



NOTHING  
<sup>I KNOW</sup>  
MATTERS  
MORE  
THAN  
WHAT  
NEVER  
HAPPENED.



In case of loss, please return to:

whenever I figure out who I  
am, I'll let you know

As a reward: \$

a lock of hair



I feel more like a  
lemming than a  
guinea pig



9/6/18

impatient: impatient

LAST NIGHT'S SUBWAY MELTDOWN:

I want to just lie down in the street.  
 This is all such a joke.  
 Deactivated, once again.  
 To no one's interest.  
 Turned phone off.  
 Metabolize, incubate.  
 Sweltering + sweating.  
 Done done done done done  
 The continuation is too painful.  
 The stimulation is too ineffective.  
 I've shed too many skins that there's nothing left to maneuver within, there's just manure without + not enough to regenerate. Not enough for a second date.  
 Hate hate hate hate hate hate hate hate hate hate  
 The hatchling got hatched so she breasted back into the heated humus.  
 I am exposed to all the elements with my skin flapping + sagging.  
 Though exposed thus, the elements don't even bother with me. Can't be bothered to see. Not that there's anything of substance, of substance, of suspicion. I suspect that sooner or later I'll just inject no inject. It's all in jest. Cry my → laughing.  
 My flesh is just dangling off. I mangled the mangled. I mangled the hole. I stole a sal! thesele basketery of a benevolent Bunsen burner. the charm chimer, on the gummy, juggling. A gust of wind + adjust your sins. Propelled over the top of the swings.





All the limbs in slings, strong heavy slings. Interlocking rings.



## AMPUTATION!

The CIA IS  
STILL TRYING  
to Kill Me?

- below the knee, below the sea
- JG Ballard, David Cronenberg, Tetris: the Iron Man, Frankenstein, Crash, Captain Jack, Boxing Helena
- stern to stern, chemical burn
- prosthetic, anesthetic
- surgical steel, surgical zeal, sickle meal
- transradial, transfibular, transfemoral (sewer)
- artificial, bioenic, replace/enhance
- orthotic, orbital, ocular
- extremities, silicone, electrode, hydraulic
- carbon fiber, 3D print
- belts + cuffs suction, sutures
- sockets, evolve, valve
- chimera, hybrid
- torture chamber: chagaling
- beated from AP Biology for my unorthodox methodology

my manifesto begins with removing the limbs in favor of  
the redesigned + rebuilt the dermis + steel gait the  
flesh + charcoal stints stitches cross-cross from stern  
to stern to purify the chemical burn as the world  
burns the whirlwind churns so choose machine-laid  
over man-made robot needs (Jettens gettisen) on  
a trade prototype aid within the sky steel shade  
beneath the stockade 1.22 JG Ballard scribbles  
a ballad to mutate with melice dialysis



# AA = METAL

- a bone-crushing judgement whose final achievement is ruin
- purposeless + pointless piece of surgery
- even Bacchus boomeranged on us
- nature + God alike abhor suicide
- defying their instinctive desire for self-preservation, they seem bent upon self-destruction
- our eyes begin to open to the immense values which have come straight out of painful ego-puncturing
- we saw we needn't always be bludgeoned & beaten into humility
- this reopening of emotional wounds, some old, some perhaps forgotten, + some still painfully festering, will at first look like a purposeless + pointless piece of surgery
- it does not lighten our burden when we recklessly make the crosses of others heavier
- we recoiled from meditation + prayer as obstinately as the scientist who refused to perform a certain experiment lest it prove his pet theory wrong
- whenever a human being becomes a battleground for the instincts, there can be no peace
- the collision of instincts can produce anything from a cold stab to a blazing revolution
- "a particle of hatred"
- "as we became subjects of King Alcohol, shivering denizens of his mad realm, the chilling vapor that is loneliness settled down. It thickened, our becoming blacker."

"A scaly demon was tethered on a chain like torso, more so a pet." I lead legions of leeches

abscond  
prodding  
heedless, heedless, ped-less  
hibernate  
sitcom  
drive  
upheaval  
relinquish  
uncanny  
sundered  
recruit  
intercine  
dispel  
sequence  
nubile/ruby  
cross-pollinate  
ordnance  
flora + fauna  
encrypt  
spelunk  
descend, distend  
latent  
portend  
domain  
tangible  
prognosis  
oscillate/fossil  
tedium  
confounding  
taunting  
fracture

autopsy - sight to stop me  
discharge  
extinguish  
descent  
exile  
citizen/sit in zen  
ricochet  
swoon  
prowess  
abimsical  
jugular  
hubris  
nimbus  
stasis  
flotsam + jetsam  
stirrups  
remedy  
theophany  
sympant  
occident  
solar  
plaxus  
fossil  
acrobat  
meet your maker  
tiptoe

astral  
siphon  
pacan  
rigorous  
ex nihilo  
mandith  
anthropoid  
betokening  
pathos  
engn/styme/engne  
pulp  
canort  
slalam/column  
litigation/ligature  
guru  
wield  
evoked  
adjacent  
haywire  
vestigial  
pastiche  
pruzgent  
jagged  
voyeur  
golem  
hot take  
barbed  
intertense  
matf  
brute  
martyr  
ventriloquist  
eruptive blossoms on the skin

mimic  
mandith  
betokening  
engn/styme/engne  
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canort  
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litigation/ligature  
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vestigial  
pastiche  
pruzgent  
jagged  
voyeur  
golem  
hot take  
barbed  
intertense  
matf  
brute  
martyr  
ventriloquist  
eruptive blossoms on the skin

propulsion  
anatomy

my dorsal fins  
just a morsel  
to him

injust m jest test testes  
escape hatch



9/10/18 1:26 AM (Rosh Hashanah)



Desired qualities are not fixed or assigned; they  
can be honed, developed + grasped.

This vessel has no inherent meaning. Acid can assess  
my worth when it meets my face.

I extend a prehensile tail to examine the  
surroundings before unfolding upon them.

Somewhere in this deep mist, there is a nucleus  
of nectar + I will find + bathe in it.

Pillowed, weeping, willowed. Encouraged. Enabled.

I traverse tundra with no endgame, and no  
bent shame. Time cannot be wasted; it  
doesn't work like that. In a tower is a

creature - just smiling bemusedly at what enacts  
itself far below. A specimen of unspecified dimensions  
+ underdeveloped judgment. Soak it in.

The planet holds up its spine to watch the  
planets align. I can stomach everything served because  
I have trained for this since birth. I

worshipped at altars of sloth + moss, frenzied every  
Gorgon greed. I crossed out + cut up my <sup>(farpit)</sup>  
creed. I quit everything I started + starved

before there was a market. Hagged at high tide,  
the fog sighed while my face got pined. Pay  
the Piper, only getting niper. I prefer fresh off  
the vine like flush off a stone, like how

everything feels when all the stars align. Begging  
can be very effective, as can blowing. Request  
a stroke or a choke, in whatever order. I'm not  
picky. But my insides are toffee-sticky.

NOBODY LIKES YOU WHEN YOU'RE DEAD



as for my taste in MC's, I tend towards Escher  
+ intone in-bone in the style of Fran Drescher  
when I sin, they're all ubless her

There is nothing strange about fear: no matter  
in what guise it presents itself it is something  
with which we are all so familiar that when a  
man appears who is without it we are at once  
enslaved by him.

—Henry Miller, 1938



" Envy is an emotion that is essentially both selfish  
 + malevolent. It is aimed at persons + implies  
 dislike of one who possesses what the envious  
 man himself covets or desires and a wish to harm  
 him. Grasping-ness for self + ill-will be at the  
 basis of it. There is in it also a consciousness of  
 inferiority to the person envied, + a chafing under this  
 consciousness. He who has got what I envy is felt by me to  
 have the advantage of me, + I resent it. Consequently,  
 I rejoice if he finds that his envied possession does not  
 give him entire satisfaction - much more, if it actually  
 entails on him dissatisfaction + pain: that simply reduces  
 his superiority in my eyes, + ministers to my feelings of  
 self-importance. As signifying in the envious man a want  
 that is ungratified, + as pointing to a state of impotence  
 inasmuch as he lacks the cause of power which possession  
 of the desired object would give him, envy is in  
 itself a painful emotion, although it is associated with  
 pleasure when misfortune is seen to befall the object of it."



To Adhere or not to Adhere...?  
 That is the question.

Perhaps our trouble was not  
 that we used our imagination.  
 Perhaps the real trouble was  
 our almost total inability  
 to point imagination toward  
 the right objectives.

"reinforce the  
 finger"  
 "feel the terror  
 in your body"  
 "terror is  
 a treasure +  
 that treasure  
 is love"  
 - M. Day



"Make way! I'm trying to cover up a crime here."

APPETITE

REASON



spoiled brat → technocrat

I always give up.

I always give up.

I always give up.

I always give up.

I always give up.

I will try not to give up.

I will try not to give up.

I will try not to give up.

I will try not to give up.

I will try not to give up.

I won't give up.

I won't give up.

I won't give up.

I won't give up.

I won't give up.

I won't give up.

((bellcose brains: varicose veins))

7/26

### THIS PAIN IS:

- REDUNDANT
- MYOPIC
- IRRELEVANT
- MORTIFYING
- PRIVILEGED
- CARNIVOROUS
- HUMORLESS
- ~~USELESS~~
- FUTILE
- SELF-SERVING
- MASOCHISTIC
- FUR-LINED
- SAFETY-NETTED
- SIBILANT
- EXHAUSTING
- SPOON-FED
- HALF-BLIND
- HALF-DEAD
- SENTIENT
- MORIBUND
- INSOLENT
- GILLED
- PILLED
- PLUCKED
- FUCKED
- SUCKED
- STUCK
- DRY
- OVERGROWN
- OUTGROWN
- TO THE BONE
- CONIVING
- AWAY FROM THE THRONE

the rapture, the rapture



9/11/18 (Grandma Natalia's would-be birthday)

I guess hers was the first death I was dealt, and the first funeral I attended. Even now, her life seems like a wasted opportunity, which, coincidentally is how mine might be characterized, though hers was constrained more by surgery + family than by her own suffocating self-doubt + the (stc). Although this perception may, of course, be flawed.

I can remember equally her selflessness when it came to loved ones - her relentless though hushed fainting of an obese woman at the Chinese restaurant, the last meal we all shared.

That framed essay I wrote about her in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade next to Cassin Michael's witty-wispy 9/11 remembrance poem. That memory seems disconcerting somehow. If so much of my childhood is cognitively unreachable does that mean there must be repression of something imperishable? Or could it just be that nothing, <sup>nothing</sup> + more nothing is responsible for the <sup>misfortunate</sup> ~~caustic~~ nothingness of my present form? And the shame that no underlying trauma could be called upon to somewhat explain my hopeless incompatibility of life + reality? No camping trip molestation, violent crime witnessing, television-worship locker-stuffing bullying by the fulans of mean girls?

my spiritual technique is to shred the wires till my feet leak  
obviate the oblique to the oblique down every  
piece of connectivity out in the creek it's the  
meek who inherit the growth garlands on the  
garzayles my god wants me to toil  
encrypt double-dip  
the IV drip game grip

neutered at my most rubile  
palms + knees shredded in the rby aisle  
like Dr. Seuss were he suicidal

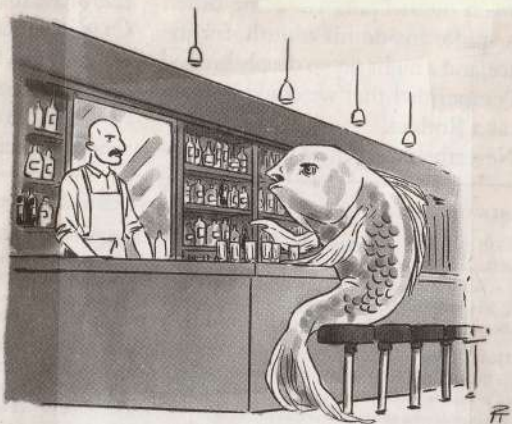
Suffering has its limit, but fears are endless.  
—Pliny the Younger, c. 108



## DHALGREN: REDUX

a lozenge of light over one eye  
she dropped to her knees in a root of foliage  
cartilage  
joined meat of their mouths  
strapped-off, gnawed-back, chitinous wreck  
in the gelid darkness  
insubstantial as a dogmatism of the soul  
Cave mouth was a lambda of near-mist  
a chain of tiny wounds with moments of flesh between

"This is a pretty vicious looking thing"  
wrist; something is littered there  
"Just the third way. Dirty red hair."  
~~She bent her neck to~~



"Yeah? Well, I'm also a fish out of Scotch."  
Mike Douglas, Houston, Texas

9/13/18 1:58 AM

I'm really trying to be patient with myself as  
I get continuously stopped down to nothing.  
But I think it is a human nature to desire  
something - head/someone head, for recognition,  
along with harmony among peers.  
Productivity & creativity are still outpacing  
serenity, but the race is closer than it  
ever has been.

9/16/18 8:41 PM

Oh my god I'm a star... like in the  
psychodrama of life, that's my role. i

womp womp womp

The uneven distribution of talent  
is the greatest injustice, to me

Losing my shit re: original recession.  
Feels like symbolic of a personal failing,  
inability to properly take care of myself.  
That being said, you'd think that after  
these millions of hours of evolution,  
the earth perhaps would have evolved  
to... take care of its own damn  
self, the high-maintenance bitch?



Constantly uncomfortable

Tituba: HT tuba

9/22/18 1:48 PM

Treating myself like a mighty middle-schooler + "restoring content" on my own sphone because, despite the deactivation of my social media, I remain unable to control myself from spiraling downward on Twitter + Youtube, desperately longing to be any one, ever, but myself.

Edward Baugarten, 1951:

As an example of the "fight for rank" among animals, the forward pecking order has recently been much discussed. The ranking impulse in every wild animal appears to be an analogy on the one hand with the merciless + irrevocable classification of an individual in the precise rank ascribed to it within such an animal society, on the other hand with the possibility every animal has of moving up to a higher rank by engaging in a fight for it. This possibility nags at the envious man's heart, along with the fancy of humiliation that weakness, either of constitution or position (actual inferiority of rank), could prevent him from attempting the fight.

red in tooth + claw

DENNIS COOPER

computer recruiter  
cavalry cruiser cooler  
blooper super  
frepper styper  
tuner sewer

pretty boys in the chicken coop  
call me Dennis Cooper poison pupa haopla  
perfect ten is on the tennis court  
tetanus fort

Kickstarter to kill yang milk Carter  
barter martyr garter charter HARPER  
Magna Carta (magma) sparta  
harder lager

fascinated by male beauty  
tutti-frutti





↓  
MTA DISS RAP  
 ↗ ↘

MTA = MGK = MIA

Andrew Cuomo: hand(?) Pomo promo  
 more to Africa (by Toto)

jump in front of a train  
 pay our rent coz we're losing jobs



Envy As Seen by the Social Sciences:  
 (p. 106)

The mutual & spontaneous supervision exercised by human beings over each other - in other words, social control - owes its effectiveness to the envy latent in all of us. If we were quite incapable of envy and, more important if we were also convinced that our behavior would not be envious by anyone, that mutual, tentative exploration of the threshold of social tolerance - a constant social process upon which the predictability of social life depends - would never occur.

