

The image is a cover for a book. It features a photograph of a dry, cracked landscape. In the foreground, the ground is parched and cracked into large, irregular polygons. Several weathered wooden posts are scattered across the scene, some standing upright and others leaning. In the background, a calm body of water reflects the sky, with a line of bare trees on the far shore. The entire scene is bathed in a warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

flood / drought
flash fiction & poetry

Remittance Girl

Flood & Drought

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Introduction

Thank you for downloading this collection of poetry and short fiction. Please note that much of the subject matter dealt with in these pieces is adult and if you are under the age of majority in your country, please stop reading this immediately.

The flash fiction and poetry contained in the book is a collection of 26 short pieces I have published on my website at www.remittancegirl.com, however, I thought it would be nice to give something away to my readers that made it convenient for them to peruse the short pieces as they tend to be scattered throughout my site.

If you enjoy the work, I also have a number of longer works published through Republica Press (www.republicapress.com) and an anthology of my short stories, **Coming Together presents: Remittance Girl** - all the proceeds from the anthology go to support the ACLU. There are both Kindle and E-book versions of the anthology.

Dedication

This collection is dedicated to the thousands of readers who have traveled along the road with me on my journey into writing erotica. To the hundreds and hundreds who took the time to read my work and leave their comments, and to those of you - you know who you are - who fuelled the fantasies that took me down it.

Finally, thanks to the wonderful photographers on Flickr who express their creativity visually and have allowed me to marry words to their images through the creative commons license.

I thank you more than I can possibly express,

Remittance Girl

www.remittancegirl.com

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Lux Aeterna

The strings wind around you, a sonic brace to your spine, but each bowed note takes a wafer-thin slice of my skin.

As they join together, great swathes of tonal colour fill the dimness of the room. You breathe them in, filling your lungs with the volume of their swells. So sweet and heady, your eyes close, your chin angles upwards. You are enfolded in the swirling mass of rising sound. But the same whirlwind that lifts you off your feet bears down on me like a tornado, tearing the breath from my chest, eroding my exposed flesh like a million years of wind and rain.

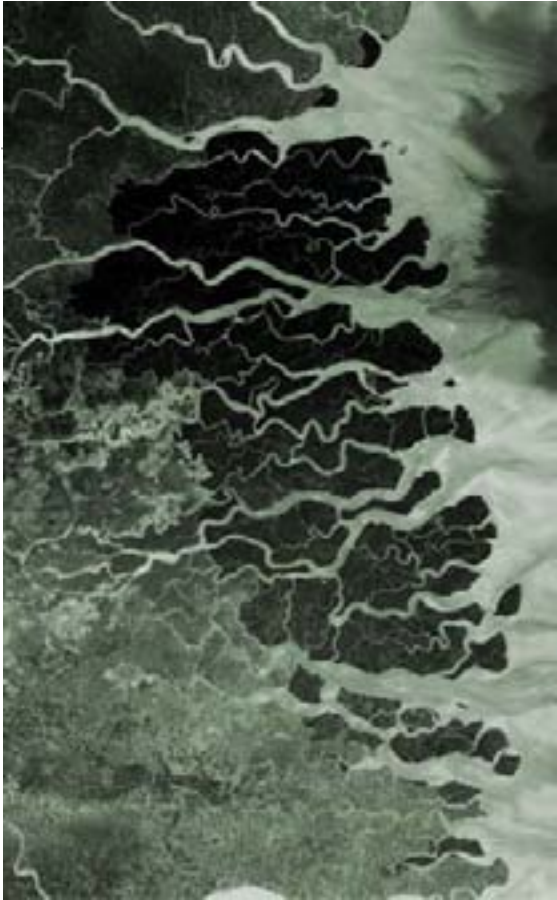
Skinless and raw, I am burned black by the light, caught in the moment of an atomic blast, and my outline etched forever into the wall behind me. Not by the music, but by the turn of your head and the settling of your gaze.

Butterfly Knife



metal
mirror
cracks and
spreads open
shiny wings
slice through air
cutting the throat
of the moment
watch it
bleed
time
out

your edge
is edged
in edge
mine
dulled
blunt
on
your
lip



Down the River to the Sea

Past the old buildings, through the grove of tamarind trees stirring in the midday silence. Across the broken paving stone path by the hibiscus bushes. They hiss with drowsy insects and weep their choking sweet scent to invite more.

