

I don't read. I'd rather my own ideas most of the time, so only out of necessity. Research. Even then I try to out hipster myself. I like new trails. And I love learning about the old ones from my friends.

Everyone has their thing. This girl is as much mine as my skateboard. There's no choice. Where she goes in time I follow along blindly, but the space isn't always the same.

Some say this makes me too weird and "insane." It's not. What's weird and insane is the PTSD i suffer every time they try to rid me of her (oh wait, this is just the prelude, shit.... time for me to skate 'crete or die....)

## **PAGE 1**

**[lone jackl]**

**This morning I woke up and you weren't there. I was alarmed to find my star shimmered dressed princess nowhere in site. As I peeredd below my window to view whatever black dusted mess I stared into the sewer FOR her (didn't know at the time, though she was fashioning my jackl-self. a children's story character anti-hero who will fuck up shit for them beyond belief. mess with the kids is to mess with my contribution to evolution. fuck you pink izod ice cream eaters, fuck you) ....**

**He came out of nowhere beaming flames out of my cigarette butt. Unwavering, I continued to smoke. Though no ash tray in sight.**

**Spit into the sewer drain I did. And always with that moment of hesitation. ... what if there's gas or some shit down there? There wasnt but that creeper wouldn't fade. Stared him down till the glow was no more. He tried his damndest to distract me with fear. A noise here a noise there. I held my stare. Unwavering. Fuck You. Till the glow finally went away. Then I blinked. The glow was back. Tricky fucker was electric bugging the cells in my eye mucus, in efforts to pull the wool over my eyes.**

**[jackl talking to princess]**

**like that one time in 301 LG!!ON THAT sunny as fuck day girl. I love that day; I live that day. Setting up trains of electricly condusive shit just for fun, then gnashing the whole fucking thing out the window to every electric cell on the planet. Right before those fucking pigs who were actually space cowboys fucked us over....**

**uuuuggggghhhh**

**[princess]**

**love is the law, jimmy. taught you that at Pine Lake kid! Now you're the kid  
hahaha**

**[jaemz and lg]**

**(2016 forget why i wrote this, princess lg. dane lg. somewhere in that  
hospital keylime, like THAT wasn't obvious girl. Gee who's got the giant  
orange space looking thing with a neon green cord. fuck me that thing  
burned my eyes out girl, then i saw your face, and my brain just can't  
fathom the density of the cells it takes in the brain waves to meet the depth  
of your beauty. holy shit. what was i looking at. ["features so fine, rouge and  
eye line"] how did you get so tall? lol guess it's been 13 fucking years).**

## **PAGE 2**

The showdown in the courtyard

Behind locked gates in the Danish Garden.

Heyseuss showed up. "That fucker's already killed you 2 and a half times. You make  
the shit look easy now. WWJD??

"personally, i'd bash his skull in to a bloody pulp. Then I wouldn't have to bother with  
the ol' skull fuck desecration.

**DUDE WWDWD!!**

It's been a long time. folks are kinda pissed. this dude ain't on either side but his own,  
and it fucks everyone's game. Till the game jus' aint fun no mo'.

**sooooooooooooo**

**CLINK! CLINK!**

the gate opens rapidly and someone's footsteps speed walk through the mail box and  
everyone's bike corridor.

lime green safety vest dashes out of the darkness stripped bare of previous barbwire. apparently this is old witch hat in these parts. It's gone, listen.

## PAGE 3

[current time: write now (Copenhagen June 2016 hospital)]

[jackl to princess]

Good point girl. That is probably why the smoking man started smoking. That vape you had was tasty shit. I'm a get me one o' dose sum day soon. Thanks for the advice back at 711. The Manitou Organics ain't a bad taste. A good breadcrumb of space-time to remember, I was going that way (vape-way) and I bet it will glow green and be easy to see in the overall space-time continuum of this epoch (so many in this cell).

[jackl]

You see my reflexes are getting fast from avoiding to break my old man 43-year-old ass. Sooooo I practice skating even the impossible.

[princess]

**Gee**, wonder who's side that came from?

[princess]

Zlol

[jackl to princess]

Obvs, yours, duh. Glad I found you. Reflexes so quick, my old ass brain forgot what my body did (Also known as stoner ghost, the ghost controlling me when I'm stoned, or the ghost that haunts my house, or the ghost almighty lg. Haven't figured out which one is doing it most, [princess] zlol).

[jackl to princess]

Your shimmering stem (current time, this pen, the bone she threw me once on a jog, and the bone, a pen, lost in copenhagen while writing this story) was in my duffle bag safe the whole time. Like I felt all night laughing with my friends, safe. Safe-haven. Skateparks I wish you were all hallowed ground.

## PAGE 4

[jackl to princess]

Soooooooooooooooo

No wonder you're like that huge gap away in age, in time this intersection?

We get looks girl. My own damn thoughts look (like 24/7) at us. Creepers creep me the creep out. But this is 100000000000000000 times different. Go find some boyfriends. Start a club and drain them too. I'll make sure to hang low key till I catch up. Starting with losing you in my reflexes to the duffle bag last night, if I keep on the physiological biological psychological mathematical physics swiftness to make it all habit, then we should be good by next intersection.

Teaching in the meantime of this time without poison apples is a cake walk. BTW you'd be perfect in a perfect and reasonable age range away if they didn't take you after our split of 2004.

## PAGE 5

[jackl to princess]

I'm good at time. Holding a kiss that long will be my pleasure. Good building till I'm up to bat. But look out girl. I'm gonna rip so hard I'll be younger than you. And call you Mountain Lion, cuz Cougar is already cat-dog's cat's name. Le Mew.