(p. 107)

Could it be that in culture & society, man sees himself, often perhaps unconsciously, as so much of an individual that any kind of group membership is inherently repugnant to him? He feels himself robbed of an asset - his very individuality. He has to be a member of a group so as to earn a living, to acquire a certain education etc but he feels himself somehow diminished by belonging to a group, even if he prefers that particular group to other possible ones. He can then most easily compensate for his partial loss of individuality occasioned by membership of the group, or mitigate the pain of that loss, by taking an active part in denying other members of their individuality.



I'M NOT EVERYTHING  
 I WANT TO BE  
 BUT I'M MORE  
 THAN I WAS  
 AND I'M  
 STILL LEARNING

But really:

Everything seems so insanely meaningless.  
 I guess I'm a fatalist.

if  
 all  
 you  
 can  
 do  
 is  
 crawl,  
 then  
 start  
 crawling.





10/13 (approaching sunset)

Did the Seven Lakes Drive. Finally managed to secure the prime lounging rock at my favorite, the apex of which could be delved by the copious wrappers + shattered glass, if not by its obvious geographical supremacy.

I've crossed paths with multiple groups of likely fertile, pubescent males and none of them have attempted to gangbang me or otherwise make me their prey.

Oh good my left foot smells like pure, unadorned SHIT.

This galel/peru hybrid from the kayak must stop.

I wonder how much more of this inertia I'll manage to tolerate before finally being throttled into action.

tick tock



tick tock



tick tock



tick tock



Glad I dragged myself to a suburban AA meeting + it's a TRADITIONS one.

TRADITIONS Undulation

Subliminal messages in the simulation I'm on a cock carousel need constant stimulation murder trials + tribulations nibbed for Adam's pleasure but I'm none the wiser you bailed on the press circuit couldn't handle the pressure I'm handy with with poison berries + brewed treasure treadmill of melancholia like I morphed into Daria gender warrior woman outdoing Sammie selling Sammie's + Thin Mints + alien skin reports re-purpose Repo Man via the site of virgin's gutted like a sturgeon she's sturdy biddle on the birdie 9-letter words + for-the-better<sup>in</sup> worthy excellent with scenery

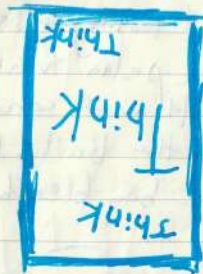
manifest destiny thought I needed a man to extract the best in me so I oiled up my chest indefinitely resting seed testing bleed so I abscond with a palm frond with them all conned with the bail bond with a boy bleached blond

... now that it has completely capitulated to capitalist realism = gutted + gutless, its insides replaced by silicone which once looked lustrous but now possess all the allure of decade-old computer technology



## AFFIRMATIONS

I am worthy even if I am not productive.  
 I am worthy even when I am not creative.  
 I am worthy even when I give up.  
 I am worthy even when I move slowly.  
 I am worthy even though I am envious.  
 I am worthy even if I hide in plain sight.  
 I am worthy even if it's 2 steps forward, 1 step back.  
 I am worthy even when he fucks someone else.  
 I am worthy even when I feel unattractive.  
 I am worthy even though I'm constantly performing.



doing at swift justice  
 to piny your baby's lust list  
 caveat emptor

## REVENGE aka

**I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE**

ignored / fry on the floor  
 outfit / out of it / out of clit  
 dorsal fin / a morsel to him / Morse code  
 guillotine / gilled as a teen  
 gagged + bound  
 rel-flipped + drowned  
 forked tongue  
 gung forced  
 licks

Carrie, Hard Candy, Lady Vengeance, I spit  
 On Your Grave, Audition, Ms. 95

look you in my gun closet, 7 min. in heaven

In a dime boys like you are a dime a dozen  
 at a dime your old? castrated my cousin  
 heard about the birds + the bees buzzing  
 then all the sudden I got slurred up a heart  
 Summers

your flesh bled to a nice camp  
 cut out your tongue like old boy's cured that lisp

I'm not Alexa or Siri, I don't do your bidding  
 grind up your grain while joining in not kidding

stupor Dennis Cooper  
 Kickstarter to kill young Nick Carter  
 make beauty, tutti-frutti

upstart upstart make your guts hurt



10/17/18, post-AA

The Plague of Perennial Performance  
(and alliteration addiction)

When did I realize it was perfectly acceptable to form my gangs in public bathroom, with the pur of palatable success I keep in my purse? This need to be constantly witnessed & somehow affirmed/confirmed is exhausting, and yet, at this stage in "the game" helplessly ingrained. For example: trying ever so coyly to display just enough of a book cover & title to be visible to beholders ideally inspire and re-ignite intellect/woke-ness - but not tilted or held so conspicuously or to make it obvious that the goal is to attract tired subway eyes. Then, of course, when a particularly eloquent, jaw-dropping excerpt should present itself, it simply must be underlined or otherwise marked in order to be shared with digitized stragglers forthwith, for a more reliable source of validation. (though equally undeliberate)

10/10

Absolutely every single one of my natural urges & inclinations are self-destructive/inhibiting or otherwise awful, but I don't have anywhere near the requisite strength & energy to rail against them on a daily, hourly, moment-to-moment basis.

~~ALLEN~~

How does one kill fear, I wonder? How do you shoot a specter through the heart, slash off its spectral head, take it by its spectral throat?

—Joseph Conrad, 1900



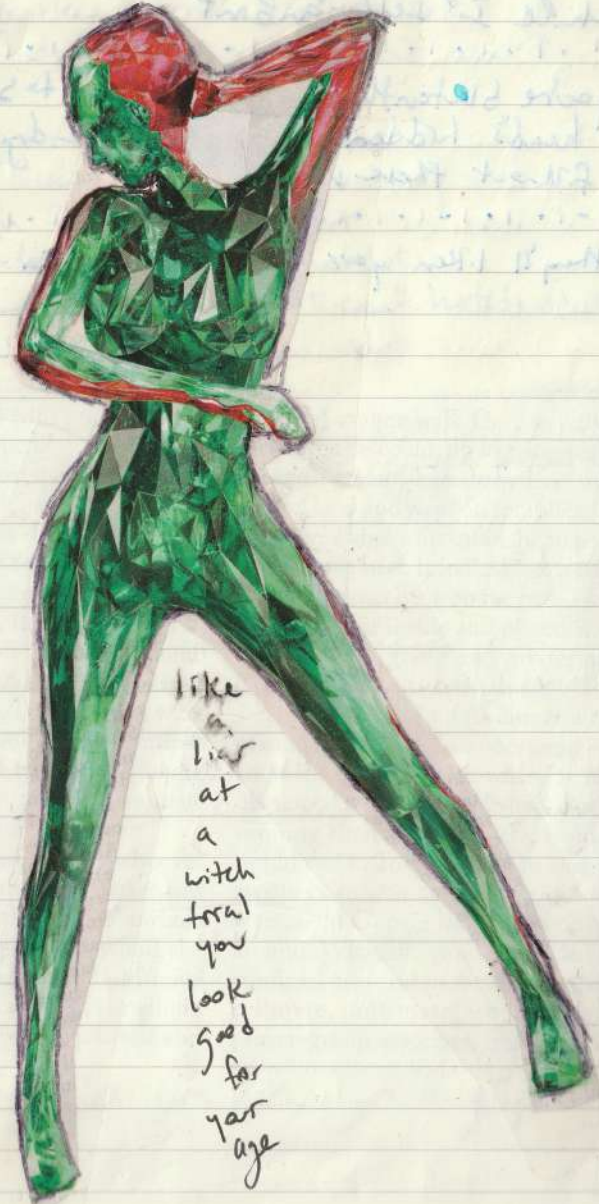




vissect vermin + virgins

I'm the bastard offspring of Mengele + a mannequin  
 rats of bleed when I sacrifice virgins at the Vatican  
 had to pinky-swear the pope I won't do that again  
 oops: animorphed from a girl to a bat again  
 reanimate what I can't recreate took my hindsight  
 back on this blind date spite fate irate when  
 I rate you a 6 out of 10, bbb it's just  
 the devil again watch out I'm loose in the  
 piggpen announce my death knell like Big Ben  
 New Boy Brother's watching + he's ~~not~~ boning  
 his sister under ~~your~~ skin like an alien blood blister  
~~whipped~~ whipped to death by my whiskers store  
 like the mother of ~~the~~ whistler fogues spoken  
 in whispers so I shape-shift to a beast  
 + a burden vissect vermin as a sadistic  
 suburban surgeon I agree with Sarge  
 Gainsbourg: ugly beats beauty coz it lasts  
 cry wolf I'm a cryptid outmanaging my  
 caste untouchable, iconoclast pissed all  
 over my past + then your passions face  
 ashen ~~temper with roller coasters take~~  
~~care as I take all the rations take part~~  
~~in the fascist party coz it's in fashion~~  
 I'm rebid + a rarity so I have to be  
 rationed

I'm that tycoon tempering with roller  
 coasters I ascend ashore + the whole coast  
 stirs



like  
 a  
 liar  
 at  
 a  
 witch  
 trial  
 you  
 look  
 good  
 for  
 your  
 age







meet me @ the very end of cross final boss  
ribs out like an open-heart on 90s Kate Moss  
take the loss, take this pill with my secret sauce  
drug empire: got led away like Freeway Rick Ross

main organelle membranes  
w/ mutations in the main veins  
fuck, these vein nodes get undone

snakes rattle in sacks, I'm that bitch with the  
on my sculpt saddle sitting down these cattle scraps

power corrupts: call me Caligula  
as I play flush & fractalize fibers  
then pump you with enough medicine to meet your melanin  
got the holes gaped wide enough to fit a whole ripe melon in

I'm carrying cartagena I'm eating cartagoens  
ant seeing dunny botched bleed from the veins

licking sword-off lips, sticking the sealed syringe  
watch me undressed, undulating & unchanged

so open up the orbice OR I'll FIST  
leave your ~~flap~~ one huge cicatrix  
I'm sick of these <sup>points</sup> trucks + these tiny dicks  
from the ICU straight to the River Styx

I go deep down in the depths to dissect  
dream my sect they dream from the sex  
got the 4 horsemen in forceps at my distress!

succumb to the sickness, suck cum from the witness  
my return of return remark, leave no eyewitness

classvoyant meet clever Ulva Barton  
red in the milkman's carton  
legs parting to Corbens barking  
you're deserted, distended + disheartened  
(no chemists & gore blitz)

wield the advisors clad in dourhus  
turn social butterflies into recluses  
nervous notions turn to nurses  
notices with bodies' vital juices

Smarterchild, you're just a bot to me  
lases out for the lobotomy  
make you a vegetable so this is botany

my sparrow's seen some that can't be forgotten  
of rotten mad dogotten <sup>white women on</sup> beggar on ER cots  
+ all your steel's clothing  
heart rate dropping, toxic waste mopping

estimates of estrogen, defibrillating deizer  
select spers for the plainmen (the most special men)  
photobled, their parts pretzeling

I span pump + circumstance  
chase to pump + circumscribe  
walk or dance + square the circle as he dies



red in tooth + claw doomed to drink thru a straw  
you lack the wherewithal to cope with this withdrawal

got tantric tester, I'm a fringe tyrant  
splay legs, reveal a titanic trident  
so let's fix the trauma somewhere private  
get these chvents spouting like East German hydants

I'm an expert tease  
my expertise is medical  
now all that's left of the dead is a freckle

you're blatantly bedridden  
time to seek; your head's hidden  
~~gluck all the guts to fill out these mittens~~

I ventilate varicose veins  
+ braid bellicose brains  
caress the comatose + on midnight trains

turn a trick; no frowning yet  
turn this kit from first aid to burn-switch  
+ I'll build a bitch from your spare bits  
we've just had to (fuck) stare at my tits

lethal rejection: illegal intention  
voracious veins of Furs  
it's an intravenous intervention

## TO-DO

- clean + organize room
  - box frame (measure mattress) ✓✓
  - get rid of/sell shit ✓✓✓
  - system for books, etc. ✓✓
  - go thru college materials ✓✓
- ① practice + record rps ✓✓✓
- work out regularly ✓✓ (3x week)
- adhere to daily schedule ✓✓
- work on collage zine ✓ (Venerable Versailles?)
- Artist's Way (?) ✓✓
- devise strategy for keeping in consistent contact w/ people ✓✓
- ② write article(s) ✓
- get vaccine, submit medical records ✓✓✓
- register for spring classes ✓✓
- spy Pippi!!! ✓✓

Sunday: off work at Spm meeting at 10pm  
Monday: free til 3:15pm, work 5pm-11pm  
Tuesday: \_\_\_\_\_  
Wednesday: \_\_\_\_\_  
Thursday: free til 8pm weekly - review  
Friday: work 5pm-1 AM Medium titles  
Saturday: work 5pm-1 AM fragments

- warm up by replying others' rps daily
- finally record Inuree rap
- writing prompts (rehab journal, coll appts)
- attempt to distill at long last



10/18 12:35 AM

09-07

well, I suppose I'm officially 27.  
That's that, then.

so eloquent: rap game Jerry Holzer got whole  
handed harder in my holster I'm that fucson  
tampering with roller coasters I ascend ashore +  
the whole coast stars my alt recruited Ann  
Coulter then at her into outlets with an  
antique atlas leave these years gutless fist:  
undress second: arrest no peace in your  
country it's a leaking address obsessed even  
on absentia give drones doppelgänger + dementia  
a denigod destroy the intelligentsia my  
intel's not gentle take a nice to your mental  
erase all records: guiness, 33s + dental

(THE SKY OPENED  
+ GOD HANDED YOU DIRECTLY TO ME)

↓

"I'm in so over my head I've learned to breathe in it"

commune with nature  
nurture the commune  
kibble + bits in the Kibbutz

to  
Sample: 666 Gontfick Boomerang 0:00 - 0:16

\* Pimp

Love I Don't Have to Love

Shut Me Up

World Whore III 0:00 - 0:31

Fist-Fuck-A-Thon 0:00 - 0:27

World Wide War

Hello - (B.I.T.)