Now, in the brutal heat, the cricket field is deserted. Grasshoppers leap in the wake of my strides across the acid green grass leading down to the river's edge. I drink in the hot, humid air that smells of fertility and rot until my lungs are bursting.

And then I scream. And scream. And scream.

And scream until my throat is bloodraw and my chest threatens to implode.

Here in this vacuum.

Here in this killing jar.

Here on this specimen board, stabbed through the thorax with a pin of my own making.

I scream until my body knows it is useless, until the thing that is screaming isn't me anymore. The river snatches it away and carries it off to the sea.

One morning, a few years hence, you will turn on your tap and, in that first spray of water, hear the faint sound of a woman's cry. You'll dismiss it as a figment of your imagination, and wash the sleep from your face.

Enter Flesh

Words

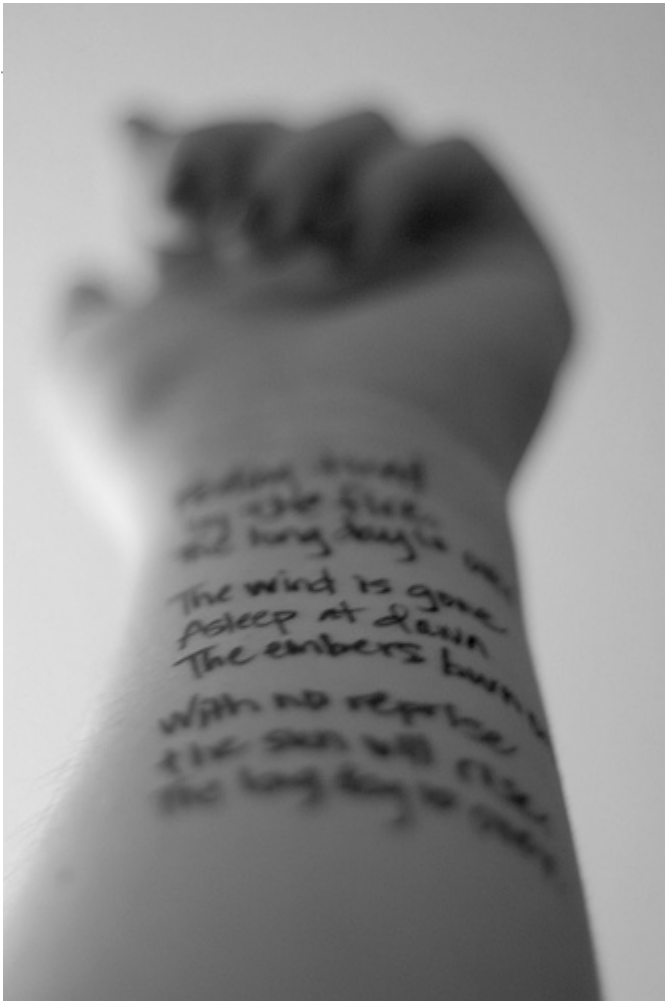
enter flesh
melting into pores
puncturing plumped skin
seeping through swollen folds
insinuating themselves between
clutched fingers
pursed lips
crossed legs.

One

word
unlocks
all those
closed places.

I

was sure
I'd locked up
tight for the night
but I was wrong.



Withdrawal

I wanted
with such ferocity.
And for a long time,
the wanting seemed
a pleasure in itself.

Sticky droplets
budded on the surface
of my skin
before a single
touch.

But desire grows strange,
stale in this tight, airless place.
Tiny crystals of bitter need,
glitter-sharp, glassy shards
sparkle along the stems
of my unmet reach,
leeching poison into
everything around me.

No more
barbed remarks
or feigned indifferences.
I want what cannot be had.

The needle eased from the vein, raw and tender,
the green tendrils of yearning
retract, curling once again
into tight spirals.

Back to sleep.
Again.



Mercy Altar

So this is my altar,
the place where
I do my penance
where I make my
sacrifices.

I lie on the cool tiles
at her feet,
breathe into the pain
and wait for it
to teach me
something new.

Extremadura



Do you wonder
if it is hard for me
not to visit your well
of cool water?

I am mad with thirst,
like a beast of burden
dragging its plow
through half a world
of rocky, unbroken soil.

Many times
I have sent myself into exile.

Never once
has it hurt like this.



Gone

All the flirting, the teasing the innuendos, caresses, kisses, muttered words of exhortation or ecstasy. The single, studied fingertip that travels down from my throat to my pubic bone, pulling a trail of shivers in its wake. The change in the scent of his skin as he gets hard. The position he pulls me into, the leg that parts mine and holds them spread. The sharp, sweet pain of a tugged nipple. The first breathless plunge of penetration. The second, and the third.

