



Butchery  
*of the*  
Innocent

And Other Poems By  
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*“All things truly wicked  
start from innocence.”*

*— Ernest Hemingway*

## *Butchery of the Innocent*

Tonight is the night of the devil moon.

Listen.

Can you hear the tongues

dancing on the silence of the lawn?

Such beautiful music their suicides make.

Falling from innocence to death is steep.

And deep in the strings of their blood

lies the answer.

Severed and swinging was the only obvious choice.

## *To Keep My Sanity*

Are you a feather?  
Falling  
from my fightless fist,  
I know I did not release you.  
You must be a trick  
of spite.  
And my palms are bleeding.  
Too constant  
to be a dream.  
Jump back.  
Through and inside them,  
reinstate my night  
before your eyes explode  
under the pressure  
of my own.

## *By Hammer And Hand*

She sits  
in a pool  
of glass,  
counting fingers  
lost. She knows  
they are not hers.  
Her touch is too dull  
to leave such damage.  
These belong to regret,  
which is new  
and apparently missing  
the depths of her blue.

## *Through the Dead*

One taste of black  
is all it takes  
to turn a mind  
into a knife.  
Darkness  
is a sharpened skill,  
cornered  
to a point  
much deeper than frustration.  
It is truly a weapon,  
a divine poison,  
wallowing  
inside itself  
                less beauty  
as it spreads.





## *Dancing on Razor Blades*

I prick my finger,  
and spill your name.  
So beautiful,  
it belongs in a scream,  
but my lips are tired  
of following the drain.  
The curve of the letters  
is too steep.  
I stumble, fall  
into and beyond the blackening  
wall of forget.

## *Ravaged By Radiation*

Suddenly, your image froze,  
and I was frightened.  
I knew my mind was burning  
around you. I could see the danger  
in its smoke. I could feel you  
wavering just slightly,  
a tiny shudder, involuntary,  
but the percussion  
of the move was magnified,  
a fire alarm against my skin.  
I looked down, and all  
there was to see was your smile  
because my hands were the ones  
that had started to melt.



## *Flowing Gladly into Dawn*

Stretching naked on death's side  
of the bed, I am awakened  
to the possibilities  
of damned.  
They do not seem so bad.  
I have traded my skin for worse  
tortures, so I roll over,  
burying myself deeper,  
in sheets cold as dirt.  
I belong here  
despite the protests  
of my own breath.

## *No Witness Left*

The mirror was her muse.  
Cracked  
by a flash.,  
its laughter was heavy,  
and her heart was hurt,  
haunted  
by dreams of those broken  
hands cutting everything  
but its voice  
from her chest.

## *The Blood Ones*

Can't you see  
I am torture, not tortured?  
These scars I wear are fake,  
scraps of faith, gathered  
from victims very much like you.  
They are souvenirs of sorts:  
for the dying, from the dead.  
Which is interesting,  
don't you think?  
Of course you don't.  
I control your mind.  
I own your body,  
but it is your soul I need  
to swallow.  
It will fill me until tomorrow.  
Too bad.  
Another day, another hollow.  
I guess I will need  
to find another lonely fool  
to slaughter.

## *The Murmur of Falling*

I like to pretend I can feel  
human, so foreign, even  
the word does not fit. My mind  
or my lips reject everything.  
Life — take it back.  
Take me back  
to the cave.  
Call it hell, call it home,  
then go, and ignore the door.  
Your scream is the only lock I need.

## *To Attain Innocence*

Welcome to my world.  
Do you feel alive?  
Let me kiss you. Your pulse  
will know the difference when it misses  
the hollow echo of my breath.  
You will bleed  
for me, my absence,  
but only for a moment.  
I am a test,  
a final, taken  
to see if my mouth can rise  
to the kill.



## *Conversational*

Set free the light.  
I am not a member,  
and do not belong  
among the golden-haired world  
of angels. I am a saint,  
but only to sinners.  
I prefer the night,  
the hollow that can swallow  
sound. The screams I mirror  
precisely, roll gold  
into a thorny halo.  
It drives deeper into hands,  
twin deaths that hold  
my head.

