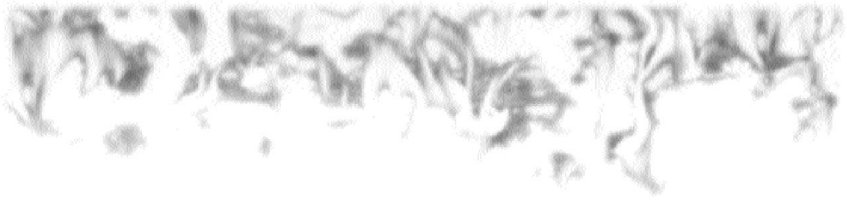


...from scars publications
**matchbook
insert**



Alexandria Rand

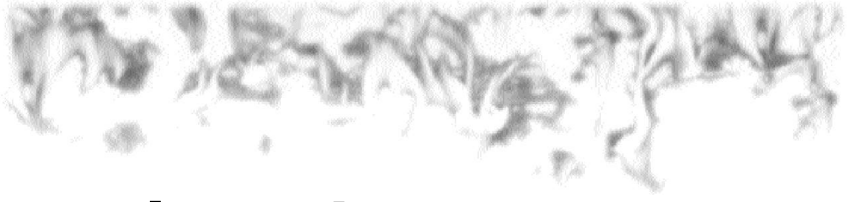


touch

the lust
her lips quiver anxiously
she wants
desperately
the craving
the longing
the yearning
is no longer contained
His eyes fixed
in a trance-like gaze
the erotic fantasies
the passion
the obsession
his burning
torrid
appetite is released
Her heart quickens
as her breath becomes
a pant
sensual
sexual
she is ravenous with need
His hand moves
his anticipation climaxes
salacious
lecherous

his muscles tense with
excitement
the cyprian
lurid desires
the heat
the fire
they cannot hold back
he touches her

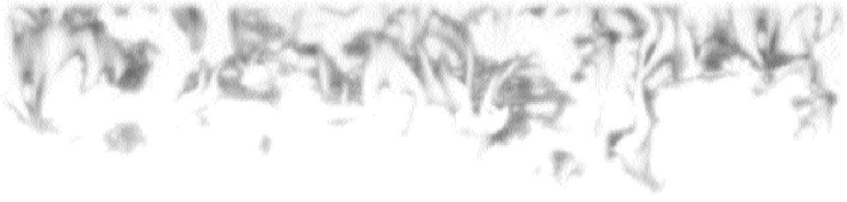




i see the scene

Every once in a while
I see the same scene again:
I lay in the bed
 the field of daffodils
with you draped over me
folding over me
conforming to my body
like a rustling curtain
rippling in the breeze from an open window.
I do not sleep.
I couldn't,
I would never want to.
Our contours interlock,
our limbs intertwine.
Your breath rolls down my stomach
like the breeze that brought you to me.
I take your hand,
and although you sleep
you seem to hold me
with all the intensity you possess.
And with each beat of your heart,
with your heat,
comes the cool night air in the wind
caressing me
until the light from the morning sun
awakens our silhouette.





love poem

You are the air I breathe.
 you enwrap me
 you consume me
 your words
 your eyes tear through me
Life is not I, but we.

I want you here tonight.
 I won't fight it
 I can't hide it
 there's nothing
 to subside it
I know that this is right.

I can't wait for the time
 please just hold me
 please just kiss me
 please just tell me
 that you'll miss me
When I can say you're mine.





make me

You know,
you actually do
make me wanna shout.
And if I didn't know better,
I'd say that I have the capacity
to make you scream a little,
too.

You told me that you
have good hands.
I believed you, but I
didn't realize how good they were
until you showed me.

You know,
I'm not so bad myself.
Show me how good you are
again.





nights

If I have to -
 I'll put on the mask
 I'll play the game
 the facade
Oh, I'll do it -
 I'll go through the motions
 I'll live with the lies
 the fantasy world.
Just to spend my nights with you.





religion

“We do expect you to marry someone
who shares in your beliefs,”
the man groaned
as he looked at you and said,
“and that means you too, Joe.”
But tell me this:
when you look into my eyes,
do you want to look away?





