

I'd like to tel you that I'm confused about Future, Present, and Past--That I don't do coke, and on Sundays I conduct my business as one Gazelle sur le presence sa Nijinsky. Watching the tele crystal balls sometimes float in my eyes and I can see what they all have always refused to tell me. It's funny how parano meets the truth way too often. The seen is saw again and again and again. There becomes a close relationship between again and and. Look at them. Look at the words closely. Do you see zip ties up their asses? One after the other, questions of repetition but reinstatements of perceived truth about the before. Addition and multiplication and MORE--screaming at me again there she blows again just like a gazelle passing in the wind of high-plaine. Because one needs past to exist in future, correct assum. I wonder about those that have no ties to your time. The man called me up and said yes to my every desire, told me to pop by the hotel on wed and man would show me fake crystals, charge-free of course. And Again I Agree. Have you actually studied lis architecture of your name, man says to me with a voice of cracking wood nymphs. I was charmed and vexed and felt the strong urge to bite into his crunchy shoulder blade. Man said do it, dat shit banged so I did it. Bro when I tell you he sopened his mouth and the waters ran gold, I gots no shits. He thought he was better than me most of the time, a little bit more nimble, but and again, it was clear man rearrived at the sense of order presently, swiftly. He ain' taste like no chicken, tasted like dirty bruvo. She removed her sunglasses as she tossed her thick hair to the wind, rotated her head 180 degrees and said "hun hunny, I've been trying to clip that nail for decades". I knew what she meant yesterday, I didn't need her to get all dramatic. Oh come on, you can't expect me to sit back and do nothing! I get so bored and it strikes me rapidly, I become impatient with grand celerity and there's nothing to be done about it ya know. SO so whisper the secret to destroying the old man is stealing his watch before dawn reaches the sky. It's the key to the yuppy land, without it, he shall never find peace and will wander the dirt. I want the key to the yuppy land man. Pregnant in earth tones with a bulge to boot. Ima be sippin ma j by the blue watered pink pook just scanning the floating detached forearms as they cascade by in the mighty drift. One reads "Honey's for Puss", my cousin's favorite band. They all got these musty tats creeping up their veins someho. The forearms, not my cousins as I feel tattooed. Is it a feeling, you know? Like do you feel like you always have thing settled in/on (lights on likes off) your skin you skin? Perhaps not and it's the matter of what they call time and adaptation--part of you before you even know it wasn't you to begin with. But Anyway, As I was Saying Again, I feel tattooed and specifically like I've littered my surface with seals. My skin feels lined, taught. Mmm it's not precious or cultivated, rather a happening and a fact. Recurrence and choiselessness. I kind of breed seals in my spare time. I mean what's the purpose of a seal? To lock something in? To denote place? A marker, yes? Attend me, seals are also known to be very active at night, peaceful in their sleep until the mating season when restlessness becomes. Their squirming and twitching become quite dangerous on the surface and we begin to see form uncrawl and skatter. It's like a summoning through wiggles. A method of de, duh dee-dee-stitching and allowing the blood to flow has become rudimental. The boys outside, round the circle-block, whisper sometimes that they can bench press more than that boy down the street. And of course it's true. Why would they have to lie, it's very clear and vey sad, as transparency often is. Transparency is possible code for vain and substancelessness. Open your eyes bruh and see! See again how unclueh the misty blue sky is. I want it to rain today right down my throat. Hold my head up to the sky from the back so I can feel your pecs kiss my scapulae as our spines clique. Preciousness doesn't exist in transparency and again it never had in the future. No chances within all too much but not time. It was a gash in the trees, like an opening of a treadmill. Come along now skipping in the mud under the roof of your mouth. It's hard wourk down here in the dust, but the dust is the only chance you get to be clear and clean. You;ve become a shadow I see, in hopes of gaining invisibility, the cousin of Transparency, and this

becomes the moment I question the validity of you matter. Yet along I tread on the treadmill, awaiting the day you open your mouth and let all your gold nats fizzle in the light. They come out and they have spoken to me about worshipping pig diets and deities of the hog. No interest I say to them and you tum tum rumbles and growls and beeps like a jeep 2000 I was taught. You ain clear. Somewhere in my Black Meadow it is heard that I planned to killed you 3 day ago the sun spoke crimes into your ear nd you followed god this week hoping, youse always loved me first, remembrance. I feel your pec on the back of my scapula opening the 13968km road. Desire's a good job with Dion. Put the two in the same room and somewhere in their voicelessness waitin' cut throat back-aller fall prey to gumption. Zzzzz you can't do this too me now see. Breath. Breath, the pendulum of arithmetic. Neon bleeds through the breath and that's where true rainbows come from. Loosen up, gut your ties and let my tongue slink your sternocleidomastoid like silk, nextime nextime nextime remembrance. Man a worm playing with nats. I'm gonna hide you nextt. No need, rest, repose, I got the cube covered in dawn. MURDERER! I saw it all! It was him! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN TWO EYES! Kinetic sculpture can be quite pretty in the rainy season but in the snow, oh man she's a beaut-babe. Wax on wax off, right before MY OWN TWO-EYES. Lay down and prostrate your hypothesis and again--I missed it the first time, just, just trust me on this one, please. Rapunzel, Rapunzel. I say let down thine Black weave into the salty sea for me to clique. I grasped the rope, climbing the only way I knew how, again and looked back at him to say "oh it's not that hard", de-scaled the length and I actually think that was the moment he either desired fuck or fantas death far mu. Fuh, it was fuh I seen wih mine own two eyes. Keep it a secret though boo, time begone. Carelessness' issue now ens la geinbang quad ox quad, chea. Growth has always been considered linear and in the positive direction of a duplicitous and hetero prone-driven society. Suppose I develop issue with progress and volume and constitute it a construct of pure hubris and capital. I sit and sit and wait and grow in waiting and progress tippy toes down hallways for midnight ice cream crunch...crunch. It has the munchies at dawn. *sighs* Don't you get it? Press your chest into my shoulds, please. And I pull up behind you to take your parking space Before DW. I can't use that yet, it keeps on coming back. Boomerangs keep on coming back in the form of hair-less kites from the north. They send their regards tacked on to a bleak message about the adventurous END day. Keeping eyes on the prize we've been told something about just relaxing in the meadow and having our tea on the beach. I've forgotten my black sunscreen and I can't use that. That bag is full, sir. It's clearer than you think inside here, nice horizon line are at rest. Reaming seagulls attack the pigeons sometimes the sky rains blood feathered balayage over my shoulders. Keep it (up), you need it more than he does for \$10. 4 never felt cold on a beach day. Something about a light jog keeps it bumpin and clean, helps me be clear skies for the doom kites. Ain't no hairy man got to tell me twice, just piss off already will ya.