

# multiple fatalities

If you press immediately says heavensgate you know a leg of lamb there are two small holes in the skin on the back of your hand which are healing over the notion of a deliberate accident which permeates your thinking while walking or driving. Along a field of stitches furrows and limbs lifted up like ribs into the sky. And desiccated promise of their ribs. No photo of viet mihn can be received as nonpropaganda, the broken trees by agent orange etcetera.

is a cow a who or a which

Published future, futures, among the unoriginal content of sentiment. Like you choked to death at an empty breakfast table you describe your own enigmatic tragic disposition. Something in how common is that brief recitation of something pristine and again enigmatic about your plain language.

The sneer when recalling assumptions from childhood and your determined imagination of an apartment unfurnished except for pastel owl posters left in the closet you were allowed to keep. Yr own enigmatic tragic disposition. Or your heart extinguishing itself quietly over the last decade that is the final can't or won't say what you expect except better. Concerned with the tranquil contents of your cloistered heart and later concerned with the contents of your cloistered tranquil heart ~~smiths lyric~~ like I am a cynic so evaluate things based on

their worst experience the extraneous bed, empty sleep at fifteen yrs old then perhaps your whining cold you're you start by reading the initial word lord auch but then just let it hang breathing and touch the part of your neck. The skin unattached to any structure between the column of your throat and the tendon, but stretched across each some place billowing from the pulse in your neck and trying on the cut ends of your fingernails you scraped the back of yr lover's throat. An illusion of shelter perpetuated in the lovely tube of your throat your fingers run along I came all this way a contrast in expected accepted norms between jamie and kendrick this that etcetera the distance traversed by enough the implication of your fallen/falling desires, something homosexual when twelve and the someone else asks tell me baby do you like boys or do you prefer a sweet little girl cold red panic eclipsing well whatever do you mean or are you trying to ask how does one hit on a twelve year old fresh fucked post fuck the graceful image of you as a cabbage cut against rather than along its line of symmetry innards to describe the numerous folds of varying widths thickness etcetera your crude taste spread out, reluctantly akimbo reluctantly explicitly feminist.

obstinate culture. Description of bliss in text licentious as warnings on cigarette pack haha When your lover was asleep bent over him and colonized your mouth with his. With

a scalpel bent like a spoon scrape their cheek and teeth and their ttongue and grew their mouth in yours. So that when you were kissing yourself they were kissing you. Is this private channel consensual lips to lips swept around eachother like machined parts

merely insincere cunnilingus as your pataphysician i aggressively proscribe ~~suicide~~ via whatever's handy wanna race towards dying in obscurity? Autocomplete is the final expression of your externalized body the suit you wear heading out into the world you delight bundle of epistemes amid the path of motorcade and drab black fabric places along your face that anonymity.

A copse of pigeons in the snow like ribs into the sky. I am rudely staring into the center of yr chest rudely rudely the tranquility of a garrison the way.