

episodes of rebellion

Episodes that is partitions in rebellion the premise to make attention out, discretion to make a living then eminent commiseration of the rights of men play me something happily. The voice trails off the copse of broke lines as a record - a record of a of being fed on champaign. You draw your finger. The timbre of wet maple and of a palisade, the lines of of structure of procession of wet leaves desiccating under snow. You draw like a pen. Comparative eating, not going beyond one's physical means. Precocious. Your squintings. And having fits on someone's rug. He commemorates the spasm of your thigh you see. Hand taken from behind

Certain adoration. Certain within the permit and landscape. All dogs alone love you, the plastic white sack adored to beside the road to wait through the night. Certain certainties sleeping thhere. The pattern is the pattern is intentional or intended in four tones. Dyes and wax. Extending the timeline back from the mill or factory to the process of transportation harvesting mending fences weeding minding sowing, by plan by hand one imagines. The procurement of seed. A gentleman's agreement. The lines of threads in a historic process of warp,

I'm very into you

And then you told him it was composed like an act of revolutionary suicide as you can see the nipples of the boy across from me on the train protruding under his shirt. Against the shirt. And the flaccid assumed position of his cock in tight jeanfabric pants. Chasing soft crescendo. Thirty-nine pairs of identical shoes before thinking of how one buys many pairs of things or a uniform wardrobe. How did one he looked like a mannequin a fellow traveller in that valley anyway iconic blood the water in your humor, in your arm he set out to find his roots he said rooted in belief but tradition as well broken . as well The bull running through the sun

He walked-in unpaid and recreational "my sexuality seemed indefinitely more confusing" and so on. You draw a rhetorical line from the knife flashing under surgical light and the sun as you cut in. Architectural structure borne of mass graves the dimensions reserved in the crook of an arm under earth. She wasn't well wasn't sick. Umlaut in the mouth. Refuge refugee. Eight physically castrated. Obviously loathes and take you seriously every moment leading here a byproduct of tragedy. The thin flow your your calculating blood, your tragic humor seeking equilibrium outside of you.

IN that vein a lynching cannot be reduced to the moment rope drawn taut. Leo Ryan's plane lands. The mental state deteriorates. This sound across a bullhorn. Right. Almost transparent. Organs as a collage in the boys' bodies. Where they lay in open air. Lie. In a field in case you don't know. Extended care. How long it takes to discover the bodies.

Burst vessels in the surface of the sun. From staring too long. The scene becomes a diarama for its stillness. The rotting corpsefruit hanging under bough. Don't you fly. Don't reduced infinitely over time. Your awareness in grams that is made impossible. Individual. Individuals. Slinging habits sinking habits and you tend to answer in the appropriate tone going on and on for a length. Think of the word syringe laying written along your arm lying. What you call this a composition the damaged edge of a filmstrip and iconic voice intoned across it protruding. Lazy chain of commandments. Swole belly fecund with incipit desire. By its nature.

Step up to place your bet. Ring of She says I just got off work and lays back on the couch. The TV screen is off. Her knees are a certain distance apart her whole body filling into a space two foot by six. less but at least. The identical position carried out all along the room the sound of numerous plastic bags

shifting when the door opens. Were they drawn tightly across mouth and nose. Equal pressures. Imagine the slow pan of the camera carrying through the room. His chagrined innocence. Insist it's more respectful not to know haha. Material erasure demands longing you are occupying empty space you lust for youth mistaken for life. The slow pan of the camera across younger faces. Now bodies indistinguishable in the sun, that erasure of promise fecund with desire. There are always survivors the distant soft eyes inimitable. a

As one mistakes peace for pleasure in constituting

Visual artifacts cluster this recalls VHS and thus time and space the man insists they who made you made you quiet I will show you bawling in your dreams. His disordered hair. Thin. He'll shave it the appearance of a mannequin a survivor he says no one gets out of life alive as if its scripture not a quote

They sent out each person alone to buy white tennis shoes black sweatpants black sweatshirts. The smoke from an engine, the pressure equalizes. A gate set in poor sacral soil. Cloiture which mimics your needs this is funny. It takes you in to say what I think I feel I think what I feel and think we all have a right to our own destiny as individuals. You do and I'm listening to say what I think I feel I think what I feel and think we all have a right to our own destiny as individuals but still I think as an individuals we all have a right