

1

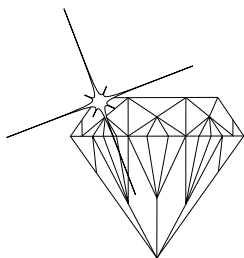
Title:

Diary of Me II.

And how the journey goes on.

Malin Ståhl

3



4



The first five love poems:

1. The twodimensional diamond of sweet love.
2. Kisses blown over the top of the Ocean.
3. Laugh with glistening tears in your eyes.
4. Love birds sing happy songs of love.
5. It is all so real.

Then.

Love is just a feeling (to start with).
The self would be trying to mend the self.
Or there is nothing left to look for.
I am attracted by your power.
At nightfall there (surely) is a buzz.
A beautiful flower marks the end.
When I come I do it to please you.

7





How it goes on. the journey I mean.

-Is the problem that not one cares?

I then eat a sandwich alone. I do it because I am hungry.
I imagine if he would cut me shallow from beneath my
breasts to my navel I would experience submission.

(I know that there is nothing in the city. Even in the fall, or autumn, as
they say over here, it is empty).

There has to be *something* here.

the question arises What are those stains on my
panties? What is that blood everywhere? Is there something
I have missed here? I call my cat. He is deaf but I really
like the idea of having a pet to call. I walk over to him and
stroke his back. He purrs very loudly, his pleasure is near
orgastic. It makes me think what he looks like when he
comes. Cat-cum all over the place. Maybe it is good that he
doesn't.

25/8 twentyfiveofeight

I try to be normal. that is why I shop so much. And to buy a
beautiful costume. They think it is just disappointment. But
of course I am disappointed. Normal and
disappointed. That is why I shop so much.

Another chapter.

This should be a poem.
About love.
But *what is love*.
Is it still just a feeling.

Submissive still. I will be all yours,
Like blood dripping if you'd cut me deeper.

In the story the man and the woman did it fourteen times.
My panties are always wet with sperm. Still we don't reach
fourteen times a day. the thick smell is tiresome.

123456789

Another chapter II.

If I start a commotion.

If I fall in love.

The world in pink.

, it is all about love. fucking me deeper.



Dude.

-Whazzup dude. I say when I see him.
Sweetie, he says. Strokes m y hair.
It is love, real love. surfer-love.

It was my eyes and my pointy little face.
First.
On the beaches of California. It was so cold. In the air.
Chilly mornings when we woke up.

The journey. Has it come to a halt.

Haha. Like it would be all over.
I don't think so.

sunshine through the
mist

Chapter 4.

It probably doesn't count. Not when there are restrictions.

They hold the cigarettes at angles casually some blow
smoke rings.

with glazed-over eyes. (the grown-ups)

the smell of after shave. (my dad)

Postcard picture

looks through my picture postcards: beautifully painted white flesh.

forces my legs into the position of the lady on the card.
Squeezed up against the wall I act a postcard fantasy stand-in: the position is quite uncomfortable, not serene

The chapter that takes place after chapter 4.

. She is very tired. -"I am too old for shit like this". Is that why she is swearing. I have never heard her use strong language before. That is not the language my mother would use.



Speech. Love poem.

Everybody is beating the table (slapping it with the palms of their hands). I imagine if I met a real english gentleman, I would lick his riding boots and sit on his face to let him eat my cunt (properly). I would drip cunt juice down his throat. would be a real english gentleman to ask me to lick his boots. Would he.



XXX.

I think there *really* is something I have missed here. Today I went food shopping. I needed to fill my fridge. It feels good to have a full fridge. Little jars of various origin I imagined. In the end they all come from the super-market. I think clothes are more useful than food though. Prettier. But there is a social aspect to food that should not be overlooked.

My one friend, by the name x, used to put all the food on the floor, hidden under the table. She always wanted to go for food when we were meeting.
after I sliced my arm/the nicest thing was the warm sensation of the broken surface of the skin/I stopped seeing her.

her baby died. She said she would tattoo the babys foot prints on her shoulder.
Imagine that the soul of the baby was standing there whispering in her ear. Then she got pregnant a second time. The new baby has red hair and his name is gabriel. Like an angel.



The past, but the future. The journey must go on.

Foray 1. Champagne and high heels.

Foray 2. Crack and trainers.

Foray 3. The foxes run in the street and the new super-rat (un-interesting: I am neither a fox nor a super-rat).

Foray 4. Do you have a gun. A cold gun.

-(hm. lethal ways is not an option here I am afraid).

brothers.

