



# Kill Manual

Cassandra Trojan

# Kill Manual

## ARTIFICE BOOKS

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except in the case of short passages quoted in reviews.

Published by Artifice Books, an imprint of  
Curbside Splendor Publishing, Inc.,  
Chicago, Illinois in 2014.

First Edition

Copyright © 2014 by Cassandra Troyan

Library of Congress Control Number: 2014909612

ISBN 978-1-940430-26-3

Edited by Peter Jurmu

Designed by Mike Kitchell

Manufactured in the United States of America.



[www.artificebooks.com](http://www.artificebooks.com)

This book contains references to and depictions of extreme scenes of sadomasochistic violence within the kink community. Pro-Dommes and other practitioners of a BDSM lifestyle work within very specific parameters of desire and gratification that are often misrepresented. Certain acts can be dangerous to those functioning outside consent, or those choosing not to abide by the limitations or risk reduction with play practices outlined by SSC (Safe, Sane & Consensual) or RACK (Risk Aware Conscious Kink). Any similarities of the characters in this book to actual persons or groups in the kink or any other community is purely coincidental and may be a projected personal fantasy of the reader or the author herself.



# Kill Manual

*(KEPT IN  
LACERATED  
LIGHT)*

Cassandra  
Trojan



“For Beauty’s nothing but [the] beginning of Terror we’re still just able to bear, and why we adore it so is because it serenely disdains to destroy us.”

—Rainer Maria Rilke, *Duino Elegies*

“One does not die alone, one is killed, by routine, by impossibility, following their inspiration. If all this time, I have spoken of murder, sometimes half camouflaged, it’s because of that, that way of killing.”

—Danielle Collobert, *Murder*





To those in the residual trenches  
and weight and wet and loss.  
The non-place the canvas for reality,  
its blankness the scene for possibility  
and with space comes the necessity of violence  
to punctuate complacent life.



1. so do you think crying is kind of like bliss.
2. of course. pain is a kind of love.
1. yeah.
1. i've become really wrapped up in the idea that seeing pain as ugliness is the root of selfishness.
2. absolutely.
- and ignorance.
1. pain should not be like originality or uniqueness. it's not an illusion.
2. it's about mortality.
1. yes. we are all gonna die so love it.
1. i hate the nervousness that some people just feed on, like, dreams can't crush you, they're just ideas.
2. or the need to be in the state of constant attention. dreams are the only thing that can truly crush you.

## Final Diagnoses: Best Estimate 8/25/2010

The subject is a 23-year-old Caucasian female, currently unemployed. Subject denied any religious affiliation at any point in her life other than listless searching. Subject denies the existence of a god, yet subject still believes in some higher meaning or purpose to life. Subject emphasizes that she has read Sartre. She has never been married and has no children. Subject imagines that she will never have children or be married. She works as a freelance translator and art preparator.

Subject was patient and cooperative throughout the interview process. The information herein is considered accurate and reliable.

Subject, along with her younger brother and sister, was raised by both of her parents who remain married. They seem happy. Subject's father is a 59-year-old vice president of a construction company who has some college training. Subject reports that he may have some mood disorder because he is quiet and has no friends; however, subject is unaware of any official diagnosis. He in many ways seems to be closed in on himself, a former Communist and now self-identified Stalinist turned construction worker and suburban father. He watches a lot of college football and reads Clive Cussler novels in one sitting. Subject denies any anger problems, substance abuse or treatment history on behalf of her father. Subject's mother is a 51-year-old homemaker with some college training. Subject's mother began attending college, but subject's grandfather made her drop out. Subject's mother never forgave the grandfather for this. Subject reports that her mother has depression, but is unaware of any treatment history. Subject also denies any anger problems or substance abuse on behalf of her mother.

Subject's 21-year-old sister is still in college and currently works at a sandwich restaurant part-time. Subject's sister often talks about making panini. Subject reports that her sister is bipolar with some anger problems. Subject reports that her sister abuses alcohol to the point where she walks barefoot and crying on her way home from the bars. Subject is unaware of her sister ever seeking treatment and reports the diagnosis of bipolar was suggested only by a few counselors and family members. Subject is unsure when and why her sister saw these counselors. Subject's brother, 17, is still in high school and is currently unemployed. Subject reports that her brother is very bright and that her parents have "high hopes" for him. Subject reports that he has problems with anger, but denies any psychopathology, substance abuse or treatment history on behalf of her brother.

Subject denies ever seeing her parents hit each other. She reports that her parents sometimes used objects (shoes and spoons) to beat her and her siblings, and put soap in their mouths if they swore or bit each other. Subject does not believe these punishments were abusive or excessive. Subject denies that she or her siblings experienced any form of abuse while growing up except from each other, caused by their “wish for blood.”

Subject denies having any learning or behavioral problems in school, except being very quiet and taking too long to complete standardized tests. Subject denies getting into a lot of fights with peers before the age of 10, but did feel rejected by her peers because she was strange and quiet, and thus became a target. Subject recalls a specific instance in which her classmates took her favorite Little Mermaid combination mirror/brush from her and then chased her around the playground while calling her gay. Subject wonders how their cruelty led to such intuition.

Subject reports being arrested, but says all incidents have been expunged from her record.

Subject reports seeing a psychologist and psychiatrist for less than a year when she was 17. During this time, she was prescribed Lexapro, which she reports using for only 3 months while unsure about the dosage. This is the only time subject entered treatment for feeling depressed.

The subject moved a week prior to this interview into an apartment with two roommates. Subject has been in a relationship for the past two and a half years, which is her longest relationship to date. She is starting her Masters in a Visual Arts program this year. Subject denies any periods of unemployment or being fired from a job.

Subject reports depressed moods beginning at age 8 and lessening somewhat when she moved out of her parent’s house at 18 to go to college. She reports losing interest in things she usually enjoyed around age of 16; she stopped playing sports and cut down on her after-school activities. Subject reports feeling guilty about “being middle-class and white and privileged” when “most” of her friends came from homes with alcoholic or drug-abusing parents. Many of subject’s closest friends became homeless around the age of 12 or 13. She reports being able to perform well in school despite having difficulty concentrating and not caring about making decisions. Subject claims that she made plans to kill herself, thinking that “life was so mundane that death would be the same and that would be fine.” Subject reports having difficulties getting along with family members during this period of suicidal inclinations, but

denied any issues with friends or teachers.

Subject reports drinking throughout the day (before, during and after school) from 14-18. Subject reports that a few family members were having health problems, and several friends of hers had died from events such as car accidents or drug overdoses. She reports being mostly angry at home and having a lot of fights with her parents. Her parents made her see a psychologist and psychiatrist at the age of 17 after they found empty bottles, drugs, and drug paraphernalia in her room. She was prescribed Lexapro for 4 months “during [her] peak depression” and saw a psychologist for 2 years who worked on her feelings of guilt, depression, suicide, and boredom. Subject felt like the Lexapro made her completely numb, in fact more suicidal, and by the end of that year she felt her psychologist was disrespectful and wouldn’t listen to her. Subject said she then tried a number other antidepressants without success such as: Fluoxetine (Prozac), Paroxetine (Paxil), Sertraline (Zoloft). Subject said when these no longer worked she experimented with Venlafaxine (Effexor XR) but discontinued use after a nearly fatal overdose. Subject says she can’t remember whether or not the overdose was deliberate. Subject says she has an increasingly difficult time remembering what is true or fabricated regarding the events of her life. Subject does not seem concerned by this information. Subject says she feels almost relieved by the malleability; much of her identity is built out of this ethos.

After a follow-up phone call by interviewer, subject reports her depression really began early in her 16th year and her frequent drinking patterns only started halfway through that year and progressively got worse as she turned 17. Subject states her drinking grew “out of boredom and ennui” and “general feelings of guilt.” Subject reports escalation into excessive and extensive drug use.

**A diagnosis of Major Manic Depressive Disorder, Multiple Episodes, Severe, In Partial Remission is Suggested.**

**Substance Abuse Disorders:** Nicotine, Alcohol, Marijuana, Amphetamines (e.g., Adderal, Ritalin) Methamphetamines (e.g., Ecstasy, MDMA, Crystal Meth, etc.), Hallucinogens (e.g., Ketamine, LSD, Psychedelic Mushrooms, Peyote, etc.), Benzodiazepines (e.g., Alprazolam, Diazepam, Clonazepam, Lorazepam, Zolpidem, etc.), Opiates and Morphinomimetics, (e.g., Codeine, Oxycodone, Hydrocodone, Dihydromorphine, Pethidine, Diamorphine, “Heroin” etc.), Sedatives/Tranquilizers (e.g., barbituates, GHB, etc.) Cocaine, Designer Drugs and other “homemade” processes used to create desired altered states of mind, etc.

Subject reports drinking before, during, and after school at age 17. Subject denies

ever “missing” school but constantly missed classes due to passing out in empty classrooms, teachers’ offices, or in the wings of the theatre. Subject was a columnist for the school paper. Subject went to the state championship for Speech and Debate. Subject graduated at the top of her class. Subject reports drinking in dangerous situations, such as swimming in a friend’s pool when too intoxicated to be doing so. Subject says she enjoyed feeling the weight of her body on the bottom of the pool. Subject says she wanted to sink. Subject says her friends had to jump in to “save her” and recalled an incident of being in complete darkness only to be pulled out into the gulling shatter and violate the night. Violate the body redefining freedom and the limits of pain. Violate the silence of water becoming air becoming fullness becoming stoppage. Subject says the specific drugs were not as important as their presence and she “refused to spread out the spectacle of the others, or at least for the moment.”

**Axis II Disorders: The subject endorsed traits as pathological. She meets the criteria for Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder.**

Subject is excessively conscientious and scrupulous, and inflexible about matters of morality, ethics and values. Subject believes her core values and beliefs are different than those of most of society. She is a strict vegan, rides a bike for transportation, and identifies as an “Anarchist”. She claims others have complained that she is too strict in specific ideologies and call her an “extremist.” Subject shows rigidity and stubbornness. Subject claims to have been called stubborn. Subject claims to have been called a lot of things by others. Subject reports listening to others’ opinions, but will not change her own because she “has reasons to believe what she does.” Subject unreasonably criticizes and scorns authority figures. Subject says she is disgusted with most “societal leaders,” like political figures and law officers.



