

# Once Someone Told Me I Had Seen the Future

**Marie Buck**

For the past several weeks I've been on the verge of crying.

And so in the supermarket I buy myself something really special,  
the egg of a demon. Marked with a stamp.

Somewhere a policewoman is saving the life of a newborn baby  
by breastfeeding him.

Yet here I am, crying.  
Here I am, putting some moisturizer on my forehead.

I take the demon's egg from the miniature casket it's packed in.  
I drop it into a pot of cool water and turn on the flame.

I set a timer and while the egg is boiling I watch images  
of women falling down over and over again. A compilation video.  
Though there are things here that are subtle, subliminal messages.

Yet I'm the one wearing the t-shirt, the t-shirt  
that shows a cop, the cop with a thought bubble, oink it says,  
oink says the cop as it breastfeeds the freezing baby.

My own wrathful, sanguine hue projects itself onto the screen  
and then precedes me, the pot of boiling water now has this colour too.

The egg is preparing. If this demon emerges we'll do a drug together.

I'll stare at its breasts, its breasts like divine light, as we do acid.

We'll eat some sort of ice cream cheese dairy thing, sweating in SPD cleats at the same time. Like a really miserable experience. Like I bought this egg at the store so I could let this other creature emerge in the shadow of me, my projected sanguine hue hitting its pot and bringing it forth, bringing it forth so that I can make it do aerobics and eat dairy products at the same time while I stare at its breasts, the demon a divine light, perhaps it's actually from heaven. The configurations into which it can move its body are infinite.

There's something for everyone here. Indeed, the spiders weave their art

& the most powerful weapon on earth is the human soul on fire,  
says my shoe, and it's true—here I am here, eating pie.