## *An Unusual Number of Fires*

I carry water in my fist. For death,  
where I find it, is arid.  
Unforged and unforgiving.  
I am the light  
that permits its bloom. Diseased,  
my breath breeds wings like tiny angels,  
dancing, stabbing. Blood is the life.  
Blood is my life, and I will set it free  
to sing about this nothing  
that is  
    was  
    and always will be.  
Me.

## *The Answering Yes*

Suck my blood,  
implode my heart.  
Let your laughter refuel my veins.  
I will be your clown,  
your dressed-up, messed-up, walking echo.  
So beautiful,  
in shades and shapes of your own shadow,  
I will be scraping beneath your feet.  
Will you hear me  
cracking?  
Will you believe  
my screaming is the mirror you seek?

## *Shockingly Gandy*

I took your heart,  
and turned it  
inside out  
to gut the sky.  
Watch it cry silver  
blood, sickly sweet —  
must be from your touch.  
Mine was trained years ago  
to only draw the deeper,  
duller shades of death.

## *My Refrigerated Coffin*

Follow the point of the blade  
as it frees the ghost  
from my chest. Watch it rise,  
silent, red — never white.  
That is left for the hole  
where my eyes would be  
if they hadn't shattered  
in the sudden cold of your breath.

## *Welcome to the Cut*

Crawling into the open  
window of your mind,  
I scrape my knees.  
Now we are both bloodied  
and trapped In the emptiest  
darkness. Alive?  
I am unsure of that possibility,  
and I do not like the film  
of fear it leaves in my mouth.  
I spit it out, watch it bounce  
backwards.  
If it sticks  
we will know  
at least one of us still has a chance  
to breathe again.

## *Return to the Violent Mind*

I am my own razor-blade dream,  
slicing stripes of bleeding dark  
across my life. I know it is deadly,  
dangerous, but it is also automatic,  
some semi-conscious suicidal impulse  
with manifestations so bizarre  
they appear almost beautiful  
ly tragic.

I will adore them  
straight to my end.

## *Impostering Release*

Watch me carefully.  
I am more than the mirror  
you seek. I am the changeling  
angel. I will become you,  
slowly, turn your skin,  
into gold, a halo  
I need,  
though your wings should be enough  
to raise a smile on even  
my dead skin. They are heavy,  
I know,  
but it's my shoulders that will continue  
to bleed under their beat.



## *A Shadow Darker than the Shadows*

Can an angel leave  
a footprint on a soul?

If so, then why can't I heal? Forgotten  
in the cloudy depths of this solitude,  
I pray  
these scars will bleed wings.  
What else are they for?  
You are gone,  
and hell has trailed — obediently —  
behind you. This has to be heaven.  
I know I am dead.  
I cannot feel  
anything, which is better  
than the evil you swore was just our heat.

## *A Queen to be Damned*

The goddess floated  
in an ocean of red,  
wielding tongues — forked  
and flayed — as fingers  
that played your mind. A riddle  
equivalent to god, she addresses  
repent. Your genuflection,  
before her, sours,  
the words get caught, become noise  
of a ceiling flower. You pick  
its roots, muddy your hair.  
This reflection is sane, but refused.  
An older solution is needed,  
but your hammer is lost  
in the dark. Be patient.  
All eyes have power,  
and yours run water, turning  
stone into blood.

## *The Taste of Things*

Touch the tip of my heart,  
then slice it like a tongue  
that has forgotten its area  
was silence. Tell me,  
do you think it will bleed?

## *Fading from Dreams*

Watch the razor trace my skin,  
cutting me out  
of your world. I want to be cut  
out of mine,  
but the air there is too thin,  
it clings to anything,  
even death.  
As if it could be saved.  
As if I could be saved  
by anything  
as uselessly trivial as free will.

