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No Body but Yours

Jude O. Mahony

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



No Body but Yours.

by

Jude O. Mahony

I never fitted in.
Working class androgynous.
I won't bore you with the victim malarkey.
The neglect. The beatings. The state care.
Nor:
The philosophy I read. The wild trips. My time within
The sacred way.
Just let it be read. That I was a
variation across the matrix.
A sociologist's dry nightmare.

Alleyway.
In an abbreviated heroin induced waking dream.
He appeared.
A giant fellow wayfarer and thief.
Offering a bed for the night.
In the abscess of light, I followed.
Hobbling, hypnotised by the steely glints from
His butcher's scrubs.
Welcomed inside.
Pristine room, single wrought iron bed.
Heaven sent, all for myself.
No stinking shared dorm for me this night.

Devilish host.

There was nectar and strong cider. Followed by
opium.

The half night we passed in elided morphemic
whispers. The basic bone and sinew of things.
Pared palaver.

To cut a long story short.
I awoke in a sea of violent
haemorrhaging blood.
Legs stumped.
White as a ghost.
Full phantom pain.
Stretched across the footboard
My calfskin vellumed.
Perfect diamond.
Hand tapped in crimson
Red.

Deconstructed you.
Now beautifully haiku'd.
Procrustes was 'ere.