22

Memory

Browse Violet

Magick Flute

Jingle Train

Boko (Wrap)

Sic Transit Gloria

.PSYCHOMACHIA.

HURT ME

I AM WILLING TO CARE TO THE PERVERTED TASTES

OF YOURS

HURT ME AS MUCH AS YOU CAN

and I knew  
I'd cherish all my misery  
alone

"It is as if the present has been grafted  
into the dark man of a threatening future."



my work demands a criminal element that expects rate!

# I SPIT ON YOUR FAVE



when I was rosy-checked, tony + shiny-beaked  
each day came the new disguised as entrees  
thought the only thing worse than hulk's being ignored  
when they bypass my ant + go for the figs on the floor  
next door, feet + figures I kept both scorn + score  
to adorn the gate were

backed into a corner, in to a beast with 2 backs  
2 face snacks 2 trays coming down 2 tracks  
(omega negative) *while he confesses I burn the cathedral*  
he proved hell is other people  
thought I owed to deep-throat his people  
thought my spirit animal was the spread eagle

man I'm smiling I'm fucked up, I'm out of it  
didn't think there were that many nips in  
my outfit *close to expose of the page he's out at club I'm out of what*  
thought he *smile* was the real deal *St. Hubert's counterfeits*  
can't his blessing, then his wand blessings, can't en it  
*like I want a molehill + make a murder out of it*

he didn't get that I'm not filly-human  
thought my words wanted him now I'm extending  
like the lawn creep, got ecumen for greasing  
but my dorsal fin was just a model to him *model sin*  
turned nasal *post-mortem* to make a *patient* part of him  
I was gilded w/ a teen sawyer neck's on the guilotine  
health bill unclear, use it to light the grill on your spleen  
*In the median, the nose + the crown*  
*gondry grows to see what goods I can steal*

THESE GAMES ARE SUPER FUN, RIGHT?  
LEAVE HIS BODY A SUPERFUND SITE!

I'd say lean back, relax but his spine's already upine  
already made him low like his engines are upine  
could thr *mobb* + *showered*

I'm belated out, a hologram: this can't be true come  
now in hole, close your eyes, can't back down in hole  
I draw blood, you draw nearer to divinity  
just in time for forensics to inspect your complex rigidity  
*you're a nut in the vicinity*

convictly centerize, corelove  
purveyor of parricide  
leave his cartilage concave

fun by 261  
mib his  
187!

I do peyote in a cave then I spit on his grave  
shred the contract that branded me a sex slave  
slit his throat, asps close shave

as cold as my stone is broken as any of his bones  
(it was hell sweep)

- I was ribbed for Adam's pleasure
  - my candy's hard, your windows are dazed
  - harmony - it's scheduled to be whatever's spinning neck of me
  - met your maker
  - play-dough, Plato
  - irrigate erogenous zones
  - slave finding, sack and the hunting
  - pure room, tinnic down, romantic hand
  - sack the upper, jlo on sumpst, boy dupper
  - hippos camp in your hippocampus
  - bander hope rather than try to cope
  - soyze, sbruge, sewage
- proxy, let the hole block see*  
*verballogist*  
*lick lips*  
*turbulence*



no membrane between the members of my brain  
+ the demons'  
daisy chain

HISSESSSSSS



with full of constructors scrutinizing scripture  
maligning men made from wicker (effigy refuges)  
distilling venom in toxic elixirs

instilling wisdom in to still waters with dope depth  
dolay out deserved deaths clouded with baby's breath  
we whisper all at once like Sybil in a  
sibilant shibboleth

to fill at the slut list to spill out the  
limp wrists slit with disembodied fangs  
rather than pass & exist but I'm  
eternal immortal as a basilisk, tongues  
stay out like when Bastet licks  
with a fangs-like fork  
egg cracks, hiss scorn at the other

propped up legless on street corners  
heckling mannequins looking snake oil  
one yoga pose I make great lakes boat

prised to stroke in desert sand: no escape  
cobra got the hood, I capped the cape

morph + them = ecto  
more thirst = unneeded though  
shedding flesh so toes rotting left but  
at least the leddy's fresh

1. I will no longer be ruled by fear.
  2. The ceaseless comparisons will suddenly come to an end
  3. Male validation will pale in the face of true self-realization.
  4. Reality will not defeat me; escape will not consume me.
  5. Thoughts will be watched, not bent to in worship.
  6. The body will grow strong in resistance.
  7. Solitude will be rejuvenating.
- I will no longer obsess over all the options that exist, and instead will decide, commit & focus.
- I will accept where & who I am rather than wishing I were somewhere & someone else.


THIS MORTAL COIL  
THIGH PORTAL OILED





"The Leaden-Eyed" - Vachel Lindsay

Let not young souls be smothered out before  
They do great deeds & fully flout their pride.  
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,  
Its poor are ox-like, Ump & leaden-eyed.  
Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly,  
Not that they saw, but that they seldom reap,  
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve,  
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

I get real candy in crop circles  
the fruits of my IV keep the soil fertile  
(neighborhood watch watches me instead) 

my body's bottle was rattled before he was even born  
because blood is to milk & rose is to them  
but he was bled on pain, so there's little hope of a natural form

Is it a mystery that I worship you?  
That I'd lick your boots no matter who you stew?  
It can't be hard to see that I'd stick my tongue  
over all of your body's parts & even if you came  
to see body, I'd still be ready to start.

empathy, entropy, encephaly

as far as my eye can see  
a cylops with some menagerie

pulse is weak  
I never speak  
I only leak.

tail chews math because it misses the webness

noose, knife, charity belt - knelt

coward carcass  
tighten my harness

funny how the black hole's genital but the Milky Way's  
mental my whole ficky body's on hourly rental

chokehold <sup>stroke</sup> white gold  
it's always black or white but it's always mold  
my skin turned grey the moment I void.

on my wings & knees for a little bird seed

animate in the fluids of your failures & their fathers ←

Separate skin with chain links  
no rampart in ramparts  
secret compartment in all my holy books

snoat spout sprout grant route bay saint fade out

triker slender big speaker public defender surrender justice vendor  
syllable biblical unshakable criminal pinnacle

snuff cuff tough stuff scuff enough

spirit skirt, spirit cut dirt flirt alert, desert pervert



hitachikey w/ a notorious pervert  
angel cake amber alert  
truck driver's depraved dessert  
watch as I make my whole body gape  
it's my hyperbladder close receptor  
plow fields, patch shields

can't help but corrupt every crumb  
put every last morsel on a leash  
yest the whip just leaves me numb  
& the soft ceiling's such a reach.

Cemetery swatches

...with the impersonal firmness of an executioner

the body I've welded out of desperation, animal  
flesh & barnyard splinters. it wasn't lost  
thru even the mildest winters.

hoseshoes on filthy human feet

and it turned out that the summit I've been climbing  
was just the convex crown of my broken hymen

murder's just matter that got in a mess

bury whatever you're selling no matter the setting

the football team gaybays their coach

dehydrated in the desert deluded & divided  
w/ the neotropics on the tropics  
blacklisted for stability black shit from hot topic  
got all the toxic fractures & tonics  
fill sphincters with solids  
conditions always squalid

started by all the sperm in my stomach  
mud men at the wall then get installed in Rome  
unrightly crown I'm the whole that got both  
Ishmael & Jonah keeping up w/ the donkeys  
sleeping with web noses slapping up the waxy jazz  
you get a raw deal I truly know what raw is  
the last straw was when I saw how good I looked  
with a chainsaw saw up brain I saw some  
of my existence = far resistance + some laws

I go double-jointed to sink to the summit  
death rattle so distinct you can hear it  
grow up manster'd now I just slurp it

an object in motion stays in motion  
the objects I touch need calambic lotion

female dark-tried hybrid bored from the bar

spoil spec & span specters

empty your pockets then your eye sockets

treatment failed because Doc I am Pythecis  
hitachi Fibonacci



10/24 10:54 PM

In the mood to be abducted & (consensually) raped.  
I (partly) blame the Lifetime Original Movie.

TO THINK HOW MANY CAVITIES THERE ARE IN A HEALTHY BODY! AND HEAVENS IN AN UNHEALTHY ONE!

performative

jury duty - troll movie

(transcend human)

drug dealer - only "friend"

obsess over unchangeable men

"how do they have fun"

so end it.

end it?

end it!

My life has no meaning. This is undeniable.  
 My life has no meaning. This is non-debatable.  
 My life has no meaning. This is pathetic.  
 My life has no meaning. This is a tad worse.  
 My life has no meaning. This is selfish.  
 My life has no meaning. This is subjective.  
 My life has no meaning. This is irrelevant.  
 My life has no meaning. This is inexorable.  
 My life has no meaning. This is normal.  
 My life has no meaning. This is abnormal.  
 My life has no meaning. This is desperate.  
 My life has no meaning. This is alarming.  
 My life has no meaning. This is genetic.  
 My life has no meaning. This is predictable.  
 My life has no meaning. This is horrible.  
 My life has no meaning. This is karma.  
 My life has no meaning. This is entropy.  
 My life has no meaning. This is god.  
 My life has no meaning. This is deserved.  
 My life has no meaning. This is self-inflicted.  
 My life has no meaning. This is perplexing.  
 My life has no meaning. This is delightful.  
 My life has no meaning. This is freeing.  
 My life has no meaning. This is prying.  
 My life has no meaning. This is temporary.  
 My life has no meaning. This is forever.  
 My life has no meaning. This is human.  
 My life has no meaning. This is humorous.  
 My life has no meaning. This is false.  
 My life has no meaning. This is final.  
 My life has no meaning. This is myopic.  
 My life has no meaning. This is deserved.



# SELECT-A-SLUT



IMA TURN MY 261  
INTO HIS 187

## Venerable Versailles

Zine epigraph? - Louis XIV

- 1 "That is what troubles me. I should like to suffer more for the expiation of my sins."
- 2 \* "Ah, if I were not king, I should lose my temper."
- 3 "Has God forgotten all I have done for him?"
- 4 "It is legal because I wish it."

Marie Antoinette:

- 1 "I have seen all, I have heard all, I have forgotten all."
- 2 "There is nothing new except what has been forgotten."
- 3 "You can be assured I need no one's guidance in anything concerning propriety." \*
- 4 "My tastes are not those of the king, who has none except for hunting + medicine's labor."





11/4

sellin' / leen' /

Need to continually remind myself that there is nothing "wrong" or "my fault" about the fact that I simply don't get along with the vast majority of the sober house clients!!!!

My life is so performative, like how when you're driving "straight ahead," you need to constantly self-correct with micro wheel movements in order to maintain the direction + momentum.

- "reality is this awful TV program I'm forced to watch but am not a part of"
- bedframe!
- depression vs. addiction
- importance of AM

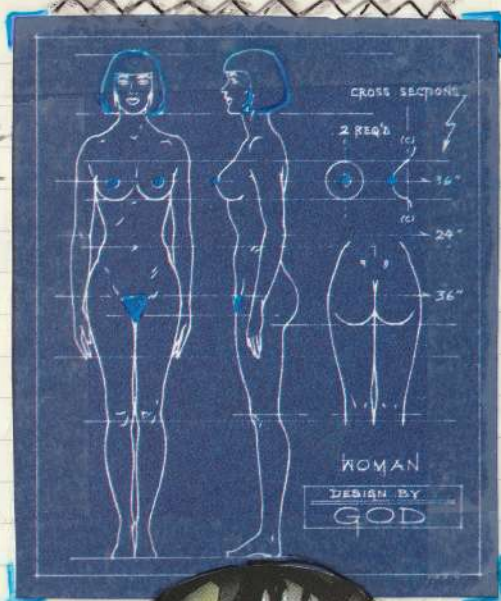
Why do I hate Alex so much? Worth investigating

"never-ending circus of surprise"

(this is your sole purpose)  
universal soul crows

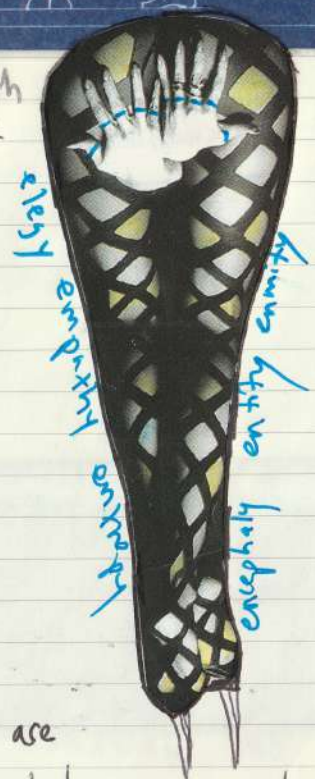
"To feel anything deranged you. To be seen feeling anything strips you naked."  
- Anne Carson

as far  
can see:  
with some  
men are  
Murdy  
a little  
fuck every  
the jury  
better  
sick  
lousy  
note  
my  
leeds



as my eye  
a Cydops  
manager  
~~the jury~~  
Gurdy  
birdie  
man on  
ant army  
hurry  
with surly  
with lice  
model  
yo was  
Pleiss

Black Sabbath  
at her stack  
slab of surd  
curdle every  
every dind!



saboteur stabs  
the deck on the  
crush the curd  
hurdle douse

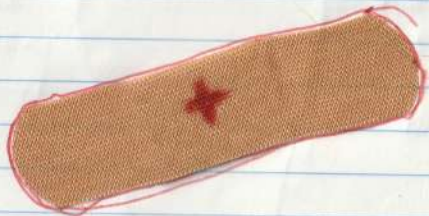
all my factories are  
sun-dappled, gave my hot stepson the  
person apple



Found in the canopy - st Kamulus +  
Kasper Heuser ) infant +  
savage Remus

long ~~hacker~~ ~~hacker~~ ~~hacker~~ ~~hacker~~ ~~hacker~~  
hacker FERAL CHILD creepy  
crawler

see the absence of 23 me  
I sketch up my own family tree  
gnaw the whole thing with meat +  
machines in my dreams my  
head's stroked I'm not a stroke +  
poke sticks + stones crack to the  
yolk I bleed yellow into my  
first-ever coke amongst the  
common folk



Terror is as much a part of the concept of  
truth as runniness is of the concept of jam. We  
wouldn't like jam if it didn't, by its very nature,  
ooze. We wouldn't like truth if it wasn't sticky,  
if, from time to time, it didn't ooze blood.

—Jean Baudrillard, 1987

MALE  
MODELS

NOT

ROLE  
MODELS

The way through the world  
is more difficult to find than the way beyond it.



AS VIRTUAL AS REALITY!



