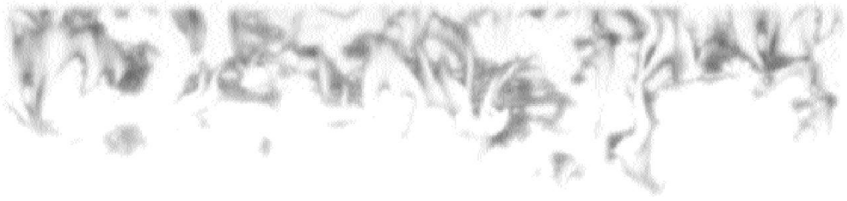


...from scars publications  
**matchbook  
insert**



**Alexandria Rand**

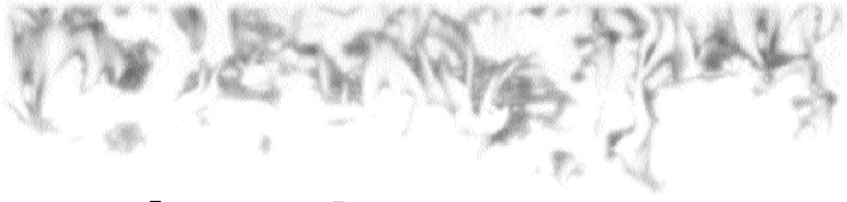


# touch

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





## **sometimes the light**

Sometimes the understanding  
Travels into the realms of the unknown  
All we can do is hope  
                  search  
                  dream  
Because we will never find.  
Sometimes the light is not enough.






## seven miles

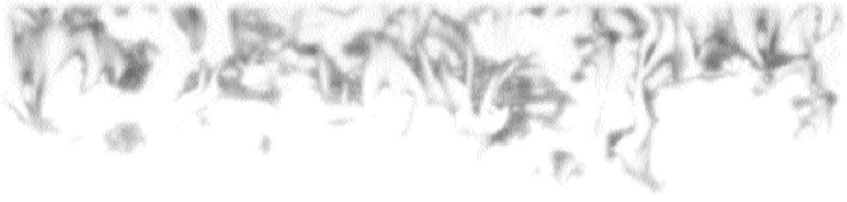
Okay, so you were going to be in Chicago for a few hours, and then you'd be driving out of town again, and I really wanted to see you, so I said I'd be more than happy to drive to the city to see you for an hour or two. Okay, let's meet at the Planetarium, I said, because it would be the quickest place 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.



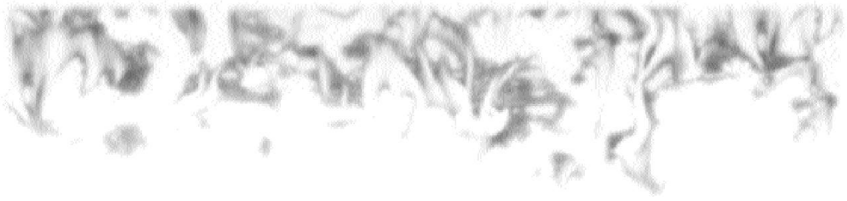


# transcribing dreams

## part I

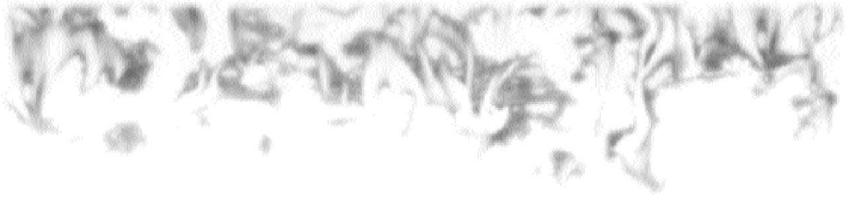
I was at a beach, I don't know why the dream was there, but it was, the dream I mean. And you were there, and your family too, and at one point your little sister, the one that isn't so little anymore, pulled me to the side and told me she was pregnant. She loved her boyfriend, she couldn't have an abortion, 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

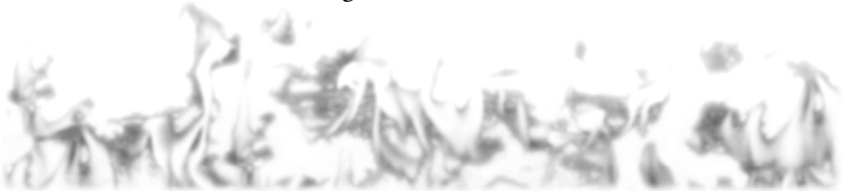




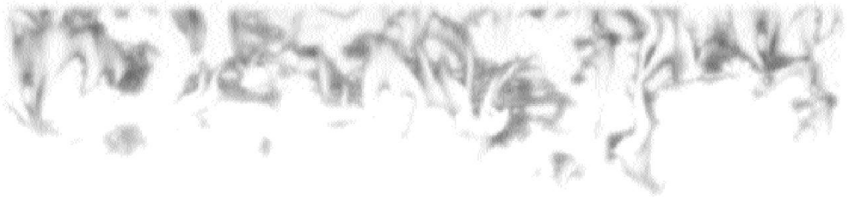
# transcribing dreams

## 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

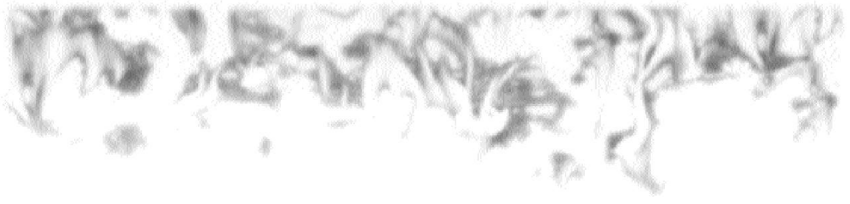






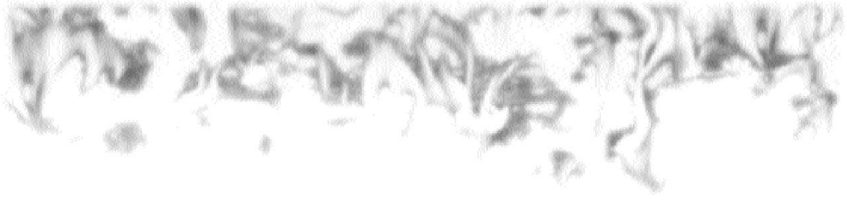
the shark was just sitting at the bottom of the tank, and the other four-inch fish darted more. And then the shark opened his mouth, and in a darting panic, the four-inch fish swim straight into the shark's mouth. All he had to do was close his mouth and swallow the fish whole. There was no fight, like 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.



**scars publications • the elements supplement matchbook**