1. I think of you every day and you fill me with some type of hope that is delirious and wild.
2. I'm learning how to love in all the right places all the different ways I want to caress everyone openly.
1. But we all make concessions just to be loved. Posturing and self-pity are gestures towards the thought of something real, something you wish could hurt you. But you couldn't bear that. You don't believe in sacrifice, to be left with the husk you call yourself at the end of the day. But for now, you won't settle.
2. Yes. I'm afraid that if I ever stop working I'll die. There are so many women just like you. I'm recalling past childhood injuries. I'll let you know every break every bruise.

**chicagoguy23:**

are you looking for anything?

**anastasiasteele3577:**

In regards to?....

**chicagoguy23:**

**anastasiastele3577:**

**anastasiastele3577:**

**chicagoguy23:**

**anastasiastele3577:**

**chicagoguy23:**

**chicagoguy23:**

us

I don't know yet.

I'm just so tired of being alone.

yeah

I hope you like me

I really like you

I'll be honest...I want a best friend...

**anastasiasteele3577:**

Me too. How do you know that you like me?

**chicagoguy23:**

just a feeling

**chicagoguy23:**

i go with my gut alot

1. no need to twist arms, this bitch wants to play
2. is that so? and what does this bitch want to do?
1. this bitch is interested in having her sensorium re-organized and her psychological acuity shattered by someone who is more than capable of doing so.

---

---

Fully formed stockings with keyholes, heels, red lips, rossissime, everything red, gag a girl. The mouth and everything in it, the smell and the taste of sweat mixed with the feeling of stockings.

Sweat stuck between your fingers, the stench of what comes out of a woman.

To create and re-create emotions: sad, horrible, nightmare, terrorize a whore, humiliate her, compare herself to nasty things, the grime, the conflict, the time at which the woman fell, her feet, etc.

I hate smoking, flakiness, tardiness, women who do not know what they want, topping from the bottom.

I do not do things I love to hate.

The conflict is central to everything we do.

I want to force you to do things that you do not like, but still make you wet. Things full of shame. It is shame that makes you wet, and the fact that you're wet makes you ashamed.

Tell me something you've never done but you secretly yearn to do, something you can hardly admit to yourself, out of shame.

*Si che voglio che tu venga a trovarmi e vivere incatenata al mio letto come una vile schiava.*

---

---

---

---

You are vile and you need to get used.

This is not optional.

---

---

YOU'RE LIKE ALL WORRIED ABOUT ME...SINCE WE MET...SINCE WE'RE BOTH IN CHICAGO...BUT I'M GONNA BE HONEST...I'M JUST A NORMAL GUY... SWEAR...I'M A DIVORCED DAD...I HAVE A GREAT CAREER...I HAVE MY FRIENDS...I DRINK SOCIALLY...I DO NOT DO DRUGS...I'M LOYAL TO A FAULT, UNTIL I GET BURNED...AND I'M LOOKING FOR A GIRL THAT I CAN TAKE CARE OF...THERE'S NOTHING DEVIOUS OR SINISTER ABOUT ME...I'M JUST A GOOD GUY...



**chicagoguy23:** :-\*

**chicagoguy23:** the reason I've seen more of you is because you made the choice to broadcast your body on the internet for money...you won't ever win an argument with me ;-)

**chicagoguy23:** except that I spelled argument wrong :-\$

# SUICIDE NOTE I:

You did a beautiful moon.  
You made a beautiful moon.  
You drew a beautiful moon.

I want an experience that is not consuming.  
Body out of body out of time out of feeling.

I saw a wall  
of smoke rise and with it  
1000 nationalist feelings  
a body pump class  
goose stepping  
into tightness.

Every moment not a shadow  
but a trace.

A figure clamped shut  
in a shutter  
as an old man sits down  
in an armchair again  
and again but you  
don't know him.

Sweat releases the body  
and takes it straight  
back again. We reach  
toward our toes and exhale twice.  
Extend to the ceiling  
and push your head through the window.

I know where blood treads  
how skin flakes  
and resists its own unwinding.

Voluminous happiness is never light  
if it's lifted it isn't true  
we smile and drink  
but all I can feel  
is weight.

chicagoguy23: I do  
chicagoguy23: forever  
anastasiasteele3577: how do you want to?  
chicagoguy23: marry you...  
chicagoguy23: give you anything you want  
anastasiasteele3577: help provide for me?  
chicagoguy23: uh huh  
chicagoguy23: please  
anastasiasteele3577: :-)  
anastasiasteele3577: thank you sweets  
anastasiasteele3577: i would really appreciate that  
chicagoguy23: would you move in with me?  
chicagoguy23: before we get married?  
anastasiasteele3577: haven't you already been married once?  
chicagoguy23: yes  
chicagoguy23: so you don't want me?  
anastasiasteele3577: no, i didn't say that  
anastasiasteele3577: i just have my reservations about  
marriage  
  
chicagoguy23: :-(  
anastasiasteele3577: i think we can talk about that later  
chicagoguy23: but I still want you with me...  
chicagoguy23: in my house...  
anastasiasteele3577: we still need to see if we are good for  
each other  
  
chicagoguy23: I can give you anything you want or  
need if you're with me...  
  
anastasiasteele3577: i know  
anastasiasteele3577: i appreciate that  
anastasiasteele3577: it's a beautiful thing  
chicagoguy23: and I can really take care of you...  
anastasiasteele3577: could you help me now?

## SUICIDE NOTE II:

I should be kinder  
some kind of softer

but I have no idea how to be.

I'd rather be  
effective  
effusive

cerebral seepage  
an attempt at being wealthy in

terrible non-linear light.

You say you are pretty even keeled  
but what does that fucking mean?

This is an error caught spinning a migraine

protection protection protection

why am I still awake  
why am I still tripping  
why do I do this  
to myself other than  
out of necessity out of the need  
for the vulnerable  
real press  
unfeigned pressure  
as I know I really

want to and it kills me everyday  
because I can't control it  
and I don't want to  
since this affliction  
is more than medical  
more than referential displacement  
tortured by sterility  
and the more that enters  
must exit but with violent instability.

Knowing

attraction

success

lie beyond influence

and I understand that.

Need to keep a distance refusal of raunch  
bare the clutch of influence  
refuse the impulse to talk to strangers  
about being sleep-raped by ghost nuns

but I can't help myself  
and I don't want to

despair despair tomorrow I'll cut my hair  
and maybe I should go to the high school  
and say hello to all my old teachers

We need more brilliance in excess  
something flowing out of  
collective overwhelming and the avidity to destroy.  
Rambling oozes on like batter  
and I can't wait to get away from myself.  
To get into another person without tearing away  
to get into the long push with those who usually ignore.

*“for the kill I lust, in the kill I trust”*

I no longer have a heart, just blood  
and every leg grind helps to push it through

as otherness  
weight of otherness  
cakes on until it erects a shell

---

---

We need to make something clear right now I think.

If you're not into this, we need to not do it. If you're doing it out of some sense of obligation or a favor to your friend or whatever, I'm not interested. This has to be a desiderio, a bisogno, a need, something that you absolutely crave.

---

---



**chicagoguy23:** what do you need princess?  
**anastasiastelee3577:** :-(  
**chicagoguy23:** tell me what you need  
**anastasiastelee3577:** for right now you mean?  
**chicagoguy23:** til you move in  
**anastasiastelee3577:** right now? i don't know, whatever you  
feel you can: it's about you...what you  
need...  
**anastasiastelee3577:** yes, but i don't even know what you do  
for a living  
**chicagoguy23:** I'm the Vice President of a publishing  
company  
**anastasiastelee3577:** i don't know what is feasible or  
pragmatic for you  
**chicagoguy23:** the house that you'll be living in with me  
has 5 bedrooms and 4.5 bathrooms...I  
paid 1.5 million for it four years ago  
**chicagoguy23:** my property taxes are almost 24,000 a  
year  
**chicagoguy23:** is that giving you a picture?  
**anastasiastelee3577:** ...

## SUICIDE NOTE III:

Sometimes I cringe when I think of words I used to say

plethora  
mulish

a swooning girl of the singed word but  
oh my god forget the countenance & shit yr pants just give me

sex panic  
sex panic

sex panic.

Pulled out a blowtorch because I have always been in the land of ice and snow  
watching a circus burn to the ground

steamed ashes  
slop up a foam curd  
crumpled edges clip  
and mend for the ring

sugar lava let the drenches pull out  
thrust yr crystal coated dick  
into the flames

flames are the best  
because they never ask they just  
take take.

Stopping is worse  
nothing is worse than stopping  
than worse than  
stopping than despair

worse than pity

stopping without blocking  
cholesterol brain pith  
you're a man in his 30s  
who can barely move breathe talk  
you sit in a room with other men  
in lazyboy recliners and heavy boots  
yet you ride in fast vans and save lives  
sling over 200 gallons a minute  
in a thousand degrees  
just to shuck a hull  
of home in the blaze.

Dain bramaged  
bro talk

ew  
ew

why so presh?

I believe in violence and  
people who have been awake  
for so long they no longer have  
any boundaries

but at some point when you're wet

and dead  
don't feel ashamed

even then you're fucked

there's nothing  
you can do

feeling generous or feeling bored  
aren't those the same thing?

1. I'm starting to wonder about your general intelligence and mental acuity if you cannot follow simple directions. Right now in terms of potential servants, you are very last.
2. U hurt my feelings to tell me I am last :(
1. I am simply telling you the truth. you have not been properly attending to me and have broken appointments. you have been failing at your job.
2. I know but last. :( I'm not use to being last. U have other servants?
1. Yes, idiot. It takes a lot of blood to fuel the castle. And refer to me as Goddess, Mistress or You, quit being lazy.
2. Really? Name calling, Goddess? That hurt. But you are still the best. Yes goddess u r the best. Goddess you are the best. Please goddess I want to be yours. Please. I'll drink your bathwater if you want.
1. Your drinking my bathwater would not benefit me in any way. Did you set up PayPal yet?
2. Unless u made me pay to taste the nectar of ur water. :( I need to serve u badly. I feel lost. Don't ever dismiss me please here is Your Money can I please have a foot pic please Mistress please?
2. Yes goddess. Please train me. I would kneel before you and beg for your leadership. You are the best. Goddess can i please have release it has been so long i will say ur name a lot out loud ok maybe i will just whisper it to myself
2. Goddess are u into rimming?