## *An Exercise in Creative Semantics*

Walking through fountains  
filled with blood, I stopped  
to wash my hair.  
I was afraid  
if I left it light,  
the purity would make you stare.  
I was right.  
That night you showered me,  
and showed me guilt from the inside  
of a knife  
blazing  
    and branding  
me.  
Now my name is truly  
*Dark.*

*No Repentance. No Regret.*

Trace the edges deeper,  
darker, around this hole  
that longs to hold a soul.  
Maybe a body will begin.  
If not, a shadow-form may be  
enough to fool the sun's disinterest  
just enough to stir the blood that isn't  
showing yet.  
That is, of course, the point.  
Bleeding is breathing.  
Breathing is life.  
Life is consumption,  
breeding death —  
the ultimate goal.

## *Trapped in My Palace of Lies*

Follow  
the line of my skin.  
I know it is crooked,  
but it is the only way into a mind  
that is cracked.  
Take the journey as training,  
the darkness as luck,  
and be glad the trail  
of blood is behind you.  
You will need it  
to find your way back  
into tomorrow's sun.

## *Two Body's Harmony*

Smile in a jar,  
then seal the lid.  
I will carry it, copied  
in my pocket through tomorrow.  
There I can smash it, stretch it  
over my own. You won't believe the fit.  
I might not either.  
That's why I will leave you  
my eyes to take its broken place.



## *In the Capital of My Mind*

The irises are blooming.  
Black, they are offering midnight.  
Scented with hope, you pluck them.,  
dozens at a time. They fill your fist  
with desire until the air is heavy with their death.  
For me? I presume too much.  
Your laughter reminds me of blood.  
It echoes with answers  
I'd rather forget.  
Instead I dig the hole you planned,  
and cover myself with unmarked fear.  
There, the picture is finished,  
though far from perfect.  
It is the best seed  
for tomorrow. It and I will live  
and die with the sun.

## *The Diary of a Seducer*

I have a mind  
to dissolve your fingers.  
What would it take?  
What combination  
of flesh and magic is needed  
to turn your blood to dust?  
I am sure your teeth are wild  
enough to test my tongue.  
After that?  
It's all over.

. . . But the crunch.

## *Desperate Ideas About Happiness*

He built her perfect  
inside to match his outside.  
All broken,  
all red,  
all ready  
    to die,  
but that (e)motion is denied,  
as together they learn and unlearn  
the pain  
of dancing against each other  
behind a sheet  
of shattered glass.



## *The Thrill of Exorcism*

I pulled you from my dreams,  
and turned you into a nightmare.  
All teeth  
                  and blood  
                                  and bones,  
and I  
                  can't even cry  
at the sight of your missing  
reflection. It matches the absence of mine.  
A point which is beside the point.  
I suppose we should stick me through you, and see  
whose turn it is to die.

## *Dreams of Departure*

I am walking in a hurricane on fire,  
and the flames — so wild — are reaching  
inside my mind, inside yours. They have burned  
you damned,  
and yet you will follow  
me deeper into the suck  
zone of the blackest stillness  
left. Alive?

## *Consciousness Dilates*

Don't look down,  
the sky is falling,  
and the floor is gone.  
A shadow is all you have left.  
Too bad it's not yours.  
Too bad it's not mine.  
Too bad it's not safe  
to say either  
of our names to the wind.  
Either would save you,  
but only as a shelf.  
Every sin needs a shell  
that isn't afraid to force  
a nail into and through a crack  
your eyes never even realized was there.

## *The Shadows Passing By*

This rain follows me like a cage.  
It keeps me cold within  
its dimensions. Only I can see  
their corners, teasing me  
as I try to move into yet another space  
of sun. Can't you hear the thunder  
laughing?  
At me? My desire  
for the warmth of empty air?  
The legend lingers, frustrated  
by my failure. I cut out my eyes,  
hoping it is not too late to drown  
myself in the blood of the clouds.



