

never expect the world would be able to make clothes for itself, a chopped tree, a bench, slanted housing-less birds, you got no where to go and purple took over. people take you for whatever you could be. no longer a statement, water moves without violence, it exists in many states, it coats everything. all shiny and hydrated, face and anus, hydrated beings became one of the hottest things anyone could ever be. but not many people seem to share this thought. with me.

there's no support system that can host us

like an embroidered flower reaches for a bio flower or
we feed on each others bone(r)s and play it hard of
the other to the other, and they don't know what's go-
soft, depending on the weather. for each planet tran-
sitions, and we do to - all things being equal. how
could one ever thought to be rotated about, we can't
ing on, i send you a picture, but they're sure turned on
end for once looked from a croocked all circles reveal
sustain this practice of immobility. it must have had to
eliptical spirals never ending connected. neighbouring
by each other. they desire it. for one came from earth,
plagues, a plate for a bone, unstable ladders hanging
what should climb and neon decoration props. a rave
without a club, warmer gatherings, room crawl plan
thrusted through the snow and the other hand-made,
fun. all the colours turn to black, being nice versus a
but both are so far away from men already - they've
- haven't left the house in four days, that's how much
gone past so many yin poses the rest doesn't matter
body, imagine if you'd date you?! sexyness overload,
not the site not the set - I think I detached. moon sun
any longer just the other they gaze and touch for the

any longer, just the other. they gaze and touch,
rising triangulations, not looking for answers but what
irst time, planets away they're doing this a
who hosts all the superstition? low fi quality of a
touch,

spaceships could be
i'm sure they are, just gardens,
not called that way.



i wish my anus could fuck you. face expressions on the
dance floor, dissident teenager. i want a teenage love.
i want a car we cannot ride, i want to be inside for so
long it's starts to smell, i want to go out because you
agree with 'i value' well ventilated spaces. i want this
soup to be in your mouth because it is delicious and
i topped it, really nicely, like i would do to you, after all
the softness

chocolate dips in tahini
heartbreak. or whatever

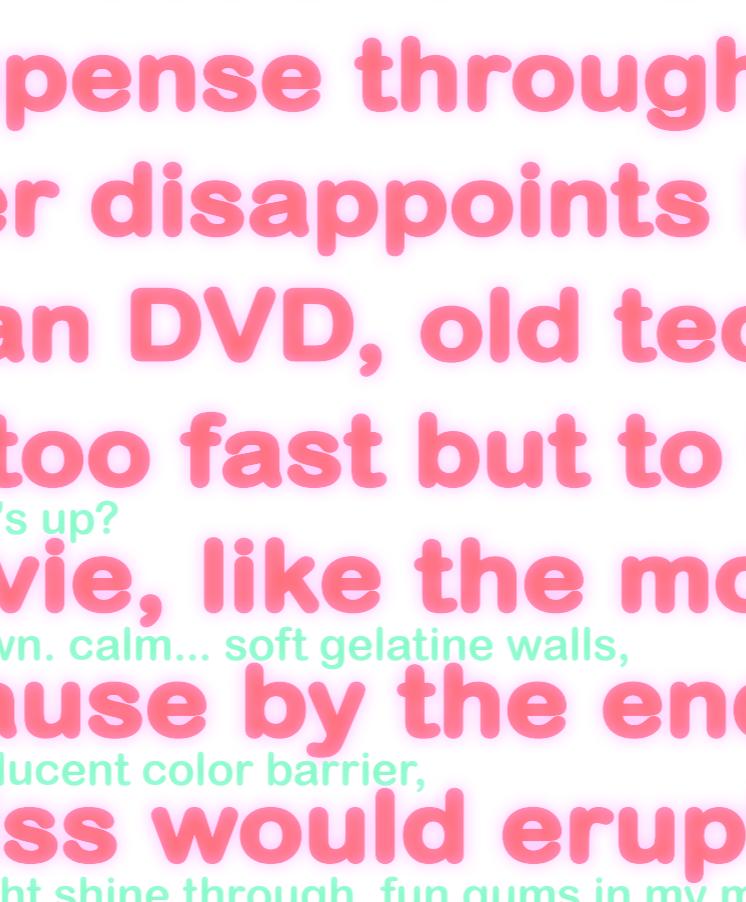
one wrong turn. disastrous route
in my mouth
mis-hap. no more bars

grey lakes. soft grey kiss
our body fuelled with some natural aloe massage oil,
a bit of bites. feeling motivated
hands, the nails, blue as the sky and why you ask
reaching out, to the view
i miss it. i mean the last show i binged was bad sex,
projecting long distance. far far
the play runs a suspense throughout the beginning
off. right here
and the cover never disappoints but then what's inside
the present is not enough
is nothing more than DVD, old tech, a 7 second anal
suffice
scene which ends too fast but to which you had you
anti-what? what's up?
bare the whole movie like the movie you would watch

