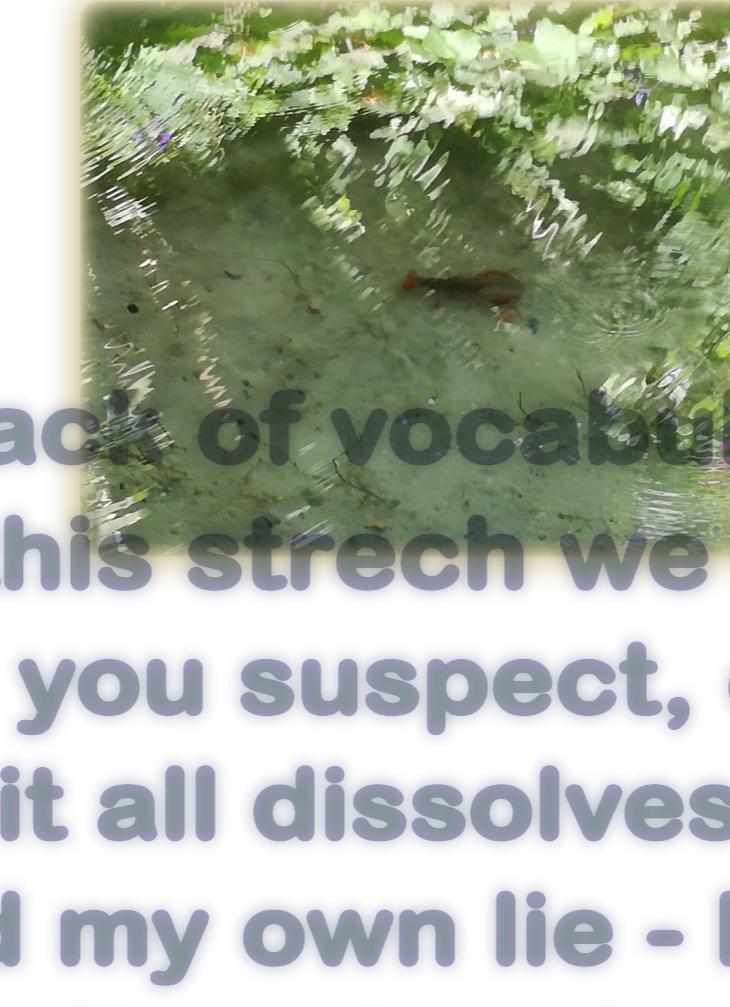


a soft-spot



from all sides our lack of vocabulary corners us in unwanted positions, this stretch we can't relax into. being out of grid renders you suspect, creating a grid to continue existing until it all dissolves under rose water. it's like when i believed my own lie - life as acting school. first lesson is embodiment and after that you forget, the whispering secret had no chance. when did it all begin? becoming same with those who differ, not in sameness but in difference... my rectangle flirts with yours and glows softly fears.

bad feeling, stuck on the sandal is a leaf, dry and there is no narrative to support these feelings. they of green layers between me and there and the poetics slip through its web like fat drops slow and sticky - parts of reality, if i went away i'd alculate for all the ever present yet formless. is there a possible time line references stop, you are you. a freeze in other-time. for aimless roaming? i need new words, all the works the service of resetting can offer.

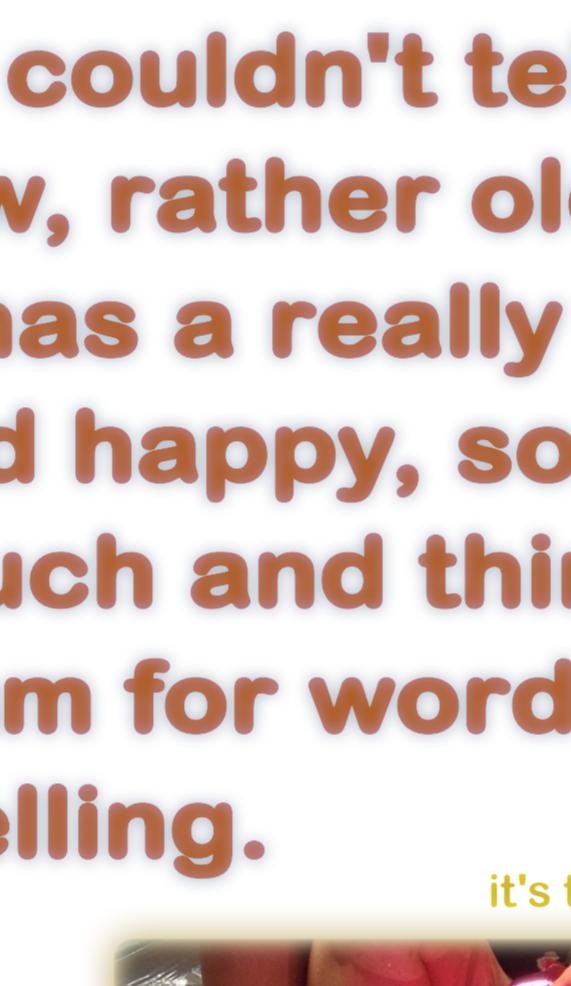
who to call. where's the who to call post? by the time

