



flood / drought  
flash fiction & poetry

Remittance Girl

# Flood & Drought

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# Introduction

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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](http://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](http://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

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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](http://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.

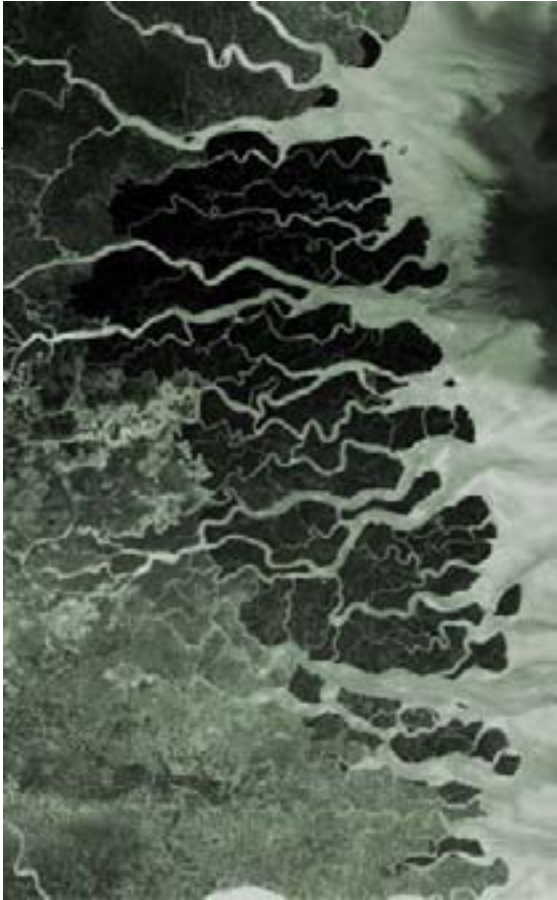
# Butterfly Knife

---



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

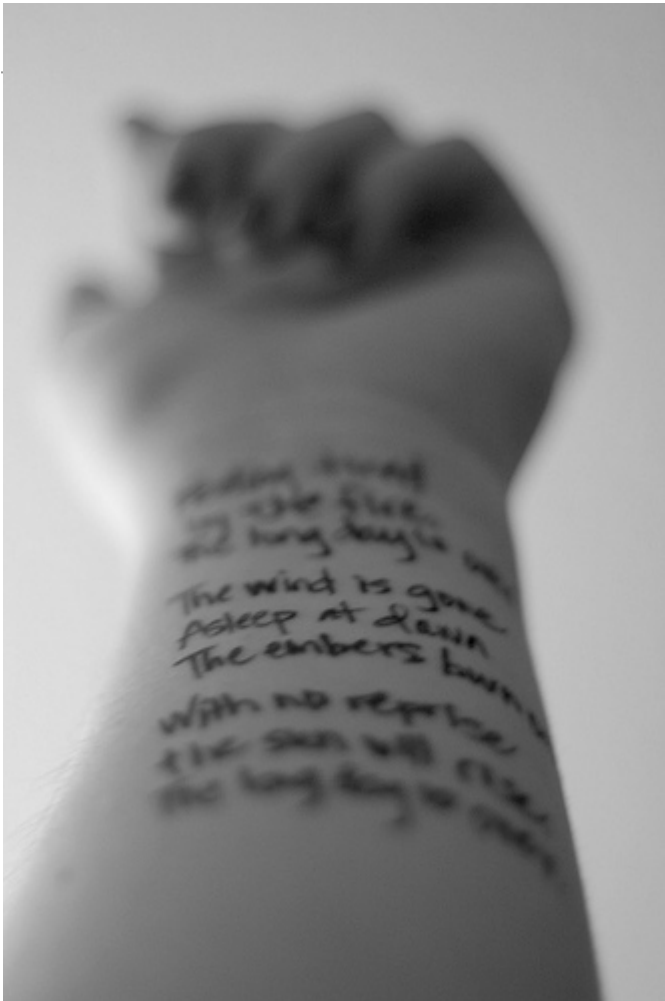
enter flesh  
melting into pores  
puncturing plumped skin  
seeping through swollen folds  
insinuating themselves between  
clutched fingers  
pursed lips  
crossed legs.