1. Disgusting little pig slave. I think you have the boundaries of this engagement confused. You are making a lot of assumptions. Who said you will ever get the privilege to touch anything other than the ground I walk on?
2. Goddess you are lovely. U look good from behind too lol after I watched you walk away I thought wow, thats too bad she does not like rimming. :) I have a lot to learn from You.
1. Thinking of me as a sexual object you want to pursue is NOT the way to gain my trust. What makes you think you are worthy of such a privilege, whether I do or do not like it? Yes, you have A LOT to learn, and I am disgusted by your entitlement. You are a worthless pig that I would never even grace with the honor of my asshole. You. Will. Never. Touch. Me. Understand?
2. I am not objectifying you...I am sorry. But I do think you are sexy. I won't talk about it anymore. I know what you mean.
2. I actually was really turned on by your intelligence yesterday. Never my benefit only yours Goddess
2. I am going to take a nap...If you want I can check in later or check in with you tomorrow. I am sorry goddess I was wrong I won't think of you sexually anymore. forgive me. You are way smarter than me, so I hope you have patients (this is wrong word, right?) to deal with me.

The moment of dread right before gagging, when the saliva starts to spill out and I can feel my whole body flinch and my cunt jerk and start to get wet. Choking the bile rising starting to cry and cough then there is release before it begins again. Being pushed further in with my whole body so that every part is agonized I've lost control it starts flinching and twitching on its own accord.

And the choking and gagging goes on and on, and I push harder just wanting to vomit so badly.

This makes me especially wet.

chicagoguy23:

yay :-)

ummm...I have the kids this weekend  
so...weeknight?...or maybe next weekend?  
omg

:-)

that would be the perfect date  
omg I think I might hyperventilate





chicagoguy23:

are you kidding me?...you know I like you

omg

but hun?

honestly?

don't laugh k?

I'd only sleep with you if I knew it was going some  
where... its just how I am

baby i'll brb...kissssssssss

**anastasiasteele3577**: you understand nothing about sacrifice

**chicagoguy23**: :-(

1. I identify as a Sadomasochist and my impulses build on that. When I find people who are truly brilliant emotional sadists, that's who I want to play with, I want to submit to the possibility of surrender in order to be destroyed or terrified.
2. Destroyed and terrified, both great words.
1. Yes. I mean, I love pain, both giving and receiving, but anyone can dispense that.
2. Define destroyed. Agreed. One good arm a flogger makes, though a well-wielded belt...But that is more about the power dynamic.
1. Destroyed is when all reactions or impulses are beyond reason. No explanations or exteriority to the scene. It's the only thing that exists: "Oh my god what am I doing here."
2. Yes!
1. But even that questioning turns to pale irresolution.
2. So lost in the moment that all else ceases to exist.
1. The longing for completion that isn't defeat, but allows the boundaries of illusion to fall. It's a welcoming of something concrete, of coming to grips with the fact of, ok if I am going to die, then it will be alright because at least that is more tangible than all of this.
2. What have you played with emotionally?

1. Ex-boyfriend left me hooded, naked in the woods and he sent out hunting dogs after me, but I didn't know that they were the family ones so I thought I was being chased by wolves.
2. Intriguing.
  1. So, things like that.
  2. Water torture?
  1. Oh yes. Waterboarding in lakes and pools. Tying me to train tracks. You can get away with so much more in Europe.
  2. Sounds nice.
    1. He kicked me down a mountain near his village once; almost threw me off a castle in Poland. True romance.
    2. Between that and the Pro-Domming it sounds like humiliation is difficult for you. Meaning you are open and not easily humiliated.
    1. K said the same.
    2. I love that guy.
      1. And I mean, boy did he try, haha.
      2. No doubt. I have co-topped with him quite a bit.
      1. My slave's and my first public scene was with him and his girl.
      2. He demarcated my fat and showed me this bloodshit mess I made and I was unaffected.
      1. Oh nice.

## SUICIDE NOTE IV:

I want you. I need you to destroy me in ways you've never destroyed anyone. I want you to emotionally, psychologically and physically harm me.

I have had moments of closeness, but they get destroyed in the space of love. Destruction requires respect and trust, but once the closeness moves past that it's too late.

*You won't be able to forget her, but allow yourself the decency of loss. Having lost your narrative quality, it is now "talking to itself."*

*Forgetting is another kind of remembering, but when it returns it is new every time instead of something pushed aside in order to move on.*

I'm serious. I haven't played with anyone like you for years and it has definitely brought up some intense feelings in regards to my prior relationship. I haven't seen him in a long time, we don't speak often. It didn't end on the best of terms.

*But recently, thinking of things has been a way to intersect the past without forgetting or dwelling in it.*

All my life I've craved intensity, why would I want to deprive myself of the times I have ever truly felt it.

All of the sudden I miss everyone.  
I think I'm going to throw up.

1. I think you're terrible and I'll do all I can to destroy you.
2. I'm lonely looking for human contact in this alienated world as Marx's wrote in alienated labor. Sorry your smart I miss talking to someone. I'll just go to the bar and talk to idiots and pretend I give a fuck about the bears. Won't bother u again.

like in the series "True Blood" this sweet tasty girl will make you a true cum meal! ...and she loves to be dirty down there for you... mmmmmhmm i sure love to have her crusty gooey heavy cummy panties stuffed in my mouth...licking sucking... mmm...melting her cummy goo with my saliva and swallowing all of it...yum yum! have a treat...boys and girls...you will love it!

Pros:

tasty true cum from dirty sweet girl!

Cons:

none



## ***HOW ARE YOU?***

YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHY I WRITE TO YOU? THE ANSWER IS VERY SIMPLE: I LIKE THE GIRL WHO IS BEAUTIFUL, TALL AND INTELLIGENT...I LOVE LOVE LOVE TRAVEL. HAVE BEEN ABOUT 5000 COUNTRIES AND LOOKING FOR SOME ONE WHO WILLING TRAVEL WITH ME EXPLORE THE REST OF THE WORLD. IF YOU WOULD LIKE JOIN ME, PLEASE RESPONSE ME, I'M SERIOUSLY CONTAGIOUS!

RE:

this is a dedication to a lack of devotion  
like watching yr ego explode backwards in a mirror bomb.

wanna put my brain in a voice activated vault and present questions to yr forehead  
as if a larynx stretched out in a tomcat giggle could exude spiked perfumes.

jigger sail them out!

switch to yr favorite pair of cuff links and light yr wrists on fire.  
you're the bobcat tonight.  
you're the best friend i love without cause without persistent distress  
as i wonder how many people can one woman call Daddy?

can't you see i don't stalk you  
i just miss you

In the beginning when you had me hooded and gagged, I felt a peaceful terror. I had no idea what was happening, so I took the event at face value. I was already so disoriented from not sleeping or eating properly for the past five days, I went all the way out when you first blood choked me. After blacking out I always have an extended moment of not knowing where I am, or even how I got there. I lose all time. Within that forgetting space is much guilt. How to recover the unknown. What could I have done, how can I better ensure that in the uncondemned space of heresy you know that I am not burning you. Our flames are kept for all the good services. I will keep my neck cold for you.

I don't believe in subspace. Pain is always cerebral and hidden, just like a hatred of betrayal. I am conscious of the pain I am feeling and I prefer to experience its presence in escalating terror. I don't often go into physical panic, but when I know something is being pushed into a darker zone, what the fuck is going on, why am I doing this to myself, do I even like it? During those moments, something is going right. When a trigger is pulled, I can push past it even further into the scene. It's not the absence of fear; it is being complicit in its presence.

The bizarrely beautiful moment when you had me chained and tied up in the dog cage while you were playing piano. When you gave me the bowl to drink from, its hovering aroma piss cum and milk amalgamate, a sweet sour salty stench, yet appealing since I couldn't really tell what I was drinking. I love scenes where the friction becomes absurdly grotesque through juxtaposition. Aida by Verdi was playing, the "Celeste Aida" aria sung by Pavarotti, while you were beating me with a baseball bat. Jumping around in those binding heels, flailing and falling to my knees from the blows, slipping all over my own juices as you forced me to squirt and scream. Your timing and pacing was perfect. Precision mixed with the unpredictable. I've played with many sadists in the past who let their impulses get the best of them. They simply try to destroy you all at once, or in a way that cuts the play short instead of making it a more expanded and tortuous affair. I could have let you keep me captive for days.

I felt horrified excitement when I heard your ice machine go off. Slow pain drives me crazy, I despise and fucking love it at the same time. Burns and needles have the same effect for me as they create inescapable pain. You must stay in it. I think that might have been the most humiliating moment for me. My helpless ass has been terrorized for such a long time in my life and the ice cubes became a continual motion that I knew I couldn't stop, but I underwent it for you. The pain was always changing, so it never abated. Afterward, I was freezing and shaking on the floor and you were nicely petting me. It was exceptionally lovely, but the whole time I felt that Oh no, I am fucked, and that now you were especially going to destroy me. I had an incredible desire to touch you the whole time, but I didn't know if or when I was allowed to. You put the first needle through my lip I grabbed your foot but pulled my hand away, terrified by my own boldness. You touched me and said it was all right as you licked a tear from my cheek and moved to press your face against mine and taste the drops of blood collecting on my lips. I was stunned by your generosity, my affections pooling to full release. Only the smallest gesture and suddenly I knew everything. By the time you were fucking me, and cutting the sutures out of my mouth, I got so excited that I became stupidly impulsive and accidentally pulled your hair. Mi dispiace!

In my silence, I hope you understand I am never bored. Depending on the scene I can be more vocal. I only ever react in a way that is authentic to the moment. At the beginning I was in a trance. I was silent not in that I wasn't feeling anything, I was attempting to get used to the way that you play and you in general. When you were suturing me, you said you felt that I really wanted to die. I think that is very true. Much of my life I have wanted to get as close as possible to death without dying out of a need for that intensity to make the rest of life even matter. With you, I would rather absorb the moment than panic or complain about getting what I asked for. My silence is my appreciation. How does anyone play with someone else after you? If you'd like, before I leave for Italy I will let you mutilate me. That would be a great farewell until the winter.

# THIS IS A LIMINAL COURTSHIP ENGAGEMENT

Yr technology sounds so crunchy  
let's take some weed  
get hardhat handsome  
spilling all the pills  
out of my handbag  
trying to make this echo churn  
pretty  
but the sounded rollaround  
gets tinny  
and whined.

Finding a dialog  
between pain and feeling  
mania  
and ambition  
a bitter camphor  
terrifying  
in its lucidity  
a terpenoid ketone

I postponed this for so long  
a proclivity for disaster  
and all the pressures that exhume it.  
Volatile transparency  
stretching pertinently for each  
oiled void leap.

The presence never fades  
sliding in acrid visibility  
slipped with more forgiveness  
less selfish irresolution doses yr  
eloquence into a coma of disrepair  
but I still really think that no one wants to die.