## *Perilous Erotics of Flux*

I break a bottle of blood —  
mine — for the beast —  
yours, but it pours  
out fire,  
burning all and none  
until this hell too  
feels  
like home.

## *A Violet in the Center of the Moon*

Welcome to the white room,  
where innocence is disallowed.  
Come in, take off your shoes,  
and nail your tongue to the floor.  
Don't laugh.  
I will suck the sound from your eyes,  
but I despise the taste.  
Too bitter,  
I prefer the burn of your fear,  
dripping slowly over your skin.  
That is the fee  
I desire. Against my sin,  
you are still warm,  
and that is wrong. I must take more.

Lower.

Slower.

Down.

You must drown  
in the chill of your own  
body's delight. Release,  
give up  
everything. This is the feast  
that will become our night.



## *Fever's Dream*

The mirror seemed to split  
her eyes, her mind. Her vision,  
when she smiled, rose,  
became blackness, burning her face  
back into the image of an already fractured bloom.

## *Suspended in Nowhere*

I forget, sometimes, that I am not  
a butterfly, that this silver paint  
is not a kiss or a dew.  
I know the air below me is hollow,  
only helpful for an instant.  
Still I try to fly, faltering  
again and again. Maybe  
this time the ground will stay  
stained with my shame  
as my pain spreads like wind  
around me as I die.

## *Special Thanks*

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*Inkapture* – “Two Body’s Harmony”

*Mad Swirl* – “Through the Dead”

*Negative Suck* – “The Answering Yes”

*Neglected Ratio* – “By Hammer and Hand”

“Like a Fly in a Highball”

“Oversational”

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*Sarasvati* – “Impostering Release”

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## *About the Author*

*A.J. Huffman* has published eleven solo chapbooks and one joint chapbook through various small presses. Her new poetry collection, *Another Blood Jet*, is now available from Eldritch Press. She has three more poetry collections forthcoming: *A Few Bullets Short of Home* from mgv2>publishing, *Degeneration* from Pink Girl Ink, and *A Bizarre Burning of Bees* from Transcendent Zero Press. She is a Multiple Pushcart Prize nominee, and has published over 2200 poems in various national and international journals, including *Labletter*, *The James Dickey Review*, *Bone Orchard*, *EgoPHobia*, and *Kritya*. She is also the founding editor of Kind of a Hurricane Press. [www.kindofahurricanepress.com](http://www.kindofahurricanepress.com)

# Butchery of the Innocent

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## Magazines:

Children, Churches and Daddies (c&d magazine), founded June 1993, Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

