

trophic cascade

HIROMI GOTO

january 26, 2004

mildly depressed. note your cycle. you prefer to other yourself. a double negative makes you positive. you're positive. this happens in mathematics and on island retreats. holistic. you're tired. of some thing. break the cycle and all selves will follow. like the nicest people. it can't be the children. i kid you not treat me right. tonight. rabbits and chickens revolt us to death. they left the warehouse to start a crusade. the children wail and they can't stop scratching. sleeping it off with hands half-closed. mites, ticks, etc. "Can't you tell?" the homunculus is another matter. the sound of rain is pleasing. eye drops.

splatters.

january 27, 2004

the blood is not fresh the blood is stagnant. the energy is low and needs a burst of masturbation. the pleasing sound of rain. i can only please myself. placing the blame on others you are strong enough to eye the i. the sticky place between the thighs. meat quivers. lashes. a tale about eyes and eggs and a matador. tasteful. not provincial. of course there's a priest. don't say bedpan. say bidet. this is the homunculus' favourite story.

january 28, 2004

night tires breaking through water on asphalt. are honey, lemon and a thin blue scarf ward enough against the longing in my throat? a lozenge might do the trick. the gutters are filled with detritus. luckily we no longer throw urine out the window. the Sisyphusian nature of email brings me down. the lowing you hear is coming from the refrigerator. it should stop any minute. i'm positive.

Alchemists rationalized the homunculus into being in a fit of procreative desire. They longed for a body to call their own. Unfortunately the homunculus would only develop when the divine sperm was mixed with horse's urine. The irony was not lost on the women, but many men were pleased. The tainted garden of the womb could be laid to fallow. Learned scholars spent many summer afternoons in the glass laboratory. Doctoral theses were written.

january 30, 2004

it's finally happened. i've come to this moment too late and slipped into a tomorrow i'm not ready to accept. just because the world order keeps on disappointing me doesn't mean i'm not open to surprises. i would still like a nice piece of tenderloin. taste full of juices. so prise me off the asphalt of love. the rain sounds colder than yesterday. tomorrow is today. in two days time it will be february. it might be time to write a list. do the income tax. take two Tylenol. take out the trash.

february 2, 2004

slippage and entropy. how much bleeding is a stuck pig? the eyelid twitches for sleep. birds twittering behind closed curtains. come back when the day is nighter.

i feel lonely. the night just outside the window. Inert, but loaded. all the same. outside every single window of the house. i run from one to the other but night, night, night, night, night, night, night, night, the monotony is driving me to distraction. "isn't this what you were waiting for?" i scream. but my heart doesn't answer. (note: children didn't notice that the spaghetti sauce was made with vegetarian ground. the homunculus was ill-tempered.)

february 3, 2004

the child keeps coughing. i am torn between concern and annoyance. i bring a lighted candle into the room and the movement of shadows. water taps in the drainpipes. the death watch beetle is not a beetle. lousy similes and metaphors will be the death of me. the child keeps coughing. i am torn between anxiety and frustration. i go to the fridge for an orange. sweet consolation. beautifully modified, the late-night news numbs the ache. when i go back to my room the child is coughing.

february 23, 2004

how many twenty days have passed? they fall away like dead skin cells. microscopic dreams. a nightmare of cellular proportions. the virus passes from child to mother. lungs rattle and crackle a disconnected short wave transmission. i've missed the transistor of love. but sleep is the next best thing.

The homunculus was gently extracted from the glass chamber. After eleven months of incubation it seemed exceedingly frail and pale of complexion, almost translucent. To date, it cannot abide touch of any kind and prefers to be suspended on a gauze sling inside a tub of water. It must keep its head above the surface. It will not drink milk, human's or otherwise, but will take horse's blood with a pipette. The laboratory technicians have been calling it "Lucky."

march 15, 2004

i've been thinking about sylvia plath. all the women who had to stick their head in an oven. women have been mothers for a long, long time. their aprons are malformed but they can still cook a damn fine meal. single mothers are ruining this nation of hard-working consumers. consuming mothers more often. pregnant rabbits will reabsorb their unborn if the environment is not safe. mothers often carry a rabbit's foot in their apron pocket. humming Captain and Tenille into their chowders. the return of disco might be the very thing to swing the world around.

