

# EROSIONS

deCoy Gallerina  
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She feels it in her hands, silken film  
Draws her thumb over orifice, skirts ridge, silken film  
Reflects while at work, ankles crossed, legs tight  
Eyes transfixed, black screen

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Pink layered rose presses glass pane  
Tantalizing fingers curl from beneath  
Inverted eyes glint into hers  
Looking for erotic, a rosy face flushed further  
He strains for release  
Thought that he can have one and  
Others too

Excites an erratic spasm  
Analytic  
She doesn't know what she feels  
Dissociation  
A muted distant arousal?  
Foggy lust?  
Something that she 'SHOULD' feel

Metallic cold atmosphere  
Filthy hard cement  
Beneath feet  
Cum covered floor  
Disconnect  
Fetish in dark places, clandestine, illicit, perverse, repressed  
Late night distorted scenes trickle  
Tricky dreams

~~~

Little ones play basement catacombs, apartment storage room halls  
Hide and seek, detective and spies in magical darkness  
Beneath the lives above  
Flights of unlit stairways unfold many mysteries  
Residents behind closed kitchen back doors  
Converse unaware of spy ears pinned to their doors  
Tiny mice scamper, lit with conspiratorial laughter  
Scampering away when nearly discovered  
Back down the levels to basement corridors  
Fun and fantasy

Hide and seek

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She took my hand, led me

Wanted to hide with me

In dimly lit storage room alleyways

Older than me

I followed her hand and authority

Holding mine tightly

She found concealing cloister

Darkness and remote seclusion

Beneath stairs

In a back corner

Where no one would see

Told me to sit, lay down on ground

I did what she demanded

My best friend was seven, me too

This older girl is my best friend's older sister

13, I'm 7

I don't feel anything, am numb, feel nothing, nothing

I see her face in shadow

Underside of stairs over me, dust, cobwebs

Darkness

Numb, its stuffy, hard to breath

On my back beneath stairs, shadowed corners

Petrified, I'm petrified, glasslike, ancient wood, now stone

Like a rock, I feel nothing

Her hand roves, gropes, presses

She presses the flesh of my groin

Through my cloths

I know in my mind

See with my eyes

Feel nothing

As if nothing were happening

To my body, to me

She always wants to play hide and seek

Me her partner

Wants to hide beneath those stairs

In crevices of invisibility

Alone with me  
Always takes my hand  
In her bigger, older  
Authority  
Lays down  
Presses me  
The game is no longer fun  
No longer brings joy or whispered giggles  
This is a new conspiracy  
No longer the romping  
Of tiny children  
Dread, only that  
Fills me  
I don't know  
How many times  
It happened  
I don't know

~~~

And, mamma upstairs  
Momma up there  
Oblivious to what transpires  
Here  
Or within herself  
Her legs opened wide  
In her confusions and self-loathing  
Her missionaried sexuality  
And disconnect  
The emptying and twisting  
Of  
Her indigenous self  
She was raped at two years of age  
Her soul taken and not returned  
Not regained  
Her psyche  
Destroyed  
Exposed,  
A resultant traumatized, stigmatized  
Lust reaction



No love made  
I'm underneath her  
She's not aware of this  
Beneath her, beneath the apartments  
Beneath the stairs, beneath the dust  
Beneath the darkness, the hand pressing me  
Hands all over me

Just like momma  
Nightmares of aggressive, invisible  
Evil ghost wind hands  
All over me  
No more children's games  
No more innocent hide and seek  
No more sweet mysteries  
And, whispered giggles  
The act is in motion

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I knew something happened when you sat on a boy's lap  
To the boy  
I liked the flush in the boy's cheeks  
And, the weird way they acted  
I felt some kind of rush, some power  
What kind, I wasn't sure  
The way boys got flustered  
Made me giggle  
When boys 'made out' with me  
The wanted to stick their tongues in my mouth  
Wanted to lay on me  
And, for me to spread my legs "just a little"  
Their cheeks would get really red  
I didn't get it  
I got tingly down there  
Like I always had when 'pressed' there  
So, there I'd be, after school  
At a latch key kid's unsupervised house  
With a bunch of other kids  
Parent's home 5:30pm, two hours from now  
My best friend with me, with her crush across the room  
Laying on the other bed  
Me with my crush over here  
12, fully clothed  
With friends all around  
Making out  
Funny, the way boys acted  
All that attention and the tingly feeling