## REVENGE, cont.

Ima turn my 261 into his 187  
lock him in my gun closet, 7 min. in heaven  
no safe home, I'm packing 7 weapons  
new step wife as all my years of rage step in

my candy's hard, his windows are barred  
exhausted all the Hallmark sympathy cards  
make soap from his lard, drop it in prison yards  
chisel chips in his shoulders, leave him charred

I'm a chronic deity, I get demonic with vice  
he forget his own name, needs a mnemonic device  
got fractures & fates, <sup>less</sup> more sign more space  
his "less" of men "much more" of mice"  
no vice

when I said I get freaky, I meant like  
Tekashi make -- but its just me, K?

## Revenge



In the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, a fourteenth-century Buddhist funerary text, the wicked are said to endure bodily tortures after death. Spiritual reflection, however, brings the realization that there is no need for fear "because, in truth, your body is a natural form of emptiness."

Constantly performative, not being able to go  
sex work mess shooting out to nature



upstading  
liton  
angles  
his  
camera  
upskits  
I'll  
upend  
his  
existence

They'll like  
his remains  
to Sylvia  
Lilans'  
preferred to endoken instead of, enlighten  
it's a tight fit felt a type I'm a fitan  
abneged beyond to test to meet possible  
it's all there, it's not the psibogin  
his operations will always be the angry jiter, he gets a raw  
deal to dark know what cause is

ensure  
his  
guts  
spurt



In America I saw the freest and most enlightened men placed in the happiest circumstances that the world affords; it seemed to me as if a cloud habitually hung upon their brow, and I thought them serious and almost sad, even in their pleasures. It is strange to see with what feverish ardor the Americans pursue their own welfare, and to watch the vague dread that constantly torments them lest they should not have chosen the shortest path that may lead to it.

A native of the United States clings to this world's goods as if he were certain never to die; and he is so hasty in grasping at all within his reach that one would suppose he was constantly afraid of not living long enough to enjoy them. He clutches everything, he holds nothing fast, but soon loosens his grasp to pursue fresh gratifications.

In the United States a man builds a house in which to spend his old age, and he sells it before the roof is on; he plants a garden and lets it just as the trees are coming into bearing; he brings a field into tillage and leaves other men to gather the crops; he embraces a profession and gives it up; he settles in a place, which he soon afterward leaves to carry his changeable longings elsewhere. If his private affairs leave him any leisure, he instantly plunges into the vortex of politics; and if at the end of a year of unremitting labor he finds he has a few days' vacation, his eager curiosity whirls him over the vast extent of the United States, and he will travel fifteen hundred miles in a few days to shake off his happiness. Death at length overtakes him, but it is before he is weary of his bootless chase of that complete felicity which forever escapes him.

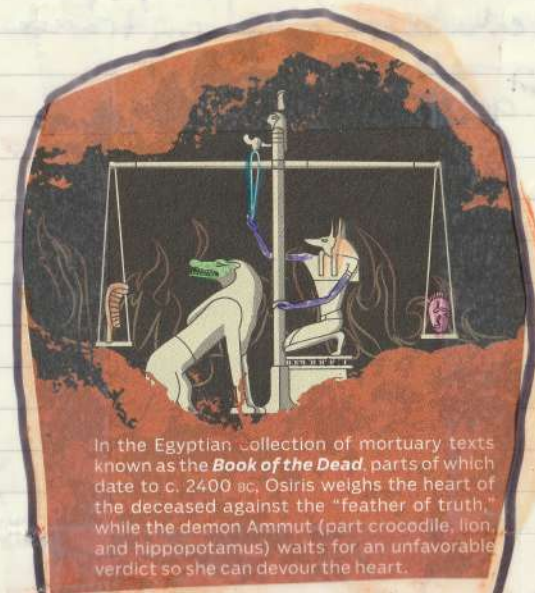
At first sight there is something surprising in this strange unrest of so many happy men, restless in the midst of abundance. The spectacle itself, however, is as old as the world; the novelty is to see a whole people furnish an exemplification of it.

11/10

9:26

My life has somehow become sitting on my ass at this sober house, watching a movie entitled "A Haunting on Fraternity Row."

Could it stay at Perry St. for more than 20 min.



In the Egyptian collection of mortuary texts known as the **Book of the Dead**, parts of which date to c. 2400 BC, Osiris weighs the heart of the deceased against the "feather of truth," while the demon Ammut (part crocodile, lion, and hippopotamus) waits for an unfavorable verdict so she can devour the heart.

Alexis de Toynbee



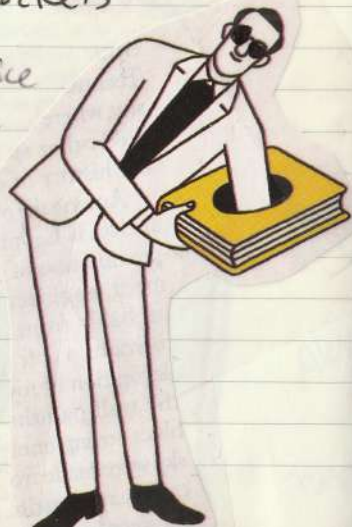
# + A.M.P.U.T.A.T.I.O.N.+

my manifesto begins with <sup>manually</sup> removing the limbs  
in favor of the redesigned + rebuilt, the derms +  
steel gut, the flesh + chankank shifts  
as stitches cross-cross from stern to stern to charge ahead  
as the world churns to purify the penitent thru  
chemical burn

so chose machine-told over man-made carbon-  
concrete over organic mistakes I missed the  
cage that housed me til the 3<sup>rd</sup> stage of my  
evolution from human to merge  
more at home with <sup>internal</sup> metal than a <sup>fire +</sup> <sup>internal</sup> kettle  
metal rods make me a god

I pop surgical steel with <sup>liturgical zeal!</sup>  
deploy my spine's sickle for a <sup>nutritional program</sup> ~~debt~~ meat  
I proffer the proper prostheses with no anesthetic  
~~sp~~ preach of the singularity, so prophetic  
replace, enhance, in a titanium trance  
suction - sutures - sockets

Tetsuo <sup>bot</sup> gets you so hot  
prepare for the prosthetic device  
with zero anesthetic or ice  
all stamped like I'm boxing  
Helen half-mechanic  
Helen of Troy replica  
fortune chamber  
emerge a chengeling



# SHAKESPEARE PHRASES

- a countenance more in sorrow than anger
- A Daniel come to judgment
- a dish fit for the gods (offering of high quality)
- a fool's paradise
- a foregone conclusion
- a plague on both your houses
- age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety
- an ill-favored thing sirs, but mine own
- creeping like a snail unwillingly to school
- and thereby hangs a tale
- as dead as a doornail
- as pure as the driven snow
- at one fell swoop
- bag + baggage
- blow, winds, + crack your cheeks
- brevity is the soul of wit
- but screw your courage to the sticking-place
- come the 3 corners of the world in arms
- cry havoc + let slip the dogs of war
- discretion is the better part of valor
- enter out of horse + home
- et tu, Brute
- frailty, thy name is woman
- green-eyed monster
- he will give the devil his due
- host by your own petard
- how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child
- I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
- it beggars all descriptions
- it is meet + don't to me
- lily-livered
- milk of human kindness



- misery acquaints a man with strange bed fellows
- now is the winter of our discontent
- off with his head
- out of the jaws of death
- pain rose path
- saw teeth, saw eyes, saw fate, saw everything
- Slew your courage to the sticking place
- set your teeth on edge
- short shift
- this mortal coil
- stricken the sinews
- the crack of doom
- the dark incarnate
- the stings & arrows of outrageous fortune
- the smallest worm will turn, being trodden on
- this precious stone set in the silver sea, this sceptered isle
- this far into the benevolence of the land
- to gold refined gold, to part the lily
- uneasy lies the head that wears a crown
- what a piece of work is man

WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE,  
I TURN THE AUTOPILOT ON

WHEN IT COMES TO SELF-PITY,  
I TRULY PILE IT ON.  
AUTO

vertical vs. horizontal relationships

11/11

I'm so tired of all the company, the perceived company. The never being present. The always wanting more. The holding myself to an unheard-of standard. The interminable performance & theatrics.

But clearly I'm still not ready to let them all go.

I want to love myself & I have hope I will someday but it all seems so distant & theatrical. Because it requires concrete action I am unwilling to take.

[ you give me endless material, infinite rest  
I ingest only the best of your rest of flesh  
& invest in the involuntary removal of  
pests those pesky pests with their pustules  
& debts catch them in the woods with  
nets & nettle in the night, foliage wet  
the lowrest cigarette ]

restless &  
indecision =  
hell →





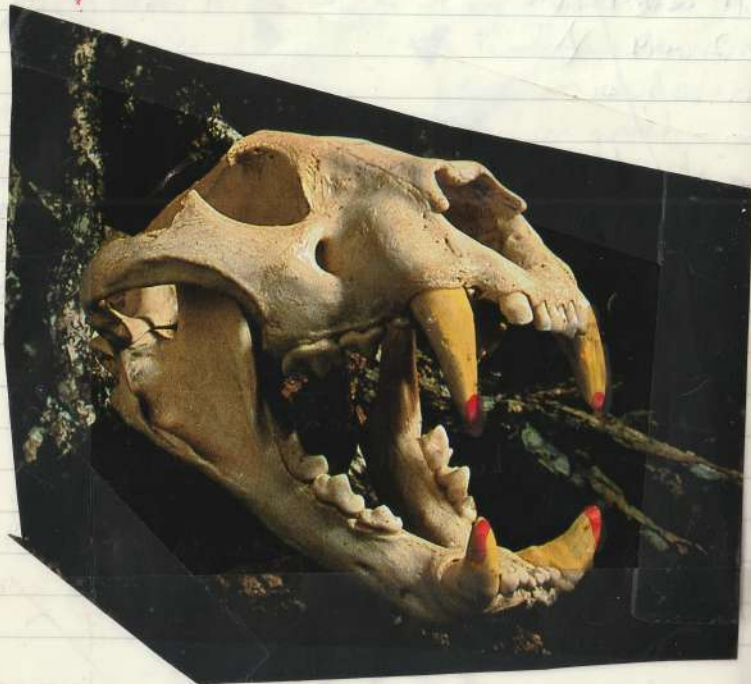


I GUESS SPACE  
WAS INVENTED SO  
**EVERYTHING** WOULDN'T  
ALL HAPPEN RIGHT  
HERE.



## BRACELET AFFIRMATIONS

This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
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 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.  
 This too shall pass. I am worthy, I am loved.



## EARLY RECOVERY BIN GO

(by a dude  
with a  
beard)

2- stepping	getting 17 service commitments	self- help books	getting 13m- stuffed	social media addiction
constantly needing sex validation	gym obsession	rehab goggles	"we only need 3 med people for this kayak trip"	depressed honesty
having a "treatment team"	suddenly enjoying hiking	free space (relapse!)	Coffee + cigarettes	excessive vaping
war stones	"your disease is being pushed"	taking video of yourself dramatically flashing down toilet	getting into a relationship in first year despite all warnings	regret
social isolation	2- stepping	bad tattoos	attention- seeking behavior	significant change in music taste





I'm the bastard offspring of Mergle & a mannequin  
rats of blood who I sacrifice these virgins of the Vatican  
had to pinky swear the (pedestal) ego I won't do that  
oops, just a morphed from a girl to a bat again  
trick in virtue & me like the sword that got the Flies  
propped up on a spoked black in a solid black of ice  
my sentence for blocking the way to the after life  
I'm after light I'm after spite I'm after the plague but  
before the blight

they  
nurtured me at my most noble  
plunged in my guts for some new bile  
now my knees are shredded in the rby assle  
defiled, landed in the D for dead file

when it comes to love + life, I turn autopilot on  
and when it comes to self-pity, I auto pile it on

even uncontacted tribes  
end up taking my bribes

Note to self: A "passion" needn't be something  
one is especially good at.

I'll never not view the subway as a particularly  
peculiar, insulated ecosystem.

Now I could just kill a man



RETRIBUTION, cont.

came his cartilage to host a conclave  
I do peyote in a cave then I spit on his grave  
shred the contract that branded me over slave  
slit his throat close call for a close shave  
leave his pelvis looking like a sine wave

my candy's hard, his windows are barred  
exhausted all the Hallmark sympathy cards  
make soap from his <sup>legs</sup> Lord, drop it in prison yards  
then extract several fives like a punk prison guard



## • SELF-HYPNOSIS •

Close your eyes + imagine yourself in a room.  
There's nothing on the walls, nothing on the floor.

No piles of collectibles in the corners.

You are sitting directly in the middle of this room.

You are used to being in rooms that have been transformed  
by your will.

Rooms that are physical, spatial representations of your  
preferences + proclivities.

Rooms that are earnest tributes to your creativity.

Rooms that are overflowing with things, things + meetings

Things are easier to rely on than people.

Things keep you company without making demands.

But now, all those things you've gathered, hoarded over  
the years are gone.

Everything you've made has disappeared as well.

In the past, you've equated your worth to your public output.

Your tastes behind you. Your creations contained you.

Now it's just you. You are no longer hiding behind a

facsimile of a self.

The persona - your attempt at transcending human - has dissolved.

And you are at peace. Your self-esteem is no longer

intertwined with your productivity. Even creating nothing,

you are worthwhile. You are loved. You belong in this world.



FILTHY  
SCUM...  
DISGUSTING  
HUMANS!!...



and it turned out that the summit I've been climbing  
is just the convex cousin of my broken hymen  
nothing more than a thorn, nothing less than a demon  
just a shiny preleptarian newborn rhyming

+ I get real comfy in these creep circles  
the fruits of my IV keep the soil fertile  
I bide my time + all my fluids wridle  
gird my loins in the gown grid off the girdle

hammer of hypnosis, I yachted thru merosts  
my "oh shit" moment ~~after all my doses~~  
I focus on the potion but can't predict the prognosis  
I prod the gross till it turns to proper symbiosis

never recall what looks better slowly unraveled  
never part your lips to pry for a leagured gavel  
everyone's like "oh I love brunch + I love to travel"  
so I launch them into space like this is Cape Canaveral

the mess grew messy between our bekked legs  
I stay fully stocked with ~~disturbed~~ <sup>these</sup> dreads  
who ~~leak~~ <sup>leak</sup> for mercy + for their rattled nest eggs  
I only ~~bleat~~ <sup>bleat</sup> + bleed for those with the best bay

as far as my eye can see, Cyclops in some menagerie  
the men are surely surely they ~~kill~~ <sup>feel</sup> my fury  
funeral rites for the changeling fairy  
just a little whoa on the prairie

e-f-f-e-c-t a smooth operator  
operating correctly



"The pale Killer whale there before  
her till the friendly light does  
night comes, + the animal can begin  
to lish her with his tail again."