ordering pizza as an act of reconciliation. i prefer a market share of womyn-designed biodegradable and artistically pleasing tampon applicators. the thought of hemming two pairs of girl's pants is making me think of sylvia plath. mothers have been tired for a long, long time. i have seven hundred dollars of bills waiting to be paid. the clacking of their yellow beaks. they are always hungry and the noise is driving me to the malls. (don't forget: get squealing back tire assessed by nice jpns mechanic in n. van.)

march 16, 2004

cunning women dress up like girls to clutch bills in their vulvas. the valve in the nether regions is rusty and cannot be plumbed. "This was supposed to be about love." plump cunts are juicy mackerels. the intersex appearance of clams doesn't appeal to all consumers. nothing a good chowder can't hide.

a nice A-line skirt will serve most women well. an opening of a deep need is not without crumbling edges. a fault-line always lies with the mother. she didn't serve you well and her head is in an oven.

march 18, 2004

there is very little to say on a night like this.

april 5, 2004

the full missed moon. the minutia of every each day. i'd rather be reading a book. last night i dreamt in poetic lines. impurities in the water. residual images affect the heart; it's not really broken. you only think it is. the garlic was heady and the sake divine. rabbits stewing. an unattractive disposition changes nothing. "You sourpuss!" mouth brooding. baby fish dart in and out of its mother's maw. ma. last night the cattle stopped singing sonnets. they are in mourning. i can respect them before i eat them. the homunculus says nothing.

april 9, 2004

russian roulette du bœuf. the homunculus loves it. the homunculus would eat beef every day if only the cow would lie still. the rich pungent tenderloin in my panties. is recycling the blood an option? wasteful. the homunculus waits in the hallway. the doorknob rattles. the door shakes in the bucking frame, the shudder pounding, bang!bang!bang! the doorknob clatterclatterclatters. heart. silence. the sound of weeping.

april 12, 2004

SHOPPING LIST

beef eye of round	lettuce
tomatos	corn
chicken thighs	Nescafe
eggs	aspartame
milk	diet Coke
canola oil	Huggies
butter	

april 23, 2004

the atkins diet is good for movie stars. straying across a universal front stars collapse in my refrigerator. how does viagra find me? why does cialeprin hound me in my cyber home? virus protection won't keep the dog sniffing at my crotch. do they take us for nitwits and morons? a 24-hour boner is too much of a good thing. take the bone out of a fish and you get really nice fillet. you can't eat meat every day.

The developmental curve of the homunculus must not be compared with the developmental stages in human growth. The homunculus should be classified as a new species, a new branch of sentient life untainted from the original deviant strain. By bypassing the female human receptacle, mankind may reach greater heights in pursuing the truths in theology, science, mathematics and philosophy.

april 24, 2004

slipping time. splitting every second. each microsecond unfolds into a new dimension. i'm infinite every day. i can't bear to hear those twittering birds. closing curtains closed. a long distance plan can make a world of difference. fair trade redemption. one cup gets me through the day. are you tired? the children ask me. why don't you have some coffee? their knowledge shatters and reassembles.

april 25, 2004

it's just that food has to be prepared every day. every day the children must be fed and the homunculus won't stop keening. food nudges against my thoughts, the refrigerator door will not shut. wrinkled hasuki jammed between milk gone bad and we know the meat is evil. fish! fish! fish! but only once a week lead poisoning privilege.

sylvia plath ran out of recipes. it happens. mothers run out of ideas and they just can't bear to fuck another meatloaf. Kraft saved a lot of women from heartache in the seventies. combining products with recipes so many things can be done with mayonnaise. malaise avec aubergines. petit l'oeuf du mourning. l'hormone reduction sauce. a french spin on a cliché can be très delicious. better than a mother gone to fat. catch the drippings for a nice gravy.

heartburn. nothing a good salve. can't fix.

april 26, 2004

if my mother wasn't alive. she would be. (note: May 9th Mother's Day march for universal childcare 11am @ Victory Square)

april 27, 2004

drinking is not an option.

