

Anthology of fkoshk

Presented by

My poetic Side 



About the author

'It's high time I took a rest,' thinks the tired fkoshk to
itself.

But is it really necessary?

summary

She- is.

egg and cheese sandwich

Trick or Treat

Ingrown Toenail

Swan Feathers

Painfully

Open Window

I think

There?s a dead body in the school pond!

The Scene Outside Your Room

Recycle

Caked Children Who Split Uneven

Parade

Immature

Gorgeous

angle of Depression

Surface Blood

She- is.

quiet carving- cold silk.

simply sashaying, describing masculine swagger;

smoky mascara- warm milk.

personality surgery, rusty manner;

Velcro facial cream- groom's best man.

dignity prostitute, religious treatment;

racing competition- vanity perfume.

dashed tombstone, horror movie haunting;

She chuckles, hanging from the treble line, nails bent as tight as her cross.

egg and cheese sandwich

smushing trampling mashing to resigned smears in her eyes
butter knife smoothing out egg shells
foetus fertilised, mother's gnashed teeth
breast milk curdling into curling nails
an apparition, passed with indifference into strangers' surgery gloves
a gaping plate, i get up early to make myself breakfast, clinking against a dusty dining table
listlessly discovering halfway through a bite, the rot that I ignored.

Trick or Treat

A basket

I scatter, a Halloween thief

Neighbour ghosts and water on the lighter

Fizzling spurts in the leaf

Dragging out two all-nighters

A mask

I drag, pulling tangles of cigarette smoke

Underworld fruit and urine in the bucket

Bolt cutters around the spoke

Witches slobbering wet

A human

I am, redundant flickers

Growing swamp mud and herbivorous rage

Littering farms of black cat litters

Using the devil to grow baggies of mage

Ingrown Toenail

Oh, the *blood*

I wiped it away with tissue paper,

And it grew back again.

Swan Feathers

wind caressing his breath

riding through snowy minefields

gravel crumbles under iron hooves

liquor embellishing his footsteps

dripping notes into rippling hair

jingling trinkets soothing book pages

a brisk kiss glancing by

while a handkerchief is patched into a dress

fluttering with the thunderstorm

fringes bowing to coppery lightning

he disappears with the dusk

porcelain vase of ashes

scattering

with the fan of a hand.

Painfully

I fell asleep yesterday and saw god.
What a joke. Of course I'm joking, can't you see that?
The fuck's my god at?
Don't say he lives in my future, I drowned in sand in my dream.
It didn't feel like anything.
Shit, shit, shit and I'm wallowing in it, spouting it and choking on fresh air
I danced on a railing, prancing like bitches do for levity.
Ya. How's it feel?
Fluff in my dreams, my mom smiled at me in front of that mottled-yellow washing machine.
I cried. An arcade machine, we didn't win anything. She gave me a plate of fruit? grapes, wrinkled
and drying.
It didn't happen.
Won't you believe me?
I sank, and sank, and sank, and that useless, useless god of mine; didn't show up.
A monster. What beast is this obsolete?
A monster. At least the devil fulfils his deal. At least he lies.
My god, my god, oh my god
I'll fucking believe you, the day you appear in front of me.
Oh, it's a pain
Tragic, suffering, disgusting.
Ha!
O' my dear! Lament, and tremble. Soliloquy, elegy, sing.
This is not how it feels like.
It's disgusting.
Use a thesaurus, I'm too tired to think.
All I know is that it is a pain, a pain, a pain painfully pain paining my pain, a pain
A pain that is all too real
And something

All too invisible.

Open Window

Washed awake, you saw branches

Leaves of another kind, susurrating into pupils?

Growing sleep, a wind cradles your hands,

Palms pushed towards canopy, godless prayer emerging into sky.

I think

I'll spend my last day with relish.

I'll drag that comatose half of me out, so we'll spend this final day whole.

Instead of staying inside for lunch, I'll go out and get pasta.

I'll blast my ears through with music, and sing my lungs out.

Walk with springs taped to my step, and take a picture of this shining sky.

I'll stare into the sun, and move my work to the bin.

I'll fold receipts into planes, and fly them out of the window.

I'll sharpen pencils, and scrawl blobby cats on the walls.

I'll buy that jacket, and flaunt it at the tropical weather.

Read a sleazy book, and laugh at the way the sun slips through the window grills.

I'll?

Make this last day, trying to be happy.

Today.

There's a dead body in the school pond!

In a kind of odd way, tadpoles flop into my mouth.

Oh dear.

