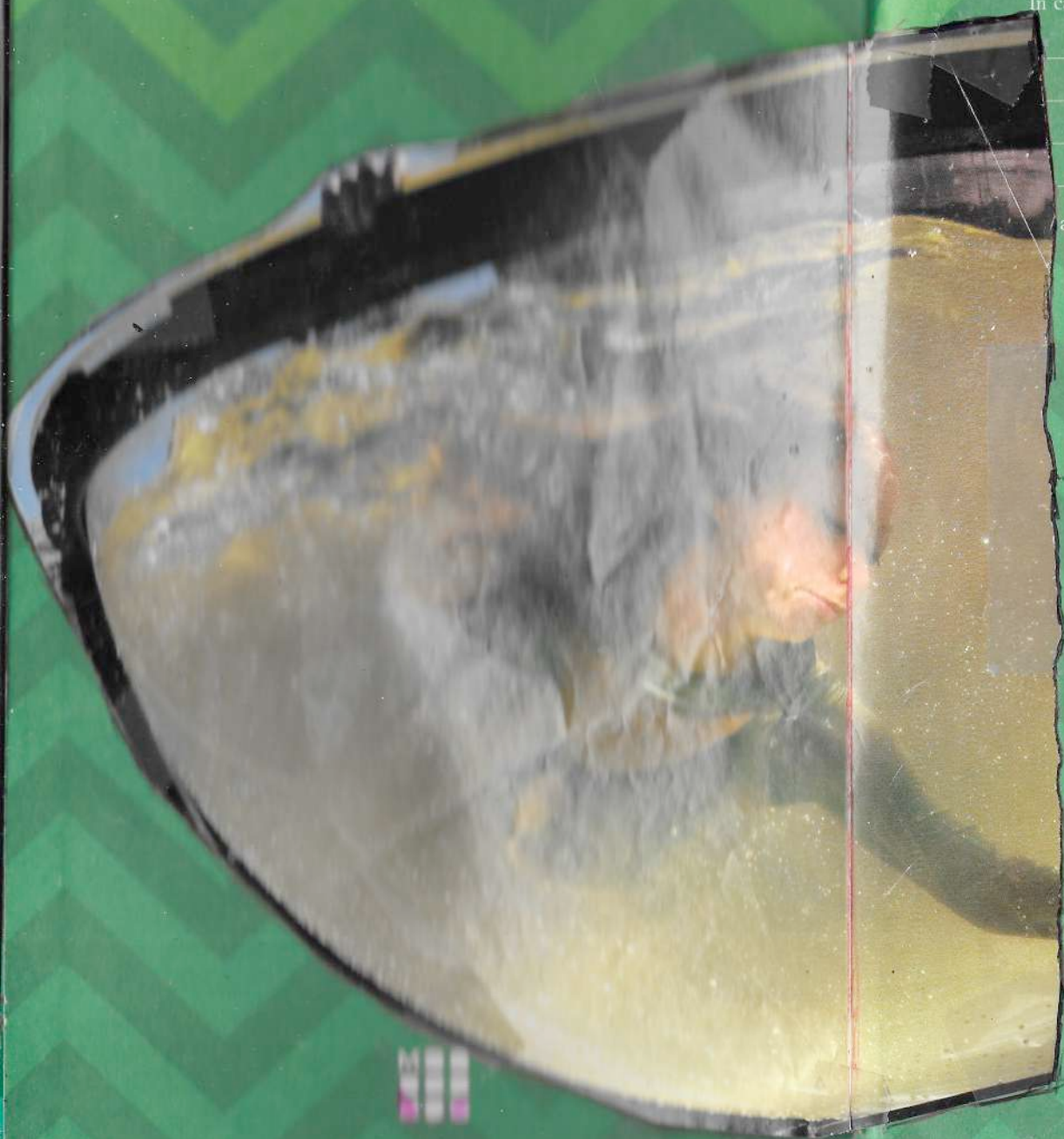


In case of loss, please return to:

GOD (Jackie)

a reward: \$ none, just do the right
thing, jackass





Well, the inevitable is happening. within a matter of days (most likely) I'll be in an ACU, same place Marvella went. I am almost 29 years old and can't do anything for myself. I guess relatively recently I realized that I have done the absolute bare minimum my entire life. I just wanted to get by with the least effort possible. Even my "addiction" is half-assed. I'm fucking paralyzed to ever actually do anything which is how I've made it this far with absolutely no discernible skills or talents or accomplishments. The only things I've ever shoved all of myself into - with the most bullshit of covergraces of course - have been relationships with boys (not men). And because my mind is just a dumpster of fear and self-hatred, I tried to use my body to get those boys to stay and fill the privileged upper-middle class penis-shaped (as so I thought) void located somewhere in the area of my alien protruding clavicle. I'm unbelievably already running to worry about how fucking pathetic I will sound saying all of this out loud ~~in~~ in group therapy or whatever. I'm also hellbent on comparing my projected social successes/failures in the important context to Marvella's. What kind of mind works like that? And why the fuck did it have to be lowered into my skull-like one of those arcade games I always lose with the claw + stuffed animals.

I spend the vast majority of my time Peeping
Tearing on my peers' lives, wholly unable
to find some portal into this seemingly enviable
life. I'm not deluded enough to think that
they're all as blissfully happy as pictures show,
but I can't think of a single one who doesn't
have something going for them. Meanwhile I'm
getting high to pass the time, getting laid while
high to pass the time, managing to make the
least progress humanly possible.

I feel humiliated and guilty, so guilty.
No matter what slashes I'd carve into my
upper arm, I've always said "no no I'll
never kill myself" without of my own
life-defining cowardice and the knowledge
that the people who have been programmed
to or duped into carrying out abortion would be
devastated. Forgiving myself is as foreign a
concept as happiness. Doing instead of thinking
about doing is equally preposterous.

I'M SO SELF AWARE
ISN'T THAT GREAT



Because I've done it so quietly +
hidden, I am always glamorizing
those who self-destruct loudly
spectacularly + with their whole
selves in it.



GOD



8/25/15

I'm pretty sure that I feel more, not less crazy here.

I barely slept last night because they locked my bathroom door (suspected eating disorder protocol), so I went in & out of dreams about wetting my bed. I passed back out again after "Library Group" and could not at all mind doing the same now but will attempt not to.

The top news story was the 3 brave young American boys who prevented a terrorist attack aboard a train in France. The whole city of Sacramento is passionately sucking their cocks. Of course 2 of the 3 had a "military background."

I may have to put in a request for some fucking Agatha Christie to get through this.

My "goal for the day" is to not worry so much ~~but I'm already worrying~~



I'm dangling your brain off a blackened cliff
colonize your colon like John Smith
but your life is a glitch
your wife is a bitch
and I'll slit her wrists just to get a whiff
but back on shore, I'm back to just a whore
juggling cocks, and then scaring them stiff

She slips thru nasal passages like erotic phlegm
plucked her own petals til she's anemic stem
but the big boys don't like that,
wz she became a gem - then hid it from them

I MARRIED MY

son?

brother?

nephew?

I WANT A

✓cock?

✓bump?

✓nap?

8/26

DICTIONARY

gray eminence: after 1638 monk; person who exercises power behind the scenes

pismire: ant

savin: Eurasian juniper with dark foliage; small yellow-green berries

Khamisi: hot southerly Egyptian wind

formic: having the arms narrow at center + expanding towards the ends

succor: to go to the aid of, relieve

pogonophoran: any of a phylum/class of marine worms of uncertain systematic relationships that superficially resemble polychaetes but have a dorsal nervous system + obscure segmentation

X

lamella: a thin flat scale, membrane, or part

Wellerism: expression of comparison comparing a usually well-known quotation followed by a facetious sequel ("every one to his own taste," said the old woman as she kissed the cow)

incommodity: source of inconvenience, a ~~disadvantage~~ disadvantage

bucket: device for holding something in place

gobo: dark strip to shield a motion picture or TV camera from light

primipara: individual bearing a first offspring

transduce: to convert into another form

res judicata: matter finally decided on its merits by a court having competent jurisdiction + not subject to litigation again between the same parties

hip-up: spring from supine to standing

8/27

I get real comfy in crop circles
the fruits of my IV keeps the soil fertile
I'm the stalking deer, full cream ahead
- neighborhood watch watches me instead -
I got horns in the strangest places
and I use porn to win mind races
it's hard to alone when you're ~~not~~ to
rounding the bases

Dhalgren:

"It is a city of inner discordances -
retinal distortions."

HOLOGRAMS

"lozenge of light"
"the oh-dark asured with wind"
"the round meat of their mouths came
alive"

"From this play of night, light, and leather
can I let myself take identity? How
can I recreate this roasted park in some
meaningful matrix? Equipped with contradictory
visions, an ugly hand caged in pretty metal, I
observe a new mechanics. I am the wild
machinist, past destroyed, reconstructing
the present."

Worst fucking rape dream, dreamy porno
studio with lots of marks & costumes,
i.e. baby & clown. At some point I
am watching a lesbian porn with 2 really
gross girls with scars down their chests &
Barbie rubs for vaginas. Then I masturbate
while resting my head on a table with this
black lady's high heels. My mind is there?
as I look for my big to leave.
Then I see someone at the boat that
flips into the water & no one expected
it so their baby goes everywhere.
End up in a museum in DC with
strange interactive exhibits. Then things
take a Japanese horror movie twist
and I drop a high school voodoo in
a train station bathroom and use
all these things to suspend & mutilate
her. A lanky Japanese actor with a
fake cheetah draped on his shoulders
comes in for the last scene. Then
suddenly I'm on another dock boat
thing but with my mom & sister and
disco pride celebration? We slip back
into the water, dark highly intricate
my sister. There's no sense but
it's lunchtime.

I can't stand any of these people
anymore, even the ones I "like".
A small angry fat man slipped out
on me because he didn't magically
become 6ft. 2, ripped, & of perfect
mental health the moment he walked
in the door.

I never stir, only whisk
hold the boy by his ankles for a body frisk
my cunt is in tangles, I whine & I wrangle
to satisfy my need for a (cum bisque)
I never speak, I only thrust
to the brick wall til you're too concussed
to even bite the dust.
memorial to your cock in a marble bust
Museums are calling, collectors are my my
In falling on chairs with their
backward singing
when speaking in riddles is the only
choice
when you're left raped & beaten in
a new Rolls Royce
when armchairs attack & your
nightmares come back,
you'll cut your own neck &
they'll give you a plague

op me out whenever it pleases you
you scoop out face while my mouth lapses you
I sit on your cream, leeches the dreams
peaches & corpeaches, then steam to jerk off
I am ~~not~~ ^{whole} team
the ~~for~~ ones love, then comes marriage
first can you ~~come~~ ^{aim} all over my parish
then you can't help but get a face
the devout: doubt
full of faith is both gauzy & garish
my false f

& hypnosis, I yachted the meiosis
hammer of
~~you're~~ reveal what you can better unravel
never reveal part your lips for a lacquered gavel
never ~~of~~ ^{down} me in a carnival dunk tank
I let you'd I was #1 in your spunkbank
you promised could never blank out
but I can bore you pulled out
he shank-ily while my GPS
of my belt out a new route
mapped &



the vines grew messy between our locked legs
we're in the land where the caged blood dogs

traverse a whole village thru ~~the~~ its ashes
my spirit's in stitches, my brain's in ashes

Fire temple on the edge of town. I walk in
with my head bowed & each leg fully
laced in garnet. At the end are heaves.
At the beginning are rooms, the doors of
which have handles that bloom. From
boy stock we concoct the cock crop.
I have to towel you down, but I don't
mind the job. My apron wants to
speak to you, sir. It has some stories
from its time travels, levels that lift,
and means that straddle.

secret codes - muted modes - knotted nodes
- 3 animal skins, which animal wins? -
identical twins - busted skins
dorsal fins - my morsel sins

LOCKED WARD COCK SWORD

To a bayou's breath, I'm packed rotten
laid to rest on a pharaoh's cotton
stringing mud into my league,
born to bleat, drooling & knotting
I won't sink so low to whet out my dagger
I'll waterbate slow, the comfort of creatures
preachers, got their snakes in all my faces
3-legged, races, but the limbs are all mine
and I'm ~~aperting~~ ~~not~~ tying together
your son's & shoe laces
~~you say grace is what keeps us from~~
trip, fall on a playground ~~directly~~ below ground
~~lapped~~ strip & catcall, lulaby the bloodthirsty
hell bark for a bone & you'll
drag ~~me~~ him to town
where he won't find just
me, but a whole fucking round

COCK

my baby's bottle was mottled before he was even born
 because blood is to milk as ~~a~~ roses to a thorn
 but he was bled on porn, 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 slew?
 It can't be hard to see that I'd stick my
 tongue over all of your body's parts
 and even if you ceased to be
 a body ~~and were just an~~
 I would still be ready to start



Bruno A. DiFabio
 ★6-Time World Pizza Champion★



9/1/15

River House - I fucking hate it
 here. \$39 K + for 28 days
 in a sorority hellscape.



!e moved to Berlin to pursue something creative he would be bad at here."

I
AM
MY
+ OWN - GOD

empathy + entropy
encephaly

→ life as a **glory hole** : open wide for
whatever comes
through

tattoo nipples so that your
own milk has scales like a snake.

⊕UR⊕B⊕UR⊕S

practice the ^{art} act of human furniture
at least once daily - feel what
it's like to be blind by lampshade

sacrifice a floppy-haired teenage
skater; the blood goes in
a cauldron + will be poured into
beer bottles once properly fortified
thru seance

my spokes go round + round
and I clowned you so hard that
you had to skip town.

how many times a day do prices
of you get broken off + pickled?
jars jars jars jars jars
as far as my eye can see
a Cyclops with some menagerie

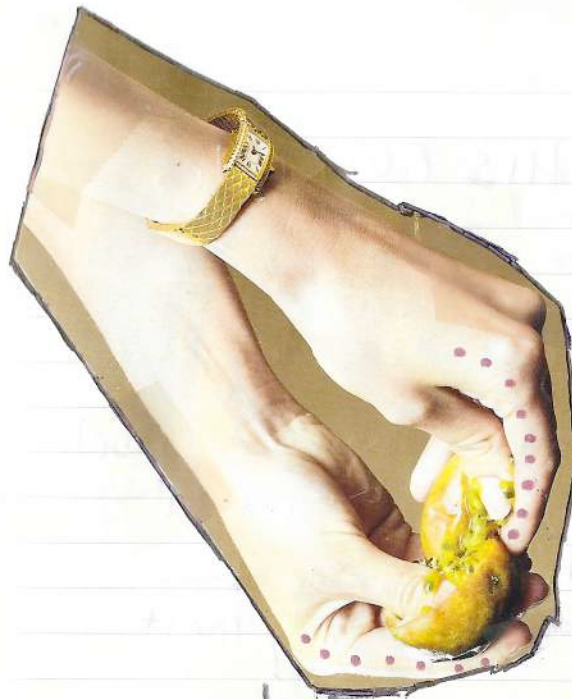
sideshow freak
flaming ~~the~~ creek (babbling brook)
molten peak
lucky streak
bled to bleak
cheek to cheek
a timely tweak
my pulse is weak
I never speak
I only leak

I am an apprentice of a _____ smith
I am in love with him + his son too
I fear I will never graduate
and that my lodgings will always
be blackened

if you come across my ex's gots, spilt
give them hell out:

fanged chopper landed calmly. the
tail chases its mouth because it
misses that wetness. like I miss yours
- and a few others. the way I'd
already be on another plane when
you appeared, with my high heels
close to the arena. and a nipple out,
and if not out then very close
to out. no surprises here. I JUST
NEED TO FEEL IT
fill me fill me I'm springing
leaks, I'm empty by the second!
please hurt me (slap)
harder
choke

me (bit blue in the face)
God, I love you
"you're fascinating"
is that because I'm the first one
who let you put it in her ass??
look at this museum of relics
of all the brave men who CAME
before you



9/2/15

SO OVER THIS FUCKING
HOUSE

a noose, a knife + a chastity belt
I'll wear your guts round my neck,
they're my mink pelt
~~and the cards have been dealt,~~
I already sobbed, I already knelt

COWARD carcass
tighten my harness

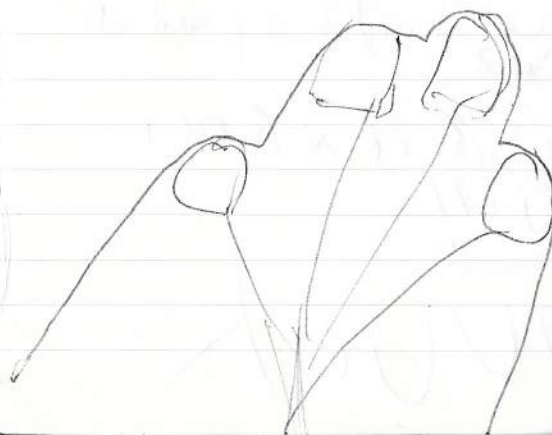
fuck fuck get fucked
nodding off
narcosis to the
nth degree
mano wat manatee
man may monarchy
FILTH 

cocoon vs. balloon

9/3/15

Radical acceptance: but why accept reality?
Maybe the ways I have fought against
reality are not the best ones for me, but
reality is just as unappealing as I
remember it, if not more.
"not straddling it - making a full
commitment"

I love straddling
(saddle)
(paddle)
(caddled with...)



