

## WICKED CITY, Motoko Ishibashi

1.

There were sticks and fire and silence in the beginning, when Lure was birthed onto the cave wall in shadowy charcoal. Bored, mother gave her a cheerful little grin perched atop of humongous titties. The two of them happily watched each other for a time, until her mother closed her eyes ✕✕ and Lure slipped from the stone to wander the dream world – thus, her life began.

2.

I pressed myself up against the lens until I squeezed into its round hole and tumbled into the dream world. Like a fragment of heaven, I fell thru and thru darkness, I grew and grew bigger, then smaller again.

Inside, I met others like me, blinded. Their bodies brushed mine in the black, and I could smell their hair. The round windows emitted spearing light, so I saw them when they pressed themselves against the glass, or bent over, with an effortless ease I envied. I mimicked these poses and I myself was mimicked, I stuck my tongue out and winked, blushed pink and warped. Some were almost the same as me. Occasionally, we all got together to stare and repeat our shared name like a mantra. Lure, lure, lure.

I watched you for hours, waiting for you to change shape. You never did. When you ate in front of me I imagined my soft self between your hard white teeth. Chew me like a piece of gum, I thought. Blow me into a bubble, then pop me.

3.

You fell asleep before the end of the film, eyes fixed on Lure's beautiful, beautiful breasts. By morning your tongue, which had been lolling out of the side of your mouth, was dry and rough as sandpaper. As Lure touched it, she had the instinct to rub the pad of her finger back and forth. Lure wanted to feel the tongue hew the slick and smooth surface of her body away and turn it to skin-coloured microplastics, light enough to drift in the wind .° · (\*Д`\*) ·° ·

Since Lure had stepped out of the screen to watch over you, her body had felt heavier and slower and infinitely juicier: something she was swimming in. Soon, you were dead and could no longer delight in it s°b (v . . . . ° v . . . . ✕) s°b As one last gift, Lure lifted your hands and pressed them onto her boobies – which continued to swell rapidly and with gusto. As the surface grew thinner it became translucent, the inside pinking like the ears of a white rabbit. Eventually, her surging inside broke through, piercing the skin and leaked all over you. Only her nipples remained intact, floating like two pink flowers on the current... · ° ✕ · (/ ° \) ·° ✕ ·

Deep in her heart, Lure hoped it would be enough to save you, but even love could not conquer death. But don't worry. Lure sucked your bones and blood back inside her body and bound them to her glowing soul <3

One foot in the dream world, she reached out a hand behind her and shimmered. Take it!

Suki Hollywood, 2023

Born in Belfast on Valentine's Day, Suki Hollywood is a writer and poet. She has been published in Gutter, Clav Mag, The Selkie and Spam. Her poetry pamphlets *Heart Eyes* and *This Suit* are available now at [www.sukihollywood.com](http://www.sukihollywood.com), along with *This Suit's* companion film (included in the SQIFF 2021 selection). Her debut novel *Jesus Freaks* is coming in 2023.