

# A Collection of Horrors

## Lilly Tookey

### My PTSD

Back then lithium was a platonic relationship. My eyes would fall out and my mother would patch my sockets at night and say "see you soon." The room was the inside of a water cistern and there I was, plugged into the metal like a tadpole in its own comfort jail. She'd taken me to a Bill Callahan concert and bought me a fake alcoholic beverage where I pretended to be folk, but I was not folk I was buzzed on something else. She asked me what was wrong, and I wish I said "I'm a cowboy" but really I said, "I'm the desert." Bill Callahan sung "and the waves keep drifting," over and over and over until I began spitting up my electric pink Bil Cal drink, she took me into the car and yelled at me for the car drive home.

### My Cat

Right then I drowned on top of a red carpet in the middle of my living room looking like a sweet valley whore. My paws are wet and I am in the movies and I embody Marilyn Monroe then I shit on the carpet and feel very bad about myself.

### My Necromancy

Soon it'll be Friday, and I don't want to say goodbye to home. How many little girls would wave and cry when I leave? I wonder this for two minutes in my kitchen I look up and sing "I need you in my life". My mother walks in, "You know your uncle can see dead people too?". I say back, "I saw the beetle I crushed circling the same spot on the floor." She nods like she knows how I feel when I see things dead as lukewarm, "soon," she says "soon it will be Friday, TGIF!". I go away into my room and know it's time to crinkle my body into a paper ball, so I do; and I see the five legged spider woman taunting me with the beetle's soul meat. It was an odd occasion but I managed to bribe her his soul for one black button. She held the button with three hands like a practice of mindfulness. I tell her to go away and she says "your future self is spying on you through past memories", slaps her ass, then banishes herself from my room.

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