

# *FERALS*CAPE

by Michelle Detorie

Come in→



*I'm full of ruins*

The omen of a dark place becomes strategic, liquid.

A small distance between a book and a room.

A book is a room, I am a house.

A house whose-with fur

the pages clot with the ruins of half-finished places.

One is another whose fur we pet in the dark tunnel of a house.

thump, thump  
in the dark narcotics

Little | House  
Bloom | When  
The | Sun  
Comes | Up

Little  
Bloom  
The  
Comes  
rips out of the dark night.  
around the lips. An ear  
ses like worms writhing.  
wearing the lipstick of sm  
smelling of  
A window  
to gravel  
the

Mirror feathers  
for snow-blind  
Here she  
udged sticks  
Possession  
gives way  
,undergarments  
woods – the pines—  
yielded.

back to the  
by the time  
the  
is  
House  
When  
Sun  
Up

Some birds, like the  
ruffled grouse, often  
dive in the snow  
head first to  
sleep

I let myself  
soften after  
hunting

There are so many ways  
in which  
a girl and a bird  
are similar

(we write about them  
TOO MUCH)

We write  
about them because they  
dis appear

Sleep is like levitation

Girls can levitate

(this secret power is explored at slumber  
parties, but then we all forget)

The clouds move a zipper or chainsaw  
a type of organ  
with teeth  
like  
our pink frocks  
a continuance

Some birds, like the ruffled  
grouse, often  
dive in the snow  
head first to  
sleep

I let myself  
soften after  
hunting

There are so many pink bones  
in the yellow paper dress  
a girl wears into the woods. In this story the trees  
are sentences that blow away.

some ways  
in which  
a page and a bird  
are similar

(we write about them  
TOO MUCH)

we write  
them because they  
appear

We become smokestacks, bewildered by the fur-lined limbs  
about them like buttresses electrics, coiled plastics  
dis membering the air.

a hand like a little lock reach through  
it opens with sticks

sleep is like levitation

A telepathy of glass



We eat our own  
Feathers; we feed them  
to our young – to protect  
our bellies from the sharp  
fish bones

girls can levitate

(this secret power is explored at slumber  
parties, but then we all forget)

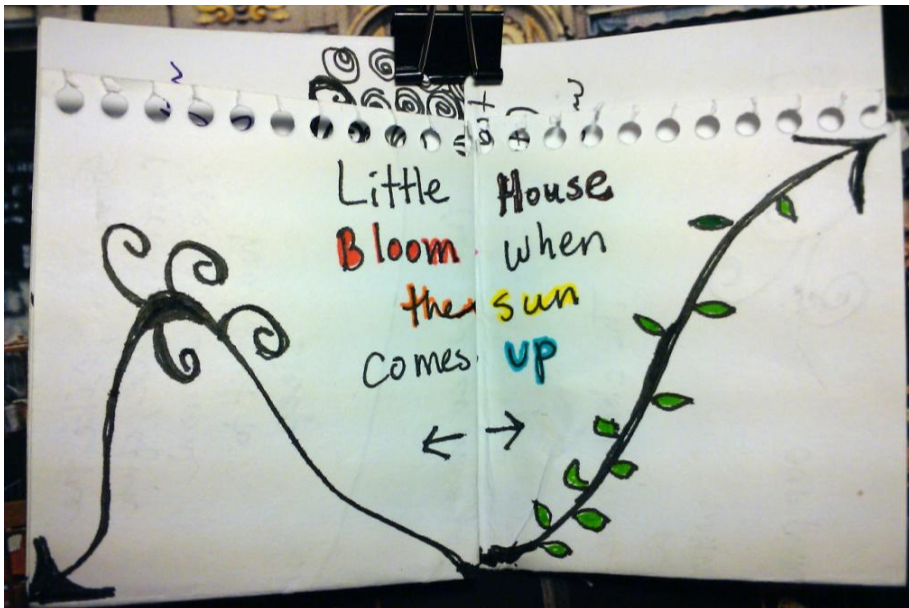
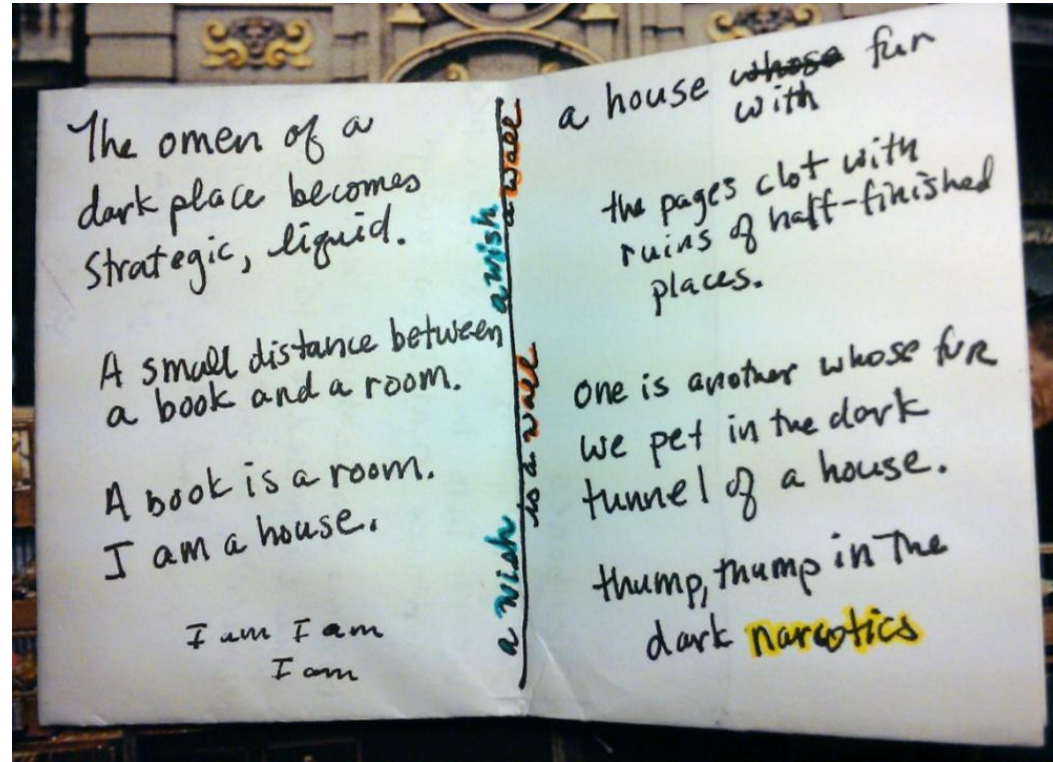
The clouds move  
a type of soft machinery  
with a wet self-conscious  
our pink hospitable to  
mold, our confection

