

# WHEN RED BLOOD CELLS LEAK



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500 S. Mesa St., #389  
El Paso, TX 79901

by Anne McMillen



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### the way to work

there is a bridge on lake avenue  
    which isn't really anywhere near the lake  
    doesn't lead there either~  
that runs over the black river's waterfall,  
    cascade park.  
the guard rail covered in crosses~  
    one boy jumped stones when the water was low  
    'til he slipped and ended up over the rocks.  
    he popped up bloated and ripe at eleven  
    where people feed ducks  
    one hundred feet down stream.

where the bridge begins  
    a nut house.  
at the end  
    a crack house.  
over it  
    my job.

mini-city madness  
    one-armed fred came into the store,  
    joe had just got stabbed in the belly,  
    stuck blade then pulled across~  
    someone had tried to dissect him.

she told me that walking to work was dangerous,  
    maybe i'd regret it when i got raped.  
    turned bow hipped,  
    knobby knuckles curled up into  
    a dirty newspaper headline delivery bag.

i walk over blood rained pavement  
wanting insides  
on my outsides.

**conversations of general interest:**

your shopping habits amuse me,  
that hobby of yours fascinates me, do that many people really register and  
topograph statistical data pertaining to the shopping habits  
of mice given chocolate?

your you  
absorbs me.

how easy you've made the journey to become a paradigm. to abort/  
distort  
your own identity, now a fusion of skits  
a mental dressing room composed of  
each character ever viewed.

everyone else is  
what it means to be alone.

their voices whirr around my  
ears as if i were in a vortex, hurricane third eye. when i refuse to respond  
they put their heads against my chest to gage my involvement...what they  
hear is the sound of the sea, just a silent shell that echoes.

undulant motion drives me back to  
where i see  
what only i will see.

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**neurotic**

over the rainbow on tight thin-  
eternity's vein.  
if i could just spread apart my legs  
to the portal we call love.  
as if there was something in me  
that everyone wanted  
instead of something  
everyone wanted to get  
away from.

through sedations essential  
seep out, my mouth as saddle  
as a stack of empty orange bottles  
among a pile of rubble.

examination cell up in my mind  
who would like to put their face to the glass  
as the execution commences?  
not belonging to anything i am very mistakenly my own person.

sanitation healed-  
crystal grasshoppers  
land on your skin  
breaking it's seal.

night was dawning across the  
field of his hand

a woman under it.

nominal associations,  
decay game decadence does declare.

the last beer.  
told him to get out while he  
still could.

escaped on the last rx leaving the station  
when  
the  
middle fell apart.

### **see you at the mayo health clinic**

promiscuity verse safety...hey—don't you know

a.i.d.s. is just a word baby,

like love, accident, forgot, too drunk to care, overly timid couldn't say no, too weak to

commit suicide the right way but unintentional infection via an infectious slow

killing disease looks better on my resume when i reach the rusty gates of heaven than

hung myself in the bathroom/unwantingly shit all over myself

so the mortician had to scrape it off my legs and wash my asshole

that i wouldn't stench from my ten shot gun full marine encore performance funeral.

recklessness

climbs on top of

desperation. climaxed together.

in the multitudinous moments of destitution

ever notice how

gonna go get laid sounds a lot like

gonna go get aids?

die looking  
or die doing.

**..i would tell myself**

are you lonesome tonight?  
are your impenetrable defenses  
untenable?

from sensitive to overactive,  
pointed pin prick of numbness  
telling how i've been driven to nothing  
from too much lust fucking.

agglomerated concupiscence,  
prurient mind...

might as well get laid  
if you can't get loved.

**put it to bed**

lying masked unrest.

hunger for come and  
reconstruction.

blown up the hours  
under a magnifying glass,  
tweezers picking-parting  
aching  
needy  
wanting.

i have never felt in my life.  
not in life.

my sadness for it all  
is so that  
i cannot want to die.

## standing on pluto

knowledge crumbled then swept up.

found a home  
among the dust.  
particles like me are  
translucent through sunlight.

a sealed window.

sorrow expressed  
should be  
invisible  
or brushed away  
once it builds.

if i break let me go  
into the rubbish  
with the rest.  
always volition propelling in any direction  
but this time just so this time it  
so just happens to be  
towards the furthest black.

## purpose

surrounded by ice-  
olation. froze.  
nothing but voice  
and body.  
saturated besides a  
crack pots crack down.

you'll never own anything  
nothing but my own voice  
and my own body  
to the extent that it's legal to the law.

exonerated from myself,  
you didn't get it did you?  
long before  
i ever knew your existence  
i had already  
given up hope of changing my fate.

born to be, from afar,  
a psychotic's babysitter  
and a mute preacher  
to deaf images.

## scientific theory of togetherness

purple welts on a  
flesh canvas

we have  
cooked down the self with a torch and beaker  
as sacrifice to  
escape solitude.

pandemic interpersonal flaw—  
turn the other cheek.

cracked perceptions cling together,  
attempt to become a single whole  
just as electrons balance themselves  
in the nucleus.

## fear of alone

i'm suppose to be rejoining humanity. soon in a city near you. have to remember my social training i sent down river. i forgot to send my body with it. my social training that is, my body wasn't with it. it's unfortunate really.

hands  
clenched together  
so hard they go limp from cut off circulation.

think  
of

anxiety as being confronted by the abstract concept of future.

i will be

alive

tomorrow, presumably,

but what does that mean?

right now is far

away.

run on sentences run out of time.

other people are a way to avoid

yourself, myself, the

it's

self.

dining on dried salt water  
i crashed into this embankment  
head down,  
hands tied.