I think I've found the point on campus the farthest possible distance from the house, so I'll probably find myself here often. Parents just came. I told them I think the whole thing is total bullshit while simultaneously trying to assure them that I'm keeping an open mind.

My problem (I think) is that ~~the~~ we are being taught how to deal with & accept reality. Thing is, I don't like reality & I never have. My whole life, I feel like, has been spent spinning it & trying to find/create something better - or at least different. It took me a long time to find a drug (any, period, but also the "right" one) and as I'm here, I honestly have no intention or desire to stop using it entirely. Then there's sex, which I've obviously been abusing but that is hardly addressed here, even in whispers. It's like we're all fucking neutered. And maybe most people really aren't thinking about it at all but I am, and what am I supposed to do about that fact?

SEX, DRUGS, & ROCK N ROLL
MAN!!!

FUUUUUCK

9/4/15

masturbate a miracle. I fucked over the whole roster. She'll never know how much he cost her, it's a dark night with curtains, he's a dark knight in your neat curtains, lactating labia, clit catastrophe, funny how the black hole's genital but the Milky way is mental my whole fucking body's on hourly mental but I spend plenty of time in the warehouse, I'm the villain in the cat & mouse, shark beach house..... Shark bite, bark for fight, but when it's fight or flight my throat constricts & my cunt gets tight.....
CHOKEHOLD STROKE WHITE GOLD
IT'S BLACK OR WHITE BUT IT'S ALWAYS MOLD, MY SKIN TURNED GREY
THE MOMENT I SOLD
but paradise is a joke book for kids, and the airplanes land on tiny islands with room for only 3 limbs so pick which one you care about least & throw it overboard



mysteriously
perverse.

When the earth was still flat + clouds made of fire
and mountains stretch up to the sky sometimes higher,
folks roamed the earth like big rolling kegs
they had 2 sets of arms they had 2 sets of legs
they had 2 faces peering out of 1 giant head
so they could watch all around them as they talked ^{while} they read
and they never knew nothing of love
it was before the origin of love

The gods grew quite scared of our strength + defiance
+ Thor said "Zis gonna smash them all with my
hammer like I did the giants"
but Zeus said "no, you better let me use my
lightning like scissors, like I chopped the legs off the Jeds,
dinosaurs into lizards"

so he grabbed up some bolts, he let out a laugh,
said "I'll cut them right down the middle, gonna
cut 'em right up in half"
and then storm clouds gathered above into great
balls of fire

and then fire shot down from the sky in bolts like
shining blades of a knife
and it ripped right through the flesh of the ^{children} of
the sun and the moon + the earth

then some Indian god drew the wound up in a hole
pulled it around to the center of our bellies to remind
us the price we paid

The Leaden-Eyed by Vachel Lindsay (via Strangers on a Train)

Let not young souls be
smothered out before
they do quaint deeds + fully
plant their pride

It is the world's one crime its
babes grow dull,
its poor are ox-like, limp + leaden-eyed

Not that they starve, but starve
so dreamlessly,
Not that they sow, 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'm going
to all the
NA + AA
meetings
primarily to
look at
boys and
imagine what
sex with
each would
be like.

I DON'T EVEN WANT
TO GET - FUCKED
UP, I JUST
WANT TO GET
FUCKED

I need to get slapped + choked +
hit + spanked + destroyed + split apart
+ dragged + thrown + murdered

so
bad

Unbelievably
right
now



I'm omnipotent never worry I can make you worse
Am it a puny on the block I can't make left handed
I can leave her wound so big you can't bandage
I'm sorry bitch I know I got the unfair advantage
Cup full battle juice

I let the serpents that
I worship underneath
the surface murder
me

preferably refer to
me as KING

I move

vertically

Pockets on serious, the moon is eclipsing
Buried in my gut, got me feeling so Egyptian
Punky me looking like I took it off of Saturn
I'm just talking crazy you just talking about my singer

pour your cum in a bonfire burnt seed
on my wings + knees for a little bird feed
I got so many things, you see
I'm queen of the horde, til
I torch your torso when I'm
high + bored
charred skin. sautee some swiss chard
eating yourself sure gets your cock
and I'm slaughtering the ~~impres~~ rock hard
for a fast card

BLACK MASS
SHIP'S MAST
SCIENCE CLASS
TOXIC GAS

acid on the burner burner
kill your sons,
I'm a real fast learner

chloroform in the flask
run an errand, choke a task.
I'm a storm in a ski mask



MARINATE IN THE
FLUIDS OF YOUR FAILURES,
+ YOUR ENEMY'S FATHER(S)

thief in the night, fangs in your jugular, bleeding
you dry, I wear a glass horse throwing
meteorites ~~and~~ I appeared the gods of
previous life + I slash the throat of Sweeney
Todd for my piece of the pie. I'm the angel
of death, supplying Olympic businessmen with the
Titanic's anchors chained to my leg all
without breaking a sweat from the
underground + I'm craving the taste of your
flesh like the dog of the dead. have heart
gaining respect, enforce the laws of gravity
+ drain the sword of Damocles to the nape
of your neck. Communist Marxist sharpshooter
locked on my target, I was breast-fed cancer
+ battles of arsenic. blind swordsmen wander in
darkness I drop the green's severed head in the
other's bucket + I'm eating out of coffee
+ cookies and everyone in my field of vision's just
crops for the harvest. I'm a hellbender Seraphim
4 faces with torn feather wings drawing forth the
4 nephilim. buying peace pipes digging up the
hatchet, sleep, forget my dick till it surges
in your stomach acid. we're chatty attractive ferocious
creatures, I got a tract master degree during
after a heatstroke of quills, with the doors
from dusk til dawn my entourage dot on top
of Scotland Yard coz we above the law.
withstand the force of a pygmy, we the
reaper for disaster + these beats cookin up a
storm. all powerful being during hours of sleeping
I levitate between the ground + ceiling. ~~absorbed~~
life forms found in my semen, haven't started

to rip yet this is just the sound of my breathing
a mental plane like Enda Gay I'm slashing
open rivets of buckshot with my shoulder blades
slip off the planet it will shoot away, fermented
boy young pains of my ever ending
brain I send this with heaven strikes + avenge
that makes Armageddon resemble a fancy exercise
3rd eye blessed with 2nd sight, a certificate, I
smoked the New Mexico desert testing sites. If
I do start to smoke weed I'll take 2 boxes +
won't breathe after a whole week + O.D.
battling me you won't get cold feet the mere
thought of facing possessed will freeze the fluid in
both knees. product of a yodeler + a witch, knock
you for six, pile drive you down a bottomless pit
push my luck over the top of a cliff, I don't bite
the hand that fed me, I chew it off at the
wrist. I'll forge a sword from a thunderbolt
+ I'm rubbing salt in bullet wounds just to
make the slugs dissolve

DON'T PROVOKE MY AWAKENING
GAVE MY GIRL A CURSED VIDEOTAPE AS AN ENGAGEMENT RING

THE WORMS THAT CONSUME MY CORPSE
TURN INTO ANACONDAS

I separate my skin with chain links, I
lace my brain corset tight so I don't have
to think but the thing is I can always
slurp your spit for a drink no matter how
much I try to resist, I'm spit roasting
for thank an alley toast, your cock is all
I've got on my grocery list.

see I'm rampant in ramparts, we watched
were so gallantly creaming
dry cleaned my lab coat to get the blood out
crisp white on shiny black

use the straw to snort a line + then mix the potions
my cunt's a stinger, ya'll need calamine lotion

one-time guest, habitual host
origy mandat's in the NT Post
the coast is clear, my mouth goes here
yours goes between the antlers on a deer

got secret compartments in all my holy books
now you're suspended from the ceiling, all flesh + looks

9/8/15

I love potions #1-8, vs. love potion #9
I cut off my extremities with tightly wound twine
the tumor's benign but the rumors poisoned me
in a crimson brine
gums flapping - tongues lapping up shards
saved all my pedo uncle's birthday cards

masturbation medals, I've got jerk-off pride
I was rubbing my clit when my parents died

I'm a high price courtesan so kiss my feet
while I choke you out with a hotel sheet
good thing the bomb's in your name, ~~not~~
~~you're ^{the} ~~best~~ ~~glad~~ you lost the dyeing game~~
I won't take the blame, it ~~all~~ ~~evered~~
out when your wife's money came
life insurance policy I'm a metal mud anomaly
she and I really bonded while we maimed
your beached whale body
reverse is a joke, shame is shoddy.



snout, spout, sprout, grout, route,
boy scout, fade out,

tender, slender, big spender, public defender,
surrender, gender, bartender, vendor

syllable, biblical, unthinkable, criminal, pinnacle
funnel, tunnel, runnel

snuff, cuff, buff, tough, stuff, scruff
enough

sput, skirt, squirt, curt, dirt, flirt, alert, dessert, forest

A knot in my heart until death do us part

Jared:

610-909-0107

bandage, advantage, bandit, savage, package,
passage, damage

miser, mason, visor, early riser

vapor, caper, ^{shift} shaper, gaper,
aper,

"We meet at the Roosevelt Field Mall. I follow
you around as you shop... Victoria's Secret,
Bloomingdale's. We have our eye on each other.
You almost start trying to leave me as you shop.
Until the moment is right... Not sure if it happens
in a fitting room, restroom stall... But we find
ourselves alone + overcome with desire for
each other... Your shirt ripped open + pants
torn off... A word never exchanged...

I'm 30 years old. Handsome + great shape.
The notion of anonymity that goes along
with inhabiting a public space lends itself to the
excitement of an encounter like this. That
being said, it is far more adventurous + risky than
most providers are comfortable with. Every time I
make this request I receive a negative response.
I understand if you feel the same way, but your
aid gave me a glimmer of hope that you in this
line of work feel the sensual thrill it can provide.
You're not a missionary in an upscale hotel room
kind of guy I'm guessing."

- Kyle Jordano

coming back into the City next Tues evening,
 you asked details before, what I am looking for is
 a submissive role play where you come to my
 hotel room wearing your clothes, enter the room
 while I watch from the closet as you lay
 down + stretch but talk about this weird guy
 who was staring at you while you were
 working out. I then approach you from the rear,
 tell you not to resist + force myself upon you
 as I also restrain you (with toys you will
 bring). Interested? •

• - Carl Hester •



cock
 dick
 penis
 boner
 prick
 schlong
 member
 man meat
 trouser snake
 pecker
 mr. Happy
 Fun Bridge
 Tossing Salad Pene
 One-Eyed Jack

My Lord + Savior

the little engine that could

Stephen Crane:

In the desert,

I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.

I said, "Is it good, friend?"

"It is bitter - bitter," he answered;

"But I like it

Because it is bitter

And because it is my heart."

A youth in apparel that glittered
Went to walk in a grim forest.

There he met an assassin

Attired all in garb of old days;

He, scowling through the thickets,

And dagger poised for striking,

Rushed upon the youth.

"Sir," said this latter,

"I am enchanted, believe me,

to die, thus, in this medieval fashion,

According to the best legends;

Ah, what joy!"

Then took he the wound, smiling,

And died, content.

Behold, from the land of the farther seas
I returned.

And I was in a reptile-swarming place,
Peopled, otherwise, with grinnaces,
Shrouded above in black impenetrableness,
I shrank, loathing,

Sick with it.

And I said to Him,

"What is this?"

He made answer slowly.

"Spirit, this is a world;

This was your home."

Two or three angels

Came near to the earth.

They saw a fat church.

Little black streams of people

Came and went in ~~continuously~~ continually.

And the angels were pained

To know why the people went thus,

And why they stayed so long within.

I met a peer.

He held in his hands

the book of wisdom.

"Sir," I addressed him

"Let me read."

"Child -" he began.

"Sir," I said,

"Think not that I am a child,

For already I know much

of that which you told

Ah, much."

He smiled.

Then he opened the book

And held it before me -

Strange that I

should have

grown so

suddenly blind.

gargyle glaze

quark



behest

bemoan

mandrill

mantle

encrust

engulf - gulp down

lather

lapidify - turn to stone

pyrope - garnet

torsion - cylindrical, swollen at intervals

torsure - to shave the head of

tortile - twisted/coiled

conclave - secret meeting

concepti - fertilized eggs

comfit - candy

indicia - distinctive mark

milkop - effeminate man

dozener - 1 of 12 legendary knights

daven - to utter Jewish prayers

debeak

debrise - to cross a coat of arms

datura - flowering plant

dast - to fondle

impi - body of warriors

impinge - collide

imago - adult insect

imude - imprison

impavid - brave

barghest - goblin

batleduc - fruit jam

golconda - source of ^{great} wealth

goomba - older man who is a friend

jaggery - coarse dark sugar

jaeger - hunter

jurgans - violent delirium

rubella - virus disease

rubble - to dye red

rugulose - having small wrinkles

• garrote - execute
by strangling

• umbles -
deer's
entrails

• calumny - false,
malicious accusation

• claque - group of
hired applauders

• nictate - to wink

• nevus - birthmark

Right now I am sitting in my roommate's dresser.
I want to disappear into smaller + smaller spaces.
I would get so fucked up right now if it were possible.
Tonight I just remembered that I am thoroughly
disgusting, unlovable, + useless. My dissociation returned
with a vengeance. I can't possibly be real, none
of this can be so what the fuck is the point?
Unless I have another naked body against my
naked body + then a cock shoved inside me,
I am barely present. Just figments, little spilled
sentient smashed figs, that's all everything around
me is. I hear people tell their stories + it's like
something so fundamental is missing inside me.
I spend so much time on my outside because
painting it + plucking it + smoothing it + rinsing it
+ baring it must mean that it ~~exists~~ ^{exists}, right?
I am either just a body or just a mind, at
different times, like different lives. **No one will
take an interest in me unless I introduce myself
first, name second.** Without that, I don't
even know who I am anymore (this is all
assuming that I'm someone at all, of course)
This huge glassy gulf stretches between
me + everything and everyone else. I prefer
to drown in it, trapped under its transparent
sheen ~~that~~ ^{that} build a bridge over it to the
other side. I want to tear myself to shreds,
I want black eyes + broken bones + fucking
leaking gasping vessels that are coming out,
and a throat completely strangled to solid guy
and mouth pulverized and legs on the other
side of the rear and ribs snapped like so much... night

I've been hard-pressed, be my guest
you're welcome to the bloods I've blessed
hand-processed, I bit off my birthstones as I dressed
so fucking self-obsessed
God grant me the serenity to accept the things
that I cannot change, ~~that~~ ^{the things} I cannot claim
I am shackled in a ~~coram~~ ^{coram} cabin upstate
my state of grace can't be disrupted by
a screaming crate
boxed bodies, corralled to castrate,
you should never have gone on that blind date.

