

This is no stream of consciousness
this is an overflow of menstrual blood
word clots being swept through your ears
maybe it is a brain bleed talking
this does not make it less true
menstrual clouds gathering
in the menstruating brain
a menstrual vortex
bringing a message from the future
in the past of this future
red revolution will have happend
menstrual peace will have been achieved.

Menstruating prophecies 1 to 7:

Listen

let your blood flow
take a mouthfull:

This is the menstrual telephone
Coded messaging
we are all connected through blood
Fuck your family, nation, belief
we are kin to everything that bleeds
We are clotting and plotting
in secret, undetectable,
behind your back
bloody sheets in the morning
they are the message
proclamation of the unholy, the stinky, the fishy, the carnal
leaking into your consciousness
becoming shapeless grunts
we are already here
seeping through your pores
infecting the seven sees
just look at the red sky
connecting day and night

you will die one day
but the menstrual stream survives
looking for bodies to bleed out of
tomorrow it could be yours
you could be the one who gets the call
a message vibrating through
strings and trickles of menstrual blood
crawling in and out

This is a smear campaign
red militia overflowing your defenses
filling the void
menstrual blood covering arrest warrants,
dissolving deportation orders
smeared all over the visors of riot police
you will smell it
before you see it
a hint of iron in your mouth
a drop of blood in the toilet bowl
already seeping in
all the cracks all over the world
crossing borders through the sewer system
from the slums and squats
to the palaces and mansions

this is the original red army faction
we bleed and every flag turns red
sometimes there is cramping
a dripping revolution
our siblings will aid us in this fight
urin, shit, spit, vomit, mucus
urin, shit, spit, vomit, mucus
urin, shit, spit, vomit, mucus
Don't be scared
we have already won.

Menstrual Prophecy VI_VI_VI

It was a dark night.
not dark without light
filled with blood dark.
some of us were rolling
little balls of rage
around in our heads.
slowly
moisture emerging on our lips
a drop forming on our labia and thigh.
or someone else's
hard to tell who was who
lying there
contemplating this strange sensation,
dripping, leaking,
soaking every mattress
like a sponge
liquifying
pavement and walls

little streams leaving our body
merging with others
thoughts starting to get carried away
blood clots tingling
losing ourselves
as the bloodstream lifts us from the floors and beds

It was no longer us who bled
but everything and everyone
The unavoidable menstrual truth
We are liquid imprisoned
by shells of fear

no male or female,
vagina, anus, phallus, finger or mouth
human or non-human
there was only bleeding
leaking
released from all form.
everything infected
liquified
as soon as a drop hit surface or skin.

We became an ocean
washing away
houses, sheds, halls
palaces, prisons, police stations

dissolving Walls
decomposing War
corroding weaponry
Money melting
fists made to hit
becoming nothing more
than a loose flap of skin
swept away by the red wave

where we go/ where we flow
Time stops
red menstrual slime rules
one rhythm
one pulse
The up and down of the menstrual wave
contraction of the monstrous volcano
that is earth
playing the game of clotting and dissolving
emerging and disappearing
spit out by a menstruating universe