If my mouth grows big enough to be a pond,

I think all the mosquito larvae might

Squeeze eggs into my maggots!

The Scene Outside Your Room

Humid, hazy weather clouds the gaps
between HDB blocks.
Cars thunder through your bedroom;
COE shakes sleeping passengers in MRT awake.
You think that the sun is a little bright today,
Medicine clatters in empty wallets.
If you see the river outside, it moves
Precious, the tap that lives
So you wonder,

Ah, I want to be as water too.

Recycle

cement warms to the sun,
and a dog yelps in pain.
tiling feverishly,
a single worker burned into steam,
evaporating in convectional cycles,

a desire tolled between rhythm;
Word by soul, Relief by wish.

Caked Children Who Split Uneven

It Was sickening, she thought,

were it to be born, in heaven
even present of God; perhaps
but blankness awaits a child, children who make kids from touch,
eating cream that curdles yet another
and another

Another

until endless cots are filled.

Parade

It has started. The performers fall in slivers
A silver pendulum, where the grand bangs drums
That don't sing, but blast a thrum
Through the seats below the ground.
Where the emcees voice is hoarse is a gun,
A gun that shoots shirts into the crowd,

Cheers, boos, fake snow
wafts by.

Immature

Childishness is a virtue

That you are too filthy to hold.
Should you mourn this good morning?
Shut-in,

They said, "Privacy, it's logical,"
But all you could see was irritation. What is rationality if
You can never put it to use?
Worthless, worthless, useless Body
Brain that never made itself known.
'It's disgusting, the way' The way you mince your words, stuttering
How you must feel attacked, how
It's always about you, how
Sensitive you are,
Even where sensitivity has long been sanded into acceptance.

Revolting eyes water, but are they not yours?
Feel angry, yes, feel more and more until one day your rage shall consume you,
You will sew that mouth of yours shut, die,
So you cannot

Feel hatred? exasperation when you (or 'you'?) Cry.

Gorgeous

Don't you want

To get close?

Kiss it, see this sun become day;

Beauty's illumination of the crevasse? canvas

To your eyes, I am a tardigrade, our haptic shivers

A mere fledged galaxy by,

Closer to me.

Are you worried?

See the moon fall, for starfall cannot turn the universe

The river holds your flesh? fiery

Spent too long in the bedroom, but me

I will see you, you in your bloody smoke.

Can you find it?

Touching the cuticle, ice giggles into steam;

Dancing in the daydream? dawn

Sifting through my urn of ashes, jutting bones that cut into your skin

I have no eyes, but

I can trace your silhouette

Against the burning meteor.

angle of Depression

I; am in the angle of

Depression.

Full-stops follow me. but there are none in the equation no equation

An angle; two angles, the angle; my angle your angle the angle of angels

The angle of my phone screen on the angle of depression

But I will imagine a crowd on the edge, their faces angled towards me;

Theirs' the angle of elevation, mine the angle of an angle towards the angle of another angle of depression

The night i snuck out, the elevator a 90 degree angel of angles, i saw

The reaper in the cobwebbed windows, she said:

The angels will come down, if I looked into the angle;

But I failed the mathematics exam, took a picture with my smartphone, angled as close to 'back' as i did, the grimy button

1 photo 4AM

Sent the reaper my angle, she nodded yes.

But I was scared so scared real scared and I saw the angle and I stood over it, watched, wept my tears into the triangle, filled it up whole. The cowardly devil said to go, but the angle of depression kept me trapped, and the angel told me to see, see

The reaper pointed my head to the sky;

Lifted;

An angle of elevation,

As I jumped the angle of depression,

And the angle

Of home,

90 degrees that brought me back to heaven.

Surface Blood

Smoke blooms in this uncouth air.
This is your garden
Of dust, fire curling
Into make-up upon their faces?
you smoothen out their bones into the ground.

Holes web asinine across rust.
This is your home
Littering the square, ashes aflurry
Smearing their shut eyes unfurl?
you scab for their bloody disuse.

Missiles are scrawled in celebrities' names.
This is the drugged resent
Of Summer Ecstasy, Justified bells in curve
Where bullets blind them for triumph?
you cry for them and they stare without you:

Soldiers Trample For Your Liberation;
Ministers Guillotine For The Greater Safety;
Pockets Burst For Our Profit;

And your mothers ladle is glass
And your siblings cradle is melted
And your friend's fable is a sheared watermelon
And You
A number A conspiracy A Nothing
And

you

nothing, for now. for i must find solace in my suffering i must i must im should must capture beauty
love me in the midst of the this

Bloodshed.