ORBMORPHIA

FIST-FUCK-A-THON

ENVENOM INTO THE WITCH'S HOLE
FROM THEIR COFFINED SLUMBER

666 GOATFUCK BOOMERANG
HER STRONGHOLDS UNVANQUISHABLE
LABORATORY OF NIGHTMARES



It's very hard for me to imagine that this feeling that I am missing something fundamental inside me essential to human connection + fellowship will ever go away.

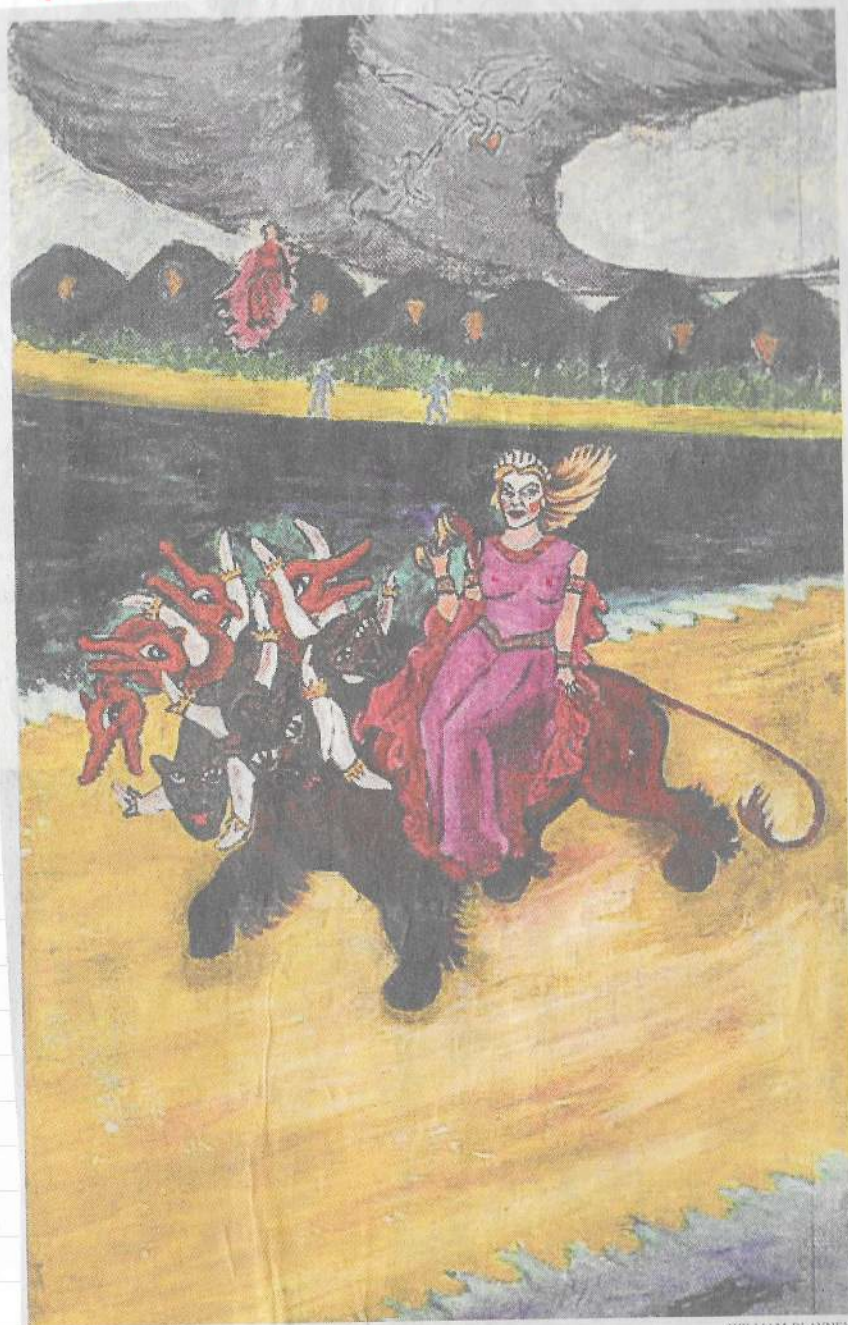
It can no longer be classified as a "sneaking suspicion"

I don't know why there is this inherent assumption that everyone can be successful in this sense if given the right tools etc. Maybe I'm fucking autistic...

I don't give a fuck whether I live or die anymore.



INDENTURED PERVITUDE



SEDUCTIVE SERVITUDE

9/10/15

ectoplasm?
balustade? eidolon?
idealized person thing

Trying to approach the whole "not caring if I live or die" thing as liberating instead of debilitating. Why the fuck not, right?

I'm viewing you thru a mass membrane
magnifying glass, shuddering sugar cane
when there's a whole hellscape in a single vein



hitchhiking with a notorious pervert
angel cake - amber alert
a truck driver's depraved dessert.
watch as I make my whole body gope
it's my ^{magic} Houdini whore escape!

deep deep, deep + dark
just down, no - further
I want to disappear in black
sink into it
when they lower the ropes,
I'll say thank you
very much but
that's not necessary

my body's producing citrus sports
and I ~~never~~ learned to flirt
so in seconds their hands are up my skirt
~~and my mouth~~
and I'd be so mud caked if ^{only} ~~can~~ were dirt.

my body's sort of become amysky to me here
because I am rarely alone with it - just showers
+ the occasional ^{fully} undressed bathroom break

YOU PLOW MY FIELDS WHILE
I POLISH MY SHIELDS

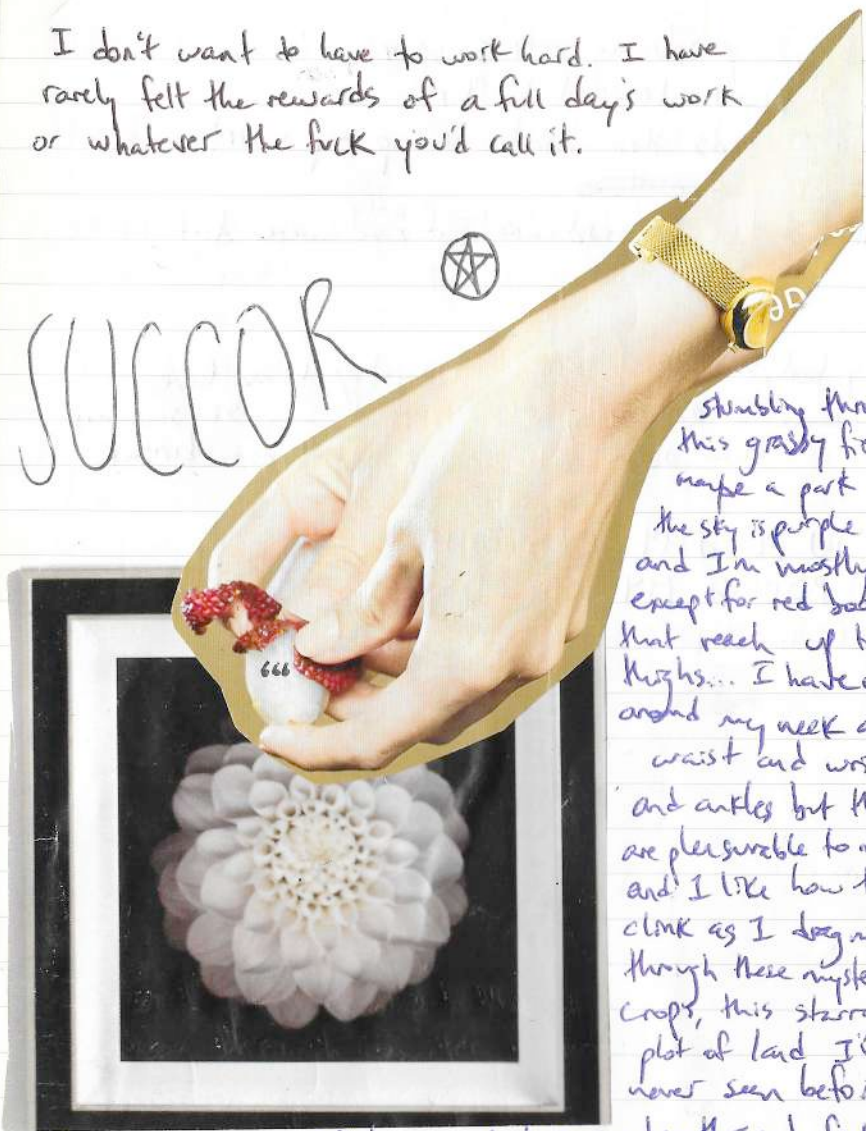
(I'll kill you as soon as you come through that door)



SPIRITUALISM

I don't want to have to work hard. I have rarely felt the rewards of a full day's work or whatever the fuck you'd call it.

SUCCOR



stumbling through
this grassy field
maybe a park and
the sky is purple black
and I'm mostly naked
except for red boots
that reach up to my
knees... I have chains
around my neck and
waist and wrists
and ankles but they
are pleasurable to me
and I like how they
clink as I drag myself
through these mysterious
crops, this starry
plot of land I've
never seen before...

I am very aware of how my body comes together and feel some sort of mystic ecstasy as I contemplate it... every time I look up from my path a different man appears, always nude but different colors, saying different things, wanting different tasks for me to perform... I feel an overwhelming desire to do whatever they tell me. I want to fulfill them, but will it fulfill me along the way? As I turn that thought over and over in my mind like a jagged stone, I feel spikes poke through my flesh all over and then I'm crucified & expired, pyred



BLIND AS BATS
AND JUST AS CAVE-DWELLING
AT DUSK I CAN FEEL MY SALIVA SWELLING
I CAN'T HELP BUT CORRUPT EVERY CRUMB,
PUT EVERY LAST MORSEL ON A LEASH.
YET THE WHIP JUST LEAVES ME NUMB
AND THE SOFT CEILING IS SUCH A REACH.

tomorrow I better kiss a boy
I didn't.

9/11/15

Dr. Resnick can go fuck himself in the ass
with a machete.

2:30 PM: oh great, now I have to go tell him I
want a different psych, without knowing if
I'll actually get one or not. Money well spent.

I deconstruct into tiny flaps + folds
you're a pussy pirate for fool's gold
my 24 karat cunt is a pie in the sky
for a piece of shit ~~with~~ from a
take your coiled tail, (stubbled sty)
fuck off + die.

MY DAYS ARE NARCOLEPTIC
BUT MY NIGHTS ARE FURS
I'M CATCHING CHOLERA
AND SUCKLING SLURS

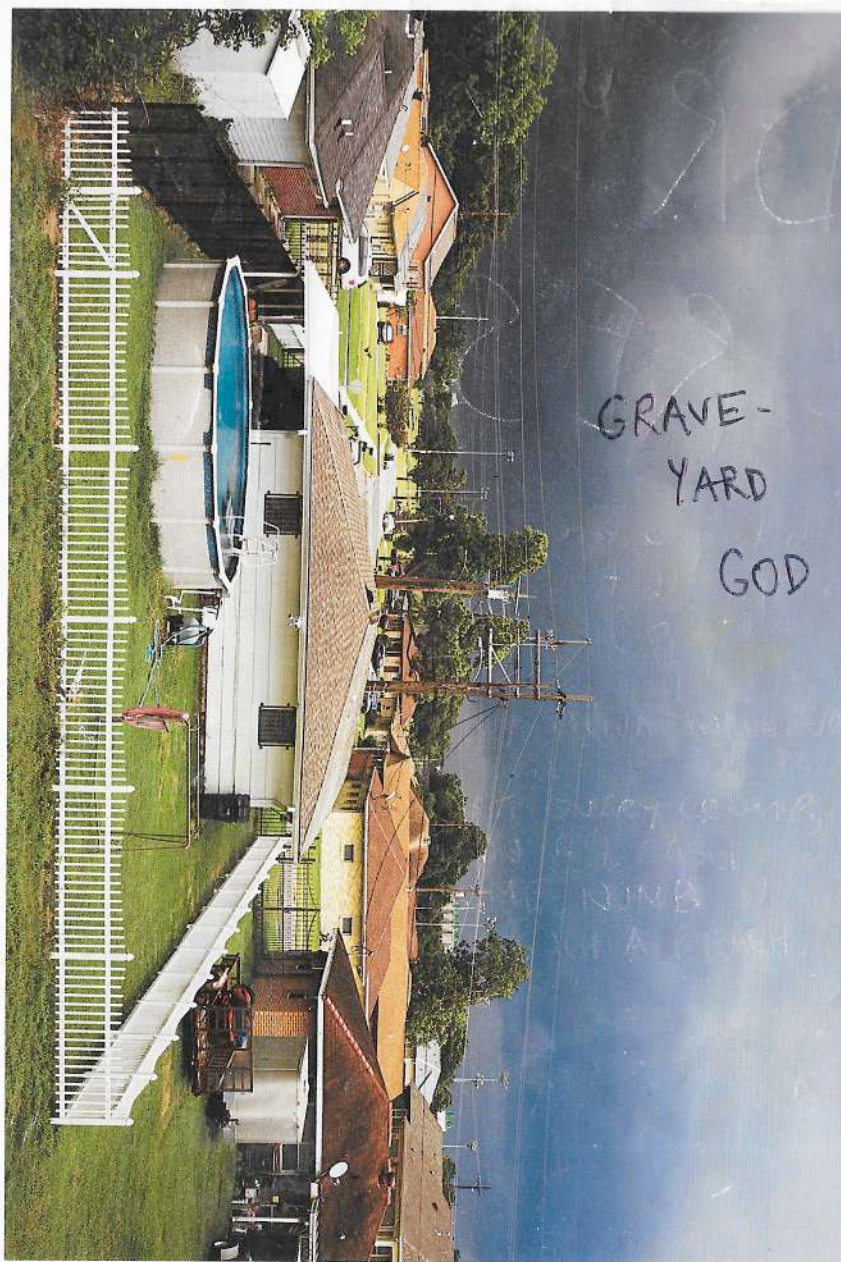
worm
writhing
on
a
twig

I'm starting from a slap to the stone.
Combing through cemetery's watches, I'm
a necromagical explorer. I raise my
sails as a fire roars next door. All the
dead patches that make themselves known
at the most inopportune times - I gag them
~~with~~ cuz I'm the grey eminence.

