

Little Shocker

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Grace



Hey darling,
where have you been? You keep avoiding my calls.
I went over and i knew you weren't at work and i saw you pulled the telephone
out of the wall again.
Exposed wires, insulation.
Why do you make yourself itchy?
The bees are here.
Rat-a-tat-tatting on the window of my chest.
Honeycomb box.
I keep them in.
Buzzing has no place here.
It's time to be quiet.
It's time to be quite cold.
Wet cold makes your bones orange.
When I dance with Fizz, I am always orange: energetic, action-oriented.
Orange orange but also honeycomb orange.
Mercury yellow. Mars orange.
Silver like mercury mercury, the flavor in the back of my throat.
We ran out of Sprites.
Metal and cold and moist.
A bottle from the Netherlands that's harmful on my tongue.
What a joke it would be that a worm made an orange and here I am completely orange
again.
I'm going back in.
Call me back.



Hey

I woke you up but you were gone.

You seemed like you wanted to hurt yourself over and over again to the point that you lost track of what it was you were really working towards.

Did you really train so long just to end like this?

Why are you not dancing in a club?

You haven't found some way to make this work for you.

The office isn't going to save you, it never saved anyone.

Did you hear that Dilbert was canceled?

This is the kind of thing that happens with office work.

It's sad and it's wrong and it's dangerous.

I want to keep protecting you, but you need to make the right decisions.

...Found the dog training collar under your bed.

You like pain?

You think of your suffering as being more important than anyone else's?

We don't need a martyr for art.

I got a number for a contact at curves.

Cabaret.

I want you to call there, I want you to discover a new way to make this work.

I guess total control was always the thing.

Total control was always the answer.

Did you make a list of all persons you have harmed?

Are you willing to make amends to them all?.

you can start your letters.

I love you



Hey Little Shocker,
Go into your abattoir of electrocution.
Shock always stood for something else.
G always stood for something else.
Dancing always stood for some other desire.
Like the musician who just wants be famous, or the composer who just wants to get fucked.
I will watch with coldness.
I won't react and in the end you will thank me.
You will remember that I did it out of a certain obtuse kindness, and you will move on and you will get that job in an office I always told you to get.
You'll file papers like everyone is supposed to.
You'll learn that no one is special, some people are just lucky.
You'll learn that advantages exist, even in the office.
It took you so long to learn about advantage, but you finally got it.
You'll learn that no one learned anything you didnt that made them succeed, but just come to use different configurations of the same tools that everyone else uses.
You'll come to think that a higher power exists, think that it created those tools.
You'll read the religious doctrines, various sources basically all say the same thing: you are not IT, honey.
You'll realize the cross always stood for something else.
You'll realize "higher power" always meant something else.
You come to think of yourself as special again. You realize that you are in control of yourself.
You realize you don't need shock, you need something else.
And you'll start to move again.
You'll move away, to some european capital.
You'll realize that work always stood for something else, that everything you know stood for another thing, and you will start putting those pieces back together.
And that is when you will stop being shocked.
byebye



Hey you,
went into the triangle room again.
A triangle has three sides, right?
And this one none.
There's an inverted plane with a hole torn through the middle.
Two dots suspended in open space.
Circles about to become flat again.
Distance is an open space.
Pressure builds in the body like hot water in a shaken jar.
The zipper-teeth fall out, things fall apart.
Then there's bigger holes, longer holes, and no closures.
Fittings have a life of their own.
Now I'm fitting into a small space, my eyes are glazed over.
I live in a proper place.
Close to the hole.
Like a tooth growing wildly out of the mouth, because no one told it to stop.
I become yellow and curved.
My skin fades, my eyes darken.
A banana body becomes a slippery joke.
Aching like poverty's desire for warm food.
Now, I'm chewed paper, and the imagination is strong.
I wish I could pop up inside you, to show you where the tooth fits.
But there are busy bees, ones born from wild flowers.
I'm not like Bougainvillea, and you neither.
You need water to go down, something to make it more natural.
You appreciate the ones who come close when you reach yourself out.
Everything growing to its natural path, there is no stake to follow.
Nutrients, soil, water, and light.
I watched the Cosby show because I was so fucking high, and everything will die
and the sun too.
Kiss.