## batteries

words bounce off slate  
face. closet hiding again.  
    locked there once  
    now back by choice to  
watch finger nails growing.

peripheral fuzzy moving  
around dirty pinkie, chewed nail.  
    spit out.  
blackened tips  
    poked beef tongue that lays  
    heavy  
        after slit throat  
    in the mouth.

private thoughts turn to high  
    pitched squealing.

listening habits gone on to a different  
wave length.  
    then there was deafness too

woke up to a new  
hole.

## over and over: gagged just like they are

every line  
goes back to  
the lepers,  
    in colonies now called  
    communities.

what you don't speak so easily,  
    truth that turns into a bacterial spiral.

one real hip mother fucker  
in this ultra sweat shop advocating pop masturbatory media frenzied  
    celebratory of the intellectual  
    six feet below ground  
    magazine

    was ragging in his article  
"those writers/poets new age escapists" -always bashing the government or god  
    parents and the bitching  
    about some lost love lorn fooly hardy-ish preteen  
    no breast before legal age of consent  
    fantasy.

its getting old.  
maybe that/this is  
why

    even the most avid high riding mao amongst our  
    coffee crusading mongoliod invasion into the third world  
    of the mind  
can't stand to read. doesn't want to listen.  
    no one is ever listening  
    when it's/was it's  
    important.  
    everyone is/was busy working  
    will continue to be so.

support the status quo  
    unintentionally. bastion it outright. don't ask questions  
no one wants to know  
    what happened or didn't happen.  
everyone wants it to stay  
stuck in your  
throat until the virus spreads through  
out the whole.

## an episode

crowded theatre hall  
the architecture  
early 1900's.

on stage, some  
thing pivots a perfume bottles long neck  
in and out of a cunt.

interlocked arms, together-  
on stage then, a man pulls  
a ticket out of a hat  
i've won a prize.

auntie sits next to her daughter  
in fifties style blue plastic shoes  
and it is dark in the back.

my prize-  
sherry shows me  
a secret, then a praying mantis  
lifts it's head from her lap.

## her head

glass orbs,  
floating eye sockets.  
dis connect ed blood vessels.

it's a big dead world in there  
shook up like a snow globe.

## still self-mutilating

figures that my figure  
would turn out to be  
scars set on.

somewhere this really wasn't  
a lone  
derangement spread from bone structure to brain.

acting out during sexual emotional divorce court.  
a liar, an honest asshole. what's the difference when  
ever  
we wont put our hands on

a wire through flesh  
and our  
face to face.

## caged thought

there was a yellow canary  
that repeatedly smacked its bright chest  
against the insides of my skull.

at one point it sang songs  
but everyone we encountered told it to  
shut up.

on a perch the canary would rest  
until unexpectedly  
its claws grew so long  
they curled completely around the bark.

these days the feathers are matted together as if  
oils had began raining from the sky  
its breast looks hollowed out. even  
the little black beady eyes that  
use to penetrate into every nook and cranny  
have a gray sheen,  
beak is chipped from being struck by mis-  
firing synapses.

poor canary,  
if only i had the nerve to put it down..

**gonna be a famous poet**

how lucky i am  
to be leading such a  
privileged life.

    a hodgepodge of putrid hopes,  
    and carrioned dreams to exploit

        as the flakes chalk off of another  
        instant ticket,

        alcoholics only~vodka bottles overflow the trash.

even the coffee smells  
like the trapped reek of burning coke  
    left in stagnant air.

they'll all be kissing my ass  
when i'm the biggest nobody  
on the planet.  
    including you.

big city  
transform me  
into a blistering hot  
    ballerina.  
an overly talented  
mastermind  
with a bad luck story  
to piss on.

**body bomb**

one large mess of veins and misgivings,  
    always  
justified in each reason  
to turn your innards into  
    cancerous masses.

if i don't burn the temple down  
    it will just decay with age.

brains start to  
    shrink up like  
    dried prunes

when you hit 30  
    so  
    make sure to eat your spinach  
before the natural tox-ins  
    your belly  
    leave you.

**figures**

we are statistics  
that fall in love twice and only  
die once.

piles of snow. warm piss carves  
caverns. cold  
head only mind. erupted from the dead zone of  
stripped branches.

from rock  
on top of-

the grass was smothered out.

## revelation

enormous words won't transcribe what has been left of myself  
after the years of punishment.  
and yes god,  
i appreciate your preference of me as a sign...  
ripe for the fucking  
by relatives and abnormalities.

fear of self-perpetuated  
failure then

so much rage,  
put my hands  
over my face and then my  
lips part  
but what comes out  
is not of human voice...

i am no longer one of those...i am  
just the cry  
of David's trumpet  
that the plague has arrived.

## staring into my own space

not wearing underwear.  
hot flashes.  
stomach acid ate out lining.  
free lance like that when the mornings when no one is here.

i am free  
in isolated quarantine, russian  
black widow.  
when those parental figures, demon iconology  
could not know  
secret life side pocket in a cloak of frivolity.

welcome comrade aneurysm.  
fire hazard safety switch right on target.  
anomalation.  
spell bound by the blank and shanked.