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BAD APPEARANCE&;

The population of weapons WAS. Temporality is the true enemy. The papal sweat that ensues is therefore on the order of semblance, of christening. The final aptitude, the inherent device, the toothsome decay of mediocrity. . . May be it is. / You can turn your head now. / You can turn your head now, / to me for me to see the ear.

Like I am seeing you! Lotus. Piss stains. And even the light bulbs. Dark on the floor in the morning. The throughness of the screen-door. Madras of scopic drive

Jackass barfs lap a car alarm, the star larks stuffered /, cringe as if were you tTRULY cringing, the bells of the caps, only myown light like a lollipop, the outside that was in or the horses net whisper, a line through the water or the lens soaking in eyeballic gausse, friend in the dark tunnel swollen trapping diminishing, the medium of the heart, my own life hooks, my lanyard swings like a necklace. It is a necessary distortion in that a way the sky is blue and expansive, the cold sets thoroughly bud theyd'd stuffered for, through the orange appending, appending threats to a discursive world, this is what we they for, for them and we and they'd/ The house is hunted thought they was having a baby organ on the out of back'd felsh o n the patio.

The inside that was out. In the diminutive placental rancor, the cold as frivolous mauge' swatches, bald toed, ephemeral, marginihilating sporeEnvy. Taut kleenex maelstrom cold as frivolity colder than dust peppercorn clothes hanger the mingredient duskorporeal allergy of heft teeming quartz.

S udden t error. The tray splayed through gleen glass. Bird tray ce, al most posit ive

"bl oooo  
hello mother

bl oooooooooo

ho ookay"

I love the woman tha t watched the leftovers with me. The allergic watch, the remediation of cotton closed blushes, tarrying the some moke they play pulls the smoke neck as if it were a paper fork, the throat neck of some moke. Pelvis of wool, mitochondrial sport.

The inside that was out, back behind the door, signature of absence, it they stars washuage, blister, maelstrom of the stars, washuade, washuade us own them all but! Beaming lesion nettles eye, the inside that was out, eye of the gaze.

Alicia's sister will finish her job next Monday & come here to start by next Wednesday. What we have here are tools, look like it, people they said. Acronyms of style, people. They said them seek purchases. Beneath seems. Seem beneaths, doesn't it?

Eros. Feme- ral hand. Toes shake and rubbing two swatches together. That it is the friction. They tongue that swids and machinic phallic. People they said. Jouissance? The coast is ready.