

Lost, Long Gone, Forgotten Records presents
We Want Out
by Juliet Cook

Side A
We Want Out

A tainted ghost plate
breaks through the wall.
The pieces left are small,
almost invisible,
until all the lights go out.
Then handfuls of shards glow
in the dark like a sharp fever,
like a shape shifter.
Still hardy anyone
can perceive us the way we desire.
Why can't they feel us,
a shimmering force field
inside the red clots.
Most just want to feel flesh.
They don't care if it's damaged,
as long as it opens for them.
Most just want to crack us open
like bloody eggs,
drip the red out
and then penetrate the holes.

*This poem was originally published by [Thank You For Swallowing](#).

Liner Notes: "We Want Out" morphs semi-invisible ghost creatures who are trying to come back to life with misunderstood or unappreciated female brains who are still ignored despite strong efforts to express themselves. Then it makes the comparison more gross and bloody and real by insinuating that some people are more focused on the body rather than the mind. They don't care about the female's brain as long as she has skin and a pussy. Some have many other levels beyond basic physicality. Some are not interested in other levels. Some are tired of feeling trapped in an un-caring landscape.

Side B

Bookmarks Stuck Inside Cracked Columns

Nobody can enjoy me in these fits
and starts. Stars filled with teeth
broken from the molars. Blood in between.

How do polar opposites connect
the ripped out dots so high up, then
drip down into nowhere land?

A dropping point, a dripping point
a leech unraveling from a ripped open
hole like a sticky red gummy rat.

One day my prince will come,
then he'll turn into a real rat,
then he'll grow into a giant rat trap,
big enough for my entire spine.
One day my curvature will snap
shut another page in my history book of tiny onslaughts.

*Originally published in [Crow Hollow 19](#).

Liner Notes: "Bookmarks Stuck Inside Cracked Columns" was inspired by finding out that my ex-husband had re-married less than two years after our divorce, whereas I was still having trouble with the word love and what constitutes a serious relationship. In recent years, I don't quickly trust anyone or anything; not even myself. I don't understand other people's definitions of love. Nothing lasts forever, yet so many people want to quickly commit to together forever-ness. The poem also works some semi-abstract self-deprecation into the mix, because I think I'm hard for anyone to handle, since sometimes I can't even handle myself.

Juliet Cook

We Want Out

The Lost, Long Gone, Forgotten Singles Club #13

Lost, Long Gone Forgotten Records #13

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