

## **dressed for work seated while br( )eat( )hing**

The decision was acted on by painting the calendar page for the commencing month. A thick swat of yellow over the name of a month with a promise and brushing the grains with cotton balls to soak a stomach- flush with toxic.

Butter is s(l)ick. That is the thought. Licking a butter knife but not chewing butter. What follows are small jabs against tongue muscle. The duct tape wrapped around my stomach is crinkling and I am sitting outside an office, crinkling.

If this is about control, let me find the centre. The centre which is silently crumbling under a blouse which is coming undone and an eye feels out of place. The tape ends somewhere but is dressed on another line, dressed on itself. The line between thighs dissolves, licked like ice cream, lick and disappear. An ear rings sharply and travels left of the room, an isolated sound that could glow through the dust. The office fridge buzzes into a hum line that adds to the muffle until she says this is her home away from home. This is when I remember I have said something nice about the motivational slogans and pictures on the walls and desk. The room is supposed to feel nice and should. I think I have formed a small smile and have looked down. The tape crinkles and is pushing in, like the slurp and sight of water sucked whole by a drain.

She asks me about my twitching eye and then mentions the project. We've been talking about the project, I learn; the feeling is cold as if the meat has fallen off of me, coming undone and I shake along with the walls. Everything else here remains steady.

Someone's a cunt and it's funny. The other person laughs because the cunt's not around. Everything is sleek and I could lick it so I try my fingertips for what's left of the chocolate. I've dared myself by the bare underwear because there's supposed to be a stain where there hasn't been for a while. Tongues fall heavy while the body goes light so I'll set a feather. Leaning against the cool surface of the stall and staring at a fluorescent bulb of rotten milky palette and shutting my eyes to feel it pool and settle. Pool nice and settle easy.

There is a double image underneath skin. The lightning image contrast of bone and structure. This is how I think I look when I smile at the end of the day. The hand has positioned the same finger on the mouse click while another hand digs into the bottom of the desk like wood work to needle a nail. The computer screen scrambles like a chopped omelette. The blur is zoomed in while the world frenzies and zooms to a scratched ~~ent~~.