this may sound

I don't know
this may sound silly
but every night
just before
I'm about to sleep
I think of you
and when I
turn out the light
and crawl into my
empty bed
a piece of me feels
missing
I don't know
what it is
but I feel a hole
right about where
my heart is
when I have to
lay there
night after night
all alone
when I am with you
I feel as if
I am complete
I feel as if
nothing in the





world matters
when you're
holding my hand
with your
heart near me
then I can sleep
and then I
fall into my
empty bed
and I feel the
hole again
burning through
my heart
and I wish
I didn't feel
so alone
and I wish
the hole would
just go away





they tried

they tried to hold me down
they tried to keep me in
they didn't understand
"I was different"
they said
as day after day
I led my life
with the interrogation
lamp shining in my face

they tried to change me
they tried to bend my will
they wanted to break me
"We don't like you"
they said
but every day
I faced the battle
in splendid silence
knowing that all like me
would understand me
and thank me

they tried to make me beg
they tried to make me cry
they wanted me to conform
"We don't need your type"





they said
and I ignored them
for I couldn't let those
who didn't understand
and didn't want to learn
or respect
or treat me as human
destroy me






seven miles

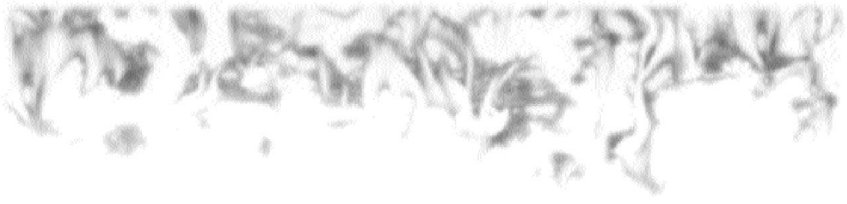
Okay, so you were going to be in Chicago for a few hours, and then you'd be driving out of town again, and I really wanted to see you, so I said I'd be more than happy to drive to the city to see you for an hour or two. Okay, let's meet at the Planetarium, I said, because it would be the quickest place for me to get to from the interstate, besides, you were in the city anyway, you'd easily get to the Planetarium before I would. So okay, we'd meet at 3:15, you said, and I got off the phone and rushed out the door.

And I got there, traffic was a bitch, but I got there, parked my car and then proceeded to walk back and forth looking for you. Where the hell was he, he didn't have much time before he had to leave, where could he be, it's been over twenty minutes, what trouble has he gotten himself into now? Knowing him, he probably thought I said the Aquarium and was waiting at the building a block away from me, the big jerk. And all these men were staring at me, like they've never seen a woman in a suede skirt before, one of them even said hello to me, and I had to sit there and try to ignore everyone and brood because you were late. You probably crashed the car and were bickering over insurance with someone while I sat there. Made me drive for a couple of hours for nothing.

So then I finally see you sprinting up the block. Your oxford is unbuttoned, and the closer you get, the more red you look. Okay, now I'm intrigued. "Where have you been?" I asked, and as you're panting in a vain attempt to catch your breath you explain that you couldn't get the car out of the parking lot because the person who has the ticket stub for the car is in the doctor's office, so you ran seven miles to get here so that I wouldn't wait.

Okay, I feel like a heel. And you never cease to amaze me. I know you said you'd go to the ends of the earth for me. Seven miles is more than enough.





transcribing dreams

part I

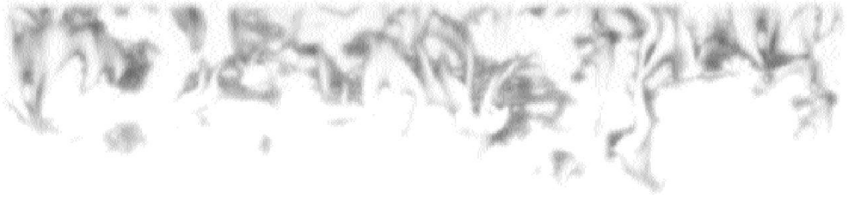
I was at a beach, I don't know why the dream was there, but it was, the dream I mean. And you were there, and your family too, and at one point your little sister, the one that isn't so little anymore, pulled me to the side and told me she was pregnant. She loved her boyfriend, she couldn't have an abortion, she didn't want to tell her parents. And she told me, and I didn't know what to do. Later in the dream, still at the beach, she told you, and your parents, and you were screaming that you were going to kill her boyfriend, and your mother was babbling what would the neighbors think and your father was speechless. And I know that all of you were hurting her more, that what she needed most was supportive





words, someone to hold her.
Didn't you think she was scared
enough, I wanted to ask. But
I didn't, I watched all of you
do this to her, the poor little girl.
How scared she must have been



