

# under pleasure

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CREAM

a photo zine  
by ulyszm



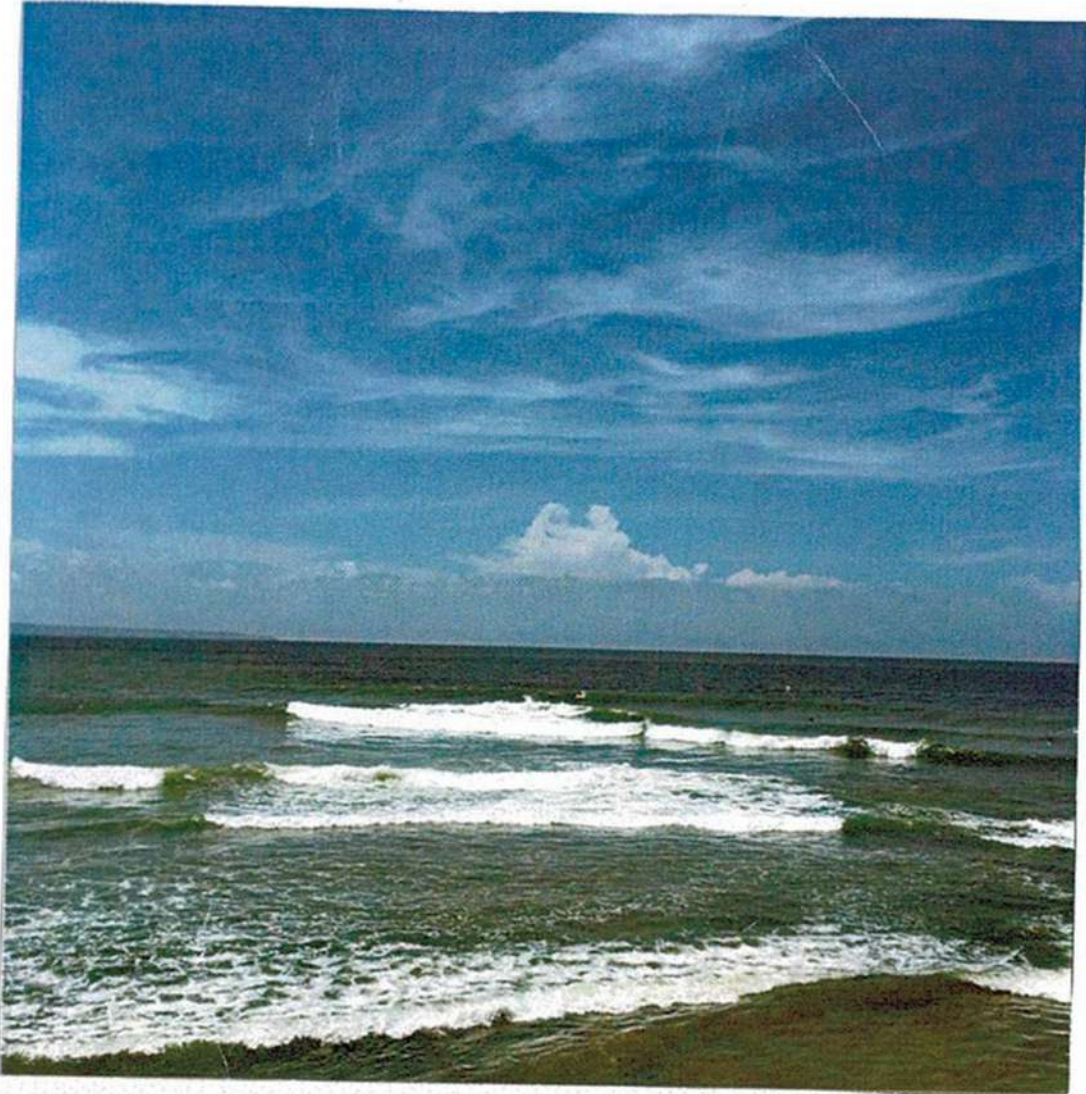
Twice I have so simply declared myself,  
have possessed the enemy, eaten the enemy,  
have taken on his craft, his magic.



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  
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