

Hollandaise

By Auriane de Rudder

Thousands of years ago,
in a time before Christ
before the great plagues, before you, and me, and all the little inconveniences
of normalcy
or womanhood
and chocolate woes
and plagues on our hyper-extended joints
before there was wisdom in hunger

There was this creature.

She didn't walk on water
or part the sea
or come to be critically acclaimed as some kind of savior

But she crawled.
Farther than Ghandi
in that strange time before the concept of Peace
had been created by its just counterpart

Anyway, so this creature, she crawled.

She crawled on stone
and sand
and a strange form of concrete
(that she was yet to ponder because at this point we are too far from pavement's original
Creator.)

She didn't write
when frustrated
and she cried only tears of joy
that fell from her ducts
like diamonds
popping out of expensive watches
on the slender wrists
of ungrateful housewives with
lawyer husbands

And 2.5 children
In hollandaise sauce
With fish

But this creature crawled, that's what I'm getting at, here.

She crawled to the end of a bridge,
built by a man named after your son (yet to be conceived, but a strong builder, nonetheless)
and from that bridge,
she hurled herself
into a pulsating protrusion
of jagged rock and frigid water
and felt nothing
but wrenching writhing pain
that brought her to the most intense orgasm

A man has ever had inside of my mouth.

And as she felt this
Ripping
Scraping
Dismemberment of her parts
and the rocks tore through her
even as she fell

She crawled toward the water
all along a creature, just
anxious to crack.