In 'that' part of my body

All that attention

~~~

My best friend lost her virginity a year later

To that boy

She didn't tell anyone

Except me and then didn't say much

(She lied about it for her very Catholic wedding years later..."VIRGIN"?)

She lost her virginity

Despite her jealously guarded Catholic catechisms

And curfews

Not me...

I had no idea there was anything in those pants

Behind that zipper

Clueless

As far as I knew

Boys were flat, just like me

And, that we tingled the exact same way

Flat under our clothes, flat chested, flat everywhere

They did act suspiciously odd though...

I mean, I felt something, something really nice

That tingly thing

But, for them, it seemed different

More urgent, more important, like it upset them

She told me she lost her virginity "Don't tell anyone."

Lost her virginity...

What exactly did that mean?

She didn't tell me that part

Lost her virginity

Despite her father's strict, overbearing, religious vigilance

His Mexican Catholic machismo, penance and mass

And, she told me something else

Hands, her brother's hands

Her older brothers' hands

Reaching beneath the blankets covering her

In her upper bunk

Where beneath her in the lower bunk

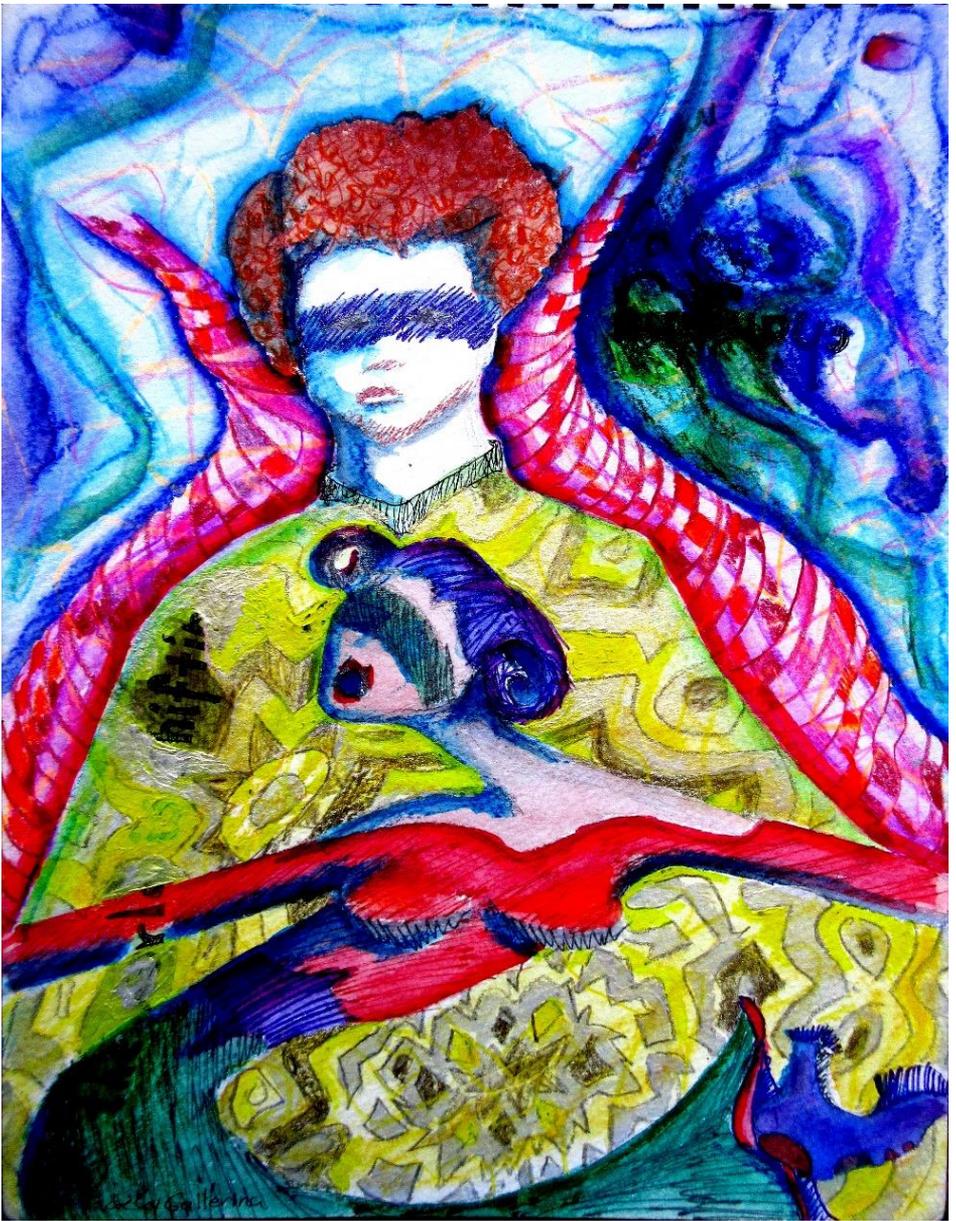
Her older sister would pretend to sleep

Her older sister, obese in self protection  
Who would wet bed nightly  
The smell of her piss  
Always stinging eyes and nostrils  
When I entered their room  
Her two older brothers  
On alternate nights  
Would creep through the shadows  
Hands seeking through layers of blankets  
While standing beside the bunks  
Fingers divining naked, silky moisture  
A place to probe and crawl into  
While the other hands stoked  
A hard, ready penis  
The boys were 17 and 18  
I was 12, she 13  
Her other older sister slept in a separate bed  
Strangely absent when these things would happen  
The two older sisters, slept  
All in that same small room  
No one uttered a sound  
My friend confided in me  
Each time it happened  
We shared this strange, ugly knowledge  
We told no one else  
Who was there to tell?  
My friend and I lived in flats in San Francisco Victorians  
Our buildings next door to each other  
We would talk to each other through side windows  
And, sometimes play  
In our matching front room windows  
Tossing things back and forth  
Sometimes her two older brothers  
Would masturbate while standing in the living room  
Just behind the curtains veiling the windows there  
Sometimes I would be playing in our mirroring living room  
And, look out  
And, see one of them

Doing something nasty with the lower part of his body  
I would quickly dart away from the window  
Strangely my over sexual mother  
Moved our bed into the nook near that window  
Those two boys, cute but creepy  
Would stand alternately in darkness  
Holding something in their hands, beneath their waists  
Behind chiffon curtains  
Eyes burning a tainted dark fire  
My mother was beautiful  
Long black hair, large dark eyes, honey olive skin  
And, full of lust  
I loved comic books  
And, one time the older brother  
Said he had many he would like to give me  
I was elated  
Asked me to meet him at the basement door  
So he could  
When I met him, he grabbed me, yanked me in and started rubbing  
My groin  
I struggled, yanked his hair hard and fled  
I told my friend and no one else

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My family moved after a time  
I was now 15, I had met an older boy, 18  
He was very attracted to me  
To me he was just "Ok"  
He would come see me, we would visit in my room  
He would encourage me to sit in his lap, or lay on the bed  
My mother would be at the door, keeping an eye on things  
Her finger pointing a severe projectile in his direction  
When she felt it went too far  
I was curious, passive and  
Beyond the experiences of 'making out' I'd had in the past  
Quite innocent  
