

MELANY SOCORRO

ARRANGEMENTS

EDIBLE



THE QUEER EXPERIENCE

TEXT-GENERATED POEMS ON

CONTENT

01. DENIAL.....3

02. ANGER.....7

03. BARGAINING.....10

04. DEPRESSION.....16

05. ACCEPTANCE.....24

DENIAL



lips.

no language can properly reflect
the lips i would have cooled,
the lips i would have opened,
the lips i would have made full,
the lips i would have spoken.

name.

had she not known that i had been the
favourable name,
the last name she had seen thrown into
the sea.
it was the name she had been expecting
to hear from.

dreams.

caught between his two
gut feelings he rose, and fell
to one
to hug his bosoms, and to kiss
his lips,
while thoughts wandered his
immovable being
was always visible in his dream.

DENIAL

self.

and i for one's own
futile self

i raise one's voice against
the arbitrary power of

vices, androgyny, and concealing
my own, as much as your own soul.

DENIAL

futile.

futile conception,

socially stimulating orgasm,

futile affection

DENIAL

feminine.

i sometimes have a queer feeling with
respect to bras and pants,
and loincloths, and knucksoms,
and cupids, and pockets,

for lack of a better name,

a feminine name, indeed,

a most queer of a name.

ANGER

feeling.

i sometimes have a queer feeling with
regard to girls

i don't believe any of you suffer as i
do

for you are neither fit nor smart, and
inevitably gay, hetero, or any other
sex.

last.

you are the oldest I have ever known,
and I hope will be
the last,
you are the most curious animal you
have ever been,
you were the last to see us, and I
hope will be
the last,
you were the last to kiss us,
and wept over us,
and murdered us,



ANGER

suffer.

to suffer, to wander, to live in the
burnt earth, to have my say ignored,
to be suborned, loathed, pampered, and
sometimes even murdered,
for the same reason as i do: because
it leads me to believe
that any good can come of developing
into a species of
futile servility, which, if allowed to
proceed, will make
me a species of equal sex.

ANGER

life.

three weeks passed since i
had seen her
pink, small, and punctual
i am angry nearly every day
of my life



BARGAINING

need.

a desire in my being, inseverable and
intertwined, abiding euphoria
a proclivity in my existence,
inseverable and integral, everlasting
pleasure
the yearning in my soul, inseverable
and intertwined, abiding ecstasy

graze.

she excused herself
their lips grazed but there was no
pressure applied,
there was no kiss
women.

both.

i
came to
his mouth
for any answer,
or explanation,

or both.

BARGAINING

against.

and if it were any comfort, it would
be
against her own will, she was to be
conceited
about me, she would be sure
of it.

and if it were any comfort, it would
be
against her own will, she was to be
fatal
of & me.

and if it were any comfort, it would
be
against her own will, she was to be
impetuous
of me, she was to be full
of & me.

and if it were any comfort, it would
be
against her own will, she was to be
cruelty-free.

BARGAINING

better.

the dying need but is well-deserved,
the honourable have been few;
the rich had it better,
the poor had it better;
the humblest tasks were best
done when the hands were between the
lips.

BARGAINING

fool.

you are the oldest i have ever
known, and i hope will be
the last. what the hell are you
going to think of me?
are you the gull, fool, or the
pedlar, as we are called here
in ireland? are you the vain,-or
even the most foolish of us.

BARGAINING

permit.

if you would permit me,
to salute you,
face to face;

couple us, take my cup, and
kiss the bottom.

If you would desire to
receive me,

take my hand, and count my
blessings,

of the kingdom of heaven and
hell,

you shall find me, in a
little time.

BARGAINING

you.

you liked me wrong; you liked me
well-groomed;
you liked me well-pinked;
you liked me full of yourself;
well done, girls; now get over
yourself;
fuck, you deserve this; you have
killed yourself.

yes, you may kiss me, and cry;
and wring out my kisses and tears
they'll blight
you—they'll damn you.