All gone as I come.

But when I watch him with someone else, I remember everything.



Breath

Listening to the roadmap of his pleasure, it is breath that describes the intricate architecture of both need and sensation.

Words, as Derrida says, are slippery things: hard to catch and harder even to hold. Meaning slithers into crevices, hides in folds, is coated or diluted in effluvia.

But breath hides nothing. The slow even passage of air suddenly changes in an instant to jagged gasps. Pleasure turns the landscape of reality mountainous, the hard-won heights and precipitous drops force at his lungs, playing in the desperate constriction of his throat.

Then he's fighting, forcing his way up the incline in urgent stages. The closer he comes, the thinner the air. He snatches at breaths like a thief or a man drowning, holds them, and then leaves them behind him as he ascends further.

It's not the words he spits out like sparks of voltage that compel me. As he crests the hill and gratification drags at his sinews, his breath opens out, raw and gashed. The sharpened knives of his lust plunge, in a desperate sequence, into the heart of his labours.

5bX`Y`Wta Yg`Xfck b]b[""

Stroke

His eyelids slide closed and the image is there again. He has nurtured it, refined it, rolled it around so many times in his mind, it has become an instant trigger for his lust. It is no longer just a mental picture; it has become heavy with sensation, sound and motion.

So blood-engorged, the skin covering the head of his cock is shiny with tension and precum. It lies cradled in the plump valley of her dark crimson slit. As he moves his hips, his cock slides back and forth through the splayed channel. One moment her hard, swollen clit is visible and unhooded, and in the next his cock obscures it. This is what he sees.

With every stroke, he spreads more of her juices through the velvety flesh. The wet noise sounds like kissing, like licking. His memory of the sound brings a flood of saliva and triggers an aural hallucination of the moans she made.

So wet. So wet that he feels it bathe his balls as underside of his entire length lies in contact with her burning cunt and his cockhead rests on the pale skin above her pubic bone.

His oil-slicked grasp is warm, stroking blind and lost in that microcosm, where he draws back to angle his cock downwards and plunge deep into the tight, weeping warm interior of her cunt: the pressure around him so delicious it makes his eyes water and his breath falter.

The memory is obscenely vivid, the truth of it rises up his torso, displacing organs, moving muscles, pushing a groan from his chest. And for a few unbearably sweet moments, he would live there, die there, be reborn there, until the one thrust that changes everything with the violence of a revelation. Then comes the knowledge of the beginning of the end, the absolute certainty that, after this, there will be no more like it.

He pulls his cock out, the withdrawal such a delicious battle with her tenacious grasp that he almost doesn't make it. But, laying his twitching shaft back between the fluttering folds, the spasms send his seed in hot, liquid pulses over the inflamed flesh, spilling creamy white over crimson.

It works, every time. His frantic stroking stilled by the onslaught of pleasure, he roars and erupts over his tight, gleaming fist.

Cusp



Today I found
your cock, still tucked
in the sleeve of my summer kimono.

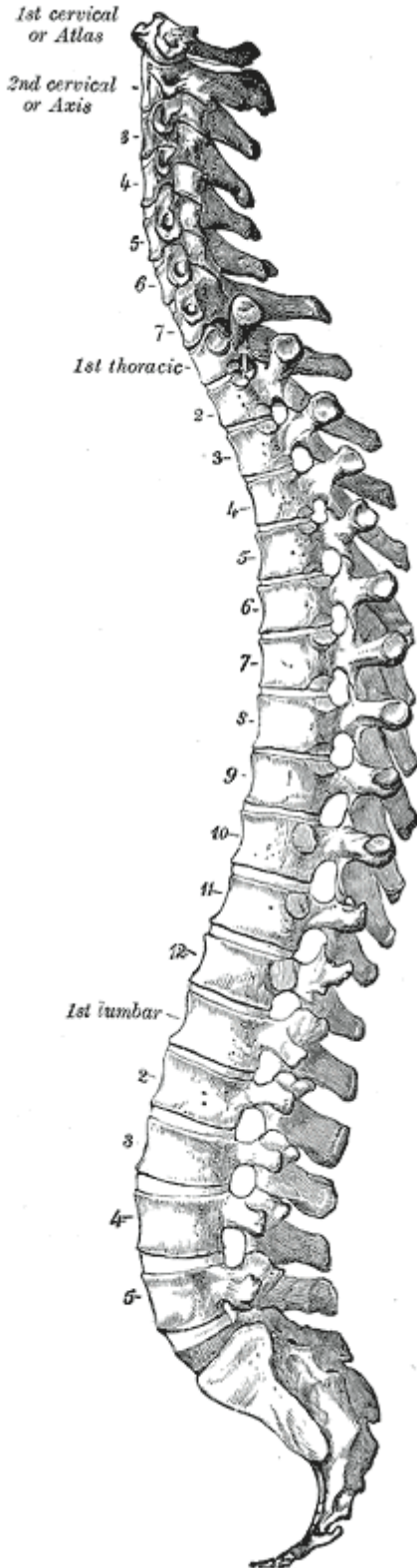
The season is turning:
time to replace the flight of dragonflies
with a shower of golden maple leaves.

