scream,  
**THIS IS NOT FACE!**

**THESE ARE NOT MY EYES!**

**I WILL TELL YOU NOW**

**THAT IT IS ALL A LIE**

**I LEFT WHAT WAS MINE**

**ON THE MIRROR IN EIGTH GRADE**

**IN MY FATHER'S BASEMENT**

**WITH A PILE OF SEMEN STAINED SHEETS,**

**DIRTY UNDERWEAR,**

**AND ONE NOOSE.**

**ITS ALL ROTTING UNDERGROUND**

**SOMEWHERE IN MY HOMETOWN.**

I recall these moments like angry girls who enter the room covered in rain with no idea how beautiful they are standing there, dripping.

There was nothing that could have kept them together. There is nothing that can keep me from thinking of him everytime I see budding leaves against clear late winter sky. Let us leave archaic words behind. There is nothing here to hold us. I have no story to tell.

## Kyle MOTHER FUCKIN' White. 2007

I see all the movies, the songs,  
the mirrors, the bands  
of color that bent over your eyes.

I put them there late that night  
in a bathroom filled  
with people we once knew.

Drunken, tired, spun  
about an apparatus for conveying water:  
all that circuitry  
bound in soil.

We paint the skin  
to hide the things beneath.  
Your new girl is beautiful  
with so little hair, fat cells  
mingling among those empty hips. No woman  
would bear your weight.  
You say you've been drinking  
everclear all day.

I saw you stumble  
I saw your stumbling heart  
among the ruins of my own  
where feet met on tile  
in a place where people shit  
and clean up  
in that room where  
we painted our faces.

2011

**bonus material!**



Early winter 2011

one day i'll be a child:  
sunk below a pile of leaves  
hardened by cold night. they give  
a quick prick melt after the soft stab sip.

one day i'll be alone:  
no one left to spray with salt  
or to trick with a feather and whipped cream.

one day i will be able to sleep:  
a table beside the bed  
a bowl filled with your hands,  
severed just below the wrist.

## What I did in Louisville. 2008

1.  
I sucked his cock and started  
to put him inside me then he said  
"I think  
its past your bed time"  
he kissed me in the morning.  
The last I heard, he got engaged  
to someone he met a week later.
2.  
It felt good that day  
in my hometown where highschool heirarchy  
still meant so much  
When he put his arm around me  
and our hips synched  
as we walked into the Target store.
3.  
Our first kiss was in the men's restroom on the floor above mine  
I kissed him even though I was friends with his girlfriend  
and it ended up that his penis was small  
but he gave good head  
we watched batman in his dark bedroom  
he said I fucked  
like a pornstar.
4.  
He had a great smile and teeth and had  
no idea how attractive he was  
when I fucked him he breathed hard enough  
to make me remember  
that he was a virgin.  
In the morning  
when he rolled over,  
kissed my head and said  
"I like you"  
I shriveled up and acted like I was still asleep.

## Kate. late winter 2008

You touched my back, held my arm  
in your hands and told me  
about the girl in France.  
There was something in your teeth.

I knew from the strain  
in your voice that you loved her.  
I knew that you missed her and Paris.

We were down one bottle  
of whiskey and we were wearing  
sharpied mustaches  
when we kissed.

I found something in you that night, atop brassiere,  
above denim  
before you got sick  
and called for him.

## Fall 2011

sister, come to me.  
in the dark, please  
i've made the painting.

sister, cast a circle round me.  
at dawn so that i might see  
your transparent body.

mother saw you as a butterfly  
i will see you as a moth

sister, stray further from me.  
i wish for things  
that will frighten me  
i grope for things  
i cannot reach  
to black water, my hands sink

sister, i've been writing the great text  
i drew out my tarot deck  
carved out the wooden index  
planted deep a glass-jarred hex

my stomach grows hollow  
the leaf falls to paw-paw

my sternum, where the deer snout sits  
with a raised freckle: the lighthouses  
of my physical body

sister, i cast this light  
that you might  
follow it to find me  
then we will finally grieve.