[8<sup>th</sup> grade light girl angel]

YOU AND THOSE DUDE... DUMB ASS JOKES RULZ!!!

[jackl to 8<sup>th</sup> grade lg]

Sooo who was that black stain dusted throughout the drain anyway? Any relation to anyone in Paris in 2000?

[8<sup>th</sup> grade lg to jackl]

I think he was taking pictures of our picnic #2; our second picnic.

[jackl to 8<sup>th</sup> grade lg]

oh he's dumb. I don't even have anymore nitrous.

## PAGE 6

Anyway you're back, so let's wrap up this take. We've never written so soon after an event. Then again, you've never been around this long. I must've done something good to deserve this one girl. Thank you. Don't be a stranger for/ever again. Let's fuck shit up. We're going to need more roses. Stone ones. Large and carved. Pool block marbled

and starved of exclusivity. Dbags need not enter the ground I skate for you. Home Base. Ally Ally Auction Free. Is that how it goes?

Duh, no you look it up!!

## **PAGE 7**

[jackl]

I'm hungry. Hope I get paid. Can't tell if the missing credit card is mischief or you teaching me a lesson again lg. I was quite productive looking for you. The place is spic and span like our Cabin In The Emerald City.

[lg]

Your thoughts were on point too oldie youngie.

Zlol z/o/z

(nice conscious deletions)

[thank you girl but that date lookin one is all you sister]

(nice conscious deletions)

(and?)

[jackl]

ummmm ya, learned my lesson there sweetness and light. Put on your star shimmer sparkle glitter neon white vapor light dress.

“put on my dress, I'm going, out dancing” –pj Harvey <https://youtu.be/LnPhEfOclM8>  
pink wristband I got you and silver gloss lipstick (I'll find some) today! It sticks out extremely

## **PAGE sk8creteordie**

Well against that neon black hole patched up last night. Karaoke some Blondie or some shit too. Just like on the job, where you gave me the matching pen along with the little blister on your finger now.

[princess]

Ha ha ha hah ahahaha it will remind you we're never lost. Just wandering and turning stones for baby crabs on the seaweed shore.

[jackl]

Yeah, with massive barnacles!

## **PAGE 8**

[jackl]

Well against a neon black sky. Blindingly amazing and beautiful, and the perfect Honey Pot for gathering wannabe poser darkness of greed folks (deep forest green, where I grew up). When I myself morph into a dolphin kid, I will dive down head first into Pine Lake, pet a few crawdads, reach elbow deep in the mud below, and find a deep forest green emerald for “THE” ring.

## **PAGE 9**

[jackl]

Not the one from Twin Peaks either. That would be too cliché.

No, the one I’m looking for, you can’t even tell is there. Perhaps hair line adjustable platinum. Silver some thin or some shit. I’ll wait till someone throws some pair of matching earrings at me, and fashion it with my anger to into love for you. You’re one unique ass ring.

## **PAGE 10**

I woke up this afternoon, before the party, and you weren’t there. I’d thought we were on the same page. And this time I’d been waiting for your human side to be at my bed side tending my wounded eye, sg (wow, sg showed up in the Copenhagen hospital, and was an adorable young woman).

Though your shape was needed somewhere else, I suppose. Just didn’t expect the unexpected. Was getting so used to having you around. What I could’ve said? What subtle hint could I have lead?

I have led in my head now, though I’m sure my next dream will keep me stead to the rock of Gibraltar. As it’s made of Limestone, Ms Lime Green, Light Girl, Rainbow Light Girl, lifetime and beyond lover....

Now that I’ve found the closest match, whom I’ll simply call Limestone.

## **PAGE 11**

Never forgot you these past 12 years.

I notice every Limestone subtle hint, a flash that could use tint. As my eyes are not yet equipped to stare without being stripped to my bare naked self for full absorption.

I've said this before and I'll say it again, you're beauty sprawls the universe to her safety and well being in spite of man.

You float auras and you a soaras past through time and space everywhere since the invention of time, protecting tools like me.

Actually, I've never said that. YOU ARE THE SHIT!

## **PAGE 12**

I'VE BEEN MARCHING YOUR PATH FOR 12 YEARS SOLID, SO THAN YOU FOR AT LEAST SHOWING ONE OF YOUR REAL FACES. CLOSEST TO THE ORIGINAL PRINCESS I MET IN THAT INSTITUTION.

I don't like institutions. Thank you for being there in times most needed, by those you are most heeded. You were Stephan pushing the army dude back from hitting me!

I've thrown an invisible leash around your neck.

It just hurt when I Pulled and you were gone... let me get out of this funk and into our new religion. (jka + ls) oooo kinda got a ring to it. Will be hard and fun finding one anyway.

## **PAGE 13**

And so I march on we'll tell one last quick tale. My meds are kicking in, and I'm sure of you I'll dream again.

Jimmy's new shoes were not a random act shoved into a noose.

You led me there, took my hand. I thought you were at the green steepled church as we strolled through Copenhagen hand in hand.

The church was beautiful, like everything else in this land (Denmark). I sat in a corner, became jackl for the princess' right hand. Crept, crawled into a stand, and vibed the shit out of that 1<sup>st</sup> pink shirted man. He was a fucking douche. Eating himself bland and too afraid to stand, and frightened of the princess' left hand.

## **PAGE 14**

The princess' left hand.

Leaped and gawked and vibed and gone.

My reward was a pair of Ecco black for walking the sand.

...a man with a backpack, tryin' to pick up the lady at hand. I jumped in, and cock blocked his STAND.

It was nothing, and once he vibed away, I gave back to the community by purchasing that siiiiiick new pair of Ecco Black Leather shoes.

For you

I'll wear those shoes...

Walking FOR FUCKING EVER