Time to accept
that the summer sun
has grown mild and indifferent.

I'll nestle you
in a beautiful lacquer box
and bury my desire under the mango tree.

Sweet and sad.
Next year's summer fruit
will surely taste like you.

Spine



Cervical

I watch him fuck other women.
He loves the fact that I watch.
He smiles and I
keep my secret:
every flex of his muscle,
every thrust into her cunt,
is a shiny new nail in my spine,
bracing me upright
until I know I'll never
weaken or bend again

Thoracic

It hammers home,
and home,
again:
uh
nuh
never
ever
give
myself
away.

Whenever I feel
my skin has become
too permeable,
my soul too tender,
there is always
the opportunity
to tempt him to
teach me again.

Lumbar

I sit,
watch
and remember:
I'm born alone
I'll die alone.

Anything else
is dangerous
delusion.

Geocentricity



I'm feeling cruel today.
Words crowd my brain,
teetering at my fingertips
like cudgels.

I don't want to play
your dearest friend,
proxy mother,
saintly virgin,
or ghost.

Either fuck me
or fuck off.



My Girl

Won't let me touch.
She pulls away, laughing.
Not the giggle of a tease,
But the hysteria of the damaged.

She's fucked up.
And I pursue her anyway,
grateful for her tolerance.
What does that make me?

Little by little,
cast as the carnivore,
she erodes me until
I'm a smooth, rounded stone
for her to rub herself against.

That's how it happens:
sudden, violent frotage.
She jumps from
standard deviations
to frantic masturbation
and back, as if it were
a momentary aberration.

I pretend not to notice
for fear that she'll stop.

White Room

So innocuous, this place
with horizons for walls,
this featureless room
where our distillations meet.

The air here reeks of
the last word you wrote.
With time, with silence
the scent turns to
rancid semiotic soup.

The specter of every phrase
goes brittle at the edges.
I cut myself on them
to make sure they
were ever said.

I will never touch you.
I will never taste your skin.
Tell myself it's better that way,
and fool myself that
I've kept you safe from me.

When you leave,
turning out the light,
in the black room
it becomes,
I eat you whole.

I choke on
your ghost,
love.

Dear Foolish Wound

Dear foolish wound,
gaping gash in my pride,
self-inflicted affliction
of delusions of affection:

Bleed all you want
in the privacy of solitude,
but do not make gaudy
show of yourself in public.

I'm stitching you up
with coarse sutures of reason,
joining the ragged edges closed
for the sake of modesty.

Forty-eight hours
of dignity is all I ask.
Then you can break open
and bleed to your heart's content.



Heat Seeking



A blind, lusting worm,
I reach through the layers of bedding.
Hungry and heat-seeking,
boneless, fluid.
You have what I want.

Give me your warmth
in a frenzied, headlong dash
through tangled sheets
to bury the hottest part of you
into the hottest part of me.

My muscles will
flex and seize their way
to our mutual, toasty oblivion.



If I Were God

If I were God
I wouldn't bother about
who used my name in vain
or who was indulging in
a bit of adultery.

I'd look at my creations,
things I had set in motion,
and marvel at how
it all got away from me.

I'd brush the tips of my fingers
over the surface of Mercury,
and then, perhaps, my closed lips.
I'd run the tip of my tongue
around the calderas of her craters,
tasting the dust of her history,
and the trauma of impact.

If I could do that,
why would I bother with
the little shit?

In Weaker Moments



I dream of my shredded fingers
pushed into the sharp ice,
cut-blooded
and numb with cold
that will soon burn
where I clawed to pull you
from my frozen garden.