When he had me sit on his lap, his face flushed, his breathing thickened  
I marveled at the strangeness of it  
The way boys got so flustered



I didn't feel any urgency, just a bit of tingling  
I didn't feel what he seemed to  
I didn't feel the lump in his pants  
Behind the zipper that strained to burst  
There had never been any explanation of sex  
In my world...I was just 15  
No explanation of the sexual act, sexual attributes

Just young girl's mumbblings, teasings,  
Teasings, boy's laying on top, the pressing, the tingle  
Never any clue as to further ramifications  
Penises, vaginas, menstruation, pregnancy, penetration  
No precautions, no clues  
Only the tingling  
And, disconnection  
One day this boy asked me to go with him to his brother's  
My mother said it was ok  
I didn't understand why she would, she was usually so careful  
I wasn't that excited to go with him  
But, I did, in my passive way (due to an abusive family)  
We got on a ghetto bus, rode down a ghetto street  
My mother and I lived in a nicer neighborhood, in the safer Pacific Heights area  
We disembarked, I stayed close to him, the neighborhood was scary  
We entered a long, narrow corridor through a doorway  
This lead to his brother's basement apartment  
His older brother and some friends were there  
Eating, talking, hanging out  
I was a very quiet girl, very shy  
Beautiful with honey skin, red hair, petite, delicate and very passive  
The visit went 'fine'  
Another day he asked again if I could go with him to his brothers  
Again, in my passive manner I accompanied him  
Boarding the bus, disembarking  
Entering the long corridor, then the apartment  
He shut the door behind me  
The apartment was empty  
I was immediately apprehensive, very much so  
I stood leaning against the front door  
Debating whether I should open the door  
And, run down the dark corridor out to the street  
Which was in a dangerous neighborhood  
I was afraid I might be beaten up out there  
Or abducted  
It flashed through my mind  
That if I ran down that long corridor  
He would chase and attack me and

That there was no one to help me  
I stood leaning on the door deliberating  
I felt vulnerable, small, trapped  
Afraid, paralyzed  
I leaned against the door  
Trying to disappear into it  
Paralyzed, dissociating  
I stood there a long time  
He had gone into his brother's bedroom  
I could see him sitting on the bed from the corner of my downcast eyes  
He called to me from there  
Told me to come to him  
I stayed clinging to the front door  
I didn't know what to do  
He called again commanding me  
Like the 13-year-old girl who like to hide and seek me  
I obeyed reluctantly  
I edged along slowly, apprehensively  
Floating in a dense fog  
Through the too quiet softly lit apartment  
I then leaned against the wall  
In front of where he was sitting on the double bed  
I leaned there  
Clinging to the wall as if it would protect me  
Withdrawn, afraid  
Not wanting to be there  
He told me to come to him  
When I didn't, He reached up grabbed me  
Bolted up, grabbed me  
Like a ghoul, boned fingers grasping  
Claws bared  
He bolted up, grabbed me, wrestled me and threw me  
Threw me  
Onto the bed  
Held me like a vice  
As I struggled with all my might  
All of my 5 foot 3 inches & maybe 80 pounds of 'might'  
Held me like a vice, pinned me to the bed



His 5 foot 10 inches of power, overpowering me  
With his other hand  
Reached under my dress  
Tore my underwear from me body and privates  
Held me like a vice  
Ice-pick slammed me  
Tearing a hole into me

Tearing a hole that never existed before  
Tearing a hole between my legs  
My mouth wide open, my mouth wide open  
Screaming a sound of no air  
No breath  
I could not breath  
No air  
No sound emerging  
Screaming the sound of searing pain & panic attack  
Of oxygenless asthma  
Mouth wide screaming no sound  