The juvenile period of the homunculus is approximately double that of offspring born of human mothers. No doubt the time is necessary for the development of its larger and more complex brain. Although it exhibits aggressive behaviour and is uncanny in its ability to satisfy its physical urges, the homunculus is by no means intellectually and morally substandard. We project that its prolonged juvenile stage is merely the natural precursor to a prolonged and highly advanced period of maturity.

april 28, 2004

running for orifice. war on error. i wrack. i rate on top of the pyramid scheme.
heat-seeking mammals. chickens, cattle, humans thrown into a pit. buried a
lie. it'll show up in the water. Coca Cola promises. compromise your off-
spring. leap the gap. lapping spilled milk. the homunculus laughs. hysterical.

may 1, 2004

may be another way to frame the.
caught in the act the young.
descending from lofty.
sugar sprinkled with a.
late-night CBC news anchor tried to.
nails bitten too close were.
sighing, she rolled from.
screaming brakes left long.
of baking soda can eliminate.
rose in the air like fried.

may 4, 2004

deep frying mid-afternoon porkchops leonard cohen filled my eyes with burn-
ing. he is the perfect age to be a fatherlover. i speak theoretically. besides he's
a downer. forking toward sylvia's path. you never know. major tom might
have met and loved an alien. things happen. leaving the kettle to boil dry. "I
am full of feeling." metal burning on metal. at least you know the fire alarm
is working. the bloating in your midriff. sadness washes over the body. a
rogue wave. drowning in aisle 6. the mottled pink and fatty flecks of white.
regular ground to the bone. don't kid yourself.

may 6, 2004

mortality in the sugar bowl. morning's sweet coffee. laughing at my own
jokes. i tried bonding with the nurse's aid but she just moved to the next don-
air. giving blood can make a body. self righteous. recessive traits tainting. one
pint : four people. exponential. fishing loaves from a sow's ear. a helping

The homunculus has been in the juvenile stage twenty-five years, eight months and thirteen days. Although we have no data to compare the development of this species, we have some concerns that the homunculus we have been studying might be a flawed of its kind. Our initial proposal was to raise and study one homunculus to adulthood, but because of the limited capacity for comparative study we have embarked on a second tier of investigation.

hand cut off at the wrist. shit happens. the angle of light from a low-hung sun. striation of the skin. all that blood. "Will it ever be used for purposes I'm not aware of?" the homunculus had to be locked into the trunk. a slow bruise healing.

may 8, 2004

I can't stand repeating myself. How many times do I have to say the same thing? Do you think I like repeating myself? It's driving me crazy. Why bother talking to each other if you're just going to fight? Just don't talk to each other. There's no fucking time for pancakes now. What's your fucking problem? Look, I have to do things every day that I don't like. Everyone does. You're not the only one. Do you think you're special?

may 9, 2004

marching for universal childcare as an act of reconciliation. we ate our obentos at stanley park. the neon yellow sulfur was a bright spot in the afternoon. two gulls tugging two arms of a starfish. the breaking point a sandcastle of shells and lopped daisies. a flung frisbee slides between air and despair. barging waves lap like dogs. debris. the seagull's maw a deep pink slit.

quiet darkening the clock's soft ticking. i will make the children's lunches in the morning. sleep extinguishers. i will be a better person. out of organic oranges and apples. the quick passing of a dreamless night. "You promised." i will fold the laundry. i will up the ante. climax overrated. rising interest doesn't mean. put on the rice. thank god for the timer. cordless salvation. "They really do pour Coke on roast beef!" up the ante. infiltrating the kitchen. Raid is my last option. first sound of thunder. heat-seeking mammals. the water sheds. debris. a nice bit of cracker. "I am full of feeling." morsel at night. rogue wave. waters rising. a new lease on strife. no plant. no animal. buy products. enjoy life. i will love. i will love.

One hundred homunculi will be developed from one hundred human donors and one hundred separate samples of horse's urine. Some of the homunculi will be raised in a controlled environment, some in homunculus-only groups with non-human contact and some will be fostered out to human families.