

.profile remarks, adoration, and so on

The least attractive thing is someone pursuing you. The calm tangle of humane debris left by collusion and motion, bits of impulsive memory, walk past your old handwriting on paper and scraps of phone numbers and surnames. Start of a list of groceries. What you expect. Unexceptional remarks of social patter to put one at ease. utterly benign faith and milk stuck in your teeth frequent interludes, everything breaking down.. in cool, stranded *segments of* uniform *paste*. Your stranded purpose hunched becoming-old. Someone rings, comes calling and wastes your time as you find yourself watching their strict selfish desire poke through in each poorly grasping posture he has your disappointment in our banal selfaware criticism as another display of unsupported prowess. Long sought a discourse gestures towards inequitable him ever the functional victim clamoring on after a particular threat of attention or the clutch purse, the nascent worry . The valuable force of a first person narrative, acidity or base of tree root roots declare "I am the mother of ~~et cetera~~," moments of subsidy beside her as she reaches out to touch mother's face and the kitchen table setup solid heavy chairs, white plastic top the strip of wood frame to set the

scene she has put a crust of toast on the coffee cup saucer as she reaches out so the crumbs along the side of her finger as she's brushing the same from the corner of her mother's mouth.

do you take an ideology have been mutilated by the and I love that one cannot write love in one particular way, fealty, lust, some amalgamation and melange. Centered by a wound. Driven given focus if momentary. Like she says this too shall. The way she speaks is always unmoored naturally as she reads from a script this line aloud the origin lost if she'd chosen to repeat it or written it originally the past forever in distress and the interlocutor the translator stalwart and motivated and appends I'll be right back as she stands from the table. I am the father as each against eachother in permutailations forward through time. The difference of time, double prefix, uninformed. Unin. Thinking our grandparents would find black pepper spicy. Crumbs in yr teeth of each a rousing disintegration (something new emerges inspired by the shallow crumbling to supplant) each thinner skin and utterly finite pinprick perspective

The moment each a puncture showing the effusive cloud the historic deleuge une tasse ein glas etcetera, farming long molecular

chains inexact making a in of to memories from coffee shop to coffee shop. Yeas and. The bird wings pared back, less less less less as the means of discovering and delineating one state from the next a propensity for floors and ceilings. Your back carries on like a beetle.

One treats her cursory disfigurement as common cause in ignoring it. The historic arrangement of a body only that accident preceding from and your intervention along the same of a kind her mother puts the index finger against the black seed so it comes on the pad as she lifts it away from the coffee saucer to an objective dialog.

Her breasts are adjectives in her shirt, a hidden geometry. The curve curl of her fingernail passing across her pantleg. The gesture it extrapolated infinitely could run through her hip, the back of the chair and so on but instead stops. The strange hidden geometry inside yr skull, ducts passing into the system of yr ear from throat and nose, passing into the deep tissues of the brain y're "abitating" w. yrself. It isn't about connectivity and network but about an incessant throttling and passing-through without derision about our oversensitive attention of your base mammal parts. The identity of you at a level as section as much renal as anything. Each discussion is inevitable inevitable decay tragedy on reflection on depletion and loss.

The hot iron, momentary fire und storm.

So you say I'm perched before an open white door but without the stillness of a porch, augustine stoic.

Prepositional vines wreathing the doorway. He's highly functional immediately undercuts that point doesn't it. That's a good dog transition to a particular mode over another out of singular necessity. Necessary of being only ever one yes this isn't merely xxx. Or at least goes beyond that the desire for the possibilities of other desires.