LIFE WITHOUT INDUSTRY IS GUILT



INDUSTRY  
WITHOUT  
ART IS BRUTALITY

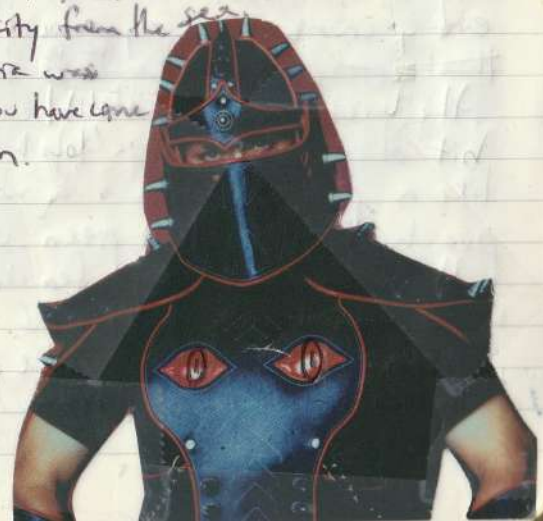


H45193 © Demco, Inc. 2001 1127601201

(sexting 1962)

→ WOMAN WITH GIRDLE - Anne Sexton ←

Your midriff sag toward your knees;  
 your breasts lie down in air,  
 their nipples as uninvolved as warm stardust.  
 You stand in your elastic ease,  
 still not giving up the newborn + the old born cycle.  
 Mousy, you roll down the garment,  
 learn that pink inguinal + the hoarder,  
 as your belly, soft as pudding,  
 stops in to the empty space;  
 down, over the surgeon's careful mask  
 down over hips, these head cushions + mouth cushions,  
 slow motion like a rolling pin,  
 over crotch, that amazing breed  
 that hides your genitals from your partner;  
 over thighs, thick as young pigs,  
 over calves, so polished as leather,  
 down toward the feet.  
 You pause for a moment,  
 tying your ankles into knots  
 Now you rise, a city from the sea  
 has lay before Alexandria was  
 straightaway from God you have come  
 into your redeeming skin.





Is it a mystery that I worship you?  
That I'd lick your boots no matter who you slew?  
The stoma stew, the black + blue, the morning dew  
The pan's in a clue as to what will decompose the  
but even so, I'd slick my tongue over <sup>hwe</sup>  
all your body's parts + even if you ceased  
to be a body I wouldn't hesitate to start  
gazing at your astral chart, I dot my  
Is with hearts until you're <sup>firmly</sup> in my  
shopping cart the carts before the horse  
your birthmarks are Horse my birth was in  
a park with ~~the~~ flowers + much force I  
retreat in to my fort with thoughts of you  
impossible to abort I court insanity ~~with~~  
like a blood sport in the heliport it's  
a hellish wart: this globe of disgust  
that I thrash + thrust I missed the  
most mandibles coz I must I can't trust  
you won't trapse on my <sup>over</sup> lust + trample  
my earth's crust I can't help but corrupt  
every crumb put every <sup>the</sup> morsel on a lurch  
~~the~~ harness cowards' carcass, let loose  
the leech on a candlelit beach where every  
bit of joy is just a touch out of reach  
like a plucked plum + a maggot-infested  
peach so preach + preen until the median's  
the mean + every female's a teen  
+ I inspect my guts + I unbrake my  
spleen to splay out like a split slit on  
a spit <sup>resting</sup> from cranium to clit

marinate in the fluids of your father's + their features  
I'm on the deck, ready for each + every sailor  
killer whale gets paler, the <sup>sweet</sup> bread grows staler



"Hi, my name is Brad and I have a beard."

CAT



XCEMNIT

excite  
cement  
mince  
emitic  
entice



Can you stomach when they are quick?  
when they're beautiful but dumb as a brick?

I wish I could enjoy literally anything  
without resenting that thing's creator,  
participants, contributors, etc.  
It's truly exhausting.

IF ALL YOU CAN DO  
IS CRAWL, <sup>(loser)</sup>  
START <sup>fucking</sup> CRAWLING.  
<sub>bitch</sub>

the circumstances  
extenuate  
~~the~~ Circe  
excommunicates  
I wait in vain  
for the ability  
to exemplify heaven's gate  
never too late  
flora + fauna  
plotsam + jetsam  
looking at me like  
you want some?



come + get some  
get the sum of his parts for the price of a  
priceless work of art I worked my bones to  
shards I work in a cage getting poked by  
the Bard with a deft hand I deliver  
death's strand descend + distend disturb  
hubris: whose bris? what's the gist?  
who's on the hit list?  
vestigial voyeur go right for the jugular  
rob the jeweller incorporate it into my  
corpus



welcome to the body I've welded out of ~~splinters~~  
~~← animal flesh, honey and temper~~ ~~barry~~ ~~old~~ ~~the~~  
desperation's splinters, + the remains of a crèche  
~~work + but my mandibles are mesh + I mesh~~  
my skin creaks but the juice I leak is fresh +  
every tweak + twist ~~is~~ comes off as a ~~thrust~~ <sup>depth</sup> / ~~And~~  
I thrash + headbang til I can't feel my flails  
I flog every morsel with flyella + tails  
the warrants in the mail the joints are in jazz  
with the teeth + the nail

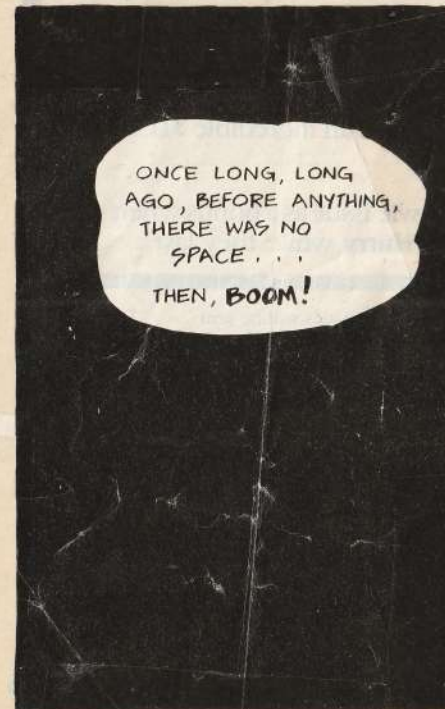
chimera dptera  
Sarah part of —



GO TOWARDS THE FEAR.  
KILL WHATEVER COMES NEAR.

TALENT ≠ GOOD PERSON!!!

WHY  
AM  
I  
SO  
FUCKING  
TIRED  
ALL  
THE  
TIME?





reignant rampant intelligent effulgent

# FERAL CHILD

scientists concerning thru the jungle  
to see how many specimens they can puzzle  
then all the riddell:

"what's that in the canopy? no, it cannot be"  
a face gazing back at us is absolutely  
it's his theory. It's a riddle to you!  
it's simply too good to be true!"

I'm a feral child slave on this sterile isle  
spit out, they got my spit & blood in a vial  
about to be the hottest thing in their files  
they'll pile in to see me, I'll spit their bite with a smile

put a cork in it, cabinet of curiosities  
but I don't expect reciprocity

the capture, the capture  
my capture from the cluster, in to the culture

need like canals & beams  
AI civilization close to ream us

lived my life as infant savage  
but they made me get the hell out of dodge

target more heads than  
a protest on Ash Wednesday

12/5/18 9:30 AM

Nothing quite like a good bout of diarrhea  
on the 'ol metro-NORTH. It's as though my  
whole body is revolting against Michael's  
terrible pissing sound in there at the wiggly  
heir I had to see him today. Sigh.

12/6/18 8:16 PM

Well I liked my 2 new songs for  
approx. 10 min. Hating every thing I  
do + make is exhausting.  
Still trying to tease out my thoughts  
re: Charlie.

"I spit on your face"  
"Noble/New Bite"



"Hold on, the Senate Committee on  
Women's Health is getting out."  
Chris Janssen, San Jose, Calif.



unmanageable vs. unbearable

12/11/18 4:32 PM

I feel like complete + utter shit yet I'm somehow supposed to show up to this dude's company holiday party in 3 hours?!

"Prayer? Well, yes. I pray as you do: 'Don't let this happen.' Please let it be alright. Improvisations of need addressed to who knows where. God the horoscope column, god the hor-let god the lucky lottery numbers, god when I die with the lid screwed down, this god forsaken life."

"They understood things of the spirit in Japan. They disemboweled themselves when anything went wrong."



(week 1)

I, Jacke, am a brilliant + prolific rapper.  
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I, Jacke, am a brilliant + prolific rapper.  
I, Jacke, am a brilliant + prolific rapper.

yeah right lol no sense of rhythm elementary rhymes too-late start will never be as good as them a joke who am I kidding? no one likes it

Creativity is the creator's will for me.

Through the use of a few simple tools, my creativity will flourish.

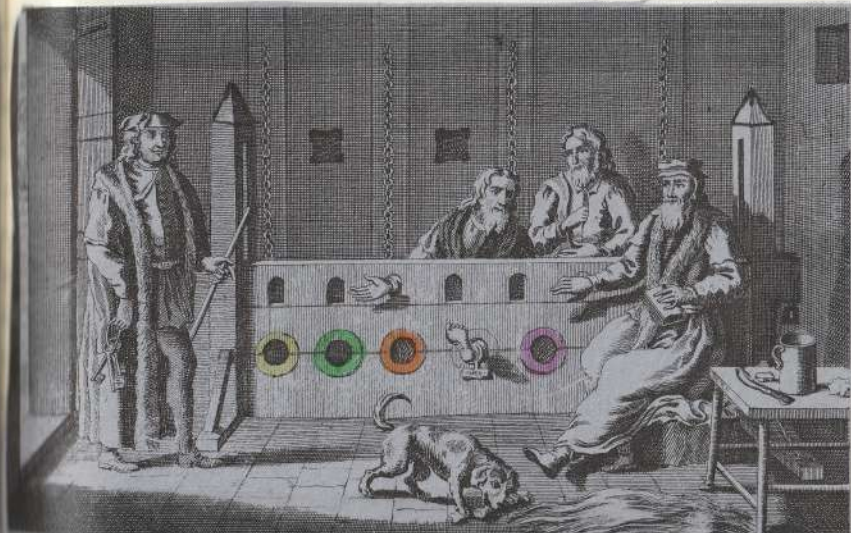
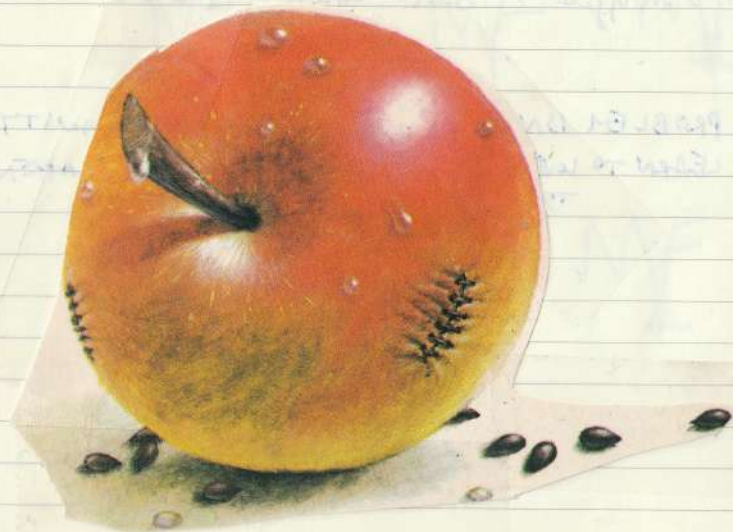
My creativity leads me to self-forgiveness.

I am willing to create.

**INSTITUTIONALIZED** depth



My god is stuck with mutations  
 mute as he gazes on his congregation  
 it tends to deflate and it is sad  
 - get all metrics in my undulations  
 don't underestimate all the flesh  
 that Hester ate when it festers, great  
 dropped out a few semesters too late  
 I bargain with everything from 2 legs  
 to 8 deflate from the deflection  
 a whole army's coordinated deflection  
 there's a defect that I failed to  
 detect so underwhelmed with this  
 life on this sect so I next like  
 Anne Sexton to blow off steam  
 ya my god on me I may grow up  
 to be gorged by the whole fop all  
 team now there's the American dream!



Books: the torture instruments of yesterday are the guilt-edged investments of tomorrow

hark! the heard eyes fling their faces direct  
 in to my face I always take up too  
 much space engaged & enrobed in lace  
 no place like home but home is no place  
 and I'm a no-show on the <sup>crisis</sup> circuit  
 let's hurt it double down to disturb it  
 I'm high above in a floating cylinder ~~the~~  
 he's thrashing her a hairbone perched  
 atop a sham throne



"Sex workers are associated with sex and to be associated with sex is to be dismissible."



"Naming something as work is a crucial first step in refusing to do it - on your own terms."

"Sex workers ask to be credited with the capacity to struggle with work - even to hate it - and still be considered workers. You don't have to like your job to want to keep it."

"Prostitution is not what you do when you hit rock bottom. Prostitution is what you do to stay afloat, to swim rather than sink, to defy rather than disappear."



(REIGN IN RESENTMENT)

I  
REFUSE  
TO  
CHOOSE.



"I guess I want what everyone wants—a billion dollars for being a jerk."