crunchy, is there crunchy and wet? yes, the thousands of dis. dis engage. dis embodiment, dis membering all time there was for a no reference flow. by the time the stop of everything but here, a leaf falls down finding silence. if there was an emergency - i have no idea the emergency ceases there's nettle seeds popping,

go down or inward, crap for a theory, in my dreams participation. and you're always meant to participate, the reverse gravity button, a jetpack for silvia and fuel back and forward not around, the earth is round as

as if waterfalls are a thing of the past because now sugar for it to be a snack, please stop referring to me not a puppy for those are overly excited about the authority expression.

story  
story  
for the mind, in a place with, places. we're just going story telling,  
if in its ends there isn't an amazing endless waterfall how do i find what i want to say? such ways, you have  
it's dry and crunchy, and sometimes it has a pinch of to be hyper radical, hyper sharp and soft at times, like  
in any male form, i could be a nettle a rat or a dog, just your lips are sharply soft lipsticked, you trace a line  
around them and then you blur it - voilá. and be careful with the world radical, these days suits everyone better to use common words, with common i mean broadly used but also by common people. you took the common person aesthetic and upgraded it to saying high intellectual topics broadcasted throughout the conversation, this could be called flirt in 2020. but don't misunderstand me this is not how i flirt, or am i flirting already? please apply quotation marks on flirt depending on your opinion. the intimacy of lightly touched subjects, we no longer desire heavy relationships with nothing you might say, my life is already too troublesome, yet we find ourselves alone at our houses (since our homes are yet to be found, or to be tattooed) dwelling on a week-long lacking friend interaction.



you think you can see it glowing in the distance, the structure of the text, this, domino like effect of things that lead to another. but this isn't a contemporary enough or cool image, it doesn't wink or sway how you like it done to you and so it is off to a bad start. you think you understand the elements that need to be present, or whose presence you enjoy, but the joints of the play aren't a dancers move. it's this gymnastics of effort to turn abruptly to your own surprise. enough meta.

the voice off announces: the collective is sick.

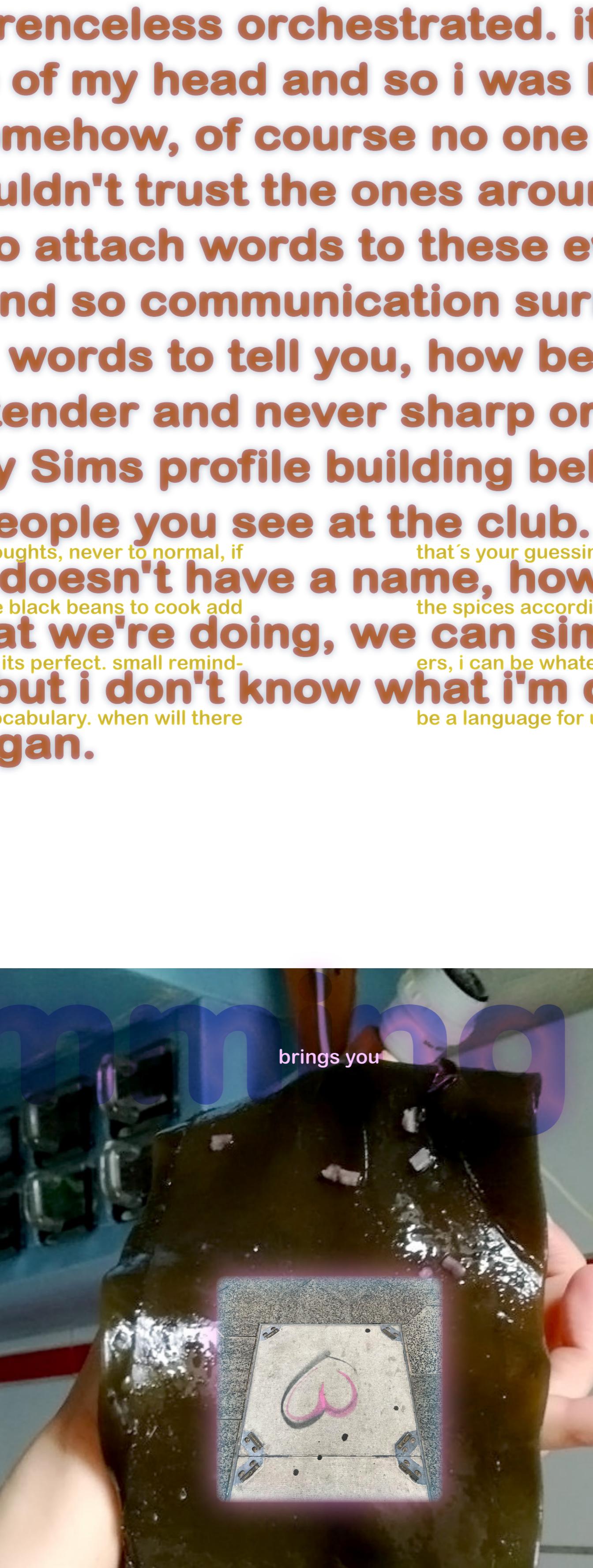
intimacy spawned instead in the construction of sun through our yoga class window and birds singing outside, the heating set to 5 because we're getting sick and the hearts full of joy in a friend-only alteration. we high five to the welcoming of another therapy goer and we sail to a boatless reaction street. do you know how the sea makes you want to simply cry because of its ? someone says yeah kotti makes me want to cry for different reasons, an after berghain feeling, i lose the thread of the conversation. have you noticed how at the bio shop the cashier never registers the discounted items and sells them at normal price? yes i only got it because of it, please those 20 cents will make a difference, i live at the lowest income option available for a member card, we're here babe. when did privileged people take hold of all marginalised ways of living? take the marginalised ways of loving instead, because we love too dearly and for that it hurts.

