

MY FUCKING PHENOMENAL LIFE

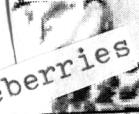
THE GHOST /

WITH THE MACH

cool cat hats + silly sunglasses

#4

anda



1 February 2015

#4

fucking blueberries

antioxidants

artisan espresso drinks

hemp
as
fuck

buying shit off the internet



special salt
salt=CRYSTALS

how to
become
wild
again

perpetual malaise
getting better
all the time

like exercise

but miss

pink bands



how many hours of sleep?



endless shoulder rubs by friendly carandas

The Ghost in the Machine

a repository by siloh

No more homework, only
reading magazines.

A little bit late for critiuee.
post-internet:
"the heap"

Not about medicine but about
the uncertainty.

Not a pathology to pursue
advice but somehow it is only
physically fun to browse, partially.

Remedial to something specific?

My friends, Oprah would want us
to have this:



"Girl, treat yourself
to this crystal bird-
house. "

A woman deserves such
finery.

An emotionally stable
example. Many things
mixed together.

(Methodology.)

The fucking crystal nuance: it takes a very long time to develop. When you can no longer feel your fingers begin to pay attention to them: subtlety. Subtlety.

Extra fucking sensitive: skin rashes, picky about food it makes you irritable and depressed, even more cranky in the grocery aisle. Joints crackly, tummy aches, irregular sleep patterns, stinging dreams, easily upset, melancholic, antisocial, the red tipped tongue indicates a need for frequent exercise to relieve emotional turmoil.

Seeking advice on whether to wake up early or sleep in. The magazine says "what the world needs is more people who come alive. Go come alive!" and pins the advice on a fake bulletin board; squeezes it in amongst the evidence of a busy working life. Ways to indulge and to abstain.

She christened me into her femme ministry. I said, I am the great and powerful oz! Here is my diet advice:

B(berries)
I(ndian spices)
T(eas)
E(ggs)
S(almon)

I become the herbalist in Oprah's domain. Suggestive that the chamomile tea contains another message, acceptable to the greatest number? Those clean but questing.

In the gym it is not too cold or too hot. Never any reason why not to move even inside of the white room. The ~~red~~ rec center is like communism, non-productive but all about endorphins, supposedly. In a different state of mind, all are super-loose and healthy (less stuck chi).

It is a rec center fantasy not like the fucking swim team, the shivering nudes on the sidelines and it is all so damp and echo-y.
Don't have fantasies they are no good.
Only the promise that they are possible?

A transformation of habit.
Transcendental, but through purely physical means.