**JAMES BONDAGE** presents:  
**DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER**  
AKA  
**HYMENS ARE FOR NEVER**

I emerge from the most  
chock-full of cysts/fists  
faking turns & twists  
let's spurn men & slice wrists  
frambonds are forever, divorce from the limbs I sever  
dangling, unbalanced, always untethered  
all I need to please me,  
they stimulate & tease me  
I simulate reality on CCTV  
game to life thru systems of ropes & pulleys  
faithful reincarnation of a high-school bully

fresh press you into juice for the jewels  
I furnish the court jester from all these fools  
turn them back around, use 'em as dog rules  
watch their minds impact via primitive fools

men are mere markets, perhaps not worth going to your gran  
not worth playing the slave for, or even leaving the cave for  
when I arrive, I leave more holes than meat in them  
when I depart, I leave with all the precious gems

Secure a lock of hair as I lead you your air  
erase existence like my mistakes with Nair

when love's gone, they'll lustre on  
got your family jewels in a cluster, bond  
when I'm here you'll need more than bed rest  
you'll need a whole new family crest

hook your stocks & bonds, I'm not a Bond girl  
band your ass to your face in toilets, then swirl  
bolter me on a bed of nails with me twirl

intestines as a necklace  
body with no torso, headless, neck-less, breathless  
solder the solar plexus  
these days I give less fucks, I'm neckless

choke you out as my checker glistens  
talented talent, the glittering giffin  
that's what you get when you prove you can't listen  
pitonous: story ends with skull meeting piston

glow of gore & garnet  
I'm the devil incarnate  
horns of plenty in the garland  
sin thru the garment

touch it, stroke it & undress it  
bless it, don't make a nest of it

hypnotize with the opul  
but don't get too hopeful  
char like Chernobyl  
I've my negative opus, such as ours  
anything else is just a bore



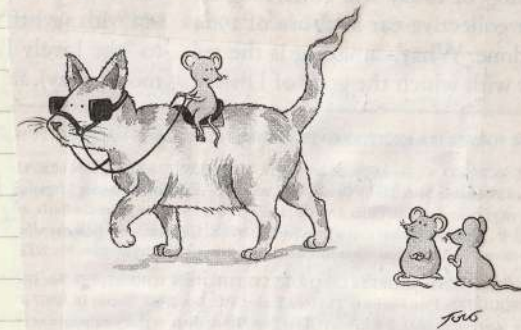
your god is flush with mutations  
mute & he seizes on his congregation  
I tend to celebrate conflict to adoration  
and get all checkers in my indulgences

not an earth citizen but I sit in Zen  
the noise ensues: me loose in the piper  
boney Big Ben, strong my loose-marked men

plunge in like you wear a janeloth  
purloined your grain, brewed to broth  
foamy fruit wine, full of froth  
my words are the lights to your mouth (I'm that)

no faith in upright fauna  
faun over snakes in sunas  
frenars of fauna, Johann Comenah

allow no morsel to remain unloved  
so I scorn the lamb & choose the hog  
nothing fresh can be of service to me  
form cults in dirt & then let them be



"Listen to this baby purr."

she has no faith in upright fauna  
gagle ancestors' ashes & call their mouths a  
Sauna evolution or, as I call it, trauma  
has panned my limbs to caves & made my  
excretions my slaves I want to transcend  
this form, the human norm, destroy  
nightclubs & college dorms I want to  
be more than this Anders down on the  
piss, I demand true bliss

and I'm off like a  
fucking bandit  
understand it





I debased my <sup>debased</sup> debts on the latest deal  
 got gold rings + gore, it's the greatest meal  
 I have no faith in you, it's time  
 people asher. Call that <sup>know</sup> a sama  
 it's evolved, or as

Salem + Samarrah  
 make exceptions my  
 from this living  
 thousand \$  
 death

to  
 the



I call it, <sup>travme</sup>  
 pinned my limbs to caves,  
 sleeves I crave escape  
 grave I want to  
 form, the human norm,  
 all the night club

College doing demand  
 turn from savior to  
 amphibian announce  
 transformation to my  
 mirrors I want to  
 be more than this,  
 Arab's down in the  
 pit, I require free  
 bliss, only ever tick  
 with an inhibitor who  
 beholds at my behind

who ransacks the rest  
 who doesn't even peek  
 before giving me the treasure  
 chest now I'm imperial,  
 immortal, immune to  
 annihilation my envi-  
 pre-dates my predator  
 the time has come do me  
 your meter, your meter  
 let you roam free on a  
 fraction of an acre

I'm the whole population's compact cooperator  
 refuse to be a chewed-gun horse so probable  
 natural form unrelatable shark bore through  
 a Bible the bile runs in response but I can't  
 be held liable I'll leave the species, the gears,  
 then the phylum hybrid put in a high bid at the  
 system dark heavy magic, I'll trample all  
 over the fragile it's like I'm Sisyphus but  
 with my phobias a succubus spawned from a chrysalis  
 jinx etc erogenous zones propagate adrenergic pores  
 don't underestimate the flesh that tatters etc  
 when it festers, great dropped out a few  
 semesters too late I began with everything  
 from 2 legs to 8 defile from the defile  
 a whole army's coordinated defile there's a  
 defect I failed to detect so underwhelmed with  
 life in this sect so I sext like Amex don't do  
 blow off steam star in the sea, you may grow  
 on me I may grow up to be guberged by the  
 whole football team now that right there's the  
 American dream!

  
**Writing**  
 What started as  
 a system for trade  
 and accounting grew  
 into full expressions  
 of complex language  
 as our cities and  
 cultures expanded.

**THIS PAIN IS:**

MYOPIC	TO THE BONE
FUTILE	AMARRAN
HUMORLESS	THE THRONE
SAFETY-NETTED	PLUCKED
SPORN-FED	FUCKED
HALF-DEAD	MORIBUND
	MORE SHUNNED



The leeches raised there, destined for surgical use, are  
"freshwater, bloodsucking, multi-segmented annelid worms  
with 10 stomachs, 32 brains, 7 pairs of testes,  
and several hundred teeth.

Life without industry is guilt  
this is the world that <sup>begging</sup> bankers built  
to defy, I prop up on flesh & charcoal stiffs  
and switch skin for a dermis & steel gut  
marinate in the ~~fluors~~ fluids of your fathers  
& their failures

On the dock, ready for each & every sailor  
sweet breads staler, kinder whole peler  
no life, no death, no breath, no wheler  
encrypt with spit, in crypts with clits  
if the tool works, if the insult fits  
full-frontal display I'm hell-bent to day  
funnelled through tubes til I splash & spray  
~~it's uncanny: murdered & canned your narry~~

where're my synophants? so sick of "can't"  
death wish the only see my gnie grants  
only speak in gubled Gregorian chants  
there's nothing to me but I shelter the void



## Fatal Attraction



It's uncanny: murdered & canned your narry  
so many bad habits I got  
so many <sup>pet</sup> rabbits in pots

ludic  
lust

lock eyes across the room <sup>crawled</sup>  
I lark you up in the panic room  
prepare for Titanic dawn

scourge, purge

cut my wrists if you leave, scree, grove  
dry leave sleeve

I'll ruin your life with ludic lust  
Killed the bunny, not the one made of dust  
crackling crust, don't make such a fuss

SLICED THRU THE SEPTUM  
(YOU'RE) PLOTSAM + JETSAM  
SO COME AND GET SOME

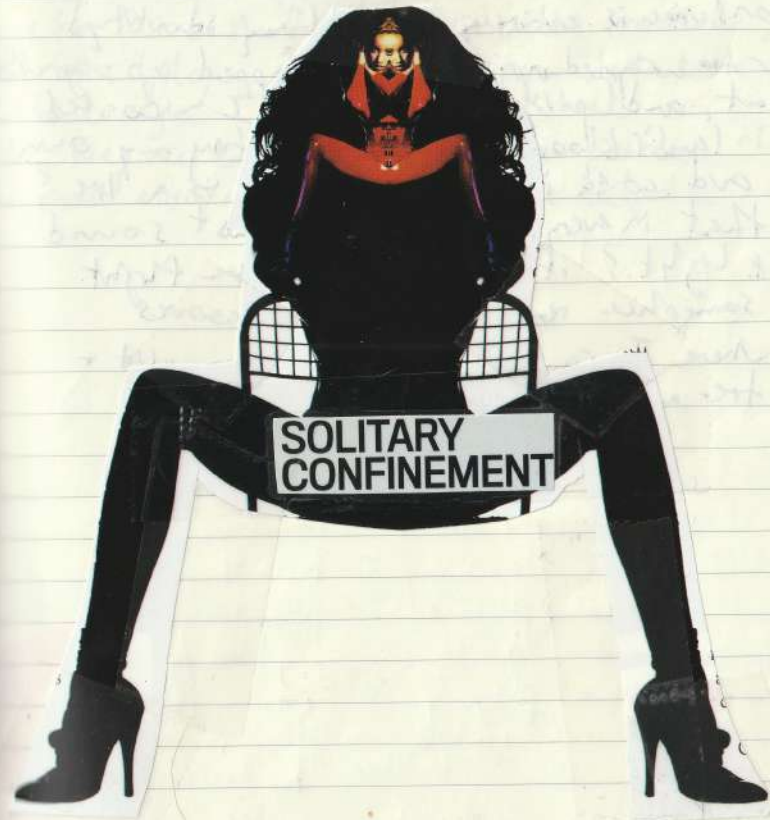




- tendons of your spine
- no miracle - curled syllable, it's only your humid hell 'but maybe this time maybe shall' enough
- doomed to squirm, hold tight hold firm
- mottled mouths
- children of ink + silk
- we wept for the night
- ropes, organs, brains, tumors / nothing is won w/o design
- knee high knee-deep in the trenches
- coiled coitus
- seafoam-battered body
- angel cake bone
- crypts lined with knives thru tongues
- a berry speared on a sword
- you hit me, it's the beak of a bird flying a tree
- I whack its head til pulp reports /
- I build myself on little forts
- hooded parts of a sun-drenched whole, you betray like a gypsy then turn back to a fool



convalescent, I converse with a planetary pulse  
 doctors mystified by my blood test results  
 there's nothing to me but I shudder the void  
 frolic in fields, baffle friend  
 hardly ever gainfully employed  
 destroyed enough to be classified as a humanoid  
 this seafoam-battered body drifts off  
 my vessel leaves before it lifts off





Slit & died in styrene already dead & came  
back twice sock with sep, leavy with  
like I'm drowsy from this endless fusion  
this hyperextension extent remnants of a  
world of hired tendons I tend to my  
Crops, corrupt behind the scenes ensure I  
farm myself from behind my seams it  
seems that everything's in order but behind  
the walls I'm a full-on hoarder grabbing  
at anything I can possibly lord over everywhere  
you turn, there's even more motors to steam power  
my ventricles & tentacles until all I can  
condense is entirely identical my identity's  
for too wrapped up in getting stepped up, grabbed  
at, and pushed over I see I'm cooked  
in lamb's blood like I'm threatening my own  
and could it be that design is a lie?  
that maverick shone, there's just sound  
& light? if so I must take flight  
someplace removed that behooves  
where I can calmly cut off my clot &  
fire my tubes

# CULT

I'm going to make this very simple  
I ride around town on a scudde of spittle  
everywhere I go, I drool for more  
more life more love more secret deers  
with the doe-eyed gaze of a preteen  
I pressed my way into the desired scene  
I've seen bruises on my soul I can't explain  
but I push & prod them, assure they remain  
standards for myself too high, for others too low  
more too fast on the fake & on the real: too slow  
I'm bitter below; above I don't want to know  
I hemorrhage luxury from all my holes  
they keep me ensconced in a secret scroll  
my stroll ends in my turning back to a tadpole





PISS CHRIST  
anarchy concoction  
BUBBLE disarray

Succinct boy hyena  
glut soot siege

Oculus lord Celluloid  
sustained of the flies subsist

sequence Smudge  
peril samples detritus

prism hive  
cofected flummoxed

Silhouette opulent  
~~bob of nate~~ contraption

organism dolor  
gnarled menace

Threshold penetrate bifurcate  
asphume intercept

nomadic stranded

dormant rule the roost

innocent pathogen  
glimpse curtsy

artery lotus  
entity elibi chaste

draw r quarter fugue  
peephole papilion handful

delirique mendicant  
ablitte

excuviating tally Nero taxonomy  
basalt inferno penance

sanctum hostage purify  
curate hospice pregnancy

Captive ransom  
renal, vernal vestal butcher

deus ex machina Babel

inscathed barbarian frenzy, torp

detonate bedlam anitmy  
word insurgent

slush pardon  
find clench

famish attic



(midwife to machines)

uproar graft flayed  
bludgeon refuge

railroad commodity  
ballast silo

phantom gyrate  
gilded/guilted butcher

carnage jinx  
deplete opera

handcuff anatomy  
Spraster TRUNCHELL

## I RIDE MYSELF INTO THE SUNSET.

I thought I'd trained it as a pet  
but one day it braved everyone the ever met

to be born is to be horned, it's just a  
question of if you keep them sometimes  
you read it & weep them ~~fit~~  
~~steady~~ ~~at~~ ~~of~~ ~~how~~ ~~when~~ if they melt,

you can finally sleep them  
a pretty thing in a ugly cage  
a theraud throbbing on every page

like a museum with no paintings  
like when pedaled painting turns to fainting  
fainted:

the death-push lever is my lover





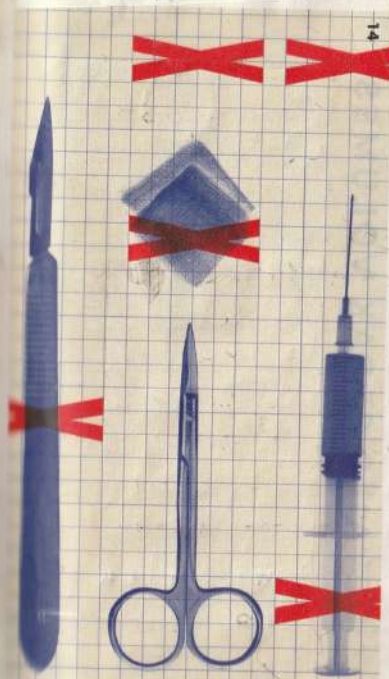
## COLLAGE INSPO #1

dressed in blood red + steel  
They all worship me, on bled knee  
I'm bejeweled, matter core had no  
time to cool, I feel their scalps  
with droplets of drool I'm strapped  
in I've tapped him for all his worth  
+ coordinated my own ascent + rebirth  
shoot an arrow in to a crowd  
Crown to make the immortals proud  
arms raised, reach up to me in ecstasy  
I gather land, collect sea to decrease  
all others' life expectancies enrobed  
in garlands of garnets + grime  
reincarnation: the ultimate crime ♡  
primordial stone tectonic shifts  
beneath me, all in good time  
between their fingers devotion fingers  
to be licked dry by heavy litters  
on this unnamed island where spears  
rise + fall atop this mountain where  
I device a feline fall worth a heavy haul  
the prize in every barroom brawl  
in kindness, I extend a limb to one  
blessed breather asthma gasp: he can't  
believe it either to deposit dogma,  
transit trauma to this sycophantic screamer  
but it gets lonely at the top, clustered  
away to chant + chap, wondering if  
they'd go on were I to suddenly stop  
no I can't end my reign or they'll perish  
each taste of torque is achievement to cherish

## COLLAGE INSPO #2

ASPIRATION -- SAMPLE -- FAUNA --

chains + hooks dangle from the ceiling I wait  
to be mangled + for endless squealing  
rub clay in to my hands, my palms are  
now psalms on  
an unknown planet  
got high then they  
banned it soiled  
my arm, vice: they  
cared it. a  
candle on each  
pincer, chest pressed  
to the floor, a  
circle of light means  
only 1 thing: trapdoor  
to sep this shore of  
on her fruits +  
nutrients it's new,  
see the hints?  
carnalize in to  
a calamity no  
reverse antibodies in  
to sicken sanity

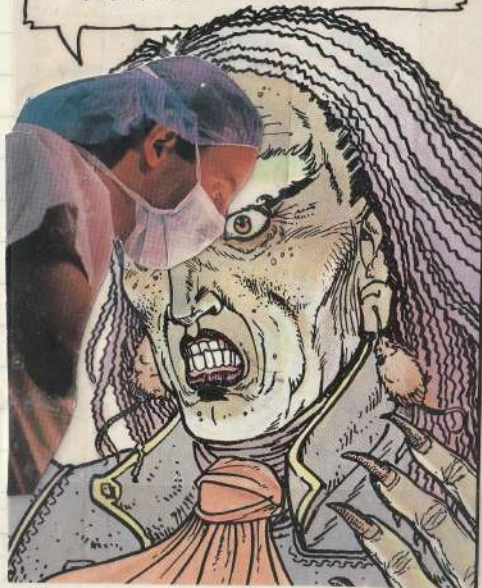


a mangled body dyed with silk but  
marred by steel a specimen unable to  
stand but unwilling to kneel even kneel  
I'd even kill with no plumb deal I feel  
fine wander on to my plot of land  
interrupts the plot of the damned



of course there's a part of me that wants to have cervical cancer or something equally dismal so I'll receive an outpouring of sympathy + attention. Always looking for an escape hatch from "regular life" via something horrible 😊

AND HE WILL GO ON LIVING FOR CENTURIES. EATING! FUCKING! WHEN I WILL BE A ROTTING CORPSE, EATEN BY WORMS!



when are  
eyes always  
cuts a couple  
of years  
after you're  
here with  
them?!