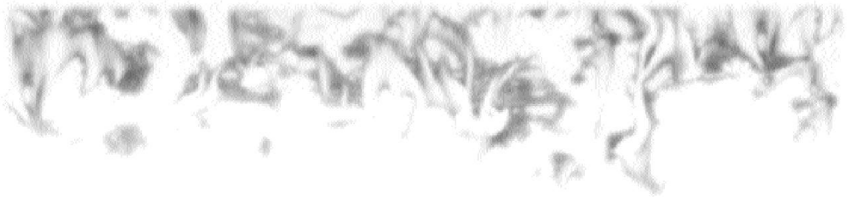


transcribing dreams

part III

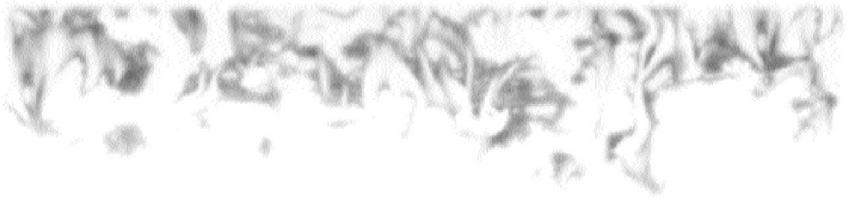
I was walking into your livingroom and there was a ten-gallon fish tank there. You just bought it. You were looking at the fish, that's when I walked over. And I saw a shark fish in the tank, one about eight inches long, and he was at the bottom, killing and eating a four-inch fish. There were other one-inch fish swimming at the top, neon tetras, small things. And I walked over and the shark was just eating the four-inch fish, and soon he was completely gone. And you were just looking, you could do nothing to save the fish. And then another four-inch fish came out of hiding from behind a plant on the left side of the tank, and he darted around. It looked like he was in a state of panic, maybe he breathed the blood of the other four-inch fish, his ally, his family. And he started darting around the tank, and





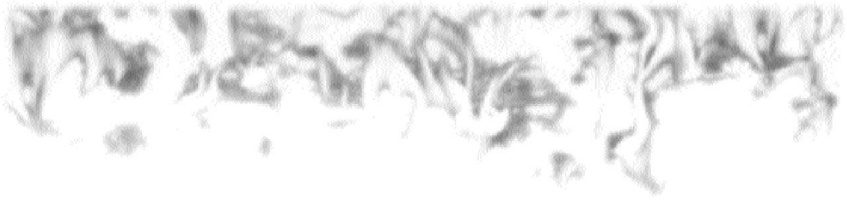
the shark was just sitting at the bottom of the tank, and the other four-inch fish darted more. And then the shark opened his mouth, and in a darting panic, the four-inch fish swim straight into the shark's mouth. All he had to do was close his mouth and swallow the fish whole. There was no fight, like with the first one. There was no struggle. And I looked over at you, and you were amazed that this shark just ate your two fish, which were probably over ten dollars each, and that they didn't just get along in the tank together. And I looked at the tank, and I saw the one-inch neon tetras darting around along the top of the water. They knew they would be victims later, trapped in this little cage, and that the shark would just wait until he was bored until he administered his punishment. I wanted to ask you why you bought all of these different-sized fish and expected them to live together peacefully. Maybe you didn't even realize that the shark would need more food than he was prepared to





but him. Besides, a shark that size shouldn't even be alone in a tank as small as ten gallons. He needs room to grow. But before I could say anything, I saw the shark swim to the top of the water, push his head and nose out of the water, open the lid to the top of the aquarium. You weren't looking, so I told you to look to the top, and not to get too close. And the shark just sat there, looking at you, and it looked as if he wanted to show you what a good eater he was. It was almost as if he was looking to you for approval.





soybeans

Have you ever jumped in a vat of soybeans before? It's very strange, it feels like you're a kid in one of those playground things where you jump in a pit of colored plastic balls. Except soybeans are a lot smaller than those balls in the playgrounds, and I guess they don't have all those colors. Well anyway, I went over to his grandparent's farm, and he decided to take me on a tour of the farmhouse. The cows were smelly, I made sure I kept my distance, and I just kept calling to them, saying, "hello, moo-cow." And there were a bunch of cats running around the field, and we picked up a couple kittens and held them up high in the air. I kept asking the cats, "do you love me?" and he kept asking me why I was asking for approval from cats. Then we gave them some milk from his uncle's farmhouse. And then he took me up a ladder to the top floor of the barn.

That's when he proceeded to take off his shoes and jump over into a ledge. He told me to join him. I couldn't quite see what I was about to jump into, it was almost dusk, but I took off my shoes and socks and jumped in anyway.

And my ankles sunk into the soybeans. And I started laughing. And I fell, and then I started to bury myself in soybeans. And then I jumped around a few more times, then I just started throwing soybeans at him.

And then I just laid down in the pit of soybeans for awhile. They felt cool on my skin. I could feel the dust from them covering my legs, my calves. There are time like that, times when I just have to let go.



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