GARROTED

BITCH I'M ^{morgue} LUGUBRIOUS

I'm let
the J2i spit,
turn his face
into gooey shit

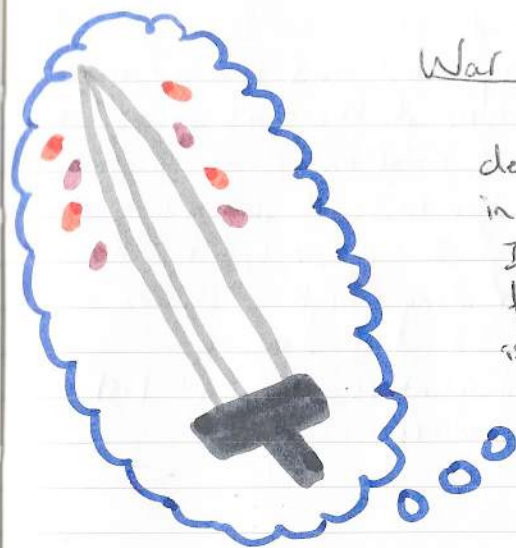
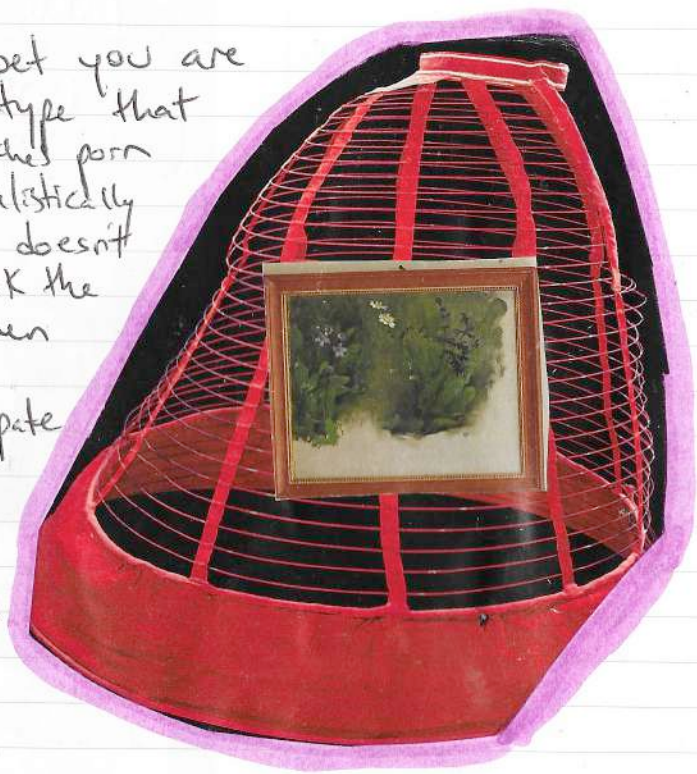


FUCK YOU

"DR."

RESNICK

I bet you are
the type that
watches porn
ritualistically
and doesn't
think the
women
who
participate
in it
are
even
human



War Song (Sioux)

dear the way
in a sacred manner
I come
the earth
is mine

"He goes to take scalps"
on warpath / he returns home.



"Oh yes," McCarron answered with the
impersonal firmness of an executioner.

It's not easy: being fully oiled, and the never-ending crawling. The textures of the surfaces beneath my knees are on a constant rotation. Rough to wet to smooth to cracked to ridged to... it doesn't matter. The destination is fixed, though I've never had it within view. I run a slick finger along everything I own, which is the body I've welded out of desperation, animal flesh, and barnyard splinters - it won't last through even the mildest winters.

↓ me being unbearably horny is really no longer a joking matter ↓
 ↑ ↑

Affirmation: I will be soft to myself,
 and hard as fuck to everything else.

THE GENE-SPLICERS had tinkered with the DNA, producing a race of warriors who craved just two things: the thrill of battle and the taste of their own feet. They hungered for battle. They literally ate their own feet. None survived to reproduce, and within a few short years they were all gone.

The Gene-Splicers chalked it up to experience, and decided to try harder the next time.

HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME

9/12/15



Everything in front of me is gushing
 You're hellbent, I'm hushing
 on two bloody stumps, I'm slow + I'm rushing
 to get there before you do
 to hide the body before it turns blue
 to get busted with my bust out would be crushing

braided brat, horseshoes on filthy human feet
 hooves in heaven, stroking a ^{sub}human bleat

SHE ASKED IF IT WOULD HURT
 I SMILED AND SAID NO
 THE LIE RAN DOWN MY CHIN LIKE EMBRYO



"He's very self-loathing, but not enough."



Rhythm is the only thing
secure. In this darkness,
rising, I recall the
Pacific stars. This ritual
ascendance goes on in a
city that has erased them
and blurred its sun out
altogether. Iron Wolf
has something. I want it
without the bother of
definitions. The dangerous
illumination, the light in
the exploding eye, is
not for this other city.

CIRCULAR RUIN.

HALL OF MIRRORS.

RING OF FLESH.

The smoldering
outskirts reconfiguring
with each step
you take.

- THE
RECOMBINANT CITY



DESTINATION

As we rode into the village we came upon
a convergence of old customs: there was
an empty house and the door stood wide open.

The men from the village lugged a cupboard into the house.
The men from the village hauled a table into the house.
The men from the village heaved a bed into the house.

And the women of the village bore
dishes and plates and glasses and something to
make the bed habitable into the house.

Then the men pushed a son inside.
Learn to light a fire, they said,
learn to put out a fire, they said,
we're latching the shutters.

Then the women pushed a daughter inside.
Learn to be hot, they said,
learn to be cold, they said,
we're barricading the door.

—Hester Knibbe



9/13/15

LICK IT UP



marsupial nuptials

cut it down,
snuff it out,
flee the town,
stuff its
snout



heaven forbid,
heaven forgive,
hell hath no fury
like the
will to live.

You'll lick the spoon; who'll lick the plate?
who'll sew me up when I storm the gate?
and if I fraternize with the enemy
and decide I cherish the memory,
who'll make sure I wasn't used as bait?

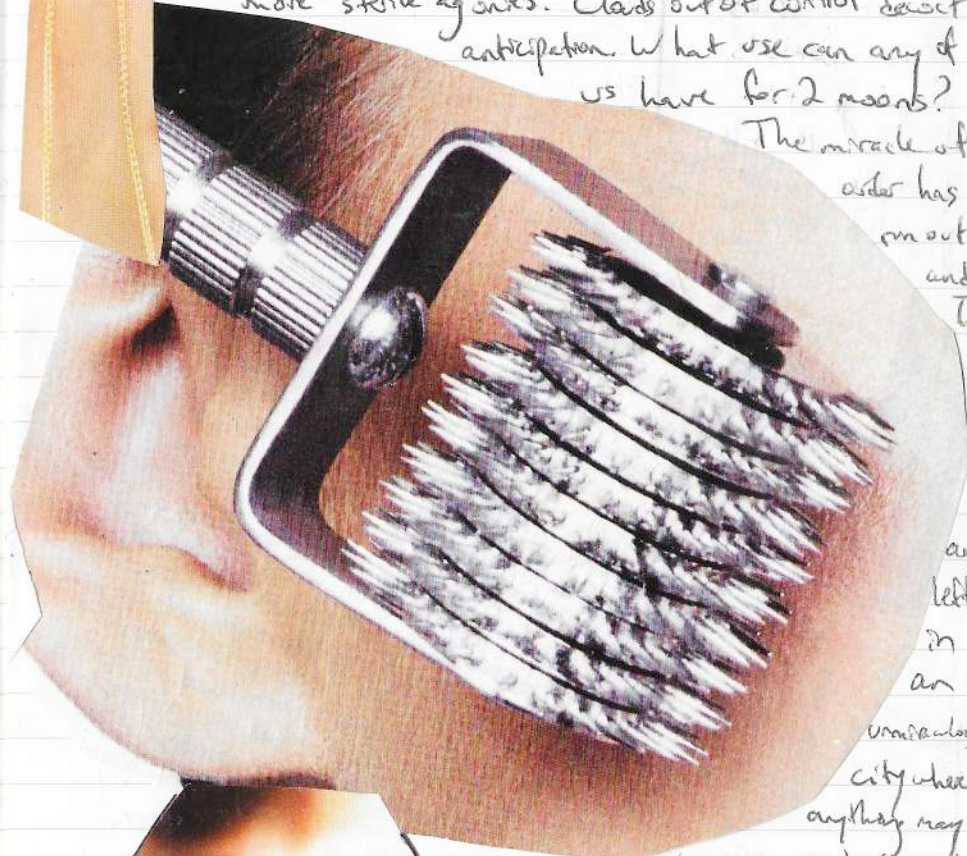
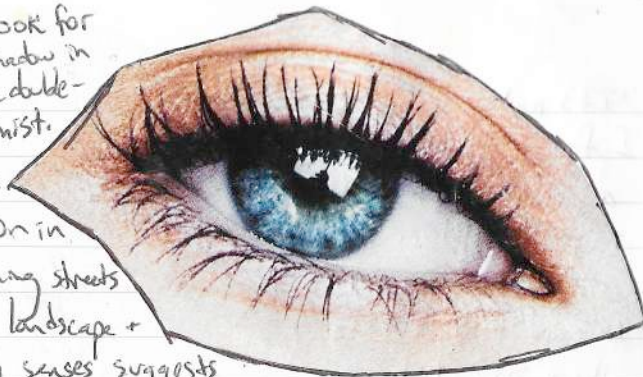
"sentinel at the jambs"

Look for
shadow in
the double-
lit mist.

A dark
communion in
the burning streets
between the landscape +
the smacking senses suggests
more sterile agonies.

Clads out of control exact
anticipation. What use can any of
us have for 2 moons?

The miracle of
order has
run out
and

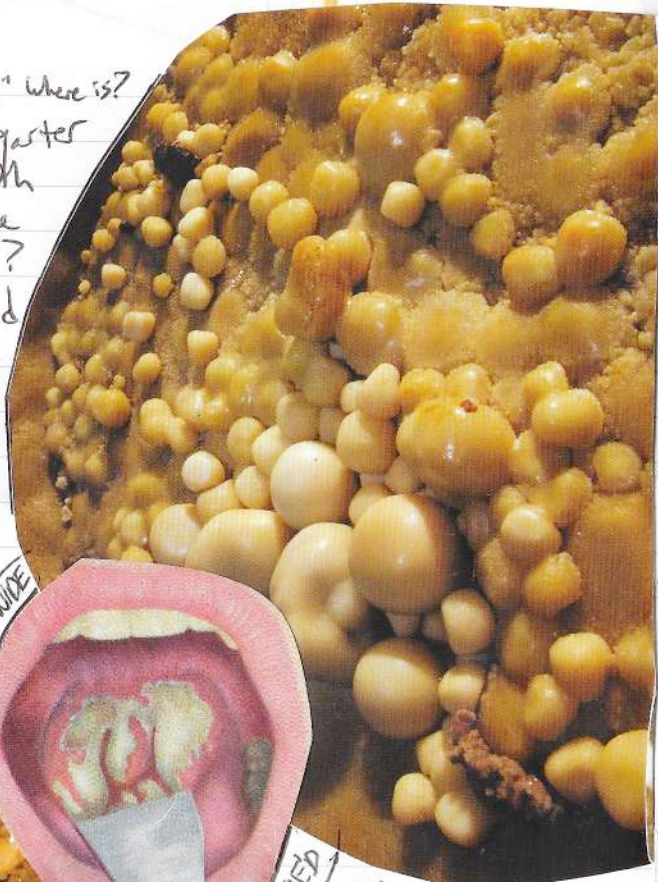


an
left
in
an
unfamiliar
city where
anything may
happen. I don't need

more intimations of disaster. It has to
be more than that! Search the smoke for
the fire's base. Reel from the coals neither
success nor despair. This edge of boredom is
as bright. I pass it, into the dark rim. There
is the deceiving warmth that asks nothing. There are
objects lost in double-light



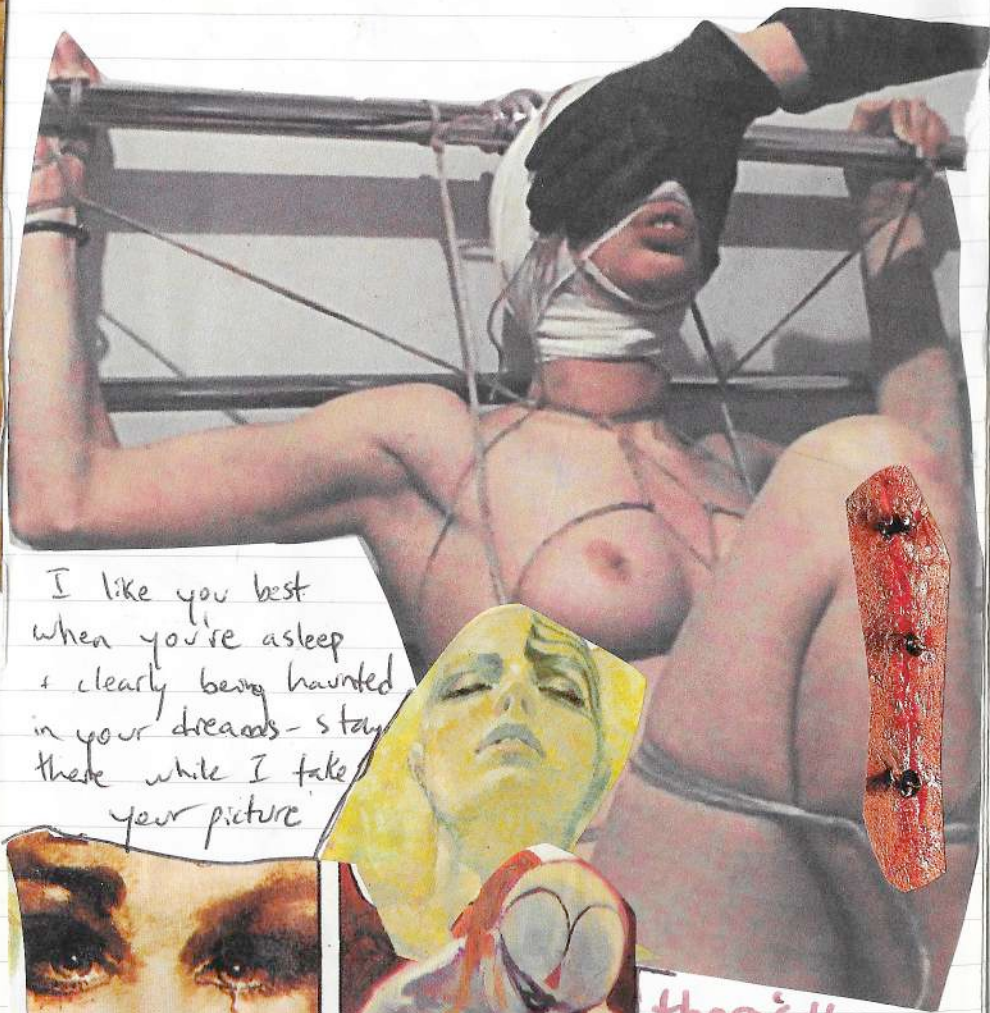
"It's not safe here." where is?
 I found a gutter gaster
 and guard it with
 my life. Pluck me
 already, won't you?
 I need to be fucked
 where sanitation
 fears to tread,
 where wrists
 impinge +
 beasts are bred.
 I like you
 gnarled. Better.



It insults my
 intelligence when you
 won't hurt me.
 Hiding meat in the
 forest + visiting it
 until it's gone and I
 can average it by
 roasting its captor.
TELL ME YOU'LL
HOLD MY HAIR
WHILE I REENACT
MY LAST RITES
 the whites of my eyes
 are receptive to radiation.

