

POETIC CONCEPTION

By: Akaylah Ellison

Christmas Day

De Christo de, Christo de, de Christo, day of Christ. Christ, Christo de day, Christo de, Christo. Would you? Could you? Do you? Love. Him? Do you love? Him enough? Do you love Him enough? Would you love Him? Could you love Him? Do you love Him, Mother? Do you love Him, Mother Mary? Do you love Him, Virgin Mother Mary? Enough. To birth Him. Do you love Him enough, selfish Virgin? Do you love Him enough, selfish Virgin Mother Mary? To birth Him. Do you love Him enough selfish Virgin Mother Mary to birth him? He was born Christmas Day on Sunday Noon. Christo de, Day of Christ, de Christo, Christo, Christ day, Christo de Christ, Christ of day, de Christo, day. He was killed the following Saturday Noon. Do you love Him enough to birth Him, selfish Mother? He died Saturday Noon for their sins. He died for her sins. He died for his sins. No. No. No. De Christo. Christo. Christo. Christ. Day of Christ. He died for your sins, selfish Mother Mary. For your sins, selfish virgin Mother Mary. Our Savior is dead, Mary.

The teacher speaks

“the poem is a dream”

“the poet is a dreamer”

“but poetry is real”

--

“irrefutably real”

“I’d like to have that dream again”

Mash

It's an elusive it came out of a dream my boyfriend offered it to some other girl
She said she grew up eating it and then they were bonded by this mash he's a German
She petted his arm he smiled while they went on dates in my dream she's exotic.
I never had mash before neither did he it doesn't exist. I'm awake, now.

Germs

The sanitizer burns. The sanitizer cleans dirt. It never washes it away.
It never dies.

New Year's Eve

Angel has a story for the New Year, but it must wait for tomorrow. The story doesn't have a plot. It mimics real-life where no one knows where they're going and no one knows how to get there, but they carry on. The story moves on like that, like life. The story doesn't have a main character, and it's hard to tell if there are any characters at all. It's a story of minute detail, but there's no clarity in the story. There is no real beginning in the story. It doesn't end, just the speaker trails off in thought, in reverie. There are no real emotions in it. There's not much to the story. The story doesn't offer any insight. It doesn't offer any morality. It is not a story to tell children. It is not a story to tell adults. It's not vulgar. It's not pristine. It's not sensible or sentimental, not explorative, or discursive, or thought-provoking, or gentle, or austere, or anything. It's a story and Angel has it. I'm dying for tomorrow.

Sex

This lesson was cancelled. You can reschedule online. Please be sure that you sign the waiver, and fill out the entirety of the application. Incomplete applications will not be accepted by the board.

Mechanic

Tighten loose bolts, and charge double.

Double up, your wife will leave you if you don't bring \$45 home.

Charge triple, if you change oil.

Triple up, your daughter needs braces, and they cost \$3000.

Your boy wants to be just like you when he grows up. White, dirty, and professional.

You want to be just like your boy in a couple more years, hopeful.

You can charge more, if you change a tire out in the middle of nowhere. Because you had to get your truck all the way out there, and bring the tire there too. Maybe you'll get lucky and there will be a helpless black woman who you can take advantage of.

Then you can charge six times the cost, and still get to ejaculate. No one would believe her over you. Why would you want to be with a helpless black woman? She is just a black woman after all, and your son wants to be just like you when he grows up.

A Call

“Are you alive?”

- “Are you alive today?”

“Please won’t you be alive today, I’m begging you to.”

- “Are you?”

The Quick Game

“Would you rather eat a toad or a frog?”

- “Neither”

“You have to pick one”

- “Which one do they eat in France?”

“Frogs, I think”

- “That one, then. I trust the French.”

The Story on Valentine's Day

“Angel told us the story. I was disappointed I thought there was going to be romance. I’ll sum up the good parts: there were two girls who were best friends and hung out with each other until the oldest girl got murdered. Then the younger girl tried to tell the lead detective that her friend was murdered by a ghost, and the detective didn’t believe her. The detective told the youngest girl’s mother that she was sick and needed help. The mother took her to be locked away in an insane asylum, and then the detective said that the oldest friend got kidnapped. But it turned out that the lead detective was murdered way before the story began and then the devil was pretending to be the detective, so he could marry the youngest girl’s mother. So she would have his baby, and it would be the Anti-Christ. The mother did marry the detective, and did get pregnant. But her daughter broke out of that insane asylum, and while she was in there she went crazy. So she broke out and she came home, and the first thing she did was murder her mother because she was getting revenge for her mother ever locking her up in the first place. Then she goes up to her room to hide her mother’s body in this place under her wood floors, but she couldn’t because when she lifted up the floor boards there wasn’t any space. She lifted out what was in the space and it was her older best friend.”

