

arie: my most favorite night ... when those walls
clapped. lime quilt coats rough rouge glass in rose walls
of emulsion

(enchanted is why they were never invited inside)

[scene]

you were jealous of the doctor. they missed it. they
wanted. yes they as to me now wearing the same shirt.
they didnt sleep. that shirt you told me you should be a
doctor too. called me your girlfriend. at times like these I
wore this shirt. with burnt orange. crisp like weather.
fresh long dried curls on your shoulders. was a cool
evening. its the best thing to touch. too much. I ask for
money.

[scene]

a mic
this sweet paper chain
a clock
first rain
lantern for the water
remember when she said dove

we held

we held hands & watched the adjunct of shine swarm
yellow walls of eyes watching me, as you watch me,
palm, oval ornaments. maps of maps. I have a blind girl
in my class, a girl named gift, a boy named peach; do or
do not there is no try.

the best of both worlds above & below water are when
you rescue porcelain museums of sentiments for a
partner. when you get really mortal unpredictable &
honest. I remember when it was rainbow weather & we
lost a python on the roof. I would find you & walk into
love with you red & matted. they sent millions : of
angels. of angels : millions. they sent me millions of
angles.

he was writing love at first listen. my back drawing
turntable abductions in our minds. the first time I said I
love you little invisible implications of a yarn, looms,
ran over newspaper ink. it was night, like pictures of
ozone resting in mirrors. a wonderful company on the
roof.

the desire to recollect that small nibble of pink is envious
of strains of sadness. I do not know if he will come back.
to chase is a simple plunge like a lover. when she goes to
the river it is to avoid the bridge. her look down a small
soi is how she escapes : a display of green tomatoes
dressed in locks of her hair.

someone has to put the pieces back together benefits of
war technology and medical care. ethics versus morality
master the technique of trauma to the eye. I masturbated
for two hours today. why would you steal someones
clothes.

in the tips of the rain the ability of voice in community
& the ways in which we are able to come together & be
alone is a message from her diaphanous dimming. on the
tops of the alps we stayed in, completely hilarious like.
tender struck moonlight, monarch winged wrists, pale
stone firm even fingers.

in the invention of the wind there is solace. two
hands put them together it is not free. love is a
constant attribute without object. love always
present. how you handle a girl with attitude is you
kiss her.

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