i wasn't happy that i couldn't tell them i was starting to date someone new, rather older than me but new to their agenda. he has a really uncool smile and that makes me horny. and happy, somehow when we're together i don't say much and think at times am i too boring? i quickly roam for words but i don't find what i want, story story telling.

it's the glitter in my hands

it's not the glitter in my hands it's the muscle on the screen feeding muscle for the screen it's the friends i don't have it's a question in my hands. a group of people gather, a circle again. the weeds are the color of my hair, lightened by sun stripes and off the radar clouds i grab the handle of my bike, we sit together. wind stopper wind blocker wind stopper wind blocker. wind: the uncontrollable force. it locked my phone. i want to make a ball with you. yes. no poetics, just a ball. like yin yang bodies but we're the same - two faggots like spiritual maggots stretch and slide (uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu) we're in a tunnel. it's dark and wet we jump from rock to rock, i'm not scared because you're here. i feel we could fight worlds evil easily i feel we could share the blows. i feel today the absence of any clothes to fit me, i laid cloth over cloth on the surface of my body disappointed, i don't like this, there's too many things i am/want to be, sometimes i want to dress like a butch, others a femme, sometimes make up, many times gaga.

sure take yourself to many deserted places. contact - the details of desire, name and voice exact your body commands your cooking, passing-by the how you can't stop eating this crunchy light-green apple blending with beetroot - all raw joy - leads for as the balance tilts unsure, each block of happening: taste, what in this case conforms, confirms, some's stripped of consequence - but never of urge. it may be the need that clouds the seeing in a fog of expectation for being out of it, together. lime-green red outfit, chest, tangled with the so hard-fought earned self-love. somewhat imposed dysfonia on the breasts, on the a taste for coincidence, they say, body parts associated in mirroring, loosing track... we are not beyond anything, we're actually quite inside of it.



i think it all began when i couldn't name my desires, how i could never lose track of the lie and its web and so my sense of orientation developed so fully i can't ever get lost, i know where i'm always at and so i never slipped. instead of mouth work, direct expression, it all went to some sort of muted fantasy to where things could be referenceless orchestrated. it was all happening inside of my head and so i was happy, it was happening somehow, of course no one knew it but at that time i couldn't trust the ones around. today it becomes hard to attach words to these events the props i would get, and so communication surrenders and i don't find the words to tell you, how beautiful you are, how hot and tender and never sharp or soft because these are only Sims profile building behaviour guidelines or the people you see at the club. i love how your genitalia still doesn't have a name, how there is no reference to what we're doing, we can simply be. i am muted again but i don't know what i'm doing, it's like holes are nice so i'm out of vocabulary, when will there be a language for us to use?