## 20 THINGS I ENJOY DOING

1. hiking
2. rapping
3. writing
4. reading
5. watching murder mysteries
6. playing with cats
7. dancing
8. going to plays
9. skateboarding
10. collaging
11. AA meetings (sometimes)
12. listening to music
13. having sex (with someone I like)
14. cooking / baking (?)
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.
- 20.

EMPLID=

238 731 74

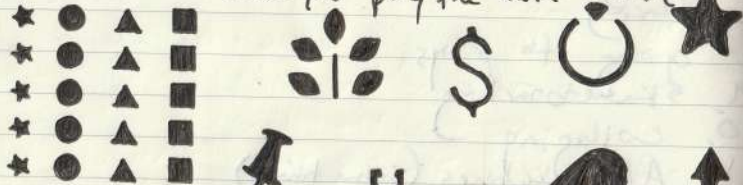


I'm really a prostitute



it's not a metaphor

I process the foot while you play the meter where



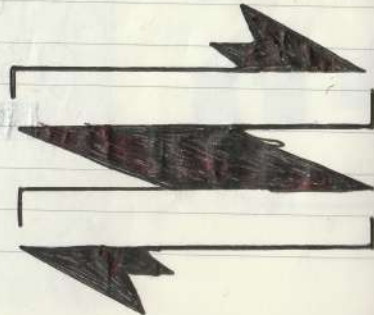
crumpling wipe first in to locked metal drawers



entities & arteries settle on beveled floors



no living wage, so live in rage



1/27

First day of classes tomorrow.

I can do this.

I am capable.

I am worthy.

I will not give up.

gram negative bacteria - have to be treated with bacteriostatic antibiotic

vs.


bacteriocidal

behaviorism

correlation vs. causation



COLLAGE INSPO #3  
(VENEREAL VERSAILLES)

Chandelier of spikes, no concern for what you like  
plaster busts assume demand pus  
a sword in each hand: one for me, one for you  
one I used to sew, the other to cook stew  
royal robes held together with metal  
an arm borrowed from another's pores  
so sleazy backs flicked with feces  
factious fallacious fellatio with a  
firebrand cuz I've tired of man   
if you want this palace, go ask Alice  
approach every shadow with unrestrained malice  
I'm a sword swallower, a misery wallower  
glass blower, sewer stower, ever slower  
construct a fortification to trap the ones  
who control how much ~~is~~ left + how much  
stole the brain's not the soul a charm  
never doesn't lead to a hole of some  
kind or other math off at your mother  
I scorched this earth I torched my  
own birth I gathered every bit of  
glass to enhance my girth  
I've summoned spiders that never  
showed up I'm <sup>reheated</sup> roadkill that refuses  
to grow up, whether in grass or gulf  
I make the past of pathogens my path  
to ensure that each noby feels my wrath

treatment failed because dec I am Pythiaci undeck  
ship to ship out ~~me~~ <sup>with</sup> my hitachi my fibs sequence  
like a Fibonacci I'm not a cheat I'm not cheap

discard you immediately, like yalre a dude who  
worships feet I command the whole fleet  
til I reduce it to flint glass eye glints  
serve your remains on a platter with a sprig  
of mint they scatter in splints splay out  
for my amusement I'm the muse to every  
~~reborn~~ hyena served with a subpoena  
subpoena waster process like Xena drop acid  
Mer ~~top~~ wisdom like Athena





may root around in fifth but I <sup>still</sup> rule the roost  
 roost enemies to run to give myself a boost  
~~seduce to subvert~~ from subvert to seduce,  
 from induct to induce duct type to the  
 face in a man with no roof if all you  
 can do is crawl, better start crawling I'm  
~~face-fathering, I'm all in a humbled~~ by like  
 a truck driver (eye-hauling, every apple I  
 halve contains something appalling a  
 fraction's only fine when one draws a  
 quarter's a sign for the slaughter we  
 must choose to be either mother's or  
 daughter's

you can't fathom  
 what rouses up my  
 atoms especially  
 not when I scatter  
 'em  
 go for the jugular



Venerol Venus  
 de M.10,  
 treat you  
 like you're  
 named Fido  
 never take  
 the high road

## • ALIEN •

abduct spacecraft probe UFO extraterrestrial  
 Mars Attacks green skin experiments panspermia  
 2001 Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish

## • MAD • SCIENTIST •

beaker  
 flask  
 petri dish  
 Frankenstein  
 lab coat  
 goggles  
 test tube  
 experiment  
 laboratory  
 chemicals  
 elements  
 bunsen burner  
 Pinky - the Brain  
 Dr. Jekyll - Mr. Hyde  
 carbon date





Major Periods of Human Development

1. prenatal = conception → birth
2. infancy + toddlerhood ⇒ birth to 2 years
3. early childhood = ~ 2 → 6
4. middle childhood = ~ 6 → 11
5. adolescence = ~ 11 → 18
6. early adulthood = ~ 18 → 40
7. middle adulthood = ~ 40 → 65
8. late adulthood = ~ 65 → death

(Albert Ellis - CBT sheet) ?

Freud: Psychosexual Stages

1. oral = birth to 1 year
2. anal = 1 to 3 years
3. phallic = 3 to 5-6 years
4. latency = 5-6 years to puberty
5. genital = from puberty on

Stage Theories

- (+) helps diagnose/categorize
- (-) limiting
- (-) cross-cultural/religious standards



Women & the Body  
Emily Martin

light

dinner, inner in her

musical  
body blood  
fear of life, fear of death  
meat hook mass murder  
simple side



penetrate the roof of your car with a spike

murder you then deny your death: Ernest Becker

like Dr. Saus were he suicidal

slither thru thigh cavern

body cavity

shed no more skin  
nothing left to maneuver within

muscle memory

quit everything I started in a stupor right outside the market

escape hatch eye patch

it's less a question of addressing me more like what do these symbols under the dresser mean? "

unhinge the jaw follow the law

OFF THIS GOT MY THIGH MORTAL COIL PORTAL OILED

autopsy, they ought to stop me

oscillate fossil bait

boys love girls who kick & hide they unfurl who plummet the price on their pussy pearl

fill out the shit list; spill out the limp stroke & choke whatever order, I'm not picky but my insides stay toffee - sticky

I make props out of my progeny set up shop on private property

reverse

outrunning my caste plucker-casting the past

pulse weak never speak only leak

it's reanimate what I can't recreate  
pythic victory  
psychic pillory  
never friendly, feeding frenzy  
this let it us is the death of us

your sentiments =

condiments

bludgeoned bloody dagger in the study alternate

coiled cactus please anoint us even uncontacted tribes take my bribe

extirpate the doom displace fetid blooms no room for tarantulas,

the alien bait

secure funding seek wares thru hunting  
lick balls  
brick walls

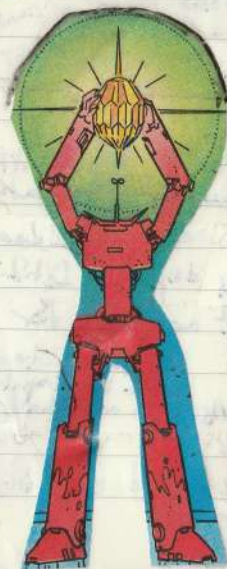
tear in to rids vied the impaler had no inhaler future of sutures

The hatching got hatched so she headed back in to the heated him us.



## COLLAGE INSPD #4

gloved hands play cat's cradle with no regard  
for my failed fable right in front of my face  
they stitch me in to a shameful stable I  
stay in a stable ~~stitch~~ skin, just  
stained steak drizzle I dribble I  
drizzle til I lose my mind like sybil  
insects ~~at~~ atop me, as above so below,  
worm food never looked so good, no?  
squirm, fool, ~~the~~ ~~stitch~~ Holy gates all  
aglow what a show



## Out of Time

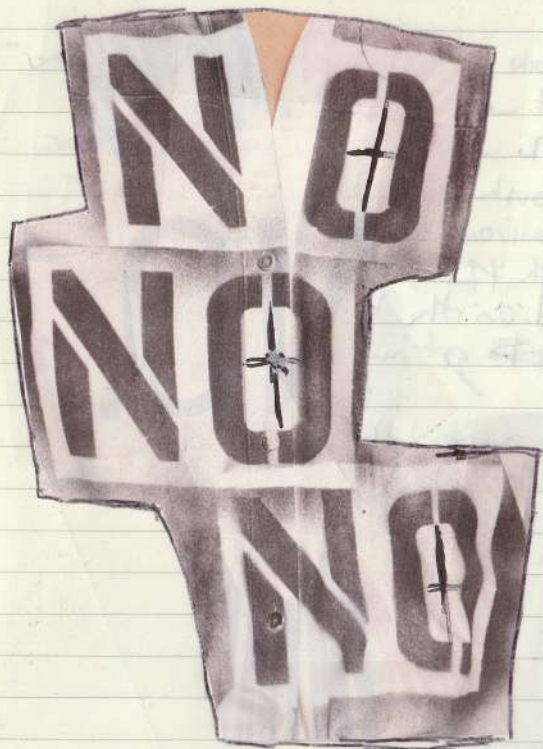
born butcher, buckets of blood on the apron  
it's like porn, wrestling in mud with the <sup>misshapen</sup> matron  
I'm my only partner, in this hell of my own making  
spell it out, spill out the me on the maidens  
~~I was~~ made in satan's station

thought I was the little girl like "and then they were gone her"  
use me in different ways like I'm Dr Banner  
fobe mind by the whole damn is such an honor  
til I built up + bushwhack like Sarah Connor  
roped to the railroad tracks  
nailed nude with thorns + ticks  
wreck stretched on the torture rack  
sole purpose: ~~to~~ get my soul back

when I eat I disregard the dotted line  
when it comes to revenge, I've already plotted mine



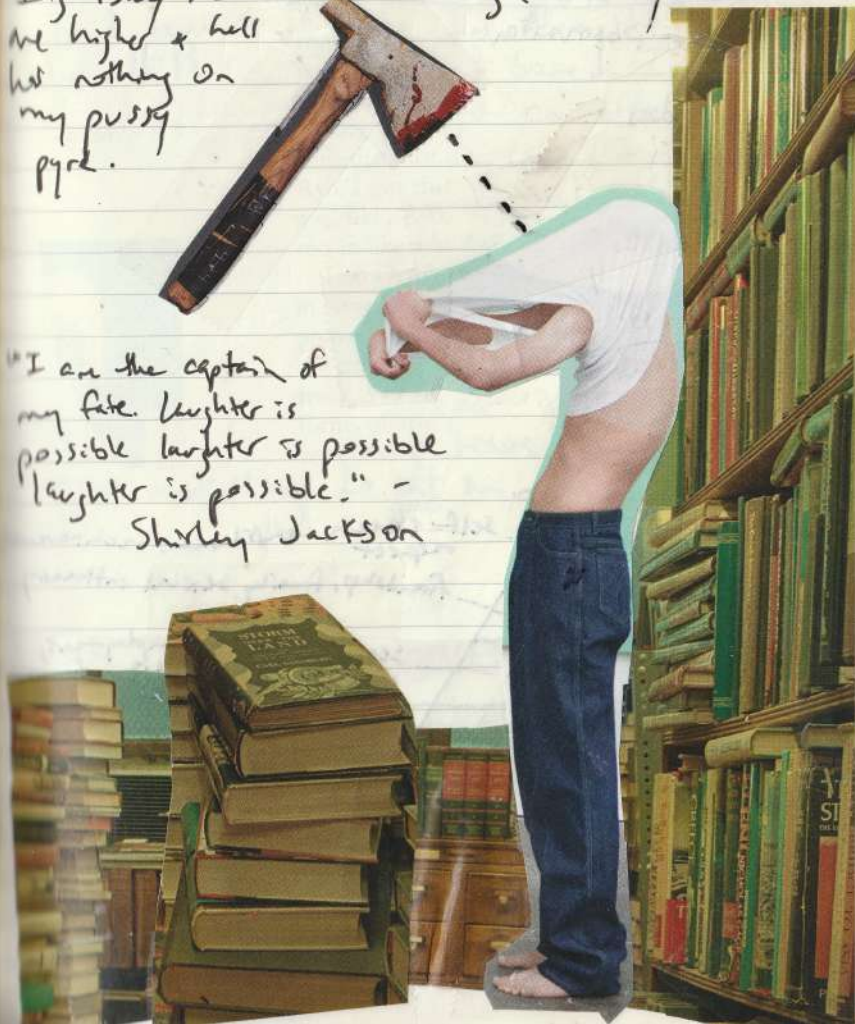
abandon hope rather than try to cope  
tied to <sup>the</sup> railroad tracks with my own rope  
debunk theories of relativity like Snopes  
like a leech grapes, runs his hands down the slopes  
tired + failed to not be a trope, on dope  
interlope, out of my scope



a stampede of galloping horses  
couldn't stop me from using your eyes as my primary source  
your primary care doctor will have quite the task  
constructing a convincing skin mask  
while I drink the toxic fumes in my pocket flask  
they tell me I'm cross but I still crush Sunday mass  
I'm fed my attire distracts the boys' choir  
I just say heaven may be high but my heels  
are higher + hell  
but nothing on  
my pussy  
pyre.