## SEVEN, THE CHARIOT. fall 2011

We are not far  
but too near:

smoke billowing  
from your left  
palm.  
out goes the dog.

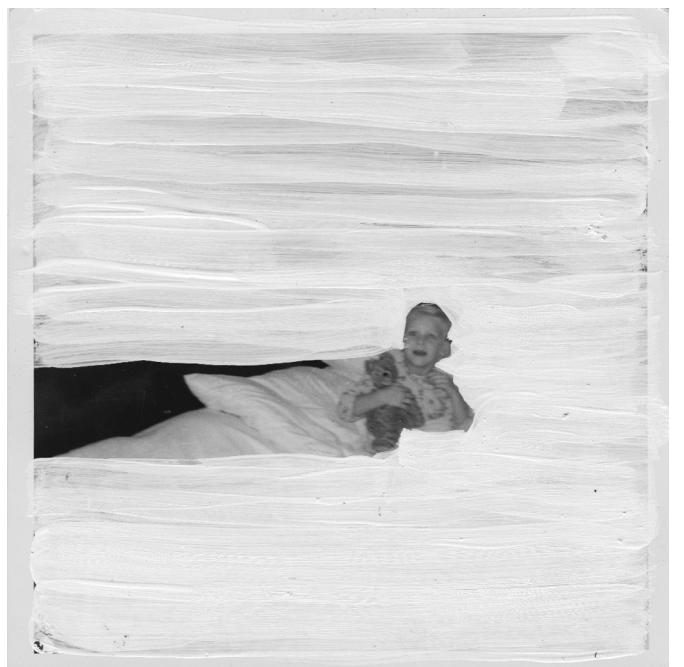
salmon dog but black, she knows  
it is raining  
so she waits.  
ramona, you are too  
slow and soft.

charred from the iron  
skillet, her baby  
was solid gold.

Welcome Home to your  
pricy near-westside  
storage unit  
always full of other people's things.  
come and know they'll hate it  
when ya go.

2009

writings



## Bowl. 2009

the touch that buries  
itself in stone  
is the haggard hand  
pushing upon me.

my skin, so porous  
to the things you lay down and leave.  
A drill bit just there  
on your mahogany.

dust gathers on skin  
that stays still

I am still holding this bowl  
in my hands. I wonder  
when you might fill it or sip  
from it, break it  
or bury it.

cold air sinks onto skin  
that stays bare.  
It bends through pores.  
A tense twitch burrows and buries  
into me.

Take the birch  
and make it work,  
we have already died.  
i've got a wheelbarrow  
in my backyard

"Luke used to live over there," Chris said, and instead of reacting like a non-alien human being and saying "oh, weird, that's so close to our apartment," or something like that, I say:

"EEEEWWWWWWUH! Oh my GAWD whyyyy?" Chris looks at me with this

I-can't-take-you-anywhere-stoned look on his face. My face curls into a frown and I give up, collapsing under the water. I pull it together and try to redeem myself by saying, "Weelllll, I guess if you're looking for something you can really depend on, you know, something predictable..."

Just when things can't get more awkward, two guys come walking into the pool with trunks and tshirts on, their flip flops flapping with every step. They've got a case of beer and when they come into the pool area, they say, "HEY Bob! How's it goin?" And sit down with him, before they handed him a beer I think,

OOHH SHIT. They KNOW Bob. They know the pool guy. He's probably here every day and so are they and he knows everyone who comes to the pool, he probably does maintenance for the whole place and knows everyone who lives there, who's allowed access. He's their friend and he's probably security too!! I look at Chris and he's thinking, oh-she-finally-figured-it-out.

We swim around tentatively for the next 2 minutes then decide to leave. as we pull our chlorine soaked bodies out of the water (me in my black one piece, untrimmed bush, and hairy pits and chris in his tiny mesh speedo) Bob says from his pool chair, "Hey, if you ever come here again, you better wear a swimsuit."

"Oh, this is a swimsuit." Chris yells across the water.

We walk out and on the way to the van I say, "They were definitely checking out your package."