we passed a zipper or chainsaw  
our notes through the organ  
we sleekly become, without teeth  
or tongue like  
seam-ripped frocks:  
silky, frayed, gleaming: a continuance

a feralscape – a haunted place – of mud – of  
“old filthy ruins” – nostalgia like a ghost  
lounging about – mucking things up.  
The mirror doesn’t have an eye;  
it needs us to see it: to see it  
we see ourselves.

smell of honey +meat  
taste of burnt hair/fur  
touch of hot, stinking asphalt – tar  
sound of locusts, their chiseled drone of scissor-saws  
view of a milk white morning  
creeping home through dew  
to sneak through a window  
back into a house

# THE DATA IS FEMININE



Little  
Bloom

rips out of the dark night. Mirror feathers  
around the lips. An ear for snow-blind  
hereses like worms - writhing. Here she  
comes wearing the lipstick of smudged sticks  
smelling of possession.

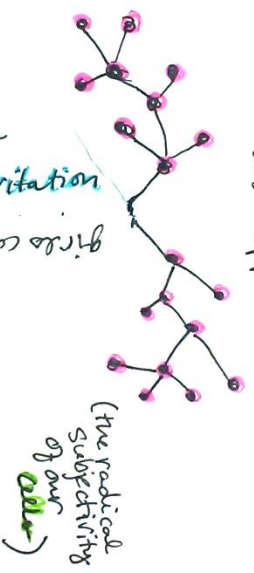
←  
a window gives way  
to grave, undergarments.  
The woods - the pines -  
yielded

Back to the  
By the time  
is  
House  
When  
Sun  
UP

Some birds, like the  
puffed grouse, often  
dive in the snow  
head first to  
sleep

There are so many ways  
in which a girl and a bird  
are similar. (we write about  
them **TOO MUCH**)

We write about them because they  
disappear.



(the radical  
subjectivity  
of our  
able)

or eat myself  
again after  
fucking



(this secret power is explored  
at **December** parties, but  
then we all forget.)

The clouds move  
like a zipper or chainsaw  
with teeth  
like **frocks**  
our pink  
continuance





Some birds, like the ruffled grouse, often dive in the snow head first to sleep

I let myself suffer after hunting

There are so many pink bones in the yellow paper dress a girl wears into the woods. In this story, the trees are sentences that blow away.

We become Smokestacks, bewildered by the fur-lined limbs like buttressed electrics, coiled plastics dismembering the air. a hand like a little lock reached through. it opens with sticks

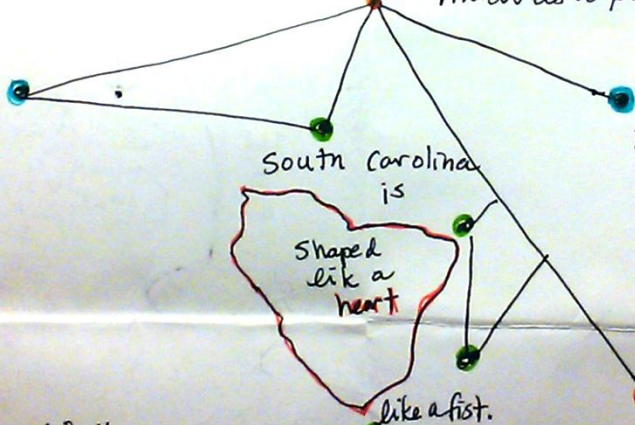
some ways in which a page and a bird are similar. (we write about them because they appear.)



like sleep is levitation a telepathy of glass

this is a line

as much as a place



We eat our own feathers - we feed them to our young - to protect our belly from the sharp fish bones.

girls can levitate.

(the radical subjectivity of our color)

(this secret power is explored at slumber parties, but then we all forget.)

The clouds move a soft machinery with a wet self-conscious hospitable to our pink mold, our confection.

We passed like a zipper or chainsaw our notes through ~~our~~ type of organ without a tongue teeth like frocks a frayed a continuance



a **panorama** - a haunted place - of mud - of  
"Old filthy ruins" - nostalgia like a ghost  
laughing about - muddy things up.

The mirror does <sup>not</sup> have an eye.  
It needs us <sup>if</sup> to see it, to see it  
if we see ourselves.

smell of honey + meat

taste of burnt fat

touch of hot, stinking asphalt - tar

sound of locusts, their chiseled wind of  
scissor saws

view of a milk white morning → DEW  
(weeping home through ~~door~~  
to ~~sleep~~ <sup>eyes</sup> back  
into my house.

IS

Feminine

THE

DATA

Dusie Kollektiv

&

Hex Presse

2011