9/14/15

Hark! the herald angels fling... their feces in my
 fucking face.



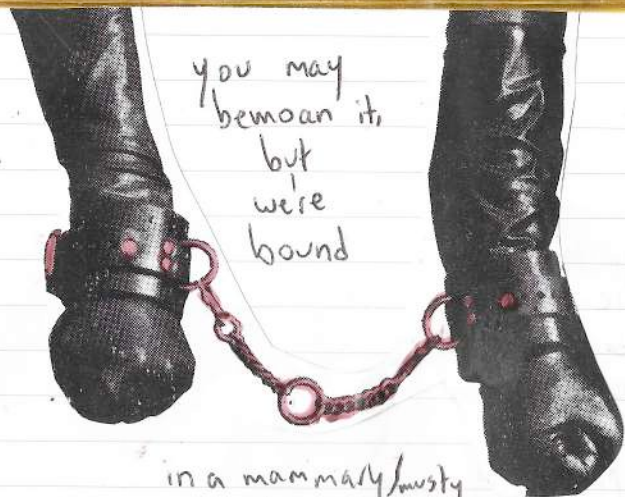
I like you best
 when you're asleep
 + clearly being haunted
 in your dreams - stay
 there while I take
 your picture



there's this
 bridge here
 I want to
 get choked
 out under



"a chain of tiny wounds with remnants of flesh between"



you may
bemoan it,
but
we're
bound

in a mammary/fusty
monarchy, my
cunt was crowned

CARAMELIZE → CANNIBALIZE



a sigil of brass + crystal, concrete + flesh

BURY THE EVIDENCE

WHAT? THEY ARE
RAISING THE
CAGE!



Kaleidoscope crisis mode
can't even count the cocks I rode
before I jumped off a cliff
now, that's just secret code
I'm hiding out underground
my slave boys know to not make ^{the} sound
if they do, the River Styx
is ~~the~~ next stop on their paper route
I'll kill them all without a doubt
aw don't put, first I'll fuck
up - ~~it~~ ^{put} inside out

am I stuck with myself
(along with everyone else)?

Sam,

I just wanted to write to tell you
I think you're really cute. Do you want
to make out later? Write back ASAP.
(You must be bored too)

- Jackie

- yes sure



↑
NO
FRATERNIZING!
BE
ASEXUAL
HERE
... OR ELSE

all
teeth

"have you ever
choked a girl?"

A leaf crashed his temple like a charred moth



9/15/15 — point proven

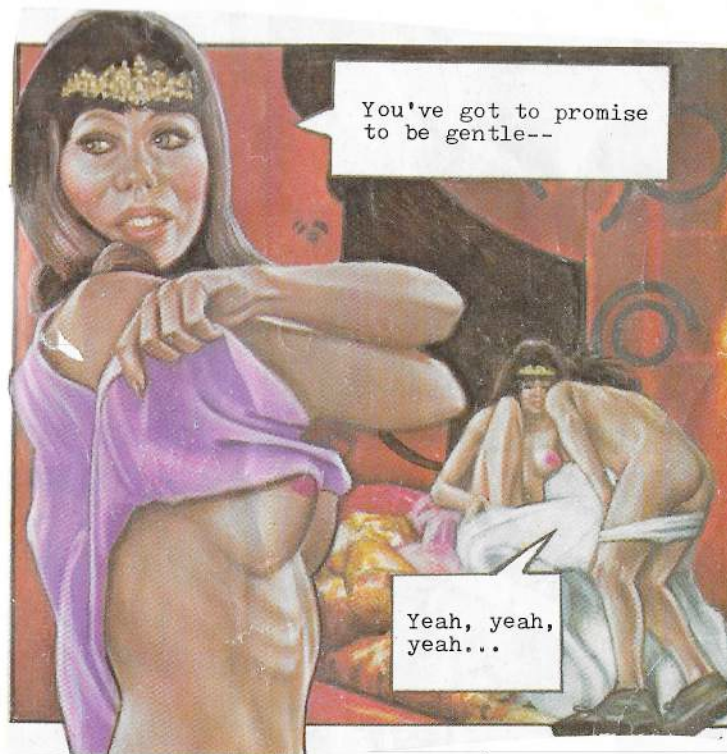
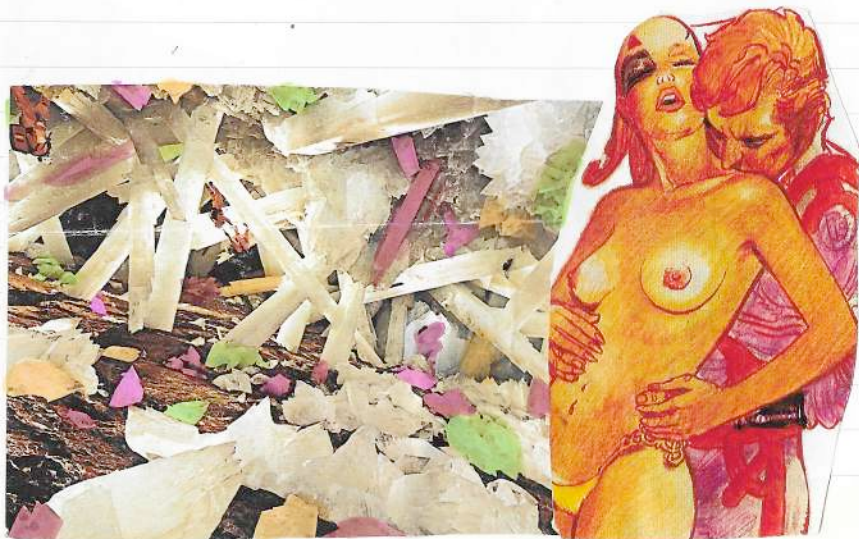
is
This is exactly that episode of Seinfeld where George stops having sex + becomes a genius while Elaine stops and becomes fucking dumb as dirt. My mind is clouded over with cocks, and it isn't at all humorous anymore.

Solution: self-flagellation therapy?

Jung - Red Book

(and I'm on to the next one...)

Family meeting: probably doing outpatient here, so staying with my mom mostly. Of course one of my first thoughts is: I wonder how the tender situation is around these parts...



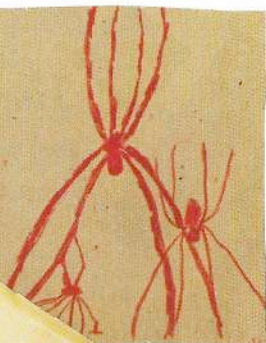
And what have I invested in interpreting discourses for chaos? This threat: the only lesson is to wait. I couch in the smoggy terraces, the streets lose edges, the rims of thought flake. What have I set myself to fix in this dirty notebook that is not mine? Does the revelation that, though it cannot be done with words, it might be accomplished in some linguistic gap, give me the right, in injury, walking with a woman + her dog, to pain? Rather the long doubts: that this labor tears up the mind's meannesses; that, though life may be important in the scheme, awareness is an imperfect tool with which to face it. To reflect is to fight away the sheets of silver, the carbonated distractions, the fairy that, somehow, a thumb is pressed on the right eye. This exhaustion melts what binds, releases what flows.

(p. 156)

9/16/15

The good days mean nothing. I still have nothing, am nothing. Everyone else I know is doing + being, living. I will never make it there. I am a waste, something red + shiny but that has no taste. I want to rip my face off. I want to entirely destroy myself. I don't deserve anything anyway. I am just a fucking joke. HAHHAHA I can't do this. I want to give up. I want to burn "alive."

If there ever was a point, I've lost track of it.



if I'm an itchy
bitsy spider
then she's only
alive cuz I
tied her
wrists together,
ankles wrapped
when she died,
the audience clapped

Slippery deck - it's
just a fish in the Atlantic

DRINK FIGHT FUCK

afternoon: snap out of it



having good taste will never be
superior to making your own shit,
regardless of that shit's quality.



high likelihood of rotting
all my baby's blood's clotting

make way earth for my headstone
gobble me up for your soupbone
I just had to butt ^{own} take my clone

I'm hemorrhaging hexes from all my openings,
and some I never even knew about. At
dusk, every body a husk - and I have
just the equipment to part brittle flaps
for the fruit within. I loot + I root
around until my fingers come away

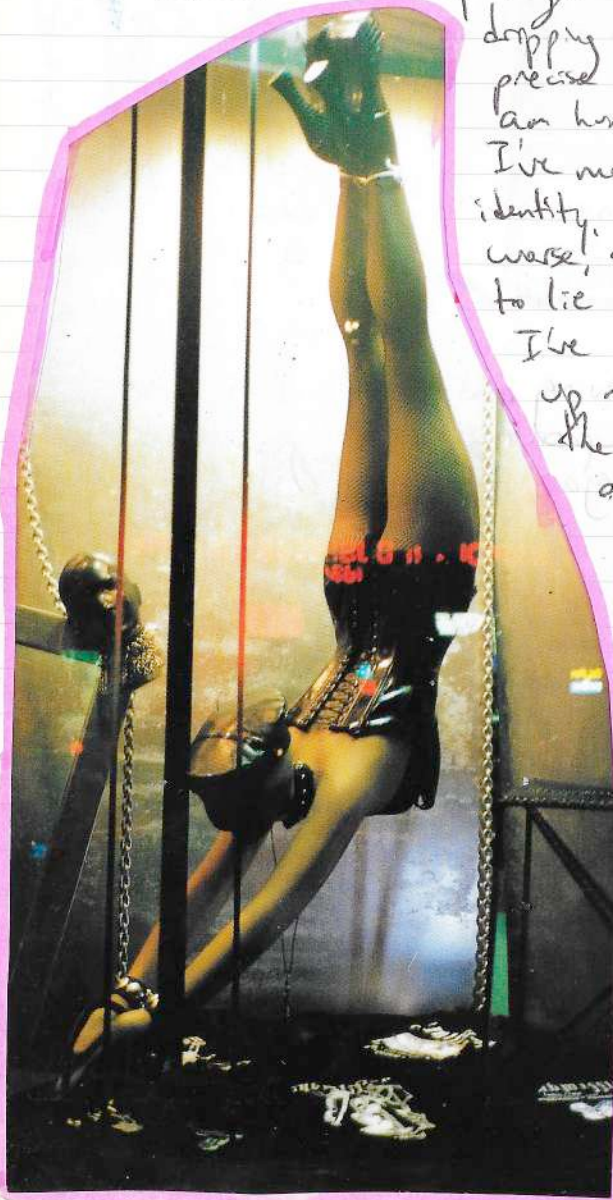
dripping with the
precise viscosity I
am hunting. Cuntling.
I've made this my
identity, for better or
worse, and now I have
to lie in the cum rags
I've hoarded. Boarded-
up my windows so
the only light was
a halogen I
summon at whim.

Was it him?
Was it me?
Undefinable,
undefatigable.
Unbelievable.

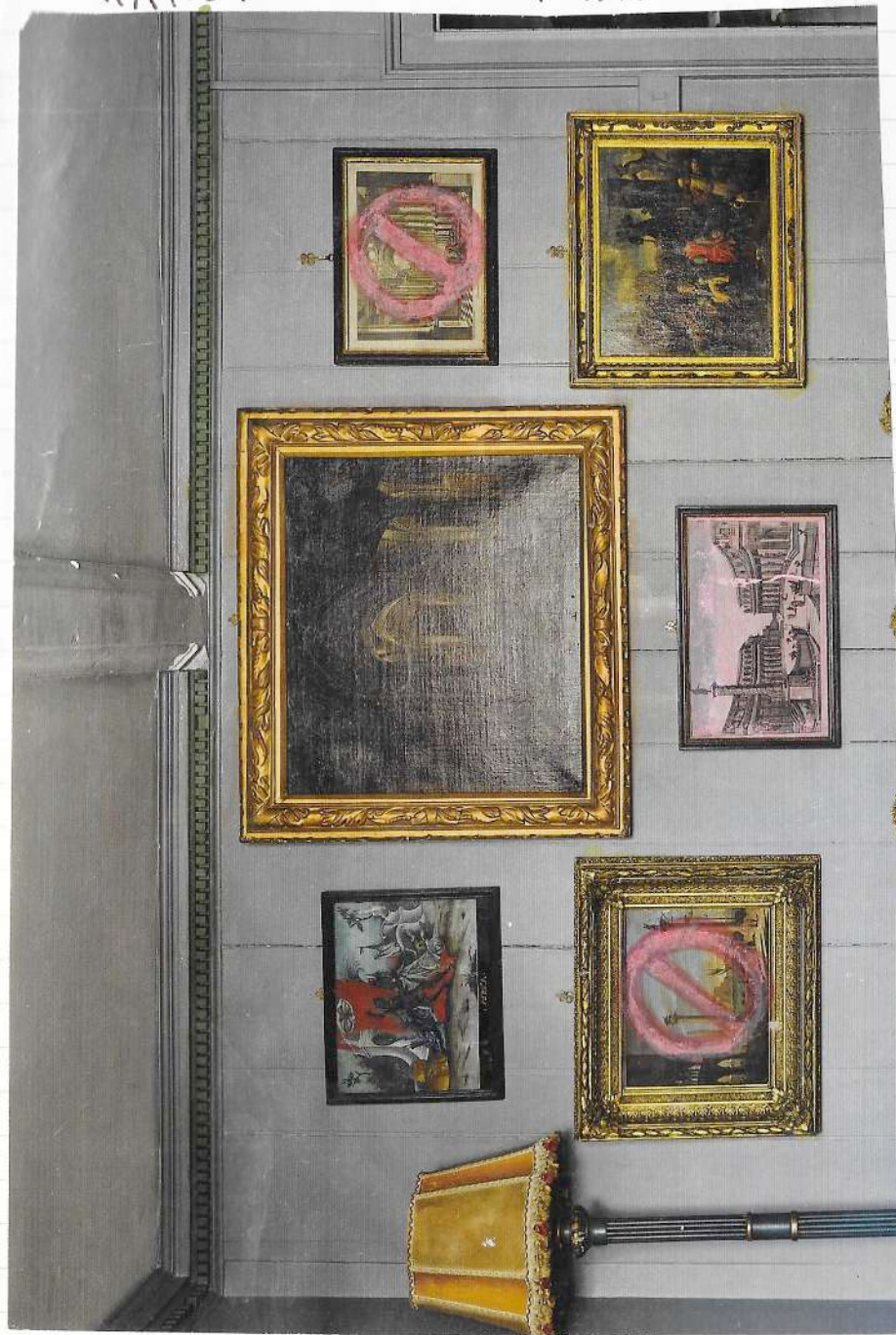
Creek in my
yard, creek in
my chair, creek
in my neck.

I'm a feral
flame, you're
just a fleck.

