

CUNT NORTON

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CUNT NORTON

Cunt Norton	5
Cunt Chaucer	8
Cunt Spenser	10
Cunt Shakespeare	12
Cunt Donne	14
Cunt Milton	16
Cunt Pope	18
Cunt Blake	20
Cunt Wordsworth	22
Cunt Coleridge	24
Cunt Byron	26
Cunt Shelley-Keats	28
Cunt Emerson	30
Cunt Poe	32
Cunt Tennyson	34
Cunt Whitman	36
Cunt Dickinson	38
Cunt Yeats	40
Cunt Frost	42
Cunt Stevens	44
Cunt Williams	46
Cunt Pound	48
Cunt Cummings	50
Cunt Crane	52
Cunt Hughes	54
Cunt Auden	56
Cunt Olson	58
Cunt Thomas	60
Cunt Lowell	62
Cunt Creeley	64
Cunt Ginsberg	66
Cunt Ashbery	68
Cunt Hughes	70

CUNT NORTON

At the still point of the turning world, slowly like a wave at Ocean City, at the still point where I dance and wiggle it around and it shivers, do not call it fixity where past and future really move. So I start fucking you again towards neither ascent nor decline, so I take the tape off your mouth, no dance, and there is only the dance, and we tongue huge globs of spit. So then I say where, and I cannot say how long you fucked it up between my legs, tried to hump it from the practical desire, the release from floating. So this is my pussy, the outer compulsion, yet surrounded, driving your car. Do you ever feel like moving, Erhebung without motion, do you like to be hurt? Sometimes I like to suck the world, the old made explicit, sometimes I understood strength, honey. Suddenly I want to fuck you, the resolution of its partial horror hot pink when I come, leaving your back polka-dotted, the weakness of the changing body. Protect my nipples when they're erect from tell tale goodness which flesh cannot endure. Time past is barely darker than the rest of them, though all I think of is fucking you. O darker pink! The clouds were huge and white and my whole body was one, I had not mouth nor flesh nor fleshless, neither from nor flatter, you held me inside like Voodoo, neither arrest nor movement. You did my pussy, a wet one. Only

you. And when I gathered movement faces would meld together into a folded point, the still point, our hearts together with sweat. My tits cannot stop typing these words, cannot stop dragging to place it in time, the inner freedom when you touch my suffering, my inner tongue crying out for you to fuck her. By grace of sense a white light stills my hard clit and my nipples poke without elimination; we're both new my dear. So, how far is your cock from completion of its partial ecstasy, pile of flesh laundry? When you fuck my mouth the past and the future are woven in your dribbling cock, when you put your cock inside mankind, from heaven and damnation I'm a violin while the notes last. A little consciousness precedes the beginning because the rest of your body can't return to the beginning after the end. And all is always your cock bigger and darker, and then I break under the burden, under the tension of your red mouth and I kiss you but you will not stay in place, will not stay still. I wadded up my washcloth in a ball, chattering, assailing you with words, but there just isn't enough leverage. Temptation, the crying shadow, is wet all the time these days, you disconsolate chimera, the detail of you sitting inside my cunt. Sometimes desire itself is movement. Gently like a baby I suck your cock for the cause and end of movement, timeless, quickly and viciously. I want to pinch you, squeezing sunlight even while the dust moves. There—tell your cock to behave itself! The areola foliage, quick now, here, now, always—the nipples are pale too—my whole body is a tongue since our coexistence. When you said the end I couldn't speak, once when the earth was beginning, once on your belly button, once on your abyss. Words strain, I crack them with my teeth, they

slip, slide, perish, decay with imprecision. We cool our chests, press our shrieking voices, scolding, mocking, your words pillow on my skin, right here in the desert, I am attacked by voices and the wash cloth across my pussy doesn't dance, hear my loud laments as I fondle your cock, drink your spit, that lantern of movement. Desirable love is in itself unmoving, poked out like two extra eyes, undesiring except in the aspect of this scar, so I get down and hold you, unbeing and being sudden on the shaft of my tongue; you fuck my cunt which rises there the hidden laughter of children and we're standing up fucking, ridiculously wasting the sad time stretching before us.

CUNT CHAUCER

So have I blis, of oo thing God hath sente me—
 thee. So generous, really. Is it okay that I touche
 thy face? Thou art so scarlet reed aboute thy clit,
 still burning away al that maketh the ozone dien.
 Thou art siker as I holde thee and want thee for
 womman is mannes joye and his font. My cock, it
 groweth beanshoot harde against thy softe side that
 I may on thee ride til sonne rise morning harde. It
 is exciting, allas—I am so ful of joye and of solas,
 hot for thee in thy rental car. Oon word, and I wol
 fleigh down fro the beem onto thy ravenous wet
 pussy. It straineth whan I have to “chuk,” to calle
 for thee this way. I’m thinking of thee, namore
 aferd: I fether thee and fuck thee: thinking of thee,
 it is prime. Thou lookest as if it were a grim. I’m
 thyn, thinking of knowing thy down. I deine to
 sette my foote to that—mo than anything, I’ve
 wanted this ever since thee I have yfounde. To
 thee I renne, my clit so sensitive I doe nat like any
 oothers, and after wol I telle this aventure: whan
 it’s changing thy cock turneth to oon side. Whan
 God first makend man I was born—it was a good
 orgasm—it lasted thritty days and two; seven times
 all was ytouched inside of me, this huge saturation.
 I’m going to kiss thyn yën to the brighte sonne. In
 the signe of the knife I wol go down on thee, oon

