

# BELLADONNA\* 2

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*Dream Girls*  
by  
*Camille Roy*

BELLADONNA\* is a reading series at Bluestocking's Women's Bookstore that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multi-cultural, multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable, dangerous with language.

BELLADONNA BOOKS/BOOG LITERATURE • SUMMER 2000



## Dream Girls

All night I spent on my knees  
munching the feminine  
2 distinct occurrences in the dark  
dream girls, separated  
by blur.

Then day broke. You know what I mean?  
They spent the morning washing  
The girls. So much white,  
bleached sheets flowing  
out of the tubs.

That was a problem,  
though I have a problem with girls in general.  
Then I found out one of my dream girls was a boy.  
It made an old whore like me feel crusty.

Glittering & weeded  
my little holes. plucked  
emptied. O stars.  
starker than movies.

Period needs  
Blackened  
period to clear

Tiny doll  
Sucks her shoulder  
Her bones snap easily  
as she walks.

Rat-a-tat-tat.  
Ankles screwy like that.  
*No Melody like Princess in the city of gangsters.*

'Sweethearts, love you.' All that love stuffed into my pillows  
my jeans. Slutty girls, leaving shiny slime paths.

What a dream,

the trail we're following. Mucked up  
pages & streets, a bowl of languages.

"Smells like" baking fortune cookies & mineral salts.

Waves big as dinosaurs

rise up from my comic book, it's japanese  
lots of porn and semi-delirious violence.

My dreamboy has girlish lips

pouts up from the page,

one foot on the prow

& hand to sword

glaring.

He hates me

*Wrong:* he loves me with a criminal love

Kill for me. o luscious brother.

laying throb next to blade

explaining tools

the shootings.

Later. I find him curled

under the newspapers, crying and relaxing.

Leaving her breathing upstairs

Princess goes down to where she can really suck

She lays her head against his shoulder

chilly wedge. Blood souring

moving slowly, a paste

warm where body fills with light.

*Their deadish embrace. Days like that,*

Princess says. *They managed to pull one of them back.*

*Had to snap some fingers.*

She thinks guilt belongs to the guilty party.

True, there is always a supplier

gets characterized & tossed into the street.

But I think bodies are stubborn

piling on top of one another

simply for Warmth.

## Reverse History

(*Amy Discovers Dick*)

1978. I was looking for an instruction. I walked with the silent multitudes towards the sobering event, where I found Amy, at the podium, grasping every straw and shaking her hairy head in terror.

*Like pillows in chaos.*

Amy's speech cleverly inserted itself into the fields of the young cervix. As each point arrived, tiny holes among us bridged the gap between sterile and sterility.

Humbly I placed my feet a few inches further apart. Since I'm shallow I couldn't swallow. But, at the proper point, as marked in the separated passages of the text, I did go inside. The herd was waiting for me there—big girls lathered in their flesh, crushed with insider love. They married me with their lips. I named myself Amy, then made my own series of stirring announcements.

Walking. Walking out. Walking in. The Amy crowd just stood around, waiting for me. But I was waiting too. That's why I couldn't arrive. I was looking for something pointy yet blank, that wore a pout the way I wore the names of my friends. I needed to get into the interior, so I could look for this thing. Call it cervix. I waited forever. Finally I was told it had popped and disappeared, a sort of dispirited ghost.

That's when you rolled up, Dick. What a welcome distraction in our dusty reststop, with ironic scenery, a Valiant field. But you were so terribly sleepy. In fact you were dead! It was a belief system that attached sweetness to events.

It should have meant something to me. Punched, somehow.

We gathered in the cloakroom, laying you down in the center, in piles like rope. It turned out there were many ways to take off the outer coverings, and the kneecaps followed. O Dick, everything liquified after the first dark and sparkling moments. I was fabulously crushed.

Now I want to make a poem of it, this time with caricature. Dick, you be the big jaw, and I'll be minnows, pushed out between your ivory teeth, while Amy holds us in her thick romantic fur.

Then, getting off, daddy-o, finally getting off, your spreading butt reminds me of severe earth movements. Why so huge and cracked? The beyond, where you are. Where I wanted to go. That's why infested abstract landscapes have *Dick* written all over them.

Pure land of momentum, soaring from the hard kick towards the value of an image. Why does that sound wrong? Panorama foams while I'm asleep. I know the reason, I just don't want to think about it. *Dick, wake up please.* I'm really, really ready for you to wake up.

## Matter of Flower

I strip the secrets from the poem because they bore me. Then I look hard at my friend—her big grin, the gums which leak blood. Her eyes are silky as buds. We are outside the village, and she sighs, she returns her eyes to my palm.

She says, “I came to you after diseases lifted their clammy arms ...”

I mumble, *Matter of flower*. I feel perfectly ill. My tongue flutters as I try to hide it. We sink as we walk, our skeletons’ rocking like boats over the soft earth, the island at the bottom of the sewer, soiled & glistening. Our tropical acre, smeared with guava.

There are no rocks, only crumbled mortar. Worn as her teeth.

She wanders, looking for new icy drinks or places to sleep. I open my book on bone diseases, and read as I walk. *Osteitis*. Bone inflammation. Today, I’m wearing my white nurse’s uniform, and carrying my purse of blood. It’s snapped shut.

*Osteoclasia*. Surgical breaking of a bone to correct a deformity.

She stumbles into the castle.

I follow her down a long yellow hall, passing a junkie and a black-and-white television set. He’s watching “Dynasty,” taking notes so he’ll

remember the plot.

I tell myself that this castle is large enough for all of my friends, each friend representing an aesthetic choice which can be summed up in a word: Jane. A person with no outline, or even any clothes.

(Jane is missing, she may have melted into the syrups.)

*Osteomalacia.* Softening of the bones.

When I turn the corner, my friend has disappeared, but a group of unusual creatures is waiting there. Their cauliflower brains are peeled and swivel on elegant stems. Radiant green lights sparkling in their eyes. As I pass, I hear them stripping and eating the flowers and fruits that hang just outside the castle windows.

I read aloud as I walk, words mingling with ripples of music.

*Osteomyelitis.* The surgeon cuts out dead, infected bone, so that fresh bone can grow.

I find my friend, crouched in a doorway. I put my ridiculous hand in her tiny one. She sighs. She says, "Something is growing bigger inside me ... Probably

alcoholism." I touch her with the velvet petal of my tongue.



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For further information: 212 777 6028 • [info@bluestockings.com](mailto:info@bluestockings.com) • [www.bluestockings.com](http://www.bluestockings.com)

Rachel Levitsky, editor Belladonna Books

David A. Kirschenbaum

Boog Literature

351 W.24th St., Suite 19E

New York, NY 10011-1510

[booglit@excite.com](mailto:booglit@excite.com) • (212) 206-8899

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351 W.24th St., Suite 19E  
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