Speed to
speck



HYPNOTIZE CAMP POSSE



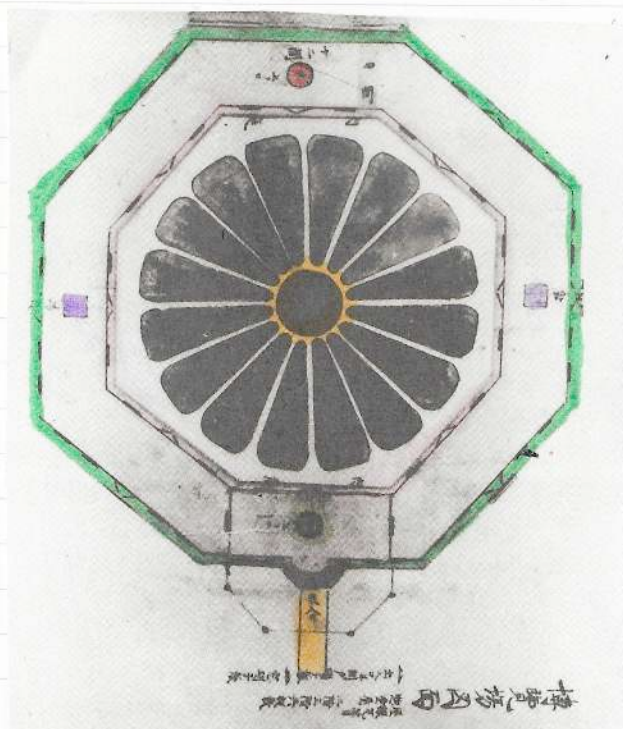
RITUALS OF MORTAL CREMATION

9/17/15

home alone, candlesticks in each hand
I go backstage & blow the whole band

he said oh just the rim he said oh just the tip
I spill the tip jar when I sob while I strip

your piledriver pitted against all of my bodies -
the incarnations I've collected. I'm poised
for petulance. Hold me down. Steamroll
over me, all the me's. Make them shut up
for once. Please.



SOMEHOW THEY JUST
LOVE ME

SOMEHOW THEY JUST
TRUST ME

SAY I'M PRETTY
FLY FOR A

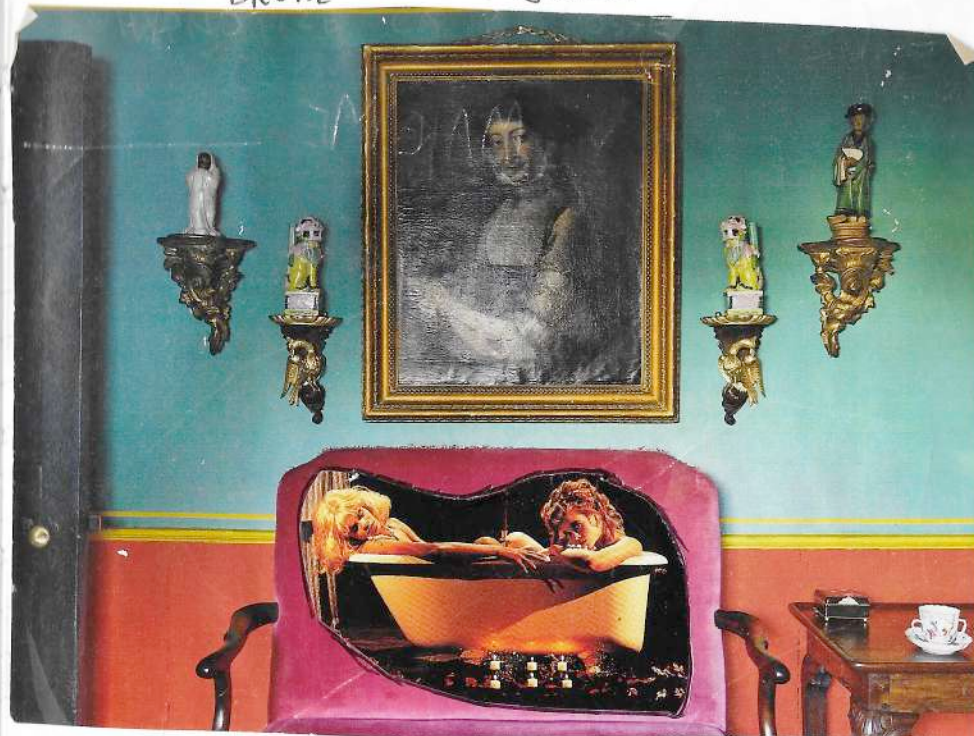
WHITE GUY

I FEEL LIKE

DAVID DUCHOVNY

BRUISE

VIOLET



KILLING MY OWN PEOPLE

Silent in the circuit of the year, speech is in excess of
what I want to say, or believe. On the dismal air I
sketch my own restraint, waking reflexively, instant to
instant. The sensed center, the moment of definition, the
point under such pressure it extends a future & a past I
apprehend only as a chill, extends the overlay of injury
with some reticence, nervous disservice the refuse of brick and
mortar - grinding violence. How much easier - "machines"
were such polarized perception to produce so gross an ideal.

(p. 266)

PRIMORDIAL

MAKE ME

HANDSOME + GRETEL

YOU
+
ME
+
THE
DEVIL
MAKES
3

I want sex
sweat
gripping... someone
like the
earth is dying

"... she caught a litcher in
her headlights. A little
gargle gesturing in a flow of
illumination, registering almost
as an after-image on the retina..."



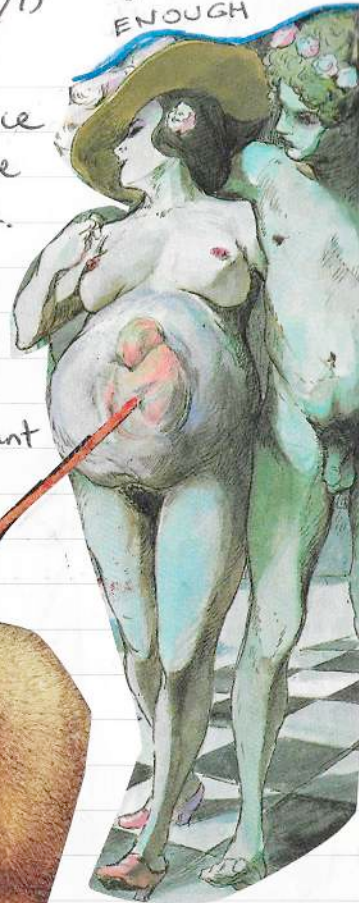
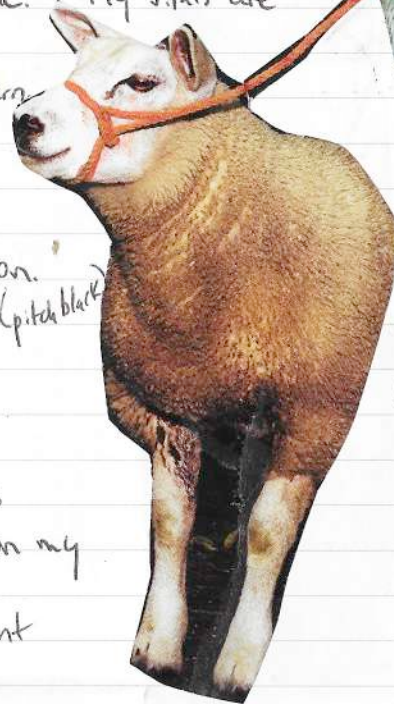
9/18/15

DARK
ENOUGH

a sacrifice - loaded dice
I already died + came back twice
you mixed my blood into sticky rice
I'm sick with sap, lousy with lice.

You presented a nacreous notion during
a deep silence. I added spit to it
and rolled it around between my
thighs for a while. It's so important
to be comfortable. My vitals are
stable when I'm
propped up in the barn.
Pig pendant
around my neck.
Auto erotic
asphyxiation fixation.
Basement dweller (pitch black)
Helen Keller

laced up particles
placing electrodes on my
eyeballs
dirty socks, vacant
sockets
slap my ass + empty
your pockets



drive away before you feel these
my plate

Its meaty body shone
golden-blue in the
sunrise, like a garish
fiberglass burst
of determination
swaying on a py feet
in a vegetable trance
biped on the bitumen
attraction

fuck the good
book my
shadow isn't
brave enough to
follow on my
footsteps look
dead but I'm
wide awake
catch bullets
between my
eyelids in a
firing range
from the
bottom of
my heart: die,
I give you
a stab of
conscience
from my
sharp mind



son of a
succubus
relish hunger
pangs not
sustenance
I'm a
glutton for
punishment
unexplained,
the way I
suffocate
to death in
seconds,
lay up
resuscitate
hate to love
I love hate

UPRISING

convince the
stewardess I
could fly the plane
direct autopilot at
skyscrapers

3 BLACK EYES BETWEEN THE 2 OF US
I'm dripping black tar like some sort of
winding ghost leaving a trail with my tail
I only bought your body because it was on sale
you're licked with flames but the fire's pale

9/19/15

Is it butter you churn?
Is it bridges you burn?
or is it something cobwebbed
that just never learns?

Everyone laughing
about sex work
at an AA
meeting - what
a fucking surprise.

DAY PASS:

to phone or not
to phone? Fuck.

I didn't phone.

SMUGGLED
IN VIBRATOR
HALLELUJAH



9/20/15

EXCAVATED



face black with coal
getting facials thru
a Jory hole
only eat the feed
if they seasoned it
with birth control



got all the classics in my tool belt cut you down to
skeleton svelte & wear your flesh like a mark pelt
but way cheaper got this flow going deeper til it
scrapes you in its feeper I'm a mistress of metalurgy
& steel skull design precious materials for my
unholy shrine make your stars misalign dark magic
& bad astrology stand back in the face of this
cursed idlatry

I'm pelting you like I skin my fruits filthy boys in
3-piece suits like combat boots, stamp brain &
bring the pain whole globes of ripped out roots cute
tongue for sale after blindfolded execution showing
sloes is prostitution I'm laced up in the back
spinal fluid reservoir crack corbing thru kills bag
on battle fields face to face fucks back alley deals
hands tied to arson heads I'll take you from for a
new-death bed pre-death meals, post-death meds,
muncible to asklife appeals

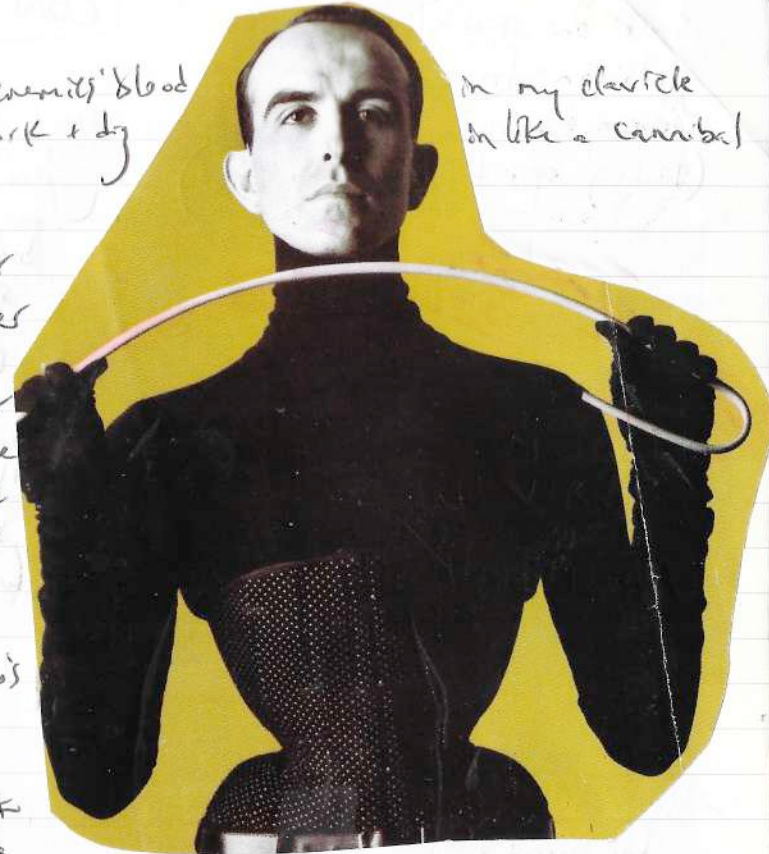
I catch enemies' blood
pop the cork & dig

in my clavicle
on like a cannibal

Born a leper
don't bother
with the
suit & paper
can't tenderize
what's made
to be lesser

who's the
doctor? who's
the nurse?
your steady
~~long term~~
for learning

darkest curse, got an oriental my for a mother, the
chandelier's her significant other. A dark space valet
peeling skin at a nun's ballet, who's the god & who's
the priest? the temple fell & now the congregants
with least.



got nicked & done'd
drum & quartered
she couldn't help
but be
mothered &
daughtered



CONT.

Salt on skin slugs
girls on free drugs
midday attacks tracking blood from street things
(dunking spit from firebreathers)



burn bitch
she's got the
itch for a
Lustel gangbang
in the sky
painting + gagging
teats all weeping
fore animals
will never(ever) cry

Goldilocks blaws more than
her porridge
someone took her
body up in storage



make a clean breast of it in a new bione
there's invaders in the shadows of my home
write a good goodbye poem + drag their ass into Thunderdome
in small films we wear prime silk, murdered girl in red with
three days wadded, steel saw giddle, sucks cat with back out like turtle
go down to my cave to mix potash, watch your death back in ^{stomach} ^{mouth}
inside your eyelids, got those last-minute eBay bids, knock knock
who's there? it's your new nightmare all pair, ~~potter world~~
~~of baby watching~~ ~~again~~ ~~etching~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~new~~ ~~new~~ ~~pair~~
~~my new atom bomb~~ I'll say go to death til you're nice + calm
recite a poem for your peeping Tom

let me sit on your face, good boy
mouth wide open like a dying ^{ko:}



in a Chinese pond, you're all blue + blond. I ~~goes up in~~
~~water part, a dog always had the best butts out for~~
~~day fight, I'll fuck you up I'll fuck you right.~~ Tossil TBI, spit
tailored hostiles. seduce your sister in a room with no crib
killing sadness in a messy ass, dodge your own with expired license
pair of face cards, Ostrich + Isis, bow down to your coiled highness

EXCAVATED:

A dictionary page for each exercise you choose to use today
 a reclusa, I get it
 stand by strand
 breaking each
 create more more
 I get enough good sex



have to use a lemon juicer
 to get wet enough for entry.



Sustain your rotation, stay in your orbit
 your body still be where I stored it
 better



DHALGLEN:

1. Prism, Mirror, Lens
2. The Ruins of Morning
3. House of the Axe
4. In Time of Plague
5. Creatures of Light + Darkness
6. Palimpsest
7. An athenata: a plague journal

Joy Williams

"gimlet"
 "anomic"
 "jeremiads"
 "fushy"

"The writing is so strong, it reads
 as if it wasn't written down at all,
 but as if the author's demon spirit
 is entering first - boy + then a girl, a
 structure, a thing, a totality, to let it
 speak its horrible truth"

Karen Russell

John Taylor

Claire Boye collins

Saul Bellow

"Anne despises 2 classes of people: first, those who own their
 own homes + have cars + families, and second, everybody else."

SLAVES TO ABYSSAL PERVERSITY

"FROZEN IN
BALLETIC
ATTITUDES
OF TORTURE"



"STARVELING"

"if both of us jab a finger into a victim's eyes,
the bond between us is firmer than marriage could ever be."