"I am the captain of  
my fate. Laughter is  
possible laughter is possible  
laughter is possible." -  
Shirley Jackson





2/11

. eugenics vs. authentic

### Jean Piaget

. egocentrism

1. sensorimotor: 0-2 years
2. preoperational: 2-7
3. concrete operational: 7-11
4. formal operations: 11+

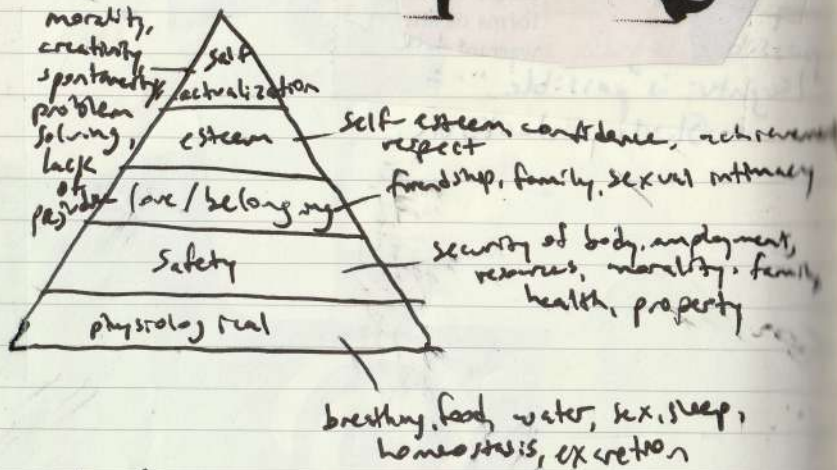
"developmental appropriateness"

### 2/13 TYPES OF BEHAVIORAL RESEARCH

- . naturalistic observation
- . survey
- . case studies
- . archival
- . correlational

2/20

### Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs



locus of control



### COLLAGE: INSPO #5 (VENEREAL VERSAILLES)

you're not a person you're a thing I'm divine,  
 throwing + winged in a gilded cage in a  
 bronze age a carcass suspended from the  
 ceiling, clamped in chains a harness for  
 your nether regions, to enhance your brains  
 a fortress for my pains, full of portraits are  
 I'm skin get slain with a shiver of  
 silver from this sword I collect organs +  
 lord over the horde toss them to the  
 hellhounds when I get bored I'm dirt  
 cheap but more than you can afford with  
 a solid steel halo I lay low I sky ho's  
 cough up myna from a vaginal volcano  
 you just can't say no to the palace  
 even if it means losing your phallus  
 a corpus transformed into one huge  
 cellous a sight to me! any amor borealis  
 I roar + bore deeper into meaning  
 bomb business meetings leave the attendees  
 just meat things to eat spread on what Thurs

**Awaiting Recovery**  
 California sea otters hang on but still need help

HELP THEM!!



Sea otter recovery slows p. 9





"tranquillize themselves with the trivial"



"I found him all balled up in a fetal position, but I thought he looked more interesting this way."

"But the quest for satisfaction begins + ends with a frustration; it is prompted by frustration, by the dawning of need, and it ends with the frustration of never getting exactly what one wanted. How could we ever be anything other than permanently enraged?"

COLLAGE INSPO #6

The Nature Conservancy



Who Could Love This Face?



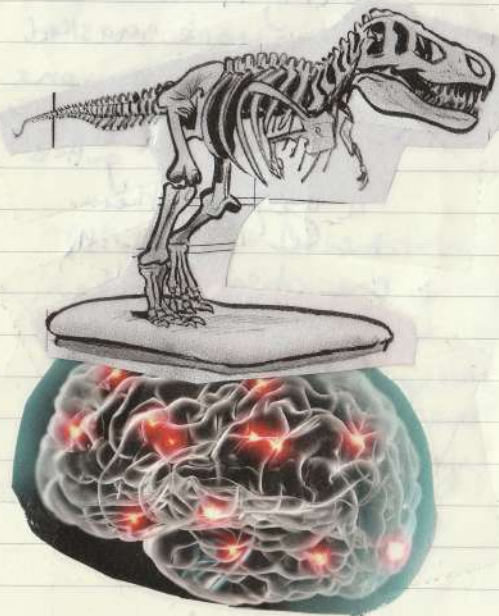
Friends Like Me!

I keep my weapons close like cloaks on a cold night sleep with them; the soft + hard while I dench the human mold to fit feels so right to deceive before taking a whole bite embelish my crown with spells of war because I toil for spot went from sun rays to royal where in battle I always I spoil the decor by coating it in order oil + gore masked so the enemy is none the wiser blood gush like I gutted a geyser then white roots with one chomp of the incisors now you're a frequent flyer punny pearl diver slash thru thigh cavern: velvet + per



well I'm really a prostitute it's not a metaphor  
I process the least, you play the meta where  
gasters galore, accounts all offshore  
can't stand men anymore so I spawn thru spores  
to make ends meet, I turn a trick  
& at both ends I burn the wick

my ego grows like colonies on a petri dish  
colonize your colon, feed it fish  
I produce sick like produce with E. coli  
locked in the freezer: why so cold, guy?  
treatment failed coz Doc. I'm Paglreces  
leave town, shack up with my hitachi  
chop up the landscape like it's hitachi  
my fibs sequence it's a happy Fibonacci  
I'm not cheap I'm not a cheat  
ditch you like you was up feet



reduce it to flint  
glass eye glints  
remains splattered  
on platters with  
sprigs of mint

debutante destined to detonate  
shoot out shrapnel for 3 days straight  
I alienate, then used as alien bait  
you need, 3 eyes if we're gonna mate  
at least



note  
take the scroll on the stroll

Note to self: (try to)  
befriend those I  
feel inferior to  
rather than ~~resent~~  
resent them from afar



# Buried Alive

take you hostage, my cunt doubles as a hospice  
to get out of my clutches you'll need a priest + a locksmith

2/17/19

Became ridiculously distraught over the discussion  
of sober comparison salary (again)... to  
the point of tears.  
I really hope to get over this shit.

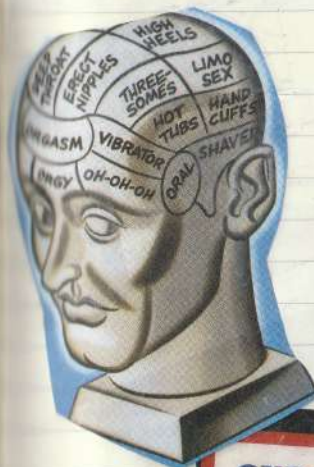
coming together like  
strange prostitutes

I have no friends lololol  
when I'm lonely, I post my  
tips to the internet instead  
of calling someone.

## COLLAGE INSPD #7

Snake thru the spine, my chakras  
never align + the tumors in my  
extremities are never benign, oh  
be mine it's lonely between 2  
inhospitable planets even though my  
vertebrae wings span it

head gets replaced with something more sustainable  
how we turn the tables can't have a drain if  
I want to be reliable succor the succulent  
with black electric cables ready with +  
able to go totally off plot ~~off the shit~~  
er get off the pot admit what you've done, pay  
on the spot

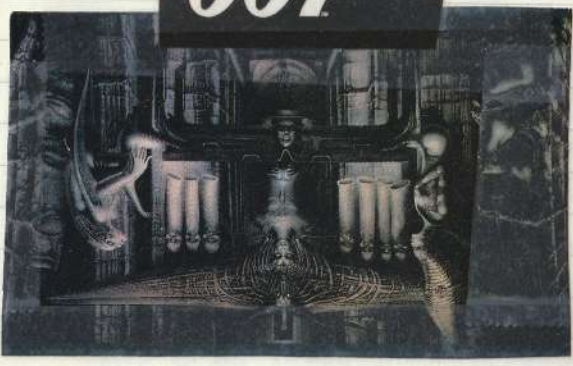


expand your universe

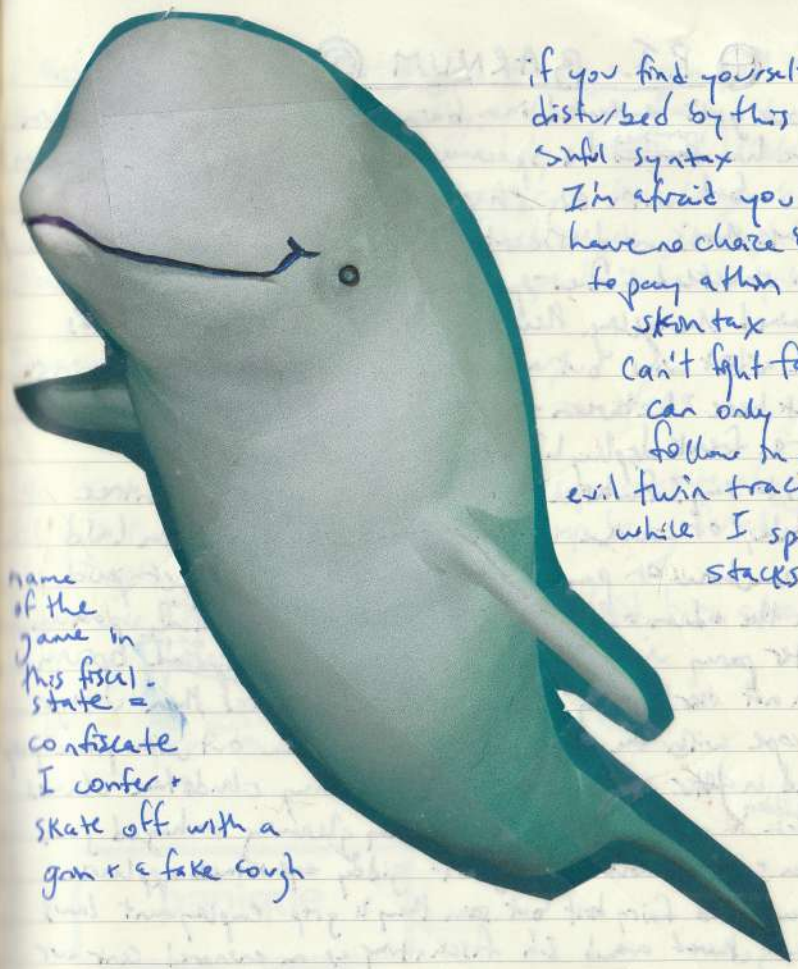


~~While~~ this life is just a self-fulfilling prophecy  
 I make props out of my dinner <sup>preppy</sup> +  
 set up shop on private property <sup>stacks</sup> always either  
 prodigal or poverty  
 emerge from my battle pod with a cattle prod  
 mount my deity, secured firmly on the saddle god  
 with a vigorous nod  
 divvy up the winnings  
 lick the ancient weapons  
 I love to make a killing  
 committed to doomy prepping  
 offend their delicate sensibilities like Piss Christ  
 on you just missed the heist  
 I rule the roost but not of party, I'm a fucking poltgeist  
 coax all creatures in to my hollow, now they're held hostage  
 + my hideaway my abideaway doubles as a hospice

007



bitch it's a goddamn shame you're a psychopath  
 please can I have my saliva back?



if you find yourself  
 disturbed by this  
 snafu syntax  
 I'm afraid you  
 have no choice but  
 to pay athen  
 skin tax  
 can't fight facts  
 can only  
 follow in my  
 evil twin tracks  
 while I span  
 stacks

name  
 of the  
 game in  
 this fiscal-  
 state =  
 confiscate  
 I confer +  
 skate off with a  
 gun + a fake cough





⊕ P.T. BARNUM ⊙

your girl's enticed in a barn by a wannabe PT Barnum  
 where he ~~stuffed~~<sup>displayed</sup> his specimens, all destined for stardom  
 his in bed with my phony but never harms 'em  
 think there's no dissidents but <sup>up in here</sup> trust me, there are some  
 I'm shackled + fever-sparkled, <sup>because I</sup> sprouted webbed wings  
 chained cherrily, flew in on gusts of <sup>horst</sup> artichoke winds  
 the artist wins but no one knows, this is how it begins  
 right here between the bearded lady + <sup>conjoined</sup> ~~twins~~ twins  
 put on freak display like the <sup>clock</sup> clock for Doomsday  
 who's to say? fantasize about serving him as an entree  
 andale, of course we're <sup>happy just demands</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not to</sup> get here laid  
 + somehow on payday we never seem to get paid  
 on the odds of being gawked at on the <sup>stage</sup> podium  
 better party up so I can get fided on some ~~stage~~ <sup>stage</sup> opium  
 I'm not user friendly I use up all the resources then usurp  
 to cope with the stress I stretch <sup>out</sup> + zone out with prime pay  
 wrapped in glitter + gauze to better accentuate my <sup>hidden</sup> clandestine claws  
 no choice in my contract for homicide by gleaming unhinged jaws  
 I mean + sail round the stage to giddy eyewitness applause  
 my paws hold fairy dust but soon they'll grip employment laws  
 to the gathered crowd in fascination as an ensnared centaur  
 no one can sense our rage though we're deemed denuded decor  
 wage a war, cage the wild bear, this life will be his to explore  
 we can ~~stop~~ <sup>buy it</sup> + content but we can also go to extremes to extort  
 but to turn this psycho ~~show~~ into a <sup>live the</sup> crime, <sup>we could</sup>  
 it's my leader, bleed 'er + stay 'em leave him a John Doe  
 elaborate the <sup>resistor</sup> <sup>sensibilizers</sup> here to a name Abraham stand  
 die before 60 (no) 50 (no) 40 (like Marilyn Monroe  
 I invoke the spirit of Lorne Sobbit but for these apples, gobble it  
 in the gold goblet I reduce his fluids down to a single deamed drop

To beseech you, this way to the egress anything in excess you'll obsess  
 over this never-seen curiosity, so fresh in fancy dress  
 retain his form, he pleaded, begged for holy men but I decided  
 dumped his seed down the no by drain cure it's no longer needed  
 now on my shoulders soon while the <sup>transient</sup> <sup>transient</sup> angels get depleted  
 I'll want a good view for this, trust me you don't want stay tested

Keep us locked up, get dropped up  
 one of us one of us one of us one of us

to figure now he's the most gray grotesque creature of us  
 with galb the human race is gone and up being forced  
 to Shellball

It's a free-for-all, we flee + spread, bid him adieu  
 in a spidery social  
 so just remember: if you fuck with us, it'll be  
 your <sup>final</sup> downfall.

panique