1. What do you want?
2. I want to feel the dense flow of hate, a 50e course deliberation flail my placenta, an Elizabethan collar garroted then hung as a new flag of peace.
1. You didn't answer my question.
2. Precisely, because you didn't question my need. You directed my path.
1. Are you talking back to me? I won't take any of this snotty brat bullshit.
2. No, but I am your slut, yes. I wanted to adjust this pained platform, to prepare the varnish to cleanse tree hides and stack into some new architecture. Widen the aperture for disdain.
1. What are you talking about? What do you really crave?
2. I would say my own death, but that has already been taken. Something closer to gripped disturbance. Heart-plucked tender swang. Getting blunted in the shark tank, as I clip away each toe.
1. So, you want to be dismembered?
2. Yes, but this assumes I have a body.
1. That's all you have.

fuckfuckufkufkjchdkkjshshahahahshakjghhh

where am i. i changed my mind i promise that i can feel a wave of vibrations i am blind but i can feel yr sailor mouth lurching over me everything cuts back in some kind of threshold movements into the first remnants of cramped then choked memory.

i have always wanted this pain, and find your affection oppressive.

*what are you thinking what are you thinking about*

a whole world of want

that thickens and swirls

sfumato chunked sugar mass that rises up

pumped perfume

swollen with alcohol

cotton sops soaked to the rip

and I hang in the afterglow.

my frogbrain pithed im thinking about everything light bulbs and car crashes shower gel guinea pigs daybeds fucking me from behind in the shower and david bowie you should be embarrassed ducks hardwood floors ride you in the hallway quietly as your father walks by and pasta peanut butter the bar exam minor threat my bloody nose 3 broken credit cards kicked down door your tears tearing up grass cum on my face you tell me im a saint orange corduroy jacket i love you thanksgiving vegan coolwhip sit in the mud under the tree your family approves ripped wet shoes a converge hoodie in an ohio winter last to class no chance no hope 4 siblings economist doctor youll be the lawyer general father searching for ferrets gets the fist your brother is a dandy because he cries a lot wreck your toyota cum on panties mother a pharmacist tired table eat as fast as you can swallow a steak whole party on the weekend gotta relax gotta have some fun bulletin point and highlight your notes for my friends for myself for my family forever computer crashes 7 weeks in and youre fucked ask the good girl and she says for a price blow off some steam i am silent silent gym shorts to the hardcore show walk away in the february cold 3 6' 2" bros ask where are your pants faggot and you threaten to fight and kill them all bite the curb as they quickly walk away the bed has another smaller bed next to it youre too stressed you beg to fuck me tweed ryans martini hour youll have a highball when youre 90 disappointment your shaved skull we can be fitter look better brooks brothers suits arent vegan british ted and early morning alcoholism new years eye fuck in the walk-in closet at my parents house the ive always had a weakness for the patrick bateman type patterned scarf maybe well be jewish and get a house in german village circle pit and broken pool cues split skulls the afterglow of slander rip out all the electricity squaredance on the rooftop to mustard plug hummus and vegetable pate breakdowns blood on panties jacob bannon fall into the smaller bed again and again make

it a point crying on my 19th birthday a single sunflower broken and stupid my mother says i shouldnt do that i should be more modest gorilla biscuits t-shirt braces black laces shed blood for the cause pigeon toed run in the rain why do i like your bad teeth rotten worn enamel beat a bouncer unconscious mumble in my ear and ramble bedroom poems bite my pussy on the dorm room floor aol instant messenger 25 ta life you leave trails of notes death before dishonor show i watch from a distance as you are ripped from the crowd make an excuse to hate you crow says hes clean fuck radiohead broken mercedes with stolen hood ornament you know nothing about my life its beautiful to love someone forever even in hate kill all cops and judges bathtub full of stolen soap drag the microphone across the concrete basement floor scrape it across your teeth i sweat next to you but dont talk to you convert to islam studio apartment cincinnati courage crew spin kicks to jawlines sham 69 peters girlfriend cheated on him and broke edge i am counting down the days you should be ashamed of your desire to waste other peoples time before you become a true nihilist kill everyone and yourself first crocheted blankets in the back seats no heat train hopping let your food stamps run out mow your parent's lawn for beer money parents own part of disney world or something whatever fall onto the bed again im not afraid of you anymore symbolic logic chest pieces and french decadence torture is no different from pleasure dining hall smoke in your dorm room and piss in your mouth when youre sleeping throw empty 40 ounces from your front porch at moving cop cars and tag on the living room wall and smash the bathtub with a sledgehammer because hygiene is just another societal oppressor that can be alleviated by action or when you robotrip or drink back alley hyper vipers or eat mushrooms and try to get into the bathtub with all of your clothes on but then realize you might actually have to follow through with what you preach sometimes.



The disease to bleed under a vagrant hand of sore spotted wishes.

I want to hurt you and you can't deny your need to be united by iron bonds  
this railroad fucking two coastal bodies. I am drunk and that is the problem  
with language. Imaginary intricacy and intimacy navigates the virtual volume it  
occupies and how to embrace the error.

The sensation of cutting the air with one's body.

When kisses turn to losses  
and I suddenly feel conscious about the blood rolling  
to all uneven corners of my land.  
Impressionable weakness  
in a chopped  
then screwed hell.

I wasn't always not married but this isn't about marriage it's about survival  
and an inability to pause some setting right settle down into defray but this  
is for keeping bedding rustling an unwavering distrust in anything that does  
not move and no more beddy bye for me I am awake as ever in a gluey thuddy  
kinda way in a way that is without questions or caustic objects their indecipher-  
able dignity and a tough roof riveted to a splintered habit of harm.

I'm only the woman of my dreams  
in all my nightmare strategies  
take take this dark interlude  
press it like a seal vaporize the edges  
and cleft palettes  
sever the nasal cavity  
as there is no love left in my heart  
this pain is anxious  
to get drunk accentuate a new caliber  
of longing must I alter the itchy fabric  
of my sad dreams  
in order to collapse  
spooked bacteria?

The mouse life is no life  
plenty of predators but of a different origin  
I finna get set on that get rich or die prying,  
I'm on the up and up into hard work  
and burrowing true as once you let go  
of the promise of love the world once gave  
everything

anything is imaginable.

## SUICIDE NOTE V:

this golden corpse veil  
is elegant indeed but  
murderous in debt  
sold out to  
death shroud apologists  
giving best psychobabble  
*CHAMPAGNE FOREVER*  
it is good to have a heart  
since that is the best meat space  
as keeping it trill is the new cutthroat  
and if you marry badly  
this will be yr cheesecake  
waiting at the end of the bed  
for an erupted placenta

I want the feeling of being held  
by headphones but not being held  
by the privilege of music  
just the pledge of muffled sound  
keep the thump hum down slow  
since they fixed the heat  
I guess there was some residual badness  
in there released as something smells  
of roasted semen  
campfire regret  
and that headband does not  
look cute on you  
I'm in a Starbucks and I am terribly wet  
*YES I AM WET*  
slimy meat and I love your mucus  
sit on a cake  
smash yr pussy into custard  
and feed yr clit a pie

*WHAT ARE WE GONNA EAT FOR DINNER TONIGHT*

I enjoy sex and all the casualties that accompany it  
a hate of mine is filling in forms  
anathema  
heart rage  
enthusiasm shines a nub  
into brilliant cloudiness  
not blocked but deepened  
by the influenza  
a chill of love  
I could love a horse more than a man  
and you can go and walk around talk to people  
go eat drink shop consume  
but not have an experience

feeling a gulf between yourself  
and your environment  
like a weight  
like a delay in translation  
of stimulus  
a delay  
to see the mesh of everything  
but to not see yourself moving

*where am i*  
*i'm a person to the people*  
*here*  
*who i actually am now*  
*not*

*yeah*  
*treading water*  
*or*

*something*

I still don't have the language to describe it.  
The one thing you need is to go outside,  
but the most impossibly depressing thing  
you can think of is going outside.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ALIVE?

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ALIVE?

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ALIVE?

## OPERATION INTERLUDE I:

I went into my parents' bathroom for the task, as theirs was one of the few rooms with a doorknob. As soon as I was on my knees, door locked, lips wrapped around the base of the knob, I felt shame returning that I hadn't felt in a long time. An amalgamation of fear of being caught and imagining the ensuing confrontation. The look of disgust on their faces while I stood petrified, defending inexplicable desires. It was first after reading *The Story of the Eye* that I became obsessed with degrading habits; that I could come only while pissing or puking or cutting myself with glass.

All of these recollections, or to a certain degree reenactments, are not cathartic or therapeutic. They are reliving or continuing an innate pleasure in envisioning defilement, to wallow in my filth like a pig.

No incident fucked me up. I have always sought interludes, interruptions outside what is imaginably appealing or possible. To break with presentational forms of recognition and find residual violence also unglued.

I fucked the doorknob hard, I felt it smack into my teeth and grind away lipstick leaving traces on the base of the doorknob. The position made it hard to breathe, with the masturbating a hot and heavy sickness overtook me as tears welled and covered my face. My wetness started to drip and I wasn't sure if it was piss or if I was beginning to squirt. I started to spasm from the gagging involuntarily, like the orgasm shaking me smashing my teeth into the knob at the same time. I smashed my head hard on the door and fell to the ground feeling everything let lose as I came and pissed and sweat all over writhing on the floor. I didn't even fucking care about where I was the matted stench coating the air and my body. I sat there panting until the haze slipped away I was left with heady guilt and stupidity as the familiarity of being lost in disgust blossomed. The shame of feeling ashamed got me even wetter and I kept going until I came 7 times and continued to sit in the stink until my mother knocked on the door and I had to get up.

# THIS

I'm terrified of tongues over 50 speeds of grow sandpaper hands and lizard tongue the need to wraggle dry whip into any opening recoiling countenance no no but whatelse can I do it presses and peee-ewww-trefies to viscosity frozen and petrifies in rings and rings arboreal engagement macking racks on racks on racks and we get faded into fresh heart attacks.

Information is held in terms of entrance how to hold resistance in the face of the lack of knowledge. The ungrammatical as rawness and science is the grossest god that makes no sense/pushes matter to a new jump.

I like animals against tongues  
and conceptual forms of hatred  
potential methods of pizza chomping  
and saliva portals  
science as received cultural knowledge  
and aesthetics or organization seeds an atmospheric  
question  
why why does it need to be  
this text?  
what is content but not science  
yet only natural history  
what is a laboratory and a generation of meaning

slam the body up against  
the mind  
oh shit  
this is getting heavy handed

one's limits aren't limits always so apparent based on physical harm and the need to build boundaries out of fear and what it means to get close to spaces of unwell unfathomable darkness and all the shame that proceeds it but still a need to get blackened charred in a ruined flesh of idolatry divoted with injuries.