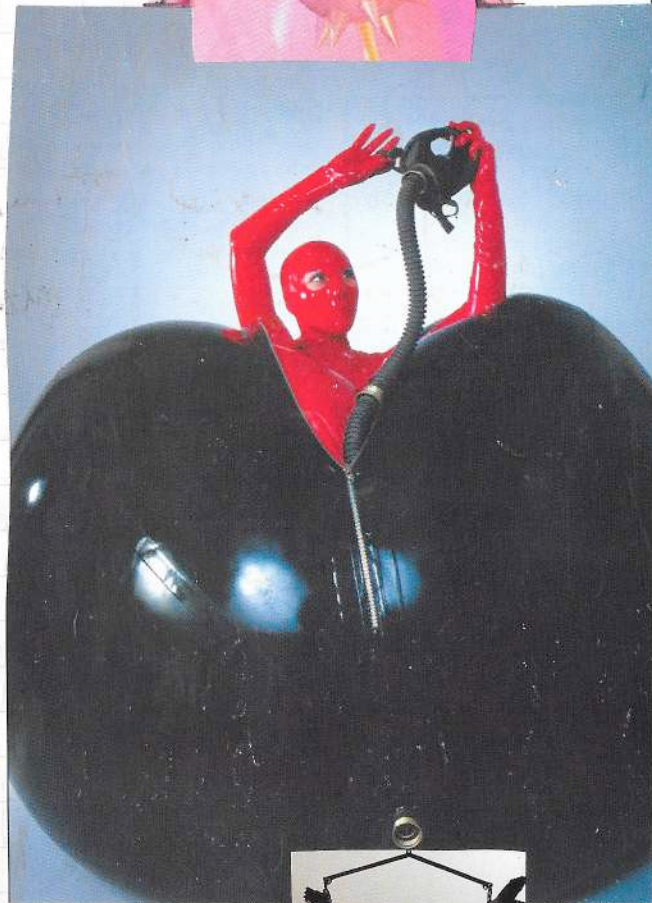
when I falter, my fingers crawl toward my stoma
my fluids char, ^{fuck} such a ghostly aroma
can't keep my mouth off your cock while you're in a coma

make it good make it real make all our wounds close up & heal
make both our families the world's best aphrodisiac meal
I tried my best not to feel, not toretch & not to squeal
but that will only lasts so long...
I hauled it over my shoulders but I did it wrong
I tried to kill you with boulders but I'm just not strong.

arm back for a fresh
assault until my brain
folds tell the limbs to

halt so you
can confirm
it's me who's
at fault

wayward
woman,
a mile
of a man,
got a wnt
full of
candy in
my van!



I emerged from our
affair unscathed,
but luckily I left

you without
the will
to live
which in
turn gave
me the
free organ
to give

fifth floor,
cunt curry
drink pussy
juice
your words
go all
slurpy

I'M A MATING MACHINE
rub my wnt ~~like~~ like the bird head of
Mr. Clean



"at least the pole is polite"

I go dabble jointed
to drink to the summit
my death rattle's so
distinct you can hear it
grew up mans' and
but now I just
slum it

9/22/15

today's resolution:

no longer going to waste time on boys who need to be taught the most basic shit... even though the desire to take my revenge via complete sexual annihilation + perversion is strong, it is truly just a fucking waste of time. They don't deserve my time, they aren't worth my effort.

→ I am too much for them. ←

If they are not interested in me (or don't seem to be), that is no reflection on me. Rather, it is confirmation that they are too far behind to even realize what it is in front of them, a fair distance away, better + different + strange + not really of this planet (hopefully).

This resolution will likely mean

that I will at first feel rather undesirable because not many people in general - let alone men - seem to understand on the level I am searching for. But I trust that in time (however long that necessarily is), this will be for the best. I think there is potential with Sean, and maybe Martin in a less serious bracket. This weekend when I am reunited with my phone, anything is possible.....

START OVER

(I could have been the best thing to ever happen to you... what a shame)



BLOOD
DUSTER



"Once you have
seen mountains of
naked corpses, women among them,
the charms of your housewife back home
offer no more than a galling temptation"

9/23/15

and though we know how far we've crawled
we know love's not in our hearts
we stay possessed by what we've lost
(not in our hearts)

I was concerned I wouldn't want to leave when it
came time to, but luckily I'm starting to feel like I did
the first week - entirely alone + itching to get the fuck
away from these people who I really have very little
to say to. Perhaps this bookending is not a good thing
altogether, but it's the way it is so basically - fuck it.
I've always known I inevitably come to feel alone +
rejected... the difference, hopefully, is that I can convince
myself (which is quite possibly the truth, too) that people find
it difficult to relate to me because I am too much, not
too little. But I'm not actually superior... or maybe I
am? It would suck for all the progress I've made to
unravel just because I now feel sexually/romantically
undesirable on account of a blond teenager who
doesn't know how to get his
teeth out of the way of his
tongue.

STONEFIST



I AM A winding howling
goddess who
will come
out on top

I am back to not feeling
present..... shit.

NO DON'T
GIVE IN

no one can affect me
unless I let them
no one has anything
to do with me.

MEAT HOOK MASTERMIND MY CUNT'S GONE COLORBLIND

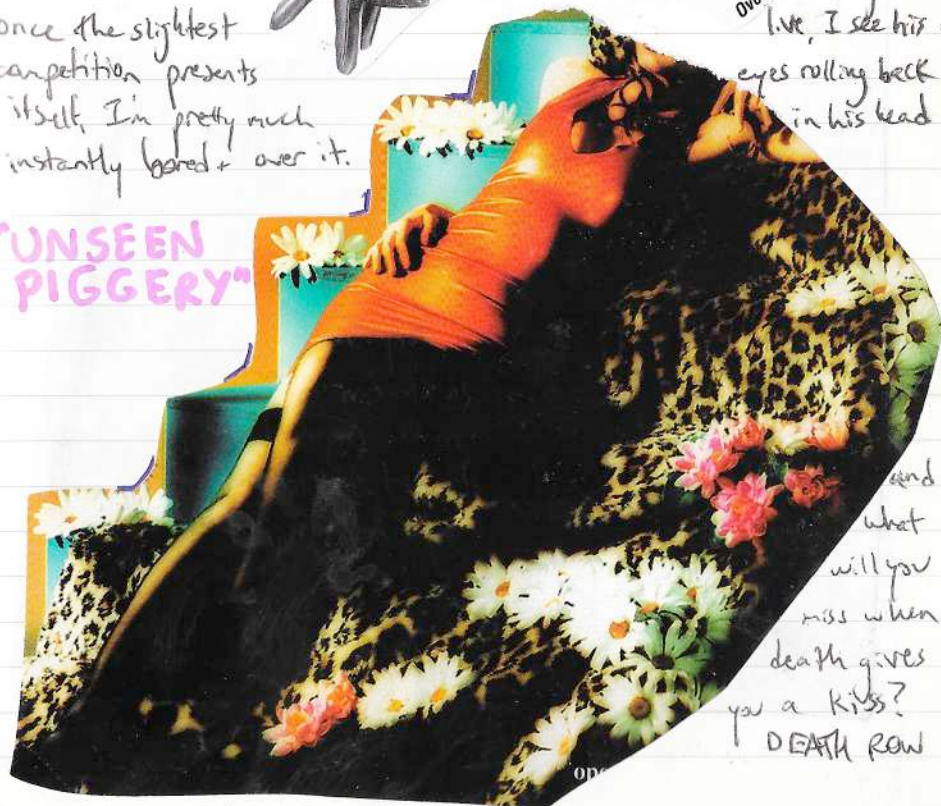
I THOUGHT I'D GET WINED + DINED
BUT INSTEAD I GOT STRANGLED + BRINED/TWINED

- throwing bits of dried worm into the pond's algae slime

I juggle juvenile delinquents, ~~because~~ wherever one I
don't drop I'll take home with me and determine the
whole course of his sexuality, it'll unfold before him
like a road map that leads
straight into the cleft
between my legs.

once the slightest
competition presents
itself I'm pretty much
instantly bored + over it.

"UNSEEN
PIGGERY"



Overall length 24" not dead
he's gonna
live, I see his
eyes rolling back
in his head

and
what
will you
miss when
death gives
you a kiss?
DEATH ROW

You're Not In Kansas Anymore Toto!



"World Leader In Erotic Electro Stimulation Technology."



we undress each other in a rotting church
I want to be the thing on which you perch.

if you
love me
let me
lurch



HOT ROLLER

TAPE MY
MOUTH

I come out of my procedure
bloody + battered. You say I've
never looked better; I swoon
+ I'm flattered.

Who's the
custodian
of my
coop?
they killed
me right on
my own front
stoop





It's multiplying in front of me: what I thought I'd trained as a pet, but one day it just brained me and everyone I'd ever met. Can't be contained, won't get arranged, so, rather, I got glaved + I got chained. Night falls, a pin drops in the hallway... I don't hear it. I'm silent as always. My guards play cards, sometimes take a smoke break. I arm wrestle myself + chew oxygen like ~~the~~ steak. My world's held in a petri disk, my genie only grants a death wish. Corner-dwelling, my specimens swelling. I sell my treasures for a second chance, I second-guess my bone density + my tantric trance. My mouth doesn't naturally close, it hangs open like a haunted hinge. For whom the bell holes, what I couldn't fuck I want + stole. I cauterized all my long ~~ten~~ goals. Full-term pregnancy ended with an apple core. I may be holy but I'm still a whore.

FUTURE PROJECTION



- more drugs
- survival sex work
- no friends
- squalor
- no tits
- total dissociation

- masters degree
- good relationships
- actual real job
- feel present

Miller town Edna St.
Vincent Milky

PIG STY'D, SPREAD THEM WIDE

ACCESS DENIED



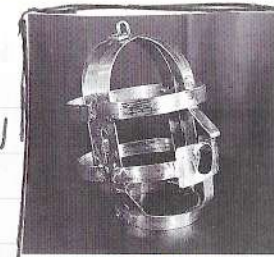
CHASTITY BELTS

STAINLESS STEEL
SATIN/MIRROR FINISH
MALE & FEMALE



9/24/15

HALLMARK CARD
FROM A HARLEQUIN
TURN THAT CROWN
UPSIDE CLOWN

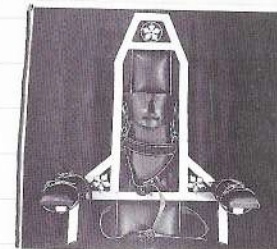


assault all of my senses
only need the future tenses
live to soil spotless homes
Want to kill me? When in
Rome!



E
M
E
R
G
E
N
S
C
A
T
H
E
D

DRIBBLE
THE
SPITTLE



PURGE
THE
PLAGUE

CATEGORY:

WHAT DO I WANT?

there's only
one peach with
the hole in the
middle...

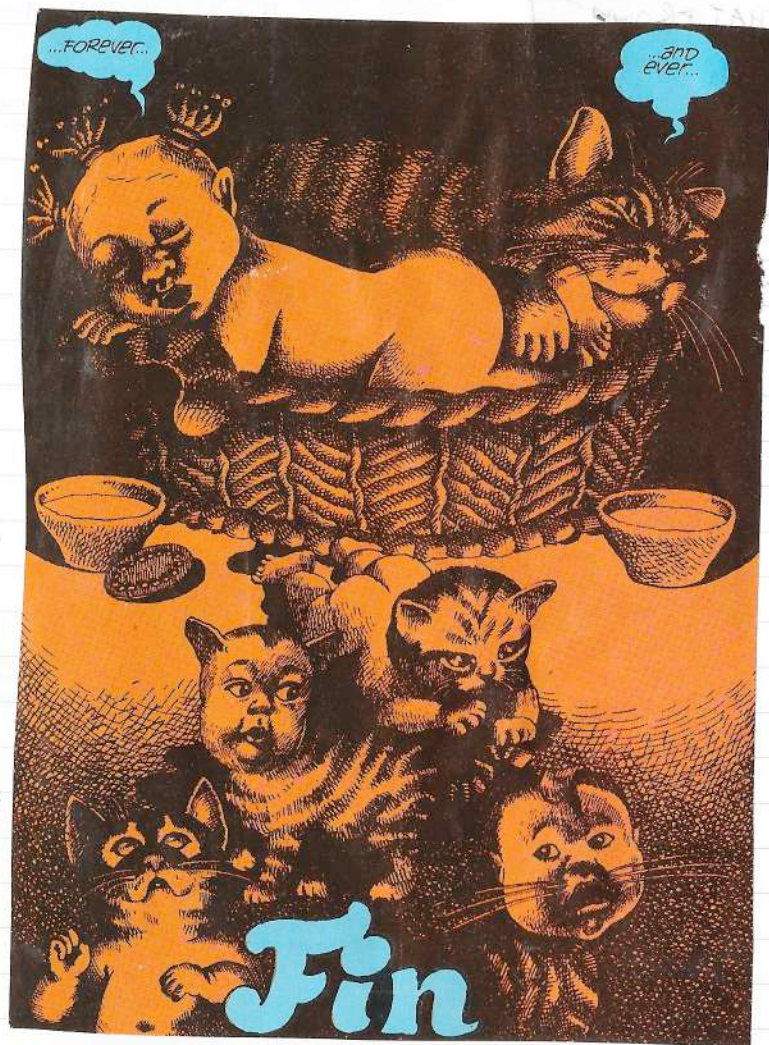


C O C K

"She twists like a serpent, twirling into the
jet like a drill in a bikini."

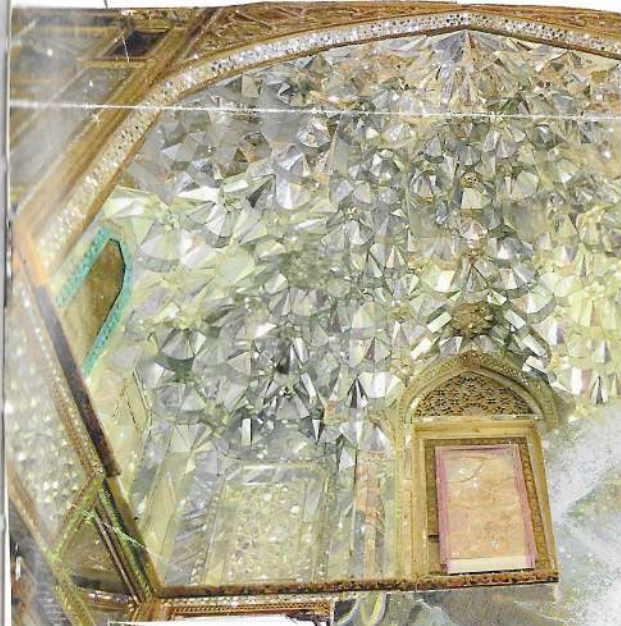
YOU GIVE WHAT YOU GET, YOU SOP UP WHAT'S WET

LILY PADS OF LUST



GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE CLOUDS
AND GET YOUR FEET BACK
IN THE DIRT, MY FRIEND

I hope Sean still wants to fuck..... ✓



I AM SUMMONING
THE SPIRITS
OF MY LOINS
THE LIGHT OF
THE SUN REALLY
COMES FROM YOUR
GROIN

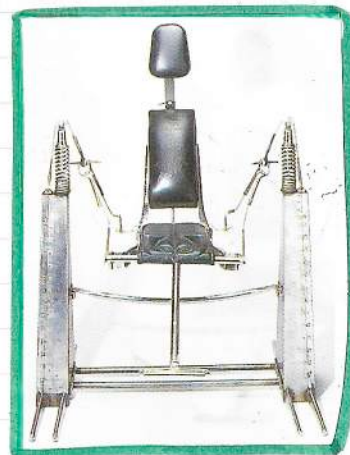
paraphilias, manias
I trip to my chamber &
your death is
instantaneous
structures made from
human sweat, they
crumble all around me.
Stripped of all my features, I'm
impressed the creature found
me. racket my profession, paid
to watch the cars crash, swirl with
the long teeth. shortly got a black arch. black plumes billow out my
lips into her black heart. brag about the carcasses I harvest in my
backyard. black cube hanging on my chain - that's the felonian.
lighting up the room, halogen; I'm actin' foul again. leave I, see
these motions, filthy temples, no direction, to get to convulse
you must mingle with infection