## Books:

Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking (Woman), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Ouveure, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Chirish, editor edition), Blisters & Burn (the Kaypers edition), S&M, c&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), Family, Literature for the Sundry and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matters: the Mind of Janet Kaypers, Evolution, (sweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Joem Together, pe-om, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Kane-Dickie Chi-Town Union, The Written Word, Dead, Prepare Her for This, Unexcused, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Ventures to the Unknown, Janet Kaypers Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Seizure and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Koypers edition), Elements, the 2012 Datebook, Prominent Teenage, Classic Elements, Fiction, Stability Stability Snafu Snafu, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (color art book and 1&w art book), Life in Color, Post-Apocalyptic, Burn Through Me, Under the Sea (photo book), Partial Healing, Revealed, 100 Haikus, Give us the News, Let us See you Stopped, Part of my Pain, Rape Section Life & Death, Say Nothing, Twittered, when you dream tonight, the Periodic Table of Poetry, a year long Journey, Ben Yappagel, Sulpher & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blisters & Burn, Rince & Repeat, Survivor & Thriver, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing In Honour & Chirish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Unlocking the Mystery, the Book of Scars, The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Unearthed Remnants, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, (bound) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Date Book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), Entanglement, Guilt by Association, don't forget it, don't listen, read, bare minimum, Poet as Sociopath, Drawing, Art is not Meant to be Touched, the Beaten Path, a New Pen, Need to Know Basis (redacted edition and extended edition), the "need to know" 2015 literary date book, one Solitary Word, What Must be Done, Adrift, Salvation, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Women, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, the Svetovostero Unpublished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Millage, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Rumble Bee, Remnants and Showdown, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas of Ten, Cracking Down Hysterical, Blue Collar Ballet, appears, In Your Heart the Apocalyptic's Vestiges of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bee, Anis Nin: an Understanding of her Art (revised printing), **Deardar Under / Charly Newnam**, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Node Pauline Borchers with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Down Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from the Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Camouflage View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tone, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cats, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy See of CEE, Book 15 "Thailand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Eraseable Road, Royal Donor's Death Scene "It's of Thee, Understood, Alakshic Shotgun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Ballet Behaves, the Thing in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Come in Avance), Postcards from Exile, the Five Stages of Madhath, Stay in Formation, Showing Other Footprints, the Girl Next Door and Other Poems, Major Arcana, Sine Poesia Mella est Gloria, Short Takes, Seeing Strangers, Re-Viewing Anais, The Tribes Joshua Drove Out of the Land, Give What You Can, Canoe Fly with Me, Out of the Web, Don't Trend on Me, Entering the Ice Age, Entering the Ice Age, the Line to Power, Fear the Furzeless, Falling into Place, Unknown, Forever Bound, Exploding on the Scene, Moving the Earth, Autumn Again, Up in Smoke, No Return, Wrapping It Up, Ink in Chais, Snot out of a Cannon, incredible ink, a ewe, Idols, Friction, Sea Drift, and Then he Moved, Approaching Front, Beyond the Gates, the Curve of Arctic Air, Give, a Mad Escape, Down in the Dirt v084, Clearing the Debris, Skeletal Remains, When the World Settles, Along the Surface, Into a White, Life... from Nothing, Down in It, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Looking Beyond, See the World Bar, America the Lost, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Heads, Symbols Manifest, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, I'll Pull the Strings, am I really extinct, Home at Last, Spilling, a Rural Story, Trending Water, Black Cat, a Bad Influence

## Compact Discs

Men's Favorite Year the Home tapes, Kaypers the Ined (MP3 inclusive), Wards and Flowers the beauty & the Revolution, The Second Aiding Something is Something, The Second Aiding Live in Alaska, Pallas & Kaypers Live at Cafe Aloha, Painless Orchestra Rough Hairs, Kaypers Seeing Things Differently, SD/SD Trk Ink, Kaypers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Kaypers Six One One, Kaypers Stop, Kaypers Masterful Performances #2 CD, Kaypers Death Comes in Threes, Kaypers Changing Gears, Kaypers Dreams, Kaypers How Do I Get There?, Kaypers Control-Calls-Calls-Calls, the DMU Art Connection the DMU Art Connection, Kaypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Kaypers 5th, Kaypers NE2D Radio (2 CD set), Men's Favorite Year and the Second Aiding Three Tracks, recorded artist String Theory, Oh (audio CD), He At the C&D (3 CD set), the DMU Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMU Art Connection Men's Depression or Something, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #1, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #2, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #3, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #4, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #5, Classic Radio the Classic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), Classic Elements (2 CD set), Chase in Motion (5 CD set), SD/SD Searching to a Halt (EP), FR&L Two for the Price of One (EP), A&A, Jaka and Haystack An American Portrait, Kaypers/the Bestest Top/Paul Baker/The Indiana Pawlers Trio Fusion (4 CD set), and/or the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Kaypers Live (14 CD set), the DMU Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Kaypers Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Kaypers St. Paul's (3 CD set), Kaypers the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Kaypers and the H&Mans of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), Kaypers "40", Kaypers Section and Other Stories, Kaypers the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), Kaypers "Dobro Vcra" (4 CD set), Kaypers "hammer" (4 CD set), Kaypers "Lettin' It All Out", Kaypers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Kaypers "Made my Difference" (CD single), Kaypers/Rehwick "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).