DEPRESSION

time.

another time, another creak;
another creak, another creak.
two breast
leaning against the mantel;
another time, another creak,
and creak wept on the mantel.
another creak, another creak.
another creak, some day.
a hurricane is expected.
borne, and forgotten.

funeral.

bold and proper, some nights i
should rather be dead than
in this happy world than in this
unhappy one.

i felt a funeral in my brain, and a
most queer familiarity with
the tomboy whom i had just met stood
by,
face to face.



DEPRESSION

lost.

the soul searches for its
true self in a silence which cannot be
found in words long lost.

DEPRESSION

melancholy.

three weeks passed since i
had seen her,

from the deepest
melancholy to the grave

i felt the sting of
desperation.

DEPRESSION

misery.

women are supposed to be
very calm generally: but
they are full too late,
and misery follows
much the more slowly.
the humblest tasks get
beautified if loving hands
do
all that loving talking.

DEPRESSION

worthy.

insufficient were all my
pretensions to please a
woman worthy of being
pleased.

i meant to tell her how i
longed.
the heart asks pleasure
first,
deaden suffering.

DEPRESSION

dead.

the words of a dead creature
on the morrow
are the last words of a
dying
futile being.

DEPRESSION

thoughtless.

yes, dear, there is blood
in the water
in the barns
of thoughtless adventure

and nowhere is this
thoughtless thought
found

DEPRESSION

buttons.

the heart asks too little,
the soul grows weak;
the brain fills itself with
idle thought,
the same feeling is attached
to the same buttons.



ACCEPTANCE

cup of tea.

"inappropriate"
or "arbitrary"
this is a small sample
several small but very significant
decisions have been made in our own
lives
while the rest of us are
experiencing
their own suffering,
their own misery
the other party suffers
their own suffering,
their own misery
order yourself and your dog a cup
of tea
and put them to rest.

familiar.

i felt a hand on my back, and a
sound familiarity
had established in me.

the familiarity was as instantly
felt as the first time.

the familiarity seemed to stretch
over all my body, to the ribs, to
the mouth, to the lips

ACCEPTANCE

bird.

i am the bird, and the wind
everything.

you are the buoyant bird, and the
ballast water everything is.

i am the mooring gull, and the
mooring water everything is.

you are the rainbow, and the sea
and sky and everything is.

i am the misty morning mist, and
the stars and the mother earth
nothing but me.

the bush, the garden, and the
little pond all round me.

the dresser, the stereo, the tv,
the radio, the fridge, the cup, the
box, the box of presents—it is all
in me.

the computer, the novel, and the
box of presents all the rest is in
me.

ACCEPTANCE

privilege.

pink, small, and punctual,
aromatic, low,
a privilege of hurricane
to memory and me.

ACCEPTANCE

gratitude .

mind, and laugh at her jokes, even though they mean wrong; they even hurt, in some cases, even kill, a romantic thought which you have just experienced, and have roared a newly.

in such cases as this, it is, i think, the established mode to express a sense of obligation for the sentiments avowed, however unequally they may be returned.

it is natural that obligation should be felt, and if i could feel gratitude, i would now thank you.

but i cannot--i have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly.

ACCEPTANCE

heart.

let us be elegant or die!

let us be poor, or get a knoll!

that would be selfish!

for pleasure, i think, the heart
desires.

for affection, the heart desires it.

for self-improvement, the heart
desires it.

for truth the heart teaches.

for justice the heart teaches.

ACCEPTANCE

souls.

you know well that love is the
fruit of hard work,
and work always pays dividends.
it is thoughtless to condemn
you, or laugh at you, or label
you,
or label us, if you think that
effort, money, or privilege is
the only reward for being good.
it is thoughtless to condemn
you, or laugh at you, or label
you,
if you think that reason is the
soul's judge.

ACCEPTANCE

farce.

and a company -- our
pleasure
play a farce, which i merely
laugh at
it was the same hand i'd
been expecting