-Bru.....-He died. Disappeared in the white water. We have his paddle on the wall now. He never came up again himself. We all remember him.

Down time.

Later on I fuelled a gang fight. One of the older and more responsible (rafters) fled with me in a taxi. That was no place for a little white girl.

I cried. dramatic. tears streaming down my face.

Nothing happened.

and later I saw an elephant his enormous dick (I am unsure if he was flashing or airing it; big as it was)

in the shower t said that my breasts were the most beautiful he'd ever seen we got high on grass (and were told we would have amazing sex) and neither of us could move the bed spread was dark pink with contrasting cushions. It was cosy but we still could not move

when they asked about our amazing sex-crazed night we giggled



Chapter 7.

What so many people don't seem to know is that you actually get poo on your dick when you fuck a girl in her ass. It is tighter than a pussy though.

If asked why you want to fuck your girl in the ass, one answer could be "it is another hole".

when you hold me down when you scream at me
does it get you off
does it get you off to feel how strong you are and how
scared of you I am

Little man with hairy back

Moonlight shines upon your hair
There's wistful angels in the air
Soooo bluuueee

You glisten in the sparkling light
You tuck your belly in so tight
Soooo bluuueee

Whenever I see you

I tell the little hairy man
about how I masturbate.
how I use a candle light
and that I scream when I come.
he
asks. isn't that embarrassing when your housemates hear
you
I can't believe how stupid he is.

and how crisp the air is
promises. I pick the apples of the garden branches that
reach out over the pavement.
I walk down the street. that apples can grow. that all taste
differently.

I try to seduce the man. He says; not now.

My room is square. a big square window.
I straddle her in the toilet. Her breasts are the most
beautiful I have ever seen.
Pale white purity.

In the middle of the night I notice we hold hands.



He smiles when I come

I wonder if he wants me to twist, or maybe pull, the piercings in his nipples. I mean, he has two, it must mean something. I ponder upon it when he fucks me. Very slowly, very sexily. (If you do it that slow you can make me come by merely looking at me). Then (in an unfortunate manner/and it was an unfortunate event) he bitch-slaps me.

My cheek burned for a while and then I could not feel any more.

They run into the night

wanting to hunt: chasing kicks
and make you prey-
Their minds hazy

shotguns on the back of a truck

we sit around the bonfire
their eyes ask..
your body: I want it
I do not answer
their hands do not take



Chapter 15: in the kitchen

Angel dust, he says, and giggles.

blond Thommie boy: stasar his vein. threatens to shoot up.
She Begs Him Not To.

gets up and I think she leaves.
he still doesn't shoot and die.

Chapter 16.

Blood everywhere. Again.

Where now. Where from.

The window pane. Shattered.

In my panties. Blood.

Oooooohh, what *is it* that I am missing.

OK

Ok, I am freaking out.

There is something I *have* missed here.

Is *this* love.

The only thing I really want to know is
how it is going to end.

he's lying there beneath me. My knees locking his arms. I
close my hand,

. I'm (there) first time.

Kocky Bastard-

Kocky Bastard.

What *is it* I have missed.



On the island

In the dusk when the lake has stilled we go fishing with the otter board. we catch little graylings. I use the knife with the red handle to take out the fishguts.

When we go to sleep it smells of candle light. I lose my virginity.

do you want to be a man?

when you

*it was a beautiful love story;
empty glasses and lipstick greasing the rim*

Another day

My mum bought it for me. flashdance sound track,*first,*
when there's nothing but a slow glowing dream....

I think

you are wonderful and beautiful and amazing and hot and
sexy and smart and

wonderful and

but it is not the words

it is the look in his eyes.

cup your hand around

my breast put your arms around my shoulder hold me like
this.



Me and the boy

We went down to the beach. the boy who claimed right to my body. telling me the tale of the Jade rocks that the indians used to dive for

At the beach a young man was diving for rocks with gear and weights. We clambered around for a while, looking at the ground and peeking at the man. called us over. asked if we knew what we were looking for. I looked at his nipples: large round tanned.

He gave us a handful of Jade pebbles, I think the boy kept them.



Yo!sushi

I am not eating, I am only here for social reasons.

-Do you want one?

taking that raw pink salmon would be like taking his flesh

I am *not* prepared:

I say no, I am not eating, I am only here for social reasons.

But eating, *I look at the salmon*, can be a social thing.

47

I want to be a rock star

god damn fucking hey. that's what I want.



Excuses

1. I am sorry, I am not in love with you.
2. there is a drunk person on my front steps.
3. -no excuse given.

50

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