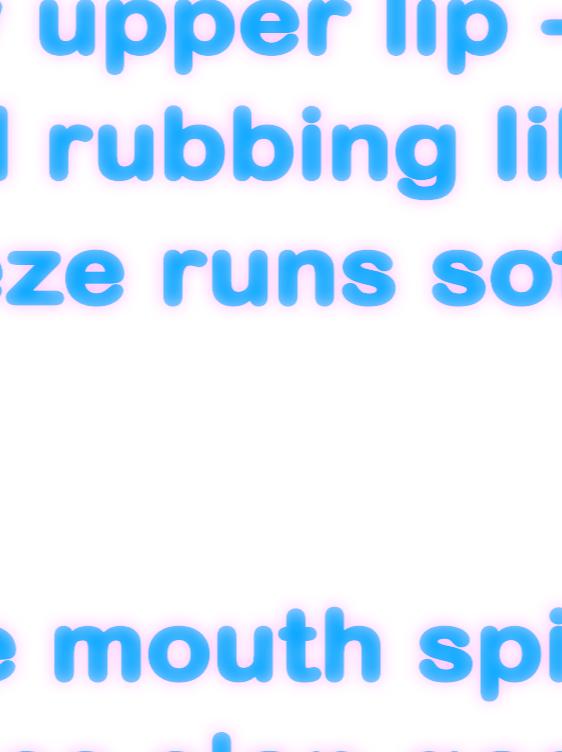


sure thing  
**from a point in time and space the words that pour out of your desire will be irreplaceable by any other points of friction discovery rejection acceptance disillusion surprise stagnation drive to continue further deeper newer older and no pressure but there is pressure yes it is what makes it hot or sharp keep it on the tips of its toes ever changing bring in your bad habits and drop them back with full contempt when they no longer fit nor urge and move on and along to ever flying by time spheres of action or from a point in time and space the words that pour out of your desire will be forever and never yours and they will know this is them and you will know it's not as well - and they'll know it's them and you'll know it's not: it's the everyone you'll ever/ never/always fuck - potentially - even though without them the ignition would have stayed stagnant what it does to you is release the repressed or the otherwise left unarticulated unattendend dormant as in a state of inaction - interaction intersex enterprise price price price to pay give up superstition go dancing instead**

grass, your ass must have been wet because it had somehow performing different actions as you had a as one makes some sort of performativity to make a must have been tightly closed as the sun blew through green than it actually was. I recall i was walking or see an amorphous cloud slowly riding the ground. capsule. I know for sure you didn't wear black, that's hair you don't know anything about yoga but you sure be there, water theatre moving places the door slides of you, these days i had a lot to think about fantasies, used for identity tracks and could hurt you and are front you because out of the 4 seats there's 3 available your t-shirt and i find the edges the ups and downs of the thought of my tongue sliding through your pussy is keeping me up and wet the feeling of your tongue running through my pussy is keeping me up and hot the feeling of your tongue running through my mouth is keeping me up and hot the thought of the idea of the feeling is keeping feeling the thought of the idea of the feeling of your wet and your tongue and my touch all woken up covered by tiny antenas which respond to the breeze of my open window as if that was your soft mustache shyly rubbing against my upper lip - not on purpose, truly shy but still there and rubbing like feathers and when the wind - or the breeze runs softly than it kicks back and we're on

we can sit on the grass and get our asses wet.  
**pussy pussy wet gaze mouth spit rub rub rub moan**  
rimming plan  
**gasp switch push press slap gasp pussy ass belly niple pull pull lick finger finger finger - keeping me up**  
would you know  
my face glowed for 3 days after having made  
cross-mutation with this forest  
**and wet keeping me up and wet looking forward to being with you, again, too, keeping me looking so much forward to meet your wetness, first with my hand and**  
I was tanned by the richest of energies, humidity.  
you remember everything i said  
are you just, very smart?  
**hear you gasp while our gazes are locked in a fully empty but full-on empathetic or all receiving - i can already feel your throat held by my hand i'm looking forward to feel your throat, held by my hand. i'll push deep into your breath and slowly let go while i rub my pussy on yours, moistening mine - so fleshy so thick so wet and it keeps on: so hot so horny so turned on so overflowed with pleasure desire pleasure desire pleasure desire pleasure desire - i'm looking forward - it's keeping me up and wet and writing and sighing and crushed out so crushed getting interrupted on a daily basis with all the sexy second wave, the secondary effects of fucking you.**



**something along the line of licks and slap and spit and lick and more now slower now harder and moan or gasp and sigh and again (and again) - you know... ?**

there is not so much, you baked a pumpkin like you do  
**a man-made warmth for the lacking of sun**  
skills and reinventing them in a happy greasy-free

sun-held cubicle? a sliding hand at the shop, a handful oh, and, also bite and pinch press and caress whis- to be, patchouli, lemongrass, 3 boxes of lube, 2 babies per lick and sniff and squeeze squeeze squeeze deep hug hold earlier is where it is all going so what's up with the air - fuck the cold! your breathe your breathe the sound of pounding steps a runner on concrete: is that you? i was on the sole ground aimlessly walking (no hu- gash gasp gasp out of breath out of amazement my legs all shakly pins and needles but i want more - does this feel good? i'm looking for it - i'm looking and looking and it does feel good i can't wait to see you to touch you touching me too to have that uncertain moment previous to finding out how my body can excite yours, today, can't wait can't no oh and hmm how you communicate desire so clearly so simply open there bare stare into each other's doubt of whether the other can read their minds - i generally have thoughts of my own, the kind you can't yet share, and the certainty of being perfectly unable to tell what's on your mind - and i come and you come and how come how can i make sure no need fuck me please you fuck me with your words you're already fucking me giving it to me fuck exactly what i want and want what i can't yet know nor you but yes it's hot like this ask me what i want and i'll try to be precise if my mouth and breath will be available to speak - i'll let you know soon if that's ok. your kindness is very sexy, i am sexy and surprise i'm all these other things running through your unreadable mind that somehow amount once more to me being very very sexy the dampness grows in between your legs and your face lit up with desire teasing me into you magnetically pulling me distractedly looking at books you find yourself in there and we play a different kind of play a new play but we do - i'm glad we're extending the lexicon and it grows and grows its roots, aerial ones that twist and turn

in the restaurant, are you slowly appropriating new world? are these the only things you're taking from this

of lube, we are all that we buy, or maybe that we wish coming down to earth, soil me down, down, like i wrote phase? i'm usually on the bike but before mens around) patchouli reminds me of wetness, forcibly cumming or rather fucking our writing devices, to scam time, time time time time time time lost times four times for time and then what? you go some- ly me and you and all the other ones around, this is a going to lead? is this really a way of writing, the task me 'you have a lot of silky flowery shirts', hand on my long there was a touch, euphoria, and for now every- mediate your touch, your words and afterall it wouldn't why do i sustain this whatsapp messaging, should playing your game, around you and your dents, multiple active member of this world, you make up its surface, something like a confirmation of reality as it is, hey! it alone, we are too tied up, to each other and another at the shop, ok this is dark but somehow today i'd like to the spirit for your raging destruction to every- stop and start over, events mark the wri- did you know i think about you? that tonight i'm dress- ing rocket in a fresh and hot