- “That’s not what happened.”

Master Piece

He own da' girl.
He own ha' tel' she die.
She gon' die soon.
Sho ain't soon 'nuf.
She godda' heart da' beet toa' stron'
Sho ain't strong 'nuf.
All awr' hearts stron'
Ain't no heart stron'er dan a white man's way.
Ain't we's cuddin' dis up?
Ain't dis awrs?
Nah, she don' wrod' da' odda one fa' us. Dis one fa' 'em.
She a sellout.
She sol' ha'sel to 'im I tol' yous dat.
Das wiis he own ha'
He gon' own ha' tel' she die.
She gon' die soon.
Sho ain't soon 'nuf.

A Riddle

Two little girls got lost one day. One was named Chelsea, the other was named Miranda. Where did they go?

These are their stories

“When Angel told his story there were not two girls but three”

- “I only heard about the two girls”

“You weren’t listening carefully enough.”

- “I was too!”

“Then you would’ve known that there were three!”

- “There were two!”

“Three!”

- “Only two—”

“Shh! Do not say my name someone is coming”

Someone came

Tell it a memory a moment a lie tell a tale it is a poker night it is a game it is all of life and we have lived it never asking any questions and here you are playing the game by the rules and no one ever told you them and you are straight and narrow and cut out of cloth and you have revealed that you know nothing about life and that is the only thing you know and finally admit to being born a baby and not a god and your mother was not even a virgin and you lived inside of her and you dare to shame another because her virtues were not like yours so tell it to her tell her those lies that you manifested in your destiny tell her a tale of your grandeur as you denounce hers

A Response

They've been saying I was sold into slavery. I wasn't. The rumors are just that, rumors. I like to be able to drink sweet tea on Grandma's porch. She told me not to look the white man in the eye, but then we were in Georgia. Where else do you get to drink sweet tea, swinging from the porch? Didn't I mention I was swinging on the porch when those two girls walked past me? What were their names? Two white girls, Madison and Chelsea, was it? I'm not sure. I sat out on Sunday, when they came running along. Not sure who they were but they looked desperate those two adults running after them. They asked if I had seen the devil. I didn't think much of that question. But, ah, I was not sold into slavery, my dear friends. I simply was bought out of it.

Another Game

“Truth or dare?”

- “Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss that man.”

- “Never mind, then. Truth?”

“You can’t change your mind.”

Conversation of Saint Patrick's Day

You look lovely in green. Your eyes are blue, though. May I pinch you for it? Angel is here. He wants to know if I can pinch you for it. He doesn't get to pinch people because his dad doesn't like him to.—Do you know his dad? I thought I met his dad once before, but I think that may have been his uncle. Do you drink? I drink. I drink by myself sometimes, too. I hear that's how you know you're an alcoholic. I'm not an alcoholic.—Angel said that he likes to give people a little pain for not following the rules of the day, today is the seventeenth. It's a holiday about a Saint, but I don't know what he was a Saint for. What did he do? I should ask Angel; he's his favorite Saint.

The Riddle Continued

Did you ever solve it? Need another clue? It's been two months.

Sex rescheduled

Please fill out the form. Application is incomplete. Incomplete applications will not be accepted by the board.

Karma Suta

born die cycle die born heaven hell paradise lost cut out watched locked murdered kill sheep
heaven hell paradise lost born die cycle heaven hell waste garbage smell hate love loss count to
ten wait die born again

The Board

We will be holding a review session of all applicants. Please check online for your status. If you have been accepted, you will receive an email with details on an interview.

Signed the Board.

April Fool's

Angel died yesterday. He got sick from cancer and it ate away his brain. He had the worst kind of sickness. It was keeping him awake all night and then when he would think up the answer to anything he would faint. He's better now. He's with his father. No, this isn't a joke, you sick bastard. Angel really died yesterday, and he's never coming back again. There aren't any more holidays without him. Everything ends in April, only Eliot's poem begins with it, and even that represents death. Leaves you bittersweet, and unfulfilled? Well, that's how I felt when he told me his story back in January. There wasn't any love in it. It was a disgusting tale, and we only listened to him tell it so long because we knew he was dying. But I was dying too.