

# The Creature Role

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***Abstract***—Mmmm perfection is *not* sustainable.

***Index Terms***—bees, in, my, head

## FRONT BOTTOMS

Linebacker hearts in the moshpit tonight.  
Sacrificed my cigs (yellow spirits) to elbows and sweat.  
Budweiser (crushed) in my back pocket.

## MAGIC 8 BALL GENDER

and well i guess to me, gender is like looking inside of myself and shaking a magic 8 ball. and after i'm done shaking it around, the die inside keeps on flipping and turning and i never get a clear answer for any of my questions. so it's defined by this intentional ambiguity. it's always moving. which is like, strangely comforting. but also unsettling ? i think, maybe , that once i *think* i've figured it out that means i've *actually* gotten very far away from an answer.

## HONEY (PACKET)

i just found a metaphor in this honey packet. minutes have gone by and i've been fixated on this air bubble. squeezing the packet this way and that. always, my mind is on the bubble. but what's the bubble? just emptiness. a lack of substance. a distraction. and so i *have* to ask myself: what is the honey in my life, and what are the bubbles?

## I. MORE SPIDER CONVERSATIONS

A.

I'm becoming less afraid of you, friend. you come back to the same place every night. so do i. i guess we do have something in common. but where do you go during the day?

B.

hello: good-night  
goodbye: good-morning

C.

i'm going to play the banjo for you now