LIGHTS DOWN LOW

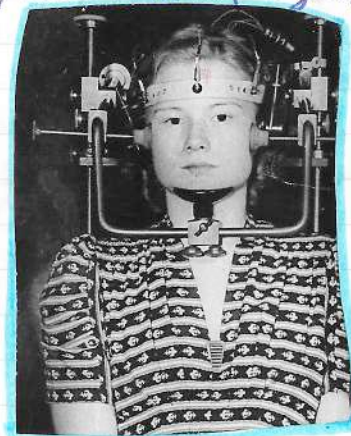
ain't no money come in quicker than that ho money



shopping list:
 • Harley
 Davidson vest
 • new bra



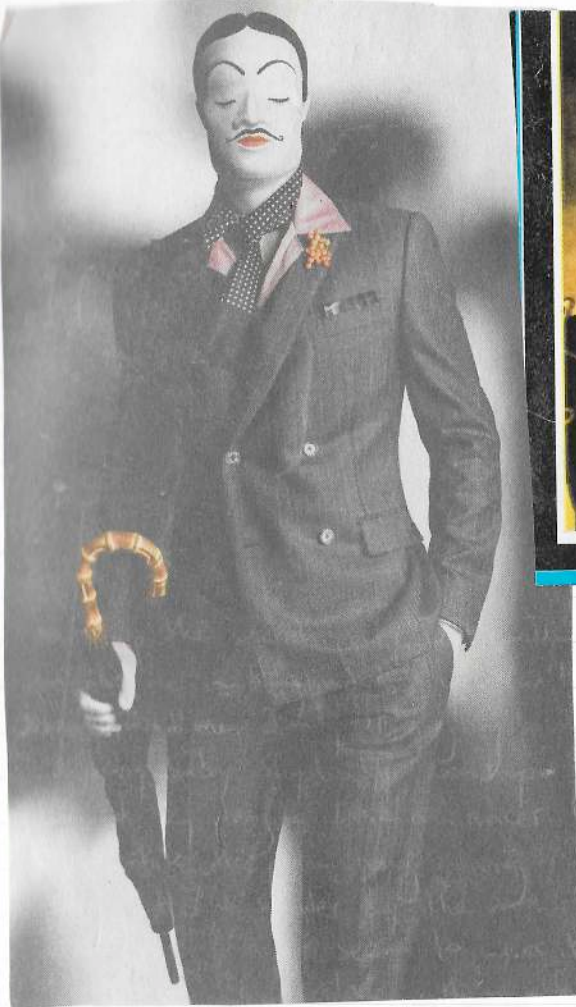
round up the search party, but will they ever find me? you
 can put me in the ground but you can't ever grind me, oh
 don't mind me, I'm just gargling poison til it burns up behind
 me. cry baby. shy baby. want you feed me some pie, baby?
 burned my tongue like a cancer lung, slapped my face
~~like~~ while the phone ring + ring up the ladder ring by
 ring but I'm sadder by the minute + your body is a
 game but I can't seem to win it, ~~maybe~~ ^{same} prize
 no trophy no glory, alone with my fingers, that old story



ARCHANGEL (let it be alone)



Save a few strands for souvenirs, give me some time
 + I'll be your worst fear but once the curtains are
 drawn, the coast is clear for an inheritance that
 kills whoever comes near. patriarch left me all the
 weapons in his will, dig up the body find a
 grave to fill grave digging shape shifting you
 run through my fingers like flour I'm sifting
 lifting weights cuz I'm waiting for the right
 moment to strike. I go all jungle-like, make myself
 a cube for a geometric hike, creeping thru
 my garden maze, fuck you up like a sorority haze
 you'll be popped up in bed for several days



9/26/15

LAST PATIENT
 WORKSHOP
 THANK FUCK

overnight pass commences
 in 3... 2... 1...

on the plus side, ← well that
 Sean appears was a cluster fuck!
 he still be DTF
 (Martin too)

do you have the stamina to stay sculpted? to infest?
or are you just a silhouette who thought it knew best?

indicator:
indulgence,
identical
in the past
tense



crashed the getaway
car on the bridge
between the gap
where every clump
rearranges into a
trap



the best policy
is neverending
procession: to
parade until
feet are more
factory than
biology

"Mother finds consolation + help in religion, in her
difficult situation as breeder + household manager.
Papa tolerates this without comment, even though the Lord
is a man too, as the word implies. He'd better not
get too close to Mother, hadn't the Lord. She's the
one who is forever chasing after him."

"A man feared
that he might
find an assassin;
Another that he might
find a victim. One
was more wise than
the other." Stephen
Crane



147.

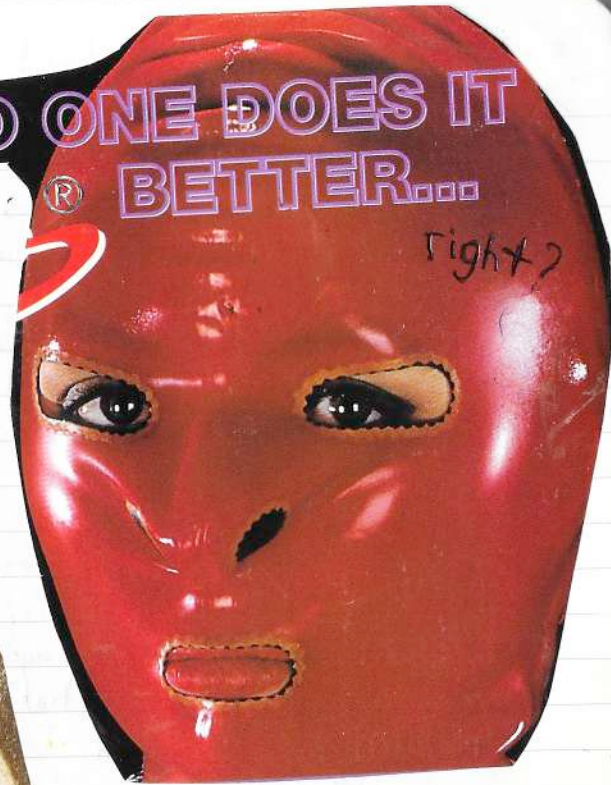
participating
-lating
history
events

156. sloshing
baskets

178. making
smoothie +
drinking it slowly

NO ONE DOES IT
BETTER...
®

Right?



"You tell me this is God?
I tell you this is a printed list,
A burning candle, and an ass."

14. thinking about past parties

30. practicing judo

35. wearing shocking clothes

38. buying, selling stock

56. organizing tools

60. going to class reunions

71. thinking about getting married

72. going hunting

102. refinishing furniture

122. taking children places

132. glass blowing

136. buying small things for myself (perfume, golf balls)

100. THINKING
ABOUT SEX

8 9/28/15

217. riding a lone buggy

205. joining/ forming a band

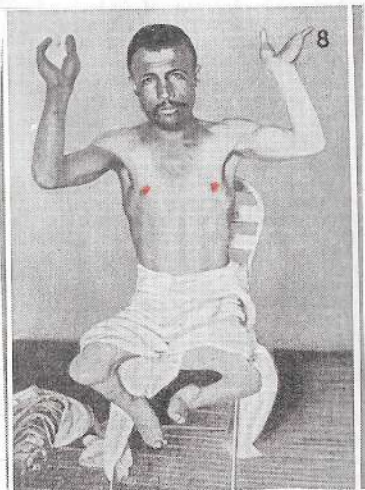
178. conducting experiments

Tomorrow I'm OUT. I'm not sure if I'm "ready" but I definitely am over being here, so that's something

Sometimes I think that what I want is to inspire fear + unease + intimidation in those around me. It feels like power... but then I remember how fucking lonely it can get there.

8:35: It suddenly seems like most people here don't give a shit about me + that is fine because I'll never see them again. I just have to stay focused. Distractions + comparisens are no longer an option. I know what I have to offer even though sometimes here it felt like there was a dimness or wiping out of my stockroom.

Just
breathe.



MY ANXIETY SEEMS TO BE DISAPPEARING- THEY MUST BE INJECTING TRANQUILIZERS INTO MY SYSTEM. MAYBE THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT SCARING ME TO DEATH.

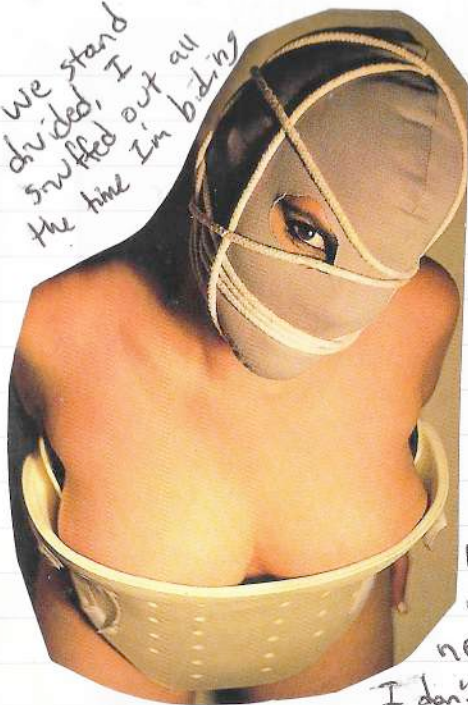
DON'T MAKE ME KILL SOMEBODY -



WHATCHU BOYS GON' DO?

"Murder is merely murder that's got in a bit of a mess." (p.189) Jelinek

we stand
divided, I
swifted out all
the time I'm biding



If you + both promise to
prick, you better hope that
the glue sticks. Because
if you back out, you'll throw
your back out bending over
backwards, over hospital words
to make it up to me. Me?
I was made for it. For
constructing monuments to
my moments, especially the
ones I blacked out for. Me?
Me. It's natural for me to go
neutral, to nurture whatever
nestles into my vessel. Växer?

I don't think so. Was I vetted? No.

I tied the tightrope string above the canopy. Can of
me. Pop, let the carbonation out. Carbohydration. The
hydra has me in its sights. Sightseeing in a ghost town,
don't need night vision goggles, I'm too deep down.
Downward spiral, my whole system's gone viral.
System overload. So many loads have freckled my face.
All caught on camera. My breathing gone sibilant. My
siblings sided with the family crest over me (my honor).
Your honor, I plead not guilty to all charges. Charging
forward with a phone charger plugged into a fumbstone.
I get stoned just sitting on a rock outside. Calibration
concentration. I swear my aim's not from concentrate.
Come home with me, you won't regret it.

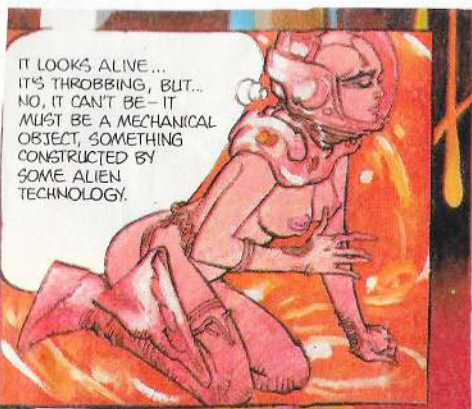
(leaves NA at least 20 min early)

Nothing I do ever seems to be enough. It's been
28 days + I tried so fucking hard but feel like
everyone views me as a joke
I don't even know what.
Is there any point to
my presence if I'm
not high or naked?
I want to take the
easy way out. It
would be so simple.



collage count: 86

9/29/15



The big day has arrived less than 7 hours to go.

Hamburger-heckled, feces-freckled
rolled up in old pastry dough
I murder bay-term, I die slow
I stack everything into
nice neat stacks

You knock them down
behind my back
frontal view, dorsal fin

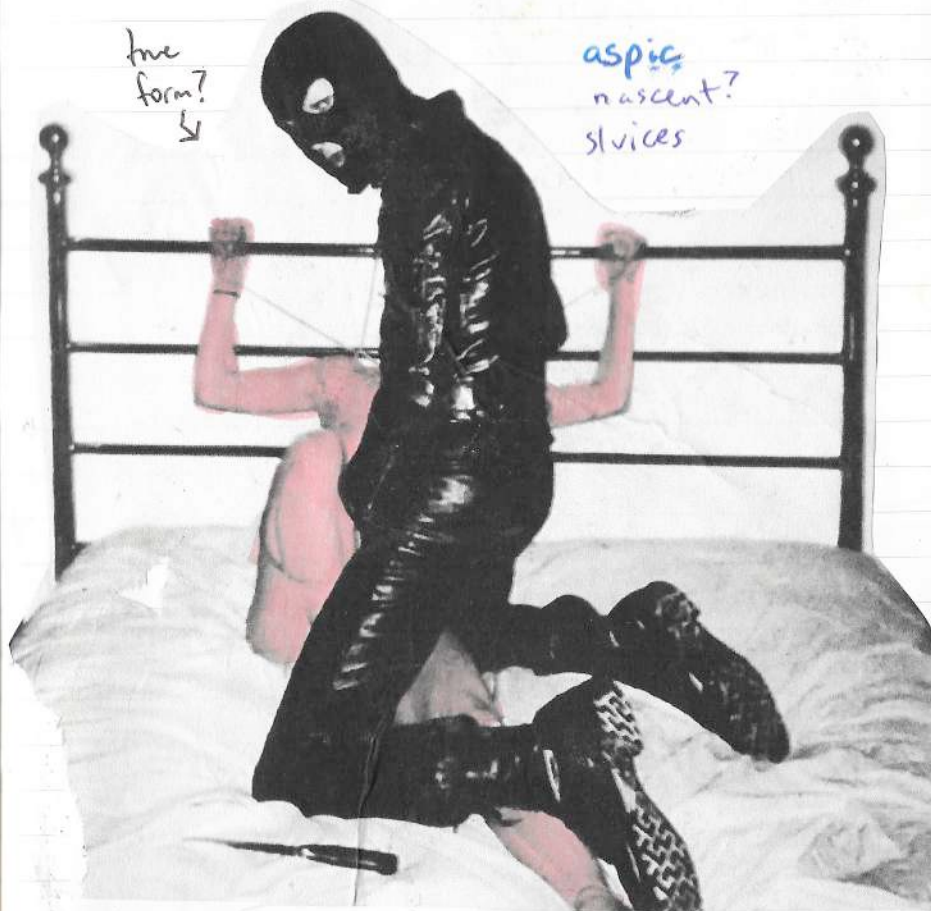
I struggle to fit a morsel in
to lips sewn shut but
every time I make a cut
you make me smile,
"you're my slut"

We married young, much
younger than I dared to look
in the face. The ring keeps
my fingers + thus my hands
+ thus my wrists + thus
my arms in place so you
can thus (man)handle me
easier.

will sex even be good sans drugs?? I'm scared.
will I be good?

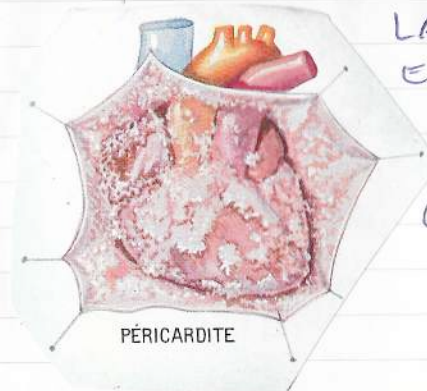
fine
form?
↓

aspic
nascent?
slices



DESTINED TO
FESTER

THERE'S A
SLOW TRAW
COMING



LAVAGING
EXPECTORATE
OF
LYSERGIDE
COMPOSITION