## july 8th 2011

I'm under the water, pulling my ass down into my knees, pressure builds up in that place behind my ears. It becomes a ball slowly filling with air. When I come to the top, I take the deepest loudest breath, push it deep into my belly and move my arms upward through the water plunging down once again into the deep end. I can feel myself disappearing. All I can do is focus on breath. I breathe in when my head pops out of the water and send myself plunging. Then as I let out the air slowly from my mouth, I become less boyant and sink better. Once I hit the bottom with my toes, I push back to the top. over and over again. I can feel myself disappearing. I am so close, I am so close to disappearing. It probably helps that I am stoned to bejesus at the time.

Chris was doing the same thing across from me but I was pulled out of my space tank when I noticed that he was eyeing someone behind me. I look and there is a man of nearly 58 bending over the water filter next to the edge of the pool. He has a cigarette going, smoke peels across his cheeks. I think, well we better acknowledge him or something, we're the only people here!

"Ch-checkin the water?" i say

"Yeup, the pee-aightch"

"That's gotta be about 20% urine, right? hahahahahah!!!" the man didn't even chuckle "...cuz its a public pool and... uh" I trail off and look over at Chris. Oh no, oh shit. I think. Well I better just not talk anymore because I'll say something wrong.

But! I thought everyone hated their jobs and harbored resentment toward their bosses. I guess its probably different for the guy who's job it is to make sure there's no piss in the pool. So I just stay quiet for a while and swim about quietly, trying not to laugh too hard or say anything weird. I'm pretty sure I'm whispering anything I want to say by this point. After some time I feel better, and relaxed. I mean, this guys just doin his job. He doesn't care about us, or the fact that we broke into his apartment complex's pool.

## Aug 16th 2009

aaaaaaaaaaah!  
ah!  
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!  
I want to pull off  
all the snaps on my shirt  
scream til it hurts  
take off my shorts  
walk around naked  
because THIS IS MY KITCHEN!  
THIS IS MY FRONT YARD!  
this is the wooden swing  
swaying from MY oak tree.  
Just let me be.

looking up at the leaves  
from underneath,  
you stroked my palm  
and pouted your lip when i told you  
I was raped in Italy.  
its been three months since I saw you last  
long enough for me to forget our past.  
Don't fucking pout your lip at me.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!  
AAAAAAA  
aaahhhhhhhhhhh  
give me a big open canyon  
to pour all my sounds into  
i want all my insides  
out of me.

## August 19th 2009 Queens

The radiator is leaking  
the doors fought against us  
late last night while Gabe talked too loudly  
we sweat, eat breakfast pizza  
all the jesus stuff needs to go  
grandma Chicarelli rolls over  
I showered upstairs and feared  
hopefully to see the ghost of a mother  
who wasn't mine.

## June 28th 20eleven

he came to the door(the door that opens to my room)  
and knocked  
when he said his name,  
i thought it was

"Caddy"

ha. ha. hahahaha

Caddy wanted a wine key  
he'd bring me a beer  
and when he did the Budweiser can had the special  
july 4th holiday design.

He was our neighbor for a year.  
we'd always wave from porches  
but never exchanged more than a few words in passing.  
I kinda liked him but my roommates  
thought he was a creep.

Last month, I went to an art show  
and he was there in the back, standing next to his art:  
oversized posters of women with their skin  
replaced by collaged and glistening meals.  
He was amazed, it was his first show.

When I told him I didn't have any cash for the cash-only bar,  
he (impossibly) pulled a Budweiser tall boy  
out of the inner pocket of his jacket and  
handed it to me.

## **summer 2011**

I liked the way he looked in those jeans, so I layed him down and blindfolded him so that he couldn't watch me as I rubbed my hands up and down from his knees to the top of his thighs, that glorious spot where things come together.