'confused' and a kiss would erupt.
light shine through. fun gums in my mouth,

i'd rather go to the shop, cruise some LED lighting and
a crowd, well behaved rat atrophy.
touch on packages. but you'd never guess.
no longer. strata. statistics. bad numbers.
a slow current. unconvincing tendencies. a hard time at

you say to us 'i'm a prostitute, that's my occupation,
crying. becoming is a matter of... you've realised.
now you can tell you know one' i get you we all look
I draw the blinds, ready to sleep, but the energy is pulling, asking
for, the channels, very active. certain things take movement.
like a bunch of straight people, old tech, it's time we
move into. take off, your clothes. what does the t-shirt read?
demolish these aesthetics and sail for something new,
flower tattoos for a permanent landscape.
i'd suggest wet looks, on a boat. but damn it's cold out-
the things you've realised but couldn't find words for,
side but damn why is everyone so afraid of wetness,
complete my sentences, quote my feelings, read my forehead,
molhado, no honey lube is never enough put it every-
and tell them:
where i want to gliiiide we can shower later we're that
what's up with all the silence?
lucky and you know what, it's also a slippery experi-
can we share a space beyond the weather?



I remember waking up
of could be (but i
mother in her coloured
however
tors glinting thousands

glinting t
he dancon

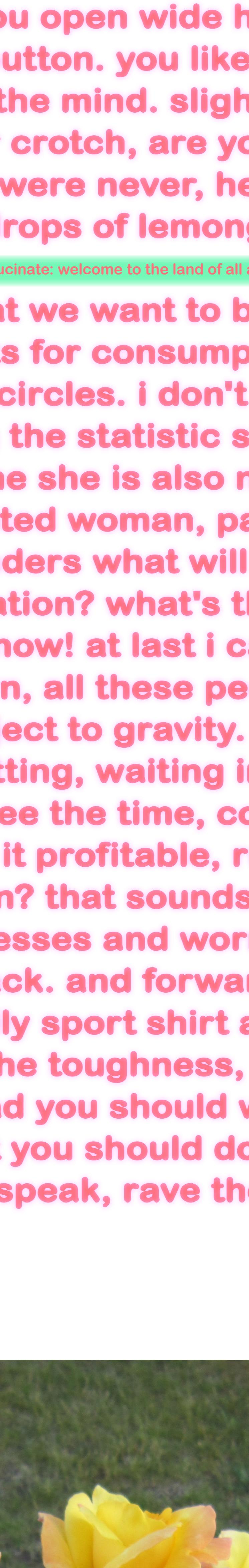
porcelain isn't fun, who left the bag open?
aerobics - activating each and every of our members...
they woke up in under pants, over pants laying by the table:
is this why i'd become a raver, at last? i think of all the
alien activity no jokes.
other times my body was repressed and squeezed
if the heat keeps up like this they'll forbide smoking at the bars.
into its skeleton, deformed-aformed and i thank all the
pink bars on the window at a very big house letting
beings who'd shake me up feed me transparent gela-
you know how fucked up it all is.
tine with fun gums inside. when did you forget to have
my hands, cold, same spot, but I can't help
fun!? should i put it on my dating profile oooor people
for the feeling, I already forgot.
may be disappointed, also wanted to add that i have
s-bahn lines. lilac thoughts. working class
sex with words (words with sex), engage all parts of
fashion. a political joke for aesthetics.
us into ever moving cell transplants give me give you
someone who doesn't get laid...?
switch positions nothing new but lick you lock me
but we both know we don't share a concept for sex.
over up and counterpose we ain't hurting we hope the
all the pleasure centres activated,
stretch went as further as we could and by acknowl-
edging it's there we accept it and try to relax. can you
date me? if you came... me too, we're body distances
apart.



back out leaving you open wide horizontal paradise.
through the belly button. you like to touch my belly
button. itches, for the mind. slight boner - slight drops
of wetness, in your crotch, are you there? i'm not sure
i can find you, you were never, here. i think it is just an
identity ego play. drops of lemongrass oil on my pillow.

you go hun, i thought you said you wanted to hallucinate: welcome to the land of all alone to the apathetic detachment veiling your every

looking out for what we want to be? to have? are our
lovers just products for consumption? stains. and if
yes, is it wrong? 3 circles. i don't think so, because we
will be overflowing the statistic sheets, we will be put
as 'other'. A tells me she is also not part of the statis-
tics, she, an educated woman, partnered with an un-
educated man wonders what will happen with them,
i don't get it. education? what's that? i feel i'm only
getting educated, now! at last i can breathe and have
thoughts of our own, all these people are probably at
the university, subject to gravity. the times there's no
vibrations at all. sitting, waiting in the room i think of
how can i uuuuuusee the time, compose it in a way
which would make it profitable, runnable, oh you're
going for a long run? that sounds just like the thing
to keep your sicknesses and worries away, hot, or at
least push them back. and forward more back than
forward, your smelly sport shirt and underwear, un-
der-armour, drop the toughness, we're alive, i won't
hurt you, smells bad you should wash it but i'm not go-
ing to tell you what you should do, this life made me
mute but i want to speak, rave the street, the inside,
deep.



A close-up photograph of a rose bush with several flowers in various stages of bloom. The flowers are a mix of colors, including yellow, pink, and orange. The petals are layered and delicate. In the background, there is a green lawn.