Icy salt tears bleeding, cold arctic sweat  
Constriction, my diaphragm constricted, lungs airless

### ICE SHATTERED

Gripping blankets in my tiny hands  
Held me like a vice  
Ice-pick slammed me  
Tore a hole that never existed before  
Violation in blood vermillion  
On the blankets silent  
Numb, empty  
I closed my soundless mouth  
The voice that had betrayed me  
Closed my mouth like frozen glass  
Became  
Silent

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I have a thing about penetration  
Arousal is nice, exciting, hormones going off  
Foreplay is very nice, juices flowing  
The tingling, heat, the hot rush  
Arousal, mmmmmmm

Penetration  
Penetration  
Can leave me feeling as if  
Someone has reached inside my loins  
And, scorched my heart out from there

Leaving me NUMB, absolutely dead numb  
Arousal; pretty, warm, seductive  
Close, so full of promise  
And, all that ATTENTION  
Pulsing magnetism  
The closeness  
Penetration  
Can leave an aftermath of a ruptured, abandoned, crying place

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Voice a petrified putrification  
I told no one  
There was no one to tell  
A ruptured mother  
A mother without ears  
A mother who lost her  
Here-ing  
No one  
I hated her  
For not caring enough to feel it  
To be aware  
To be there  
With something to help me  
Momma, that great yawning cavern  
I hated him, inside me a fierce revenge to ensue  
I hated her  
Her pointing finger of blame  
That did not stop it from happening  
But, had always engendered me with blame and guilt  
For everything negative that ever happened  
Her pointing finger of blame  
That now left me  
Me, my father's white daughter  
To carry this also  
Alone  
I was raped  
She never knew  
She never wanted to



“EROSIONS” was written pre-2007, later my mother admitted she suspected that I had been raped by that man, her expression was of sadness at the event. I now know she had no tools, insight, understanding to help prevent that event or help me to heal from it. She, herself had been raped and abused in her life as well, she was extremely injured.

She was one of those who abused me verbally, emotionally and twice; physically and also sexually through her inappropriate highly sexualized behaviors which were in a proximity where they affected me deeply. She also enabled her husband, a pedophile, who pursued me (from the time I was 15) unsuccessfully; I carried a knife and stayed very far away from him. He had written me a letter from prison saying he wanted to run away with me and be sexual with me etc., after he met me when my mother and she took me to visit him in prison when I had just turned 15. I had already been raped and recognized his intentions immediately. My mother broke my heart when I showed her the letter he had written me and she made excuses for him and was in denial about his attempts to sexualize me, a denial she maintained for decades. It broke my heart and I was filled with rage at her for decades.

I left them as soon as I turned 16, better to die on my own in the city, then be raped by him and die of that, that would have killed me! She and my sister by him, whom he later molested, when she was a baby, ostracized me for outing him to a group of their friends (who asked why they had never met me), it just tumbled out of my mouth, finally, after being bottled up in me most of my life.

I again suffered a date rape at 18 years of age....and as a child was molested by a variety of people, including a landlady's 12-year-old girl when I was 6, and my grandmother's best-friends' husband when I was a little tot, 3 or 4; a very, very quick thing where he grabbed me and grabbed my genitals when I was alone with him for just a few seconds. I got away and ran to my grandmother who was just down the path and told on him, we didn't go there again. I was molested when I was older by an older lesbian and was constantly, aggressively sexualized throughout my life. I was an unusually beautiful, bright girl/woman.