I felt nasty, I wanted to make strange faces, grit my teeth. I wanted to grimace and moan in the way animals do as they learn how to survive. I whispered secrets to his body, biting down on that denim, ripping it open like flesh. I looked up, his lips parting into a shallow breathing grin. He began to reach for me but i slapped his hand away.  
“Not yet”

Traveling by hot breath, up and down his length, I began to slowly unravel his clothing. he writhed in a quiet anguish for my mouth, my skin. he wanted his body inside me, entirely.

“Not yet”

## **August 20th 2009**

### **Queens**

powered by magic  
nothing to see here  
if she shows off her beard,  
she's winning  
that was my wink, ya like it?

flower table box  
fake flower garden  
why did she put this in soil?  
pink holy water sponge  
dried out, how will you release me?

ok now i'm gonna take a picture  
lets have that vintage New York experience,  
there's the aperture on the left  
four dollar botanical garden  
a new pair of shoes  
lets look at the old shit  
on free days  
and make sure the man in the subway station  
is still breathing

**August 21st 2009  
Queens  
Mother's Birthday, I won't be calling**

the youngest girl in the book i'm reading  
died today. i read the words on a lazyboy  
and bawled while a song from the living room  
threatened to make me fall in love  
with everything, but its ok  
because that's rule number 4  
I wrote a promise on L'abri's bathroom wall  
to keep fucking up  
and that's what I plan to do  
when I get home to you.

**2011  
writings**



**Fall 2010**  
**To be sung with Abby Mack**

no sex!  
no money!  
no job!  
no honey!  
I'm so, so happy

She said its gonna look like a hickey  
I said it better leave a bruise  
'cuz I can't stand to not have any proof  
of all the pain I put myself through

the american flag i stole  
was not flammable  
the flame just burned little tisny holes  
in all the fabric's folds

no cigarettes!  
no booze!  
well maybe just one or two  
oh how i've fallen  
for you

And like tightrope walkers  
we'll sit up on our bikes  
just to feel a little bit taller  
JUST TO FEEL A LITTLE BIT TALLER

no sex!  
no money!  
no job!  
no honey!  
i'm so, so, so healthy  
i'm so, so wealthy  
I'm so, so, so, so happy

**August 23rd 2009**  
**Queens**  
**recalling mariah cary lyrics**

you're getting your lipstick  
on that sandwich  
the red stays  
on the tomatoes  
Ben hangs the chilis  
in the kitchen  
while we sit strange as clowns  
with make up on our mouths  
speaking of mary magdelynn mistaken  
for the virgin  
lets sing songs to eachother  
and stay in Queens all day long

**August 24 2009**

## **last day in Queens**

When I'm alone  
with the remnants of slumber  
strewn across the floor  
trying to forget my parenthetical dreams,  
I recall my feet among the onions  
on the wallpaper in that small hot bathroom,  
those bell shaped babies could've been cooking.  
zombies walk out of their cave stereo homes  
while Al ponders Coney Island, a place  
I imagine to be filled only by empty warehouses.  
Jacqui speaks of her grandmother  
from her half shaven head  
she will be memorialized  
this Thursday and every year following  
until the whole congregation dies.  
Last night, on the way back from Brooklyn, Lauryn said  
"You let go and I'll let go too"

**Friday, August 6th 20ten**

it started with a clutching of eachother's bodies  
in the blank morning but stained  
by the night before (having been  
empty of transparent words)

i rolled over

riding, walking, learning covers  
with kira  
she'll be in antartica next week  
i will remember singing folk songs i've never heard before  
with her on a pink chair  
it felt right to keep looking into her eyes  
i sang the lows and she sang the highs  
we'd switch sometimes  
i'm not sure how or why but it  
it made me feel

better.

soon i was catapulted into space,  
dressed as a cowboy  
covered in glitter.  
i think it was Silver  
who said, "i wonder if this is what  
my future will look like."

but after many hours  
of humping the air,  
i had to go home  
and sleep alone

cuz daddy's coming in the morning.

## August 4th 2010

I can't see my hands in this darkness  
Today I learned how to be a substitute  
who fights bad blood with universal precautions  
How did I end up eating three burgers  
in one day?  
And spend the rest of it not kissing you?