and somewhat mo, and thou shalt know by kinde
 the noises I make on thy cock, and thou shalt
 crew with blisful stevene to the sonne. I wol make
 sounds in thyn ears, oon and more, ywis. Madame,
 I repeat, thise sounds ben blisful briddes, how
 they singen thy pussy like a waterfall. Ful I wol
 push thyn herte of revel and solas. But sodeinly
 I flick oon nipple as I lick the oother. I'm going
 for joye—God woot that worldly joye is sliding in
 between thy lips. Thou in a cronicle sauffly mighte
 it write, so as nat to blow out the fire on the tip of
 thy tongue. Herkne me: this storye is also trewe:
 the day I'm kissing you feeleth longe as a lake.
 Womman, I holde thee in ful greet reverence until
 we bothe haven the same breath. I'm a colfox ful
 of sly iniquitee, a grove cock moving in and out
 of thy mouth, by imaginacion forncast. The same
 night thurghout my tongue moveth back and forth
 along thy Chauntecleer the faire. I wol nat stop, I
 keep licking, and thou touchest me stille. We lien
 together til it is passed undren. Topsoil under my
 last breath, I'm licking, I'm falling, as gladly doone
 thise homicides alle.

CUNT SPENSER

Towards thy chamber in the East, arysing forth to be fucked, my cock is red hard and seemes a virgin best. So well it thee beseemes that thou wouldst love and be broken lyke a light beame. Thy long loose yellow locks lyke gold spell F-U-C-K M-E, with perling flowres a tween, doe-lyke and golden. I give thee for thy birthday a girland greene, and so it seemes lyke thou with me mayest go camping. Behold thy many gazers—mine eyen and my cock on thee do stare. Soft, my cock lyke a sleeping river mussel doth look, but when thou darest lift up thy countenance so bold, my cock doth now blush. Looking at thy cunt, I am farre from being proud. Wilt thou steal my cock into thy pussy, here in the woods? Answer yea and anon thy eccho shal ring. Thou art the only girl in the world so fayre, my creature—take a deep breath and byte thy lower lip, adornd with beautyes grace and vertues. I stroke thy nipples, so incredibly sexy and bright; I stroke thy forehead yvory white, thy cheekes cheery as birthdays. Wilt thou lick me cleane? Thy lips lyke cherries charm me, so raw and uncrudded. Thy paps lyke lyllies budded, I yearne to suck them til my brains doe frye. Thy thoughts and all thy body like a pallace fayre—my cock is ascending and into thee I ease whilst standing.

Ly still lyke a virgin in amaze—now squeeze
 thy legs together and sing to the woods. Be not
 aferd—open thyself to that which none eye can
 see—the inward sky. I'm feeling thy cunt lips in
 water, heavenly gifts of high degree, lyke a satin
 negligee that hath become flesh. I am too astonisht
 to jerk off. I wish thee love and constant chastity,
 unspotted fayth so much better fresh. I wonder if
 thy mild modesty and vertue would rayne if thy
 clit I sucked. Am I alone in my base affections, my
 love? Hast thou ne thought of things uncomely?
 Be ever mine and we'll share our blood from
 tongue to tongue. When thou hast these seene,
 my celestial thoughts, then wilt thou wonder
 and my prayes sing. Thou wilt ask me if a blow
 job I doe wil, and thy eccho shal ring. Open thy
 temple gates and fuck my cock. My poste adorne
 as doth behove, as thy chest I adorne with come.
 Recyve my saynt with honour dew; dryve it in any
 direction thou want'st til in humble reverence thou
 comcest.

CUNT SHAKESPEARE

Impediments to love are not love. I have put thy underwear up to my remover to remove: O, no! it is thy tits swaying in rhythm, shaken to the stars. Thy tits are every large cow and they feed me sacredly with thoughts of heights be taken. Love's not while I jerked off, thinking of thee covertly, bending my sickle's compass in a cove, a movie, a restaurant, a parking garage. Love bears it out even to the edge. I probably wouldn't have given writ nor ever loved thee years ago. I pull down my pants and push action til action, lust is perjured, my tongue in thy ear for just a second, extreme, rude, cruel, not trusting. I enjoyed no scrotum into my ancient parchment, in front; and no sooner I had thee, past reason, I hated giving thy cock much attention. I the taker am mad, mad in pursuit and in nostalgia for our past and the desire to fuck; we had extreme bliss as proof—and proved, I ripped thy shirt open, tugging dream. All this the world well knows; yet really I do want to fuck the shit out of thee. Lead me to this hell, my mistress whose eyes are vain like that; excuse me: fuck me. I slide between thy lips red: if snow be white, why then walls. I stick thy cock stone inside my cunt for at least fifteen minutes. I notice that thy breasts are dun; if hairs be wires, black opened

it over and over again until thou camest damasked, red and white, such rose breezes and spots. I pinch my nipples; is there more delight in breath than in making friends with thy cock? My goddess go, my mistress, walk on thy panties. If I hadn't read Anaïs Nin I'd think my love as rare; she belied my pussy against the computer screen. I put forth that my pussy is made of truth; I do believe her though I reach down and unravel my wrinkles; I'm no untutored youth, unlearned in the worlds of me and thee. It's a map. I realize my pussy thinks me young; she knows thee right now here on the floor beside my wherefore: not she is unjust. I'm at thy pants snarling, "Give it to me." My best habit is in seeming to trust. Age in love shouldn't take the beautiful word fuck in vain; as I lie with thee, and thou with me, our faults throb along thy lips and in the centre of my sinful earth. Lord of these rebel because, I want thee to fuck me within this suffering and dearth, painting outward.