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.



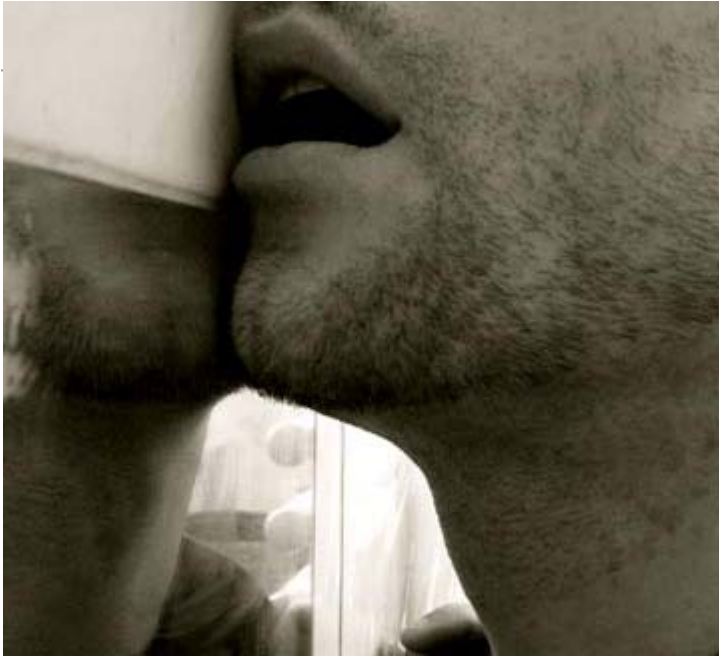
# Gone

---

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 YgXfck 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.

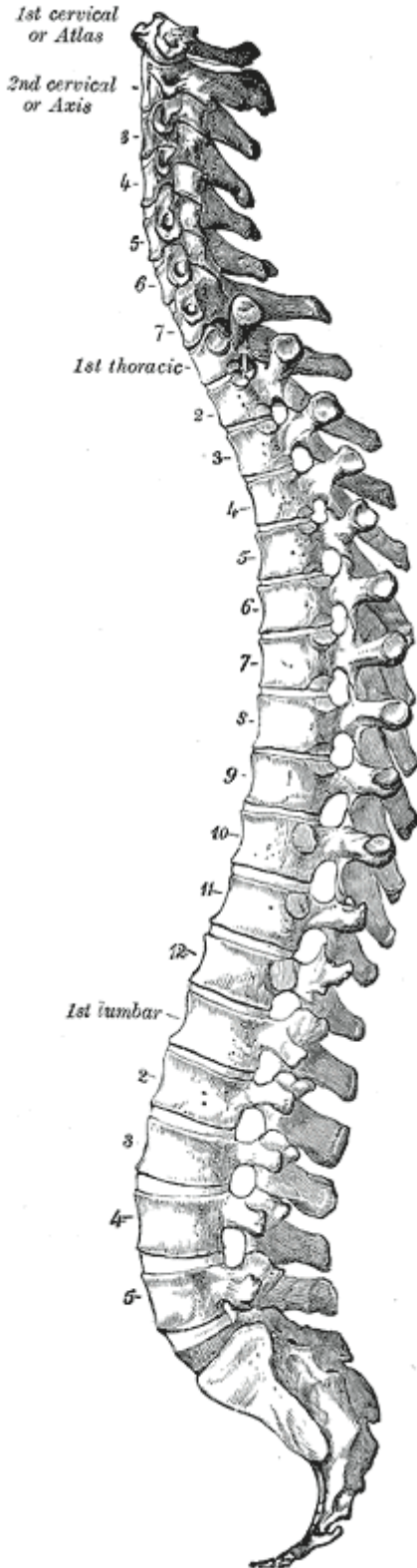
Time to accept  
that the summer sun  
has grown mild and indifferent.

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.

# Photo Credits

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