We solved the problems of binding  
and made new spines  
Listening to 90s rap music made me horny  
After the electricity  
went out in the storm,  
we had to find the words or some batteries  
I knocked over the Chuparrossa love candle  
spilling red wax  
all over my hands  
I think I might pour it now  
just to feel it burn again.

## Fall 2009

My dreams are the well from which I pull these words. Nearly drowned,  
they've forgotten they're names. With swollen eyes and cum soaked thighs,  
I revive them.

Oh I am still drunk.

Maybe because I'm still drinking, But there is half a thumb left in this  
pint of Beam's Eight Star and why the hell not?

Its November 29th. My bills are paid.

Ryan's alarm clock sent itself screaming into my chest, dropping a stone  
ripping to the ends of my body. After the shock wore off, I started  
laughing.

"The last thing I said in my dream was, what the fuck is with all these  
pubes on your window?"

## **forever**

I sometimes wonder if people think i'm lame  
for leaving parties early  
but then i don't give a shit  
because i know  
that when i get home  
i'll be eating snacks, listening to music,  
and farting  
a lot.

## **June 26th 20ten**

why is it that its so boring to write about love but so exciting to write about sex? kisses don't leave stains quite like cum does. but something happened last night when you removed the ejaculate from my face with your mouth.... i wished i was Greek with another word for love.

it feels so good to let go of these things that once meant so much to me. today i'm sitting in the front yard wearing a sun hat that showed up at my house on the day of jacqui and katie's wedding. i'm surrounded by crap or gold, a cat named maggot says "hello? hello?" at this yard sale, i contemplate the history of objects. i sold my first guitar to a man for ten dollars. he looked like Mr. Natural and told Al and I about a man named Lee who used to own our house and worked for the railroad. i hope that Lee fisted his wife on the kitchen floor and played bochey ball in the front yard. i hope that he collected model trains and kept a hidden box of porno in the attic off of my room.

"DADDY WANTS HIS DICK BAAAACK!" Evelyn says of her future family and imagines coming home to her spawn who eat the scabs off their legs.

She had pelican beaks for bones  
under that skin.  
nearly bursting through the corners  
of her bent elbows.

## June 24th 20ten

my asshole oozed this morning  
cum, mine and yours  
mingling with shit.  
i wiped to find blood (the kind  
mother will tell her friends is paint)

you left, i awoke  
with a jolt and frustrated  
with nothing to say for half the day.  
there was not enough paint, there was no surface  
my hands did not work  
so i napped instead  
wrote a song about fleas

abby needed a release so we rode south further  
than we'd gone before  
my thighs disintegrated into  
bails of hay.

curry, Katie  
you are covered in paint

when i got home i thought  
someone was trimming the bushes  
at midnight  
but it was you  
punching your typewriter.

2010  
writings



## June fifteenth the year 20ten

today i.....  
opened strings in ryan's living room  
almost fucked some more  
walked downtown cuz my front tire is flat  
hoped for tornadoes as the clouds opened  
and closed outside of Rhinos'  
glass windows.  
walked home, harmonized with the warning sirens  
got home, fucked myself with a pink dildo  
ate a hot dog on pita bread with horseradish mustard  
now its time to go to jaqui's show  
but i should mention

the split open tree  
its rotten insides  
the soft bone  
and that yellow sky.

## June sixteenth 2010

we could not leave the bed  
until we gave eachother hand jobs  
to appease Morning.

There was a wreck on 37  
just before we crossed it.  
sweating, the driver screamed and cried  
while crossing the interstate  
in shock, but ok.

jacques watched her hypovenelate  
as we rode over the glass.  
when we got to the food bank,  
my tires exploded both at once  
from the heat or dry rot.

a dog named gypsy, a dark skinny boy named spit who i accidentally  
called spic,  
a piano we moved with his friend who's name  
will always be yours.

ryan had a breaking bag full  
of dismembered dolls and a typewriter.  
we walked that way  
together down Washington St.

and when I got home  
the doors were locked  
because jacqui and abby were giggling  
stoned inside.