PORNO

Sugar

As she put her tiny hand in his, red diesel stained his palm.

He brought her a stick of candyfloss; it frothed around her face, sugar crystals caught between milk teeth as he put his hands around her neck.

Behind the generators and the waste disposal units, a white puddle ran down.

Girl on Girl

Nudity compelled the girl who minded the elephants. She took off her filthy clothes and lay down in the heat, a stink rising from her.

She tanned her small breasts, ironed flat, like all of ours, from birth.

Dirty girl, she wanted to see. She went to the dead place, where the candyfloss girl lay. She had a bucket of stunned fish, for the white bear. There was a slash of lightning, a burr of heat which struck the metal pail. The three fish jumped out of the water, grew molten and fell back down.

The nudist lost her heartbeat, her hair smoked and she fell on to our blonde sister for the last time.

Buzzed

This reel is psychedelic.

You begin in the bed, alone in the dormitory. You have a luminol rag in your mouth. There is a mirror on the ceiling and you see your eyebags, your puckered mouth, your asphalt skin.

You dream that you can get out of bed. You don't. You lie and party alone.

Beside you is a folder full of scraps of skin and pressed flowers and the hair of saints. A glass of iced water and a vial of luminol within reach.

Cut to the desert. It is in flames. A man is atop a narrow platform, sawing at his arm.

Hard rubies fall into your mouth shutting off your sound.

You pull yourself to pieces. In the background an axe scrapes against the metal, crashing like the ocean.

Napalm

This one is for the sickos.

Napalm, sulphur and asbestos storms hit in Electric.

She is naked, greasing the rides.

Slow, slow, slow motion.

Her tiny heart bikini is ripped open by the clouds. Nacreous grains spray out of every hole and gap and slit. She is cut in pieces, shredded by its weight. Her flesh becomes confetti on her bones.

Snuff

This reel starts with an accidental strangling.

She starts to turn blue, she is dying. Your hands are shaking. You see the axe behind you on the wall and bring it down. You kiss her on the forehead—she is sharp and sour and full of darkness. You are desire.

There is violet on the bed—the sheets running full of sticky gobs. You wrap her tight in plastic sheeting, you let the excess collect.

There is time that is blank. You are on her and you are guilty.

Later, you get dreamy. You slash her open and taste her. When she is in pieces, you hang her to cure. When she is nothing but bone and pearl, you set her on flat paddles in the oven.

The parcels of smoked meat are the best you've ever tasted.