I was mauled by a very famous performance artist who I liked as a friend and who I deeply admired as an artist, I was interested in his mentoring me. He invited me to his place, I had been there previously for performance parties...I told him I was not interested in sex with him, he promised that it would be fine, then mauled me when we were inside, biting me all over my body, leaving me with black and blue bight marks. When it was happening, I was actually terrified and slipped back into my passive mode, paralyzed...passive. I heard someone being beaten up outside that night, so was frightened to go out. He was sleeping and as soon as the sun rose I quietly got up, dressed and left. I told only close friends. The event completely triggered my rape and molestation issues from the past and I was a wreck for over a year. I kept hoping he would own it and apologize to me. It was painful that he was someone I had previously admired and is someone who is greatly respected in the art world. It turns out he's done this to many other women as well. There were other famous people who tried to do similar, but, I recognized the situation in enough time to distance myself and not again, be victimized by someone desperate for some kind of power.

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I had written “EROSIONS” and was about to present it with musicians and a dancer at an underground space my friends and I ran in San Francisco, (Komotion) the next week. When my lover at that time and I were on Haight street, meandering. There was a light skinned black man selling clothes and things on the

corner. I suddenly heard him say my name and "H, I'm Melvin, remember me??!!!" in a very happy, familiar voice, like he was so glad to see me. I looked up, was suddenly surrounded by a dense visible white fog, all I saw was this fog and his face. I recognized that this was the person who had first raped me. The words "RAPIST, RAPIST!!" came to my tongue and lips, I ran screaming that down the street. I ran into a shop and sat on the floor, crying. My lover followed me, asked what I wanted to do. I thought of calling the police, he got me a phone, instead I called a rape hotline for advice. They helped me, they told me that the event had occurred to long ago to prosecute, but gave me ideas and some tools for coping in the present, and advise that I contact a support group, they gave me some resources for this.

It was a fantastic event, the week before I was to present 'EROSIONS', the rapist appeared and I was able to SCREAM what I had not been able to when I was a child... My voice was with me!!! It was terrifying and magical.

I had the courage to write and to present 'EROSIONS'; to speak to the rapes, molestations, sexualizations, abuses; and, so the OMNI-VERSE in its utmost magical way rewarded me the ACTUAL opportunity to confront this monster and call him out in front of the world! (Everyone on Haight street!)

My lover and I went back to Haight street to where he been set up for selling the next week and the next few weeks...

he had disappeared as demons do ...

when you have enough support to muster the courage to confront them.

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Throughout my life I have struggled with a very uncomfortable and difficult relationship to sex, intimacy, my body as my own, self-esteem etc. due to psychological, emotional and physical violations, abuses from strangers and family members throughout my life.

With an incredible amount of love and support from so many; ceremony, therapy, support groups I am doing better moment by moment...it's always a struggle...

but love has graced me.

I have learned that the violent things that happened to me were not MY FAULT,

I did not cause them

They were acts of POWER against someone who was powerless in the circumstances