In weaker moments
I dream of my pale legs
tangled in yours,
sex-damp,
and mottled with rosy bruises
that will turn to purple soon
where your hips
met my flesh.

In weaker moments
I dream of my parched lips
pressed to yours,
kiss-wet
and red-raw with abrasions
that will turn tender
where your teeth
met my mouth.

In weaker moments



New Year Moon

Burn away
every vestige of regret
with cold light,
Virgin Moon.

Make me anew,
free from the detritus
of age and error.
Carve me an eye sharp enough
to cut through bonds thick
as umbilical cords.

Plug up this gaping wound.
I don't want to be gutted
anymore.

Seven Senryu

Bring me desire
on a solemn silver tray.
I'll sup on your flesh.

.

Your fault, my delight,
your chasm, my wide playground
my feral soul feeds.

.

Virgin moon, please burn
every vestige of regret
away with cold fire.

.

The back of your neck:
a crescent moon for my lips,
cradle for my lust.

.

White heat off dark skin.
The sun sees all your labours.
The moon sees your sins.

.

The flavor of night
settles secret on the tongue
like a dark jewel.

.

Observing the curl
of your slumbering fingers
I must come closer.



Giftwrapped

In my pale cocoon of diffuse light I lie still as the grave.

Mummified in white paper, every inch of me wrapped from head to toe. Each tiny movement, each shallow breath makes crinkles. Supine upon your bed, I blink and my eyelashes make rasping sounds against the paper that covers my face. This close, I examine the intricate weave of the paper, its fibers pressed into fine meshwork. There is a century's worth of information here, if I am serene enough to see it.

I could raise my arms or spread my legs and be free of this shroud. The fragile tissue would tear with ease. Sometimes I hallucinate the sound of it ripping as I move.

Sometimes the sound is real. From time to time you come to me, press your mouth against the paper until it almost melts away, and burrow a little hole. I've felt the tip of your tongue on my hip, the tip of your finger just above my knee, the warm pad of your thumb on the rounded curve of my right shoulder.

You sample me through keyholes, spacing out the occasions until time becomes an unbearable burden.

At night I dream of moving, of sitting up. I see my gift-wrapped form tear loose from this bright grave. But I don't move.

Time has grown insignificant.

I am a prisoner of patience.

I wait for the day you open a little hole at my mouth and kiss me.

Sleeping in the Shadow



I have given up
fearing that you will crush me,
now I know you will.

It seems easier
to resign myself to it,
sleep in your shadow.

I'm in too much awe
of the many things you are:
devil and angel.

Slumbering under
your overhanging presence,
waiting for the end.

In the lea of you,
my dreams are fertile, obscene,
nothing stirs but stars.

Foolish to trust the
dreams of sheltering sleepers
or lost mad women.

Nothing Sleeps Tonight

Beside the crowded café brothel
dogs fuck to the thud of disco
pumped from broken speakers

The man with the withered leg
begging on the sidewalk is faking it
but I drop him money anyway.
There aren't enough good actors in this world.

A little whippet of a boy
tilts his head and chants
'hello, hello, hello, hello, hello'
until the word is smeared into nonsense.
So much for cultural imperialism.

The small wooden altar
nestles companionably with other abandonments
by the side of the stinking canal.
Glanced by streetlight, it invites me
to give it another chance.
'I could be lucky for you,' it whispers like a whore.

His mop of black hair jerks up and down,
the rentboy's sucking cock by the wall of my dimly lit alley.
The owner smokes and watches, feigning boredom.
He crushes out his spent cigarette and fishes another
from the pack in his shirt pocket. 'Got a light?' he calls.
I hand him my lighter and he uses it,
ejaculating a thick stream of smoke.

My cat came home missing part of his right ear.
But he seemed alright with it.
Perhaps it's a mark of manhood
or a rite of passage
in cat society around these parts.
It's not like he can lose his balls;
I removed those already.
He's never really forgiven me.

Silence



Silence
devours time
covering me like
a thick numbing blanket
of pristine snow.
I slumber
beneath

Cold
creeps in
the infection
of a dead heart
like frost spreading
across glass
blind

Words
protect us,
inoculation from the
paralyzing vacuum of doubt
Tell me you
love me
still

Or let me sleep.

Stickylips



New lipstick today.
I smiled at the mirror and
stained my mouth with
the colour of my own blood.

I could frame your mulberry nipple,
or, in a mad act of impetuous art,
slash your cheek with carmine violence.
Or would you prefer I leave your cock ring-tailed?

You choose.
Today I have stickylips.

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