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JOHANNES GÖRANSSON**

**FROM A NEW QUARANTINE
WILL DEVOUR MY BODY**

5.

LOUISE BOURGEOIS'S WEDDING IN THE RIBCAGE OF THE BOURGEOISIE

Oh mon dieu! I hang myself in the noose and watch how the red flowers grow out of my strangled head, how they proliferate and grow their own tiny skulls. I don't remember anything anymore. Who is sending the images and who is receiving them. I just know I want to rest. Don't I deserve a little rest?

Fuckers.

There is no rest for the wicked.
There is no pomegranate for my mouth.
The bomb has made a big hole in the garden.
Every leaf has been torn or burnt.
Or every leaf has been infected by mildew.
Or the spider mite.
Or my skull has mildew on it or my mouth
Has Hanahaki disease
That is how you know we're in the underworld.
Everything here is so beautiful, for example my face.
Or this tattoo of a spider on Sara's thigh.
The face is always in the sun.
The thigh is always with the spiders
Underground, in the ground, in the suburbs.
It's not a genuine spider
but a translated spider. It used to mean something
more in the mother tongue. I used to tongue
the spider while listening to a shark rot
some 20 feet away. In the corner of the factory.
The superstars of Chile come here
To party. When it's a party I play the mother
Of all bombs. I'm so small. So small.
I open my eyes slowly and look at you.
I have a tube in my mouth
In parties I always have a tube
In my mouth. I party on other texts
For example the poetry of Emily Dickinson
Or hospital manuals from Indianapolis.

I'm sitting under the beams. I'm sitting here yearning for the ugliness and the fat man with the belly. *I am your hostess*. I sit here and send out hologram of Shirley Temple from exactly the moment she will be shown to the world. I'm the only one to see her age. No one knows that she belongs to me. I'm also the only one who gets to witness her menopause. I'm the one who plays with botox and fillers in her face and pussy. Do you see how she changes? How she becomes herself?

Overall, I think her most elaborately bodily feature is her drowned violets.

The underworld is a kind of factory where Sara Tuss can reshape memories and acts of violence and turn them into ruins and where Johannes can hang himself in the noose and see how out of his broken head flowers grow, how they proliferate. All these flowers, all these skulls. The singular is what's lost in translation. I can't remember anything except the bomb. I say bomb but it was really a child, a daughter with a hole in the diaphragm of her lungs. But the flowers grow out of the hole in my head, the story is changing.

I acknowledge everything as the raw material for my self portrait as mother. I call out to Louise. I ask her to bring me the rain water. I know it's toxic I tell her. I am making art. Fake art for a fake child. The mother of screams. I'm becoming her in the poem by the American Son. The counterfeit son. I will fuck this poem up but the poem is already inside me. Louise is inside of me. With her spider veil. I can't even see my own face in here.

I only remember riding around with daddy.

That was America.

In the translation of your trip your dad becomes the foreigner and you become the nymphet. A rewrite in which the grotesque sexuality that the classic withholds seeps back into the foreground. It's a book about prostitution. About counterfeits made in translation. The Swedish girl, the Polish whore. It's a book about childhood. The underworld is littered with your daddy's cigarettes.

Here's what happened to you in the poem about pig slaughter: You fell in love with the arms manufacturer's daughter.

When you fell in love with Shirley, you thought you were falling in love with an arms manufacturer's daughter. When you fled from her, you hid a fist full of Christmas decorations in her dress, maybe as a gift, I do not know for sure, maybe it was a totally irrational act of revenge, I don't know, maybe because she was your hiding place.

You still think of the arms manufacturer's daughter when you feel alone and want a pistol up your ass. You always return to the uncertainties of that light, whether it radiates from your mouth or ass, whether it is a light at all. I know at least one thing for sure and that is that Louise's care is not enough. When she turns your insides inside-out, you think of the Greek chorus which also has knowledge of what is going on inside the skin. Perhaps you just want Louise to accept you for who you are.

Sara takes off the beaked mask.

She's butchering a sex poem.

The creature that was just breathing a second ago is now making strange noises.

Someone puts on a soundtrack by Satie. I've never ever fainted because I've never ever relaxed. Not now either. I play the lead role in my own farce. The music repeats and repeats. I can't put it into words because it's not words. I cannot translate it except to say it's black out music.

Repeat after me: Shirley is a girl. Shirley is a stained pig. Shirley thinks she's a celeb but she isn't. Shirley is a hologram. Shirley gives me her tiara because I meet all her demands of masculinity. The tiara is full of rusty nails. The tiara is my thorn crown. I thank you humbly. She seems to keep track of the story, Shirley, maybe she already knows the end I'm heading toward. Shirley applauds my feminine masculinity. She believes in my suffering. How lucky. My suffering is the only thing I believe in. Shirley isn't dumb.

There's enough parasites in this bed to make me royalty. King of milk. Street of thighs. I could make such a wonderful cake of your face, Shirley, but I'm too tired right now, I can't perform my own farce the way you want me to. Also you are a farce, my little thigh-cake. Oh Shirley, I could have made such a beautiful paradise out of you if you had only let me. I could have filled your body with even more: candy, drowsy pigs, abducted children, soldiers who have been tortured to death and continue to be tortured to death, poison candy, candy apples, appropriated death reports. Oh Shirley I could stuff your silk band in my mouth if it hadn't gotten so filthy. Oh Shirley, I'm a pig and you know it and I know you know it. That's why you will never leave me. That's why I will keep loving you. Because you can't leave me. You're locked up in my ridiculous story and I'm locked up in yours. I only talk about things that make you anxious. I have started numbing my anxiety with alcohol. I stand in line with the other animals. This is our army. You will not get away.

Shotgun.

What am I going to do with my own wreckage when I'm lost in the quarantine? What am I going to do with my body when everything seems like carnage and paper roses? Will I ever get out of here?

The gnats are drawn to my wine. I have to follow the cut to get out. My ex died two months ago. No one informed me of his death. That too is a farce. But his parents will be punished with hellfire. God has promised me that. Virgin sieve, birth sieve, death waits around the corner. Why did you not take care of the child that blew up? I think it's late. Everything is too late. I leave cigarette butts with lipstick marks on his grave. I fantasize about fucking all his friends to get him close again. It's a wonderful party we have, me and my dead boyfriend, even though I no longer remember what we're celebrating. That we are sober or that we are dead? That there's only one of us left living? Now I have to start over again from the beginning again. How does one do it? Take a deep breath. Empty your lungs into the balloon. Leave the balloon for the grave even though your boyfriend doesn't need either nitrous oxide or breathing.

Do you still have air in your dead body? Do you still have a sow in your dead body? Are you still a sieve? Still stuck in your sty. If I bend over your face while pushing into your chest, can I get the air you once breathed? Will you give back? No, you're not the type who gives back. That's why I still love you. You hit me and it felt like a kiss. Now I don't have any more room for love. I have nothing to give you, you stole everything. I only inhale nitrous oxide when I feed all my children, all other breaths seem unnecessary, and infinite.