

Winner of the *Bop Dead City* poetry contest. Issue 8 (2014). 2-4.

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### **Journal of Dead Bodies and Hidden Treasures**

A/N: If, for the first time, you've missed your own deadline in a self-similar respect, you may remain unaware of the subplots. Women are often uninformed that they may elicit pipeline data as innocent pawns to culturally-prescribed masculinity.

What follows might not be an entirely satisfactory or just state of affairs, but control over information release should be non-intrusive in the near future.

#### Day 24: began drinking ginger tea intermittently

Waves in certain directions  
do not start to bleed;

Access to perfect isn't taught in school  
even in the presence of crisis.

Until basic resources are decriminalized  
and all combinations of sweat-proof return,

the coordination of ubiquitous networks will syncopate  
with animated, creative debate.

“Processing your request”  
for much needed relief  
from a fatally bad habit  
compels.

“What problems are you having?”

Innovative adaptations can improve control  
over menstrual cyclicity and disable  
the blows of bad medicine.

Some hope.

#### Day 29 through 32: drank ginger tea in earnest

First-fail. Must be rerun at some later time.

#### Day 32 through 35: 6000 mg Vit. C/day

Wait.

Morning.

Sickness. Dead.

Sleep. Laundry.  
A bit of a scene.

Terminate. Argument.  
Do a little research  
to let yourself sleep. Again.

Type escape sequence:  
Forbidden Grief.  
Uncertainty has to end.

Day 36: parsley pessary  
Here's misstated evidence  
of a new record!

I've tried a million little things  
to get rid of what I thought.

I've inserted speculation  
up my vasovagal gate,  
prematurely overloaded  
active sessions of coarse control.

I've anonymized data  
on the spices and the pills,  
decoded the best technique  
for predicting modern approach.

While traditional sources  
disable a trust-based context,  
I've addressed my basket  
in a firm but gentle way.

I've cooperated willingly.

I've meant fucking business.

I've selectively throttled my little hole for a creamy self-delete.

I've forcefully stopped the execution.

*do the work yourself*  
*let go of special substances*  
*exotic remedies*  
*listless nightmares*  
*single-handedly carry units of life*

goes to her cabinet and removes  
the robust architecture of a porcelain bowl

*Keeping it?*  
Waves of blood.