This blood is a curse a curse beyond all rogue repression and you can piss in bottles and hoard them all around you and still never face the bilious puke that revulsion is sterile and so are you. what is that object? what does it mean? is a weapon a prop more than a gesture no the gun just signifies she is fed up.

the want to enter  
to traverse the male world  
and all that must be conceded  
of what to give up  
to tie yr breasts with twine  
sugar sapped notions  
in a rotisserie hate crime  
but I

## I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO DIE

Men make history women get fucked and that is why I walk away with these blow-job cheeks asking you to check my credit score. I know you're impotent, better make a cunt flap ring through yr daddy sack and get extra wedding photographers to better manufacture the tragedy. But first let's get back to life after jesus to find who bears the real face of the deranged in an amnesiac christening wearing the slip slime as a replacement death mask.

thanks

how are you

wanna fuck?

at the Starbucks  
do not ever hide yr  
cruising  
tumble to  
verify a new codex for  
The Magna Carta of  
riff apology  
as up my alley  
is one thing  
my urethra is the other

I wanna get euphoric  
on the vapors of yr  
squeak dick utopia  
catch a suntan from yr  
shiny shiny brain hemorrhage  
licked sinuses schreien  
*have you ever been conscious in a coma?*

on my side of the plant planet  
we are swirled to full misery  
you say no feelings just chemicals  
because all you can eat is salt.  
you want no living particles  
no calories  
or commitments  
just minerals.  
crystalline food courts  
'til you swing low and grunt  
*timber*  
to the pharmacist  
*you make good mixology*  
*lab coat humanoid*

The pixel is not about the hierarchy of the image it is not the measure of reality's code. The pixel is a color field a hue to smudge and shade.

*antiphon*

Not in opposition to the presence of drama or the comical, but a scale opening up references to the size of culture. The key is on the map.

*Der Schlüssel ist auf der (Farb)Karte.*

*terraferma(ta) del pascolo*

*Abschür(fungen) weiden*



neophobia the unwed child of dysentery unverheiratete Kind and the makeshift requiem trying to freak the peach of a pit ausflippen and reliquize PTSD tremors women are now just as much a part of combat as ever wie immer wie always roll rollen uniform shorts just up under the ass crease falte that gets slighted in tanning beds unless you lift up the ass press the sit bones to the glass pane drücken sie die and make for a skin crisp and know that if something happens to you you asked for it you shouldn't have been whoring around putting on that lipstick dämlich schlampe and stoppen acting like you weren't going to get fucked and everyone wouldn't talk about you applaud you for the dumb slut you are you bitch and do you have pain wo ist dein schmerz? well if so now is the time to forget it now you have to be hard find those iron legs that will lug the weight of a leaden soldier and now try to do that with adrenaline firemen carry in terror prove prove the importance to try to constantly put yourself back in situations where you spent the whole of your girth trying to get out the necessity of warfare cataclysm of destruction and persuasive impulsivity.

I hope to be dead by 50 and rise into the otherworld consciousness of kindred ignorance the true absurd sense of seeing a line of bitches crawling down a hallway ball gag clipped to butt plug and in their obedience seething being bone blunted by chunky boot hooves into holy object offshoots. I only like ugly animals that hate bright. We are the only animals here and do not need grizzled feed bypassing gristle. I am so much an animal I want nothing to do with them instead cull the gunk laws meine arschgeige and prepare new energy new stigmas of meaning the hegemony of indifference to almost cutting a catchphrase from yr busted distaste. Getting figged with yr pegleg in my basement stroking that dick bone like a fainted calf leg stick I can only see the tendons but I know it wants to conquer wants to strike out and make some new ambitions through cutlery-throating brand mint-press enterprise with corporate gain growth models erect production.

I ain't finna be nobody's harlot  
*sinken zu Schlampe*  
and I don't wanna die  
no no not just yet  
but I am going to find a way  
to continue writing until I hear you say

*guten Morgen sunshine how's yr fever?*

and you say,

*I would call you a cunt  
but you don't have the depth  
or the warm cuff*

puffed up on that

*we the hunted  
we the branded*

stuffed up elbow deep  
with the rest of  
roped throttled  
cattle  
as my brain recedes  
this cellulose wad that smells the coffee burning  
takes comfort in a wasted  
crust  
char makes my head hurt  
in a way that's not unpleasant  
just demanding and all I can think of is

*where can we find the pioneers?*

to search for happiness  
at the risk of finding nothing  
as you sit above me  
and demand the things I'm too afraid to give  
even though  
I know you're not drunk  
I am fully willing to play the role of  
male rage right now.

*Make some,  
friendly kleine schleim gal*

fuck the lady  
save the whore  
there'll be more mercy down the windpipe  
be sure to crunch  
then crouch  
I'll tell you once with splendor  
I forgive not  
an apology.

Detracted.  
Redacted.

I'm sorry  
but I didn't really try.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ALIVE?

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ALIVE?

Hello Goddess,

I write with a heavy heart and it took me a long time to write this email. i cannot see You anymore. i cannot give You Your Tribute. My daughter's acceptance letters from universities are coming in and they are not giving me any aid. i do not want my daughter to accumulate undergraduate student loan debt and need to help her with every penny I have. I am so sorry and i will truly miss you. i wish you the best of luck and good luck, i am so sorry. :(

Your (former) slave



## ***TAKE MY BREATH AWAY***

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU REALLY FELT LIKE A WOMAN WHEN A MAN LOOKED INTO YOUR EYES AND YOUR KNEES TREMBLED I MISS HAVING THAT KIND OF CONNECTION IN MY LIFE THAT KIND OF CONTROL AND I BET YOU DO TOO. IF YOU ARE A WOMAN STRONG CONFIDENT SEXY WHO LOOKS GREAT IN HEELS AND A DRESS AS YOU DO IN A PAIR OF SWEATS AND A T-SHIRT THEN WE SHOULD GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. I AM A SUCCESSFUL HOTEL CONSULTANT AND A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS OWNER AS WELL. HOWEVER SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME RECENTLY THAT HAS DRAMATICALLY CHANGED MY LIFE. I HAVE REALIZED THAT LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO NOT ENJOY AND LIFE IS MORE ENJOYABLE WITH SOMEONE SPECIAL. I ENJOY TRAVEL AND THE FUN OF EXPLORING NEW CITIES, BUT AS A RESIDENT OF THE HAMPTON'S I KNOW THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME. THIS PLACE HAS GOT IT ALL AND SHARING IT WITH AN INTELLIGENT AND SEXY WOMAN WOULD MAKE IT JUST THAT MUCH MORE ENJOYABLE. WHETHER HOPPING ON A JETSKI OR JUMPING OUT OF A PLANE EXPERIENCING LIFE IS WHAT I AM ALL ABOUT. NERVOUS ABOUT JUMPING OUT OF A PLANE WITH ME? THAT'S OKAY THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER THINGS WE CAN DO TOGETHER TO HAVE FUN. BEING ACTIVE IS IMPORTANT TO ME AND THAT MEANS EVERYTHING FROM PLAYING SOFTBALL WITH FRIENDS TO RUNNING THROUGH A CROWD TO CATCH THE OPENING ACT OF THE LATEST BROADWAY PERFORMANCE. A QUIET DINNER AT ON THE WATER SOUNDS GOOD TO ME OR A MORE ECLECTIC CELEBRITY HOT SPOT IN THE HAMPTON'S. PERHAPS I COULD ALSO TRY TO IMPRESS YOU WITH MY OWN FAMOUS SHRIMP SCAMPI FOLLOWED BY A GREAT MOVIE AND WALK ALONG THE SHORE. SO WOULD YOU BE JUST AS HAPPY SWIMMING OFF MY PRIVATE BEACH AS YOU WOULD BE TAKING A LIMO RIDE TO A SHOW AND DINNER IN NEW YORK CITY? IF YOU LOVE GETTING SPOILED BY YOUR MAN AND SHOWERING HIM WITH AFFECTION IN APPRECIATION THEN WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON. REMEMBER LIFE IS NOT ABOUT THE BREATHS YOU TAKE IT IS ABOUT THE MOMENTS THAT TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY!

RE:

You know I'm your filthy little princess  
I don't want to feel better  
I deserve to feel badly  
to suffer out of responsibility  
not self hatred  
requited pain and its precarious blows.

LOOK HOW LONG AND BLONDE MY HAIR IS  
WATCH ME FEEL ITS TEXTURE

But still the battered whack of how  
to not let fascist life grind you down.  
To not become enslaved by your freedom  
the greedy need to betray everything  
just for the thrill of disrespect  
consecrating reserve.  
To get high on your own self-hating sneer.

Be a hate sack gorging on an Oscar Meyer stain.  
I saw your residue and I knew  
you could not protect me  
from my smirk barbing ways.  
I need to get bludgeoned. To see my spit trails sway.

Wanting to have a clarity that represents  
not merely a reality, but the moment of its feeling.  
Doing so while not trying to wrangle it so hard  
that you get torn up in its loss.

If you grab my face hard enough and pull  
you just might see your vanity.



## ***THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND***

ABOUT ME? TO SUM IT UP IN ONE WORD: WINNER. I AM THAT SOPHISTICATED, RARE, GENUINE AND REAL MAN YOU LOVE TO SPEND TIME WITH WHO WILL SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET. I LIVE IN LOS ANGELES. I AM STRONG, ENERGETIC, SUCCESSFUL AND HIGHLY EDUCATED WITH A HEALTHY AND EXCITING LIFESTYLE. I AM DRUG AND DISEASE FREE AND AN OPTIMIST BY NATURE. I BELIEVE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE UNIVERSE IS LIFE. I HAVE A FANTASTIC SENSE OF HUMOR. MUTUAL RESPECT AND IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF LIFE OF THOSE AROUND ME ARE OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE. I ENJOY ALL TYPES OF MUSIC, TRAVELING, READING, MOVIES, TRYING NEW RESTAURANTS, WINE, HEALTHY CUISINE (YES, I LOVE TO COOK!) AND WORKING OUT REGULARLY. I'M VERY FAMILY ORIENTED. I ADORE CHILDREN AND ANIMALS. AS FOR WHAT I SEEK, THE KEY IS THAT WE HAVE EXCEPTIONAL CHEMISTRY AND MAKE EACH OTHERS' LIVES BETTER. I AM NOT LOOKING FOR GOLD DIGGERS OR THOSE WITH AN ATTITUDE. IF YOU ARE PASSIONATE ABOUT SOMETHING, EVEN IF IT IS WHICH BRAND OF CHOCOLATE TO GET, THEN DROP ME A LINE.

