

rituals for traumatic hauntings: how much exits the system?

“That the condition of womanhood, true womanhood, regardless of the genital situation, was to have been taken from, to have been, thus TO BE in the condition, in the position of being plundered.”

from “silence & some of its wages” by ariana reines

survivor sestina

piss for me again
o organ o hole of mine
i force i flush i finish and filter
unbearably caught within
craving retention and release
related to urologic symptoms is abuse casually

the act itself done casually
pissing in the car again
snow white cold eruptive release
o urethra o clear piss of mine
bladder without time within
i push i panic i piss without filter

stress strained kidneys filter
they say nocturia overactive casually
cause psychologically within
anxiety anxiously arriving again
o urinary tract o opening of mine
i crave reactionary release

satisfying inappropriate release
pissing in baths i forgo filter
o piss o pleasing piss of mine
soaked in hot water warm piss casually
pleasure shame flushing again
inappropriate retention still within

willful water within
who controls release ?
30.6% of women with OAB piss again
we force flush finish and filter
steady streams expelled casually
o urgency o frequency of mine

o bladder o swollen organ of mine
stretched against pelvic floor within
i cannot postpone piss casually
inappropriate prayer of release
remove piss remove past perform filter
remove urgency incantation again

o instant inappropriate release
o bladder without filter
i with past i with piss i piss again

i don't know how to heal the actual site
is it just my throat now or is it my entire body or is it just the hole?

i think about healing as a space in which i can perform all the abject rituals that i dream up
i want to piss into a jar

if i piss enough will it leave me behind?
to visually see how much exits the system through my urethra
hands around my throat

if i piss enough will trauma be removed from my neural passage ways?

how to heal when it keeps happening?
they only choke me during sex
in this case it started before sex during the kissing

if you are a man even a good one
i am afraid of you

if you are a man and you think you are a good one

look deep inside and ask yourself have i used women as a site for my aggression?
have i fucked someone w/out consent?

she may not have said no but did u notice her body go limp like a dead thing ?

watching the young pope dehydrated and a little weak vision blurry
even intoxicated i cannot sleep through the night w/out dreams of male violence and betrayal

i want to piss again
piss is healing
but coffee dehydrates further
and my pussy feels clenched
and dry
and untrusting

when he choked me on the wall
ghost no's
weeping
scratching
pushing / slapping
biting
whining
whimpering
vomiting ?
bleeding ?
i added afterwards
silence / complete stillness

to heal is to remove the grieving part of urself
to heal, much like being raped, is to die

a part of u dies but u get to be reborn

i do not trust and i already had problems with trust
christy says "the horrible theme is that all the men in your life are failing you"
she means right now
but it's always been so and when it hasn't been so i fear the men and i fail them

how to heal from a wound this deep?

i wrote a sestina about over-active bladder syndrome and ptsd
i love to piss
i piss when i'm excited and when i'm scared
so do many women (and men) who have been sexually abused
they make my cunt a site for aggression
so i transform my urethra into a site for exiting a place to remove toxins

it happened to me again so i'm just focusing on pissing all the time
i'm afraid all the time so i just pick at my fingers and think about peeling my skin off and just drink too much water
so i can piss and feel like at least parts of it are being flushed out

i tell everyone that i have a good support system but no one in that system is capable of rewinding the clock or
cauterizing the wound or performing an exorcism that takes the trauma's imprint away

hi, it's me lauren and i'm confessing again and i'm sorry this writing is so simple, but like julie says, sometimes i'm simple, trauma has rendered me simple. hi it's me lauren and i'm writing something i hate and drinking water and just hoping that i can piss again soon. should i piss in a pitcher? should i watch the pitcher fill all day? should i drink that piss like bhanu or flush it down the toilet or should i pour it over my head or toss it out my window?

during a break from writing this, i poured my coffee down the drain, made lemongrass & ginger tea, did my breakfast dishes, and pissed into a pitcher.

the piss is warm and has steamed the sides of the glass pitcher.

it appears i am fairly hydrated since the piss is a very light yellow.
it smells of buttered popcorn jelly bellies which is concerning bc i have not eaten jelly bellies in a long while.

i have taken a photograph as evidence.
it seems i only remember to take photographs for evidence of the aftermath, not of the thing itself.

i still have the sheets with his semen on them. they have not been washed. they are in my laundry bin. they were a hand-me-down gift from my parents and have faded pink and blue flowers on green vines. his semen is on the right side of the sheets, about half way up them. he didn't want me to clean it off; his exact words were "it doesn't matter to me if it doesn't matter to you" and then after saying that, he tried to lay down on it. i wasn't able to stop him from choking me or fucking me w/out a condom or permission, but i was able to make him get up so i could blot the semen with a tissue

writing is a form of evidence but it does not actually help in a court of law

when i piss i imagine pre-cum and flaked penis skin coming out with my urine
i understand that piss does not come from the cunt but it's all of my pussy i feel i have reclaimed

today women are marching in dc, in philly, in nyc, in boston, in chicago, in denver, in la, in san francisco, probably all over the world. they are marching because our new president (not my president) is a rapist who brags about sexual assault. they are marching because he is racist. they are marching because he is a threat to our bodies. they are marching because he is a facist.

i can't leave the house.

in my mind, i am marching with them. i'm here peeing into a pitcher in solidarity. the more i write of this, the less i feel like i can share it with others

if i keep peeing into this pitcher can i heal it?

in emdr processing we create "containers" to hold that which troubles us so we can find some peace,
temporarily

i have two containers one is for things i want far away from me

it is an old leather suitcase with hundreds of locks on it and once it's filled
i place it on a train that takes it far over the mountains and away

the other is a round metal tin with green cotton lining which is for things that i
might want to come back to soon or things that can be closer to me and once it
is filled i put in in a closet that does not exist in the hall of my
apartment building

currently neither one seems to be working because everything i put in them spills out
everything here is exceeding its borders

in order to see how much exits the system i have to let it exit

i with past i with piss i piss again