under pleasure

vol. 06

NETTO 10 g

CREAM

a photo zine
by ulyszm



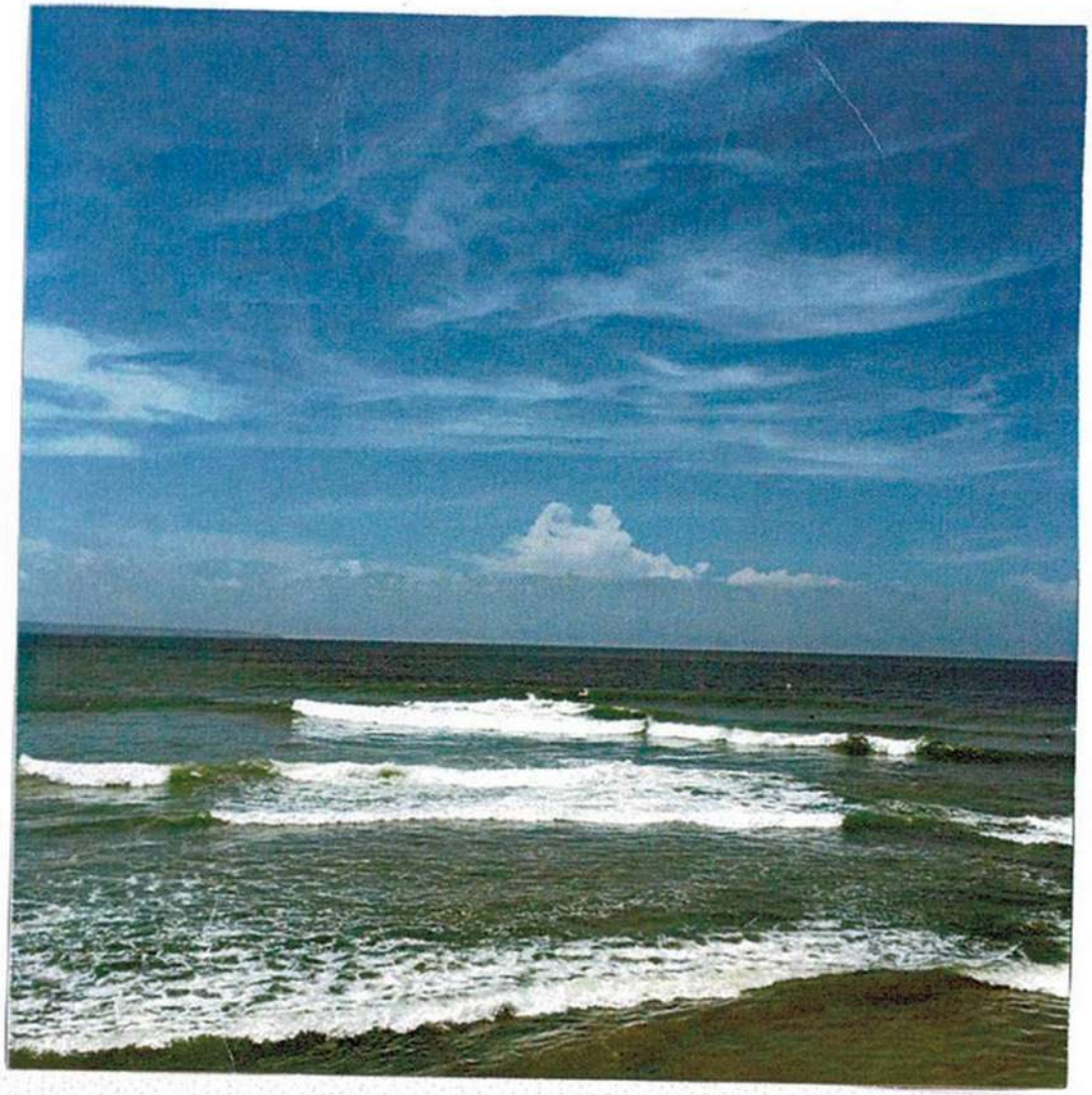
Twice I have so simply declared myself,
have possessed the enemy, eaten the enemy,
have taken on his craft, his magic.



In this way, heavy and thoughtful,
warmer than oil or water,
I have rested, drooling at the mouth-hole.



I did not think of my body at needle point.
Even the cornea and the leftover urine were gone.
Suicides have already betrayed the body.



Still-born, they don't always die,
but dazzled, they can't forget a drug so sweet
that even children would look on and smile.



To thrust all that life under your tongue!--
that, all by itself, becomes a passion.
Death's a sad Bone; bruised, you'd say,



and yet she waits for me, year after year,
to so delicately undo an old wound,
to empty my breath from its bad prison.

– wanting to die –

From *The Complete Poems* by Anne Sexton,

all photos in this zine are taken by mobile camera

psychiatriccat@yahoo.com

HARUS DENGAN RESEP DOKTER/ON MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION ONLY