RE:

Since living by the sword  
since I am simple  
fluids have failed us  
so I gave a gleaming knife  
not in presence of  
but in the transfer and we know  
dirty  
deceit  
the payment for pleasure  
encoded entrapment  
unnecessary blah blah

I wish I could tell you  
how I feel but there is no way  
that I could come to terms  
with my own filth  
in a suit that doesn't  
rapture me.

I cannot lose the control.

Do you understand?  
Do you understand what that means?

What will make you in debt to me forever?  
Is there ever a time when this is worth it?

Bad convergent stigma  
converted figure  
you are in the corner  
take away gain  
take care of this

poison pussy  
smells of rotten meat  
chum to trap all the flies  
floret filigrees  
with my bacteria stacked  
nightshade fortified  
the cure-all in the pain  
it's like being born  
it's being timed  
not that someone is watching  
but you are  
wretched before it.

I'll go hard on this Christ shower  
and no down  
get that winched up  
and bent 'round  
I feel the strong sense of I know  
these organs are failing.

That you will love  
no  
more.  
Take me away  
annul this pigment  
wire me sour  
to satisfy our  
crypt in the rift.

As a man,  
yes please disease the world  
yes please  
yes sir yes please  
and we can try to seal a sneak

in the headway  
towards the alibi  
ignorance a double deploy  
flattened  
to make a better speed ship.  
*It was so nice to see you.*

I am reunited with my better god  
with the loss of breath.

It's so nice to wake up in the morning.

## ***LET US PUT ON THE ARMOR OF LIGHT;)***

I'M THE CONSUMMATE GENTLEMAN IN EVERY SITUATION, BUT KNOW WHEN AND HOW TO BE THE NAUGHTY BAD-BOY WHEN THE TIME CALLS FOR IT. I'M A SUCCESSFUL ENTREPRENEUR, STARTING SEVERAL COMPANIES AND FINANCING THE STARTUP OF SEVERAL OTHERS. I TAKE EXCELLENT CARE OF MY HEALTH, WORK OUT AT LEAST 4 TIMES PER WEEK, EAT WELL AND DRINK ONLY SOCIALLY. I HAVE A LOT TO OFFER AND I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE THAT HAS A LOT TO OFFER IN RETURN, WHICH INCLUDES FRIENDSHIP, HONESTY, RESPECT, A CLEAR DIRECTION IN LIFE AND AN INCOME THAT CAN MAKE LIFE INCREDIBLY FUN AND BUY US FREEDOM. I LOVE LEARNING, ENJOY DOING MANY DIFFERENT ACTIVITIES AND FINDING NEW ADVENTUROUS EXPERIENCES - AT MINIMUM THEY INCLUDE CONCERTS, MOVIES AND MUSIC OF ALL TYPES, TRAVELING TO FAR OFF LANDS, BEACHES, MOUNTAINS, GREAT CITIES FOR LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL DOING: FOR IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP, IF WE FAINT NOT. THE WOMAN I'M LOOKING FOR WILL HAVE FOUND COMFORT IN THE BALANCE SHE HAS ACHIEVED IN HER PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL LIFE.

HEIGHT/WEIGHT PROPORTIONATE (LARGE BOOBS GETS EXTRA POINTS! BOUNTY IS ALWAYS REWARDED) ENJOYS STAYING IN SHAPE, LIKES TO MAINTAIN HER FEMININITY TAKES THAT CHORE TO LIFTED HEART, AND HAS THE BASIC CORE CHARACTERISTICS OF HONESTY, TRUST AND RESPECT. WITH A GLASS HALF FULL PHILOSOPHY ABOUT LIFE AND MINIMAL SARCASM. PLEASE BE MID-THIRTIES OR OLDER, LIVE CLOSE TO DALLAS COUNTY, WITH TIME TO MEET A COUPLE OF TIMES A WEEK. PART OF THE MAGIC OF MEETING IN-PERSON IS DISCOVERING MORE ABOUT WHO'S IN FRONT OF YOU. IF YOU HAVE A SENSE THAT YOU'D LIKE TO MEET, LET'S TAKE THE STEP RIGHT AWAY AND PLACE YOUR BONDS TEST YOUR CORE TO ME. EMAILS, TEXTS AND PHONE CONVERSATIONS CAN NEVER REPLACE THE CHEMISTRY TWO PEOPLE HAVE WHEN THEY MEET. UPDATE: I WANT SOMEONE TO SHARE MY SUCCESS WITH, BUT DON'T WANT TO BE CONSIDERED JUST A WALLET. IF YOU'RE EXCLUSIVELY AFTER THE \$ THEN PLEASE DON'T CONTACT ME.



We are in your white bed full of light drinking white wine and it is dark. I balance the base of the glass on the side of my naked hip and look at the marble spa tub in the bathroom. A flushed gleam bounces off the mirror, fainting exhaling ebbing back into the room and I ghost the smoke a reprise a remorse of sighing and feeling nothing but beam.

A 12 minute Bob Dylan sound is playing that neither of us has ever heard before. You remember him in a way I do not know because you are twice my age yet younger than my father. We discuss Blonde on Blonde and I feel nostalgia for methamphetamines. I suck the last cull from my glass and extend to re-cloak. You remove the ropes forming a harness around my chest and the bites stretch past plumper times into the skinny of need. Only moments ago I saw the bed from an angle of above and the bloodrush had all fluids clammering to head heart lungs into bird bath of swollen precautions my mouth a home gutter for all impossible feelings and membrane flows the pussy knows the path to other fragrant holes. I squeal as you finally unclamp all openings and protrusions.

In the kitchen you feed me strawberry red grapefruits and slip chocolate into my tongue slot. Melt meets vintage melt. Sop a plate of olive oil into new bread. Yes take and know that this is special and I know my attention to authenticity and green slips freshly pressed in Tuscany. No tart no now now and most people don't know they are actually drinking corned canola. We talk of your children divorce and how you've never even held a gun. I feel embarrassed by my Midwest gun lust and the need for constant violence identity erected out of the low plains of nowhere peyote crunching bareback horse frolic grip a mane and pistol and try not to blow your brains stupid. Try not to swing wide stranger's car doors on country highway single lane pavement nothing to acquire nothing to lose. Slide raw in the earth's gut roots and damp clay let a truck defeat difference and we drink blank drink varicose into another day closer to death swells and plump ride incumbent.



We make plans to go to a hockey game this weekend and wonder if I will have to drink beer. Fantasize about bringing martinis in a thermos desert dry filthy cloudy. Perhaps instead some pills or at least a good roofie I could never turn down an unconscious flow. Watch ice glides smear and the pucks slant psychotic. A frozen glow emanates while the warm slides smoothes in corridors of sinew, muscle caves and cracks. I watch you get hard really hard during a blunt crosscheck and I know we are easy implements. That khaki crotch sweat spot bleeds a bred of indecent need as I stretch my leg out and plant a platform heel into the juice and pump it.

THE BODY IS                      ONLY                      IN THE  
WORLD

The measure of reference and refusal.

YOU ARE HERE

1.99 2.99 2.99

Buy yr tickets on Facebook as soon as you can. You can get a general idea, but ultimately I looked at a few places and yeah that's what I said and I hope you know hmm hmn hnmr herm hurm murmum murrer no I haven't seen it all but I noticed the sale.

Full spaz is not a stylistic genre. Don't be afraid to go back and forth in and out of hell and I can see you pause never as yr eyes are black beyond exhaustion most likely since you continually don that hate hat and prance around shaking yr big mucus to tempt my seepage. What does the award mean if no one knows what it stands for but everyone knows how to applaud big temper red red rager red rival fell asleep inside ya ate yr meat as a means to get ensued dyed through to the 300,000,000,000 count Egyptian weave of yr trauma.

*Abschür(fungen) weiden*

*Streifsch(l)uss*

2. I listen to Turandot and when Pavarotti hits that high note in Nessun Dorma! there is some part in my limp guts urging to resist a click-choke in a quarter and release my gumballs can you vibe my cipher?
1. ?
2. Yeah yeah yeah ya know when these things happen manic press I had to suck all the bouncing orbing organs yet pressure presides until my shop-vac attachments disassociate into another perspective so that's when the fertilizer fell and the lawn has never looked so green since. I notice how my lawn is thicker and greener and the envy of everyone on the block! I don't even mind this overwhelming death pulse creaking like an impetuous chicken panting its stew and yes there is a can it's called an elevator just a way to crank up a clique of televised free-based economics and women who love cheap torture new aesthetics of tremble and I want to feel through the musculature of a rancid monument how its tangled rage is salted to need. Salted but only with 100% fine Portuguese sea salt triple-washed no imitations no MSG dry roasted no manufactured additives even this product developed automatically in a miracle of bad glances a resurrection of make yr own bed to get sick in.
1. Bitch yr milquetoast! My brain got set to a slow roasting this 'smorning

I am a devastation warmed wrong. Keep the pre-sale as a pool boy waiting to be abused we'd get an aquarium but fish mean dissention and other animals are moronic don't write about cats and dogs because they are in yr bedroom too now a tree is a kind thing not really you just think so. This need is just tempered, distracted it's yr shim in my gunk screen that keeps me warm at night that cold pressed true and what kind of fool doesn't have regrets my whole life has been discovering different ways to sweat more and more but even limits have their arching why did I think bikram yoga and cocaine could be commendable companions why did I think sitting next to you would be like a conversation symbiotic handjob I can just put my face in yr crotch and exhale minute nostril bristles caress so neither of us even needs to touch but please stop making me tell you the same thing again and again I wasn't thinking about much when you penetrated me cuz yr dick is not that big and you did a really bad job of trying my arms back behind me so I could still move them and had to help you untie myself actually I just slipped my hands right out did you see that why do you constantly have to ask me what I think of yr dick if you ask me 50 times in an hour what is wrong with you at least have some pride in yrself and the smallness of yr dick so that you can just accept that fact and we can get on with better interactions like domestic violence with battery the reprisal swift lift I always get anxious the moment a text sends because I haven't realized how to cancel it so there is a gulp gulp hitch of oh no did I send that text about fisting to my mom she will be confused since it is out of context and she does not know the narrative's build up or why I am the fisted/fistee being well stuffed is the closest I can come to love. It is love just as there is a man deliberating to invisible clients as a practicing De Niro, and one can see the execution the tremolo and in distant reviewing let's play a game it's called schizophrenic or Bluetooth let's play another game it's called Hasidic Jew or hipster.