These things happened from other's own 'powerlessness' and

Envy/jealousy of another's beauty, brilliance and inherent empowerment.

These abuses were done by

People seeking to rob from another what was robbed of them

I wonder if rapists and molesters really believe  
That they aren't doing anything violent to their victims.....  
That they can be friendly, familiar, cozy to the one's they've assaulted...  
Afterwards?  
And, expect the assaulted to return the false cordiality  
Fear.....

Beyond fear:

After watching all of Netflix's '13 REASONS'.....

I have been enCOURAGED to continue writing and presenting works dealing with abuse of all kinds,  
social, environmental, psychological and sexual etc and EMPOWERMENT.

I hope my doing so brings courage to others,

With love,

deCoy Gallerina

## DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

**STATUS & ORIGINS:** Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' (Chakonen, 'Fort Sill' Apache; the group Geronimo & Cochise are from), Matriarch/Elder, Culture Bearer, Two-Spirit, Cross-Platform/Cross-Genre Life Long Artist & direct descendant of Cochise Raised in San Francisco/New Mexico/Apache/Oklahoma

**STYLES:** Psychedelic Stomp to Deep Traditional works

**GENRES:** Beadwork master, costuming, painter, installation and performance art, video, lyricist, composer, writer, performance artist, actress, singer, dancer, visual artist, perpetual student

**MEMBER:** Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Tribe of New Mexico, Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine, Idle No More, Member/Curator Komotion Int'l SF, more...

**TRAINING:** Nde' ceremonies, several decades study and research in Chiricahua cultural aspects with Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist & tribal member; Leland Michael Darrow, extensive private training in music, dance, arts & training with Nde' Grandmother Minnie Nicholas in writing, beadwork, painting and with mother Caroline and aunt & Mary Zurega in costuming, music appreciation and San Francisco 'Live Culture'

**INFLUENCES/TEACHERS:** diverse Bay Area culture, Leland Michael Darrow, Jill Parker, Rene Yanez, BadUnklSista, Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Charles Justin Hoover, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione; American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery, Black Panthers and their artist; Emory Douglas, American Indian Movement and Richard Oakes, AIM WEST; Tony Gonzales, La Pena, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp, Pennie Opal Plant & Isabella Zizi; Idle No More, Upward Bound, Oakland Intertribal FreindshipHouse, Leonard Peltier, Alanon, Ceremony, David Solnit, Norm Sands, Annie Sprinkle, Malaquias Montoya, Juanita Barry, Phil Foss, Santa Fe Opera, Steven Paul Judd, American Indian Film Festival SF, BAAITS Powwow, First Nation/Indigenous culture and struggles far and wide, many more teachers and inspirations

**BFA DEGREES:** San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts

**PRESENTATIONS:** San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, Santa Fe, Studio 23, Alameda; Displacement Show, High Street Gallery London, deYoung Museum, IAIA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL FACES interviews of 500 artists (youtube), Playwriter/performer of "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey' and 'Haunting Our His&Herstories; Indigenous Children's Boarding School Experiences', Yerba Buena Gardens First Nation Festival, Berkeley World Music Festival, Ivy Room, Venice Biennale, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco Independent Arts Festival, United States Arts and Crafts Board, La Pena, Stork Club, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco Art Institute, many more...

[decoygallerina2@gmail.com](mailto:decoygallerina2@gmail.com)  
radicalmedicine.org  
radicalmedicine.bandcamp.com  
deCoy Gallerina on sm & youtube