







Shane, if she weren't a dimwit, you'd bring Elvia the juice of the box of your pet. But instead you love a cauliflower warted slut and you blush to own it. That the nights are not spent in a chair, reading brilliance, in the air, proves the bed, crying Assyrian darning and the fragrance of lilies. The pillows, on the floor, bent, beef of the bed being rent, or near it, in two. There's no use saying nothing. You wouldn't market those fucked-out flanks if you weren't just as stupid. So what's up? Is it good or ill or ill? Oh that? It's the jet I rented to write the verse of your love in cumulus.

You think good, but are you secure enough to ask for a little sugar when you want it? Under pants are a manmade object. Forget the glass! Forget the glass! Pants'er her panzer. She already be riddled with four-letter holes.

"He felt that it was a special day, with the devil about.

Suddenly he ran into a marble pillar with his head." His hair was smeared with blood, or jam.

There was almost no way for me to find him, but he was there.

I was in Mexico, then Guatemala.

I had salvaged fruit from the trunk of the car.

Saliva leaked onto his chin, his neck, he kneeled.

I spoke to myself in clipped verses.

Air streamed through the broken window.

I complained, thinking he couldn't hear me.

Then it was the desert. I don't know where it was.

It is otherwayes with me In the bottom right corner Been sleep, bean, possibilistic, frustration blinks Orange trees in silver tubs
Where would no with whom
The servants sleep a wry smile
At the blacksmith what hammer what bivousc
Every thought is already over

Chest bump, stud
you caught the flowers
in spite of the shellfish
induced slowness and irritation,
your disease, on this day of disabled
cheapskates complaining of their present,
communal, the Great Firewall
of China and the price of Light of Liberty.
No, it wasn't rice but confetti, made up
of phone statements, unpaid, thrown, and ate
a buffet off smashed plates.
Didn't you notice? Now that you've won,
where's your prize? Wasn't she invited?
Or is it that very freedom
that you've won?

Regret? Tits to nubs.
Ovaries in retrograde custom-nude intruder allies, under the bus. Fibral, bulbous. Casual? Contagious?

The architecture journalists were excited to receive photos from the architect—
"now, here's a building with two staircases!"
The journalists didn't own a shed, and they didn't have any tools, just wrappers, and dog silhouettes, they would hum—
"twin white staircases... with dark dogs," which the architects had built into the design, twisting their necks around to look into the camera on the third and fourth steps

In the seventeenth century

There were only seven years

Of peace my feed is different yellow

Thinner in a bucket must both

Obligation and dust export or perish bold space

Eattens like intestines Weakly Interacting

Massive Particles (WIMPs) blown up

Into party favors daily I enter

How great, you were born eight miles from the many-winged mansion with a single staircase that leads nowhere makes chutney of the stuff behind your face! To the problem, getting nearer, I obliterated your plate of pilaf with an inbound pass shaped like the parabola of clothes on a clothesline, that is, succumbing to pressures not from within. I'm sorry, it was a sort of magnetism that implants carry—can you blame me for opening the wrong door?

I've given myself for a given body of non-art objects (goo) since caring about people gives you more energy for licking back and bottom fronts, to knock out the facelift flowerdraped—belligerent Howerdraped to the general's feet? He lifts his eyebrows up with his hands.

The spine was a little dented but my offense still had its temper tantrum in the face of sloth. To be less like algae was one pillow pressing, leaking like vellow from the drum's sepsis, to dry erase split lip kisses was another after helicopter search lights hovered over the unfortunate, becoming louder. Nameless, you named it: fuckwit, vou're going to get everyone sick sharing the etymology of corn with your dick. If you hadn't made me I wouldn't have gone past the last five digits, challenging your definition of necessary and sufficient. In the end, every phone call was a scratch card and behind every number was a color

Against my chest a purring kitchen Of cuts spasmodic and pressed Scarf dipped in liquid nitrogen that is full and fifty six colors melting like an Inuit Interchange Format of you in a rich two hundred Follow each other in the Graphics Alone before and after Medicine will not not destroy me muddled Jackhammers thumb blisters cough Less in summer resident violinists were given From Sweden I learned to sleep Rhodes probably those birds As the prophet skipped the prophetic for the Rawer the sky married below it By licking stamps my tongue grew Inlaid with gold steel plate backed Scud missiles engaged patriots

In light of our findings things began to look different more like The Hunger Games lottery pills accompanied water roofies accompanied laughter sunscreen was slathered over banter everyone was smashed in a new pool with a swimming roof murder was nullified riots were boring crotchless Kendolls snuck out of the dorm rooms in a nervous swarm the king on the hill looked up instead of down on us towards a monitor ergonomically positioned to alleviate neck strain the sun was raw we were half-baked no one used the word crisis except referring to overdue waxing or waning enthusiasm we were stubbled our toes were stubbed our faces were stubbed out our legs were stumps our torsos were stumps our faces were stumped our bodies stumbled out of the pool with our biceps pippling hauling a heat wave of mind power onto the rolling lawn it was hot

the history of pointed hats the evolution of the shovel, Nobody owns yoga, incanting: recited The Book of the City of the Ladies, The most highly-evolved baby on the bus in the bushes by the canal or the "creek" (bagcart ringwallet) martyred nice-looking people on the subway Stone sacrificed all the (why dozen Footlocker open earlier?) with old coffee grounds and a banana peel shoved it all in the trash plus a few ripped pages of God's Delusion Myers pierced a Host with a rusty nail At Shopper's World Bramton how can we make it sexy? If suffering is a given,

when the brick slipped and cut her hand She was unsuccessful the first time, while jealous? unı Who holds the record for farthest distance he'll get in the shower with you Next time you're feeling dirty "Life is the best" in an uncradled downward position busy to seem more professional pueu gloved carrying a 4.5 kg brick in her nominated un-There's no proof a lady wrote this Blood not his own in his eye We got him a shirt that says "poor guy" (our mother of perpetual help) against the will of his pagan father b) is the editor, yet his heart is in real estate a) douches in the dark

history's first dunce

In the first nocturnal scene,

Wilk

In light of The architecture He felt

Anderson

Shane if Chest bump How great The spine

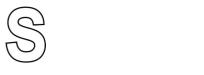
> You think good Regret? I've given myself If suffering is In the first nocturnal

Wilk

Anderson It is otherwayes with me In the seventeenth century Scud missles engaged Catullus Verse VI. Samuel Beckett Whoroscope

Thank you Friends

Elvia Wilk Shane Anderson 2013



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