*To be defiled to absolute baseness, with no appeal, no foreseeable goal in mind. As you smear my face with the bottomless bile of my throat and tell me how vile I am, I feel utterly released and know I will never be too much. You have left me to myself.*

I REALLY BELIEVE IN FACEBOOK

The American Airlines employees look bored to the point of pain but United employees seem terrorized their abusive tics exhibit all of signs of psychological trauma and physical stress visible affectively in face hands eyes slouch of torso towards the plane of advanced non-movement hair pins pulled back into the space of near face lift and if you can't get botox you might as well force your skin to make its own poison release all the residual toxins in one fell swoop and pray for a peeled egg face clean with a few chunks divots sunk in where there the shell gets vicious for want of not leaving like this is my territory my boundary is the only signifier in my wielding canon just hope that this tumor growth sexual transmitted disease or infection can work its way into some kind of unimaginable resistance.

*You haven't been here in a long time you don't remember how come you don't remember me I come here all the time why don't you remember me?*

## YOU CAN GET ADDICTED TO A CERTAIN KIND OF SADNESS

and sometimes habits develop and worsen out of a need  
to push forward into a testing how fat can we get bubble  
quilled in booze flub up as what I really want to say is

## DIRTY SPRITE FOREVER

seizuring in wallops today I quit the cut to the curb and said fuck you fuck you  
fuck you I'm done with the tired sleep sleep I'd rather be piss than just liquid  
and I can feel how your entitlement makes you believe that thinking is about  
the same as its actual execution you can't write because you don't want to not  
because you are sexually frustrated don't blame your excessive education as the  
blockage rather than a nascent path do you realize how many words dfw wrote a  
day and how many he kept and yes to some of you that probably speaks another  
typeface of indifference sudden moment of terror feeling oh no didn't I check  
that drugbrick instead of ingested didn't want to go against protocol into the  
space of liability but oh how I oh oh oh how I oh I oh love really just love love  
love the chance oh the chance a glimpse of a moment to get a good gut block.

It's hard to be honest with people and not feel like damaged goods.

## ***EVERY WORD IS PURE***

HELLO, FIRST OFF, NO I AM NOT MARRIED! I AM 49 YRS OLD AND LOOKING FOR A COMPANION IN MY LIFE. I AM SEEKING A MATURE FEMALE WHO ENJOYS LIFE AS MUCH AS ME AND ENJOYS TRAVELING ONE TO TWO TIMES PER MONTH FOR BUSINESS AND PERSONAL TRIPS. I AM A NEUROLOGICAL SURGEON IN USA. BECAUSE I HOLD SUCH A HIGH POSITION IN THE MEDICAL FIELD, I CANNOT SEND A PICTURE. CONTACT ME IF YOU ARE INTERESTED. I WOULD LOVE GETTING TO KNOW YOU.

RE:

She is selfish with need a right blood pump playing hopscotch and daddy makes a curse of the dimpled night, darned into a mechanical silence.

She experiences new forms of brutality never lived and all the impossibility clustered into a large oblong hall marble veined with double colonnades and a semicircular apse also known as a basilica, stone with special pope-spread privilege.

Welcome. This is the hurt dirt fellatio palace on the other side of god:

An escalator so steep it sucks in flesh to peel.

Suicide full stop on ghettos' ledge fake sleeping on an abandoned lot to be disassembled by dogs.

Authority is the subject matter that pushes you to the space where it is alone all alone beyond any hope of finding anyone else the brain keeps shifting and there is no we no you no I a groaning horizon of how to use the matter that already exists but there is nothing to be made nothing can be made.

Air quality saturation of influence how garbage can melt liquid squeezed into forms. Sludge gags and desiccated deliverance.



Everyday a failure no more of this fail better fail into order and a carrion smudge.  
Writing this to get past objects and yapping nouns, cut our headstone out of  
debt plastic dread doom conundrum catapults the fall force of oh my dear oh my  
yessum I crash you I fleece you my dear never deer into glitter-spiked doldrums  
I meet you I greet you in this pantheon spunk. Punt yr junk in the trunk I prefer  
a firehose to the cunt as I wish I could fuck a hot pocket, swordplay claims all  
vitamin custard.

I am yr donut tonight.



## ***I AM A SHIELD***

I WILL RAISE HIM UP AT THE LAST DAY AS I WANT TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT I AM JUST LOOKING FOR ONE GREAT GIRL ONE WHOSO MAY RESPECT ALL I PRODUCE IN HEAVEN AND EARTH. I STARTED AN INVESTMENT FIRM WHEN I WAS YOUNG, AND HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING IT EVERY DAY SINCE FOR THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, I LOVE WHAT I DO. AND CONTINUE TO WORK VERY HARD AT EVOLVING THE BUSINESS AND REACHING BETTER FORM THE GRACE OF AGELESS WANT. WHEN I DO GET SOME FREE TIME, ONE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS TO DO IS RACE CARS AND MOTORCYCLES. HAS LONG BEEN A PASSION OF MINE. YEA IN THE DESERT I SEEK THE OTHER WANDERERS OF MY FAITH. LOVE TO GO OUT AND HAVE A GREAT DINING EXPERIENCE. FOOD, WINE, THE WORKS, TAKE OF THIS BREAD MY BODY EVEN THOUGH I ENJOY A GREAT DINNER. I TRULY ENJOY EATING AND BEING HEALTHY. I WORK OUT ALMOST EVERYDAY. LOVE THE BEACH. MY POOL. TRAVELING TOO. LIKE GOING OUT AND EXPLORING. ESPECIALLY NYC (WAS BORN THERE) LOVE TO SHOP, SPA, AND PAMPER MYSELF A BIT AFTER THE RECKONING. IN CLOSING. I AM A REAL QUALITY PERSON. AND AM HOPING TO FIND SOMEONE TO SHARE A VERY GOOD LIFE WITH.

RE:

Once a victim, always a victim  
piano key tendency to touch  
the touch that extends  
beyond the original intention  
an extension of materials  
and affective transfer just as  
a bodies' movement into a larger apparatus  
finding hold  
as I felt my nipples nearly  
bitten off my body nearly  
written off for shame  
I am skeptical to the point of death  
to the groveled crack  
I don't feel alive unless yr  
boot is on my skull  
but this is not an invitation to  
the state.

I refuse the clue of  
MY WIFE  
a preference for the possibility of  
left on the threshold  
denied  
as my leg got bleedy  
all that pee in my mouth  
lil puddle baby  
fill me up  
FILL ME UP  
but until then I'm using money  
as a placeholder  
feeding correspondence with  
this *handlicher Handy* while  
I'm reading Kathy Acker

and watching The Hangover: Part III  
on Lufthansa flight 1173  
because patriarchy is real  
and so is this atmosphere  
and the difference  
between feeling  
or reeling.



## ***LOOK ON THE HEART***

THE BASICS. 47, SINGLE-NEVER MARRIED (OR SHOULD I SAY NEVER DIVORCED?), NO BAGGAGE, NO GAMES. NOT A COMMITMENT-PHOBIC, JUST NEVER MET THE RIGHT LADY. FINANCE AND ACCOUNTING TYPE, BUT DON'T FIT THE STEREOTYPE. PLAY YEAR-ROUND TENNIS AND GOLF. LOVE TO TRAVEL. HAWAII, EUROPE, CARIBBEAN, MEXICO. STILL WANT TO VISIT AUSTRALIA, SEE THE PYRAMIDS, AMAZON, AFRICAN PHOTO-SAFARI. WOULD LOVE TO FIND THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE THAT CLICKS TO BE YE KIND TO ANOTHER TENDERHEARTED, FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER WOULD DEFINITELY MAKE THOSE TRIPS MORE MEMORABLE. AS WELL AS WEEKEND TRIPS TO ASHEVILLE (GROVE PARK, BILTMORE), PINEHURST, CHARLESTON, LAS VEGAS, BOSTON (FENWAY PARK), PEBBLE BEACH A WHOLE LOT MORE FUN AS WHAT THEREFORE MAN HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER. OF COURSE, IF WE CAN HOLD EACH OTHER'S ATTENTION WHILE RELAXING OVER DINNER, SOME NICE WINE, JUST CHATTING ABOUT THE DAY AND MAKE EACH OTHER LAUGH. ALL THE BETTER. HAVE TO SAY THAT I'M NOT LOOKING FOR DRAMA OR TO PAY SOMEONE TO BE MY GIRLFRIEND. SORRY BUT THERE IT IS AS THROUGH FAITH WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE WORLDS WERE FRAMED BY THE WORD, SO THAT THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN WERE NOT MADE OF THINGS WHICH DO APPEAR.

## OPERATION INTERLUDE II:

You place me back on an operating table as an extrusive tempts to perform.  
Prod all bulging kernels nematode shuffle as you aim to fist my fugue  
cut the cum lust long and this crescent is wringing parched into renewed  
passivity.

I say I need a song give me a song I need the place of repetition as I begin  
chanting a chorus that I have yet to know if its pulse can succeed can dictate all  
the coursings.

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

It will ease the cortisone release  
we mustn't spoil the meat  
but still there is this creeping pain  
a guilt that swells the throat and over-extends the lungs  
hunger-hung  
not against working  
but against the  
stomp right of get this  
done  
right now  
we need                      this  
    right  
    now.

I have no native tongue.  
All my pores clog their ducts.

I am the oh-oh  
incarcerate me  
I am suddenly begging  
for the suspect  
the salvageable substrate of  
prophecy

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

## FRESHEN UP

flee from the body  
destroy its arc  
stitch a better case for the smolder

cleanse your poet wound  
hold it like a juice box  
marooned.

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

Here, read my underwear as tea leaves.

You are not allowed to call this radical.  
You are not allowed to make this a suffering  
a pain uncalibrated that circles around and around  
wanting to be gutted.

If you prepare my chest crust  
know I need you to fist my heart.  
Jumpstart a new rhythmic punching  
make me sewn to swoon  
put my name down for those  
mouth weathering  
nipples and all my mighty  
cock suck  
I am the greatest milker  
I refuse to drop  
and chew a portal ready.

I am small,  
uncut  
want to take a picture of my  
phone in proximity to another thing  
but I cannot  
the only proximity I hear  
is the broken ice cream truck mouthing  
pop goes the weasel  
and Stockhausen  
and Yeezus but only the low bumps  
and I hate vibrations more than ever  
because this is stealing from my body

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

No one person can satisfy everything  
I am not a hotpocket  
potato wedged in the trashcan like a  
dumped child  
burp the bacteria  
into the cavity  
give the amoeba a shoehorned  
hello  
and then say goodbye as your  
brain is eaten  
slowly slowly.

Had a plan all day to go do this gym thing  
but I have been fucked into this  
production machine.  
I will sit down and compute.  
I feel attached and torn.



Disputed by my paintree to keep the seeds clenched deep.  
No the bark is not velvet  
no there is no gold  
what can you be held by  
what  
you want a story  
or  
do you want an alibi.

Just because I am aware  
does not mean I want to be  
a woman object corpse no  
matter how much I say I want or like it  
that does dues to the odium.  
I I I want a tongue path  
did you hear me?  
I need a bath  
a sweet gum from  
the pigeon making silhouettes on the  
parallel roof.  
He is my eyesight.  
I am permasore.

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

All my limbs are gone by now  
this amputation reeks of success  
a true semblance of dreaming.

SHOOT ME UP

If your mouth is set on man taste  
then you will never see your radical  
you are always other smaller

looking for ways to get your feels back  
to cause some chaos, but know that is not  
because his system is full water  
all systems all go.

You think as long as you know this it will be ok  
because you are in charge,  
you are on top of things.  
Being bought being 'ceived.  
You are a slave but so unloved  
you are just  
the presence of a figure that is constantly changing  
a means of escape from a fixed location.

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

A child walking down the street with a water gun on his shoulder  
RPG fantasy  
he even lets his shoulder slump  
before he heaves it back up to simulate  
the grotesque weight.  
He already knows everything.

Let me slump the cherry sludge  
you have a strange idea about what evil is  
bog dick

BOUNCE ME

to fuck someone so hard  
you cleave all bones  
fingering ribs  
take the chance to  
sign into yr SKIN SLEEVE account

and suddenly  
it's become a  
cum bag.

I bought this tea  
I drink it well  
for kidney  
liver  
mind  
flush  
it  
flush it out flush  
it out  
are you a despicable person  
could anyone every really love you  
if they knew all of you

*the blood in the veins flows towards the heart*  
*the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart*

don't cringe this  
scuttled wrath  
just hop in  
it's ok we like you  
you'll scavenge an  
eggtooth  
you'll bust abreast  
champagne spill the harbor  
I'm fondest of the ships  
that coat themselves  
in mucus as a rejection  
of flow  
o fillfow  
fowl  
deep throated slime

is the best lubricant  
but wild to the jugular lunge  
to mount a husky  
Battle-Cat  
and forget your cringe  
unshed nostalgia  
to repair the noose.  
I am that super tired  
but hit me up and down  
tell me create me  
ferocious me and ignite the throb  
you can separate  
but never dissect  
I am already blind  
full to a hurt brim  
I have partial shadows seeking decay  
and starboard chemistries  
launch the tusk but  
never drop the flag.

Even with the ephemera of the event, the remainder, the effect is never solid; a porn clip from my webcam that you play again and again of me stuffing my pussy with panties, or the roleplay where I tell a man how I trained my sister to be a whore and revel in the weird word-chains streaming from me, licking my lips and tugging a self-made leash. A belt pulled through loop to collar me and I am so excited to be fed mangoes. Or to feed them to myself. Puppy hangs good little girl tail and it goes treatstreatsratatata.



## ***I AM SPECIAL***

TRYING SOMETHING NEW. NOT REALLY SURE WHAT TO EXPECT. I TRAVEL A LOT FOR WORK AND THEREFORE DATING LOCALLY HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CHALLENGE. I WORK OUT 3 DAYS A WEEK THESE DAYS AND TRY TO STAY IN SHAPE WITH MY BUSY CORPORATE AMERICAN LIFESTYLE. WHEN I'M IN TOWN, I ENJOY DINING IN THE HOT SPOTS OF DOWNTOWN CHICAGO AND TAKING MY SPECIAL LADY TO THE BEST PLACES THE CITY HAS TO OFFER. I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT I AM THE FULL PACKAGE IN THAT I AM GENEROUS, SEXY, CARING, FUNNY, AND AFFECTIONATE. LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU!

RE:

Hi! I'm the harbinger of anti-winged aesthetics  
I say no more clever troping  
because when you click that tongue  
I will stretch lard into a nasty wire.

How far is yr collapse from fracture?  
Are you shaken enough to malleable?

In this sunless ductility  
this want hunkering down into a covenant  
a solitude  
a space of release  
not leaving me clinging  
to all the disparate strains of  
can't wait to meet you!

I'm anti-aviation  
but not against the sky  
or divinations that hold its view  
I'm against tumors of pockmarked skin  
sewn up like a coin bag  
and I don't mean the scrotum.  
I mean scar tissue.  
I mean deformity under tensile pressure  
with no brittle misfortune leaning guard  
to feign demise or complicate  
compression failure  
turnt up to  
anti-armor as anti-body  
release to the antechamber  
as a new bed pan  
when I bleed bleed bleed  
a hemorrhagging elevator



lock at the site where you bind  
collapse yr hope on a foreign target  
this is what I get this is the cross-haired  
cadence of  
waking to prescient fear  
of want a baby  
how to fight nature  
deflect shambling or  
find some light to  
divine it  
clairvoyance best seep to assign it  
I reserve the right to die  
but what will it be like  
to be alone forever?

## OPERATION INTERLUDE III:

You sail me to  
    *LE MÊME LIT* where I will heal but  
I'm paralyzed by this bowl of cantaloupe  
    neglected  
        mold infects until we ditch the whole  
        mess

I'm only brave against  
large organisms  
girth forces a fear  
of consequences  
press our bowels  
into the tumorous night  
make a pact  
for the romantic  
if you love weddings you are probably  
already atrophied.

I have smooth brain  
and body  
I have nothing to prove but  
    proof itself  
I am without hair and convictions  
standing off until disclosure  
with this bric-a-brac cannonball  
indenturing hedge funds  
    make use  
        lil spit siphoner  
    extricate the gas can  
we are going to make this a struggle of finger life  
and its mal attempt at walk  
        badly

I want to love  
present me with hope  
not

*I LOVE BABY!*

or incarceration as a solution  
 I need this saliva ridicule  
 I like moves that gut me  
 ragnorak rawdawg  
 is the only fuck I know  
 or at least in dreams of irresponsible despair  
 serious fancy reprimands one's intestines  
 soon everyone will have  
 cancer of cunt/dick/mouth/tongue  
 we will get sloppy on that  
 king-sized depletion  
 we can feel it  
     tense up for the  
 spine strike  
 so much you can shake yr dearth at as  
 the world makes me ill  
     and I like it  
     but  
 god bless the dead  
     and listen  
 all it takes is an extra 100 calories a day  
 to gain 10 pounds in a year  
 so that means kill yourself now  
     but  
 drive carefully  
     and  
 take my crash  
 I'm too grim on this love curve  
 I am so much better in real air

once you peel back the pain  
scab

                  this depresses me  
and it's not even my weeding.

Life legitimizes  
its own inquiry  
its own inclination towards payback  
and justice a presumption of niceties  
and life wrought true.  
This is a distraction  
you need to glue  
stop up because  
if you have no ideas  
no beliefs feel no call  
to the attenuations of language  
then of course you are barely  
writing this is hardly thinking  
you are just making a story  
and by story you mean regurgitation  
performative modes of nownow normal  
man woman child pain the home  
the house the pain despair love love  
loss and not a toss towards  
is this even language if there is a blank white  
sweep that flushes over  
is this something comparative to  
*geworfenheit*: condition of being thrown without explanation  
into an existence governed by obscure rules,  
said Heidegger.

Said the unresolute  
genderfeel, catboy  
*you gotta AIR THAT SHIT OUT!*  
I don't mean that as a threat, just a harmless  
offer  
a helper wanting to elope each stigma  
a shit cryptogram  
that is muddled changing  
a  
*RAP GAME CHEAP CHAIN*  
*get yr hatred slain*  
*cuz it's too tall*  
*what is too long?*

Is there more to life than the bitch you fuck  
the paper slain  
the numbers took  
the ways we fall  
victims to stranger  
fruit than the blameless  
get shamed,  
hustle  
irresolute.

THERE IS NO WORLD LEFT TO LIVE IN

I WANT A NEW ONE

WE WANT A NEW ONE



DEFLESHED AND  
UNCRUELED

RID OF BARBARIAN HACKJOBS  
SCHEMATICS AND  
OTHER

REPROACHFUL

DISTRACTIONS

WHO CAN  
POSSIBLY BEAR  
THIS PAIN

WILL YOU HELP IN THE UNSETTLING

UNPLENTIFUL DIVERSION REMAKING THE SORES  
CAUGHT INSIDE THE WHOLE

LOT

OF SUFFERING

TAKE

THE BATTERED REAMS

RESHUCK THE PRESSES AND FORM

IT ALL AGAIN

THIS TIME

WITH

BETTER PATIENCE

WHY IS THIS DAY SO LONG  
I WISH  
IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN  
THAT IT HAS NOT HAPPENED

BUT STILL

THERE IS LONGING FOR THE DROP  
THE ESTRANGED PLEASURE

I FEEL SO SICK

ABANDONED AND DEPLETED

BLOOD ON THE LEAVES  
AND BLOOD ON THE ROOTS

I'M SO DEPRESSED

SOMEONE

PLEASE

F U C K M E

WAIT  
I'M SORRY

PLEASE



## RECONSTRUCT THE NIGHT

I CAN'T GET OVER THE WORLD

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN TELL ME  
AND THAT IS THE POINT

NEED TO GO BINGE DRINK  
NEED TO GO VOMIT  
OUT THIS ATROCITY  
YES HOLD YOUR BREATH  
AS WE GO UNDERWATER

TO UNDERSTAND YOU DON'T NEED TO BE EVIL  
TO MURDER  
OUR IDEA OF THE ACT  
DILUTED  
ONLY COMMITTED FOR THE SAKE OF BENEFIT

YOUR NOTION

OF JUSTICE COMES  
AT THE COST OF OTHERS

I FEEL SO ILL

TRULY POSSESSED  
ILLNESS  
NO ESCAPING SLUDGE  
ALREADY SLIPPED TOO DEEP  
TEEMING WITH SULFITES

DRAW THIS ACID BATH

My jaw is dislocated from the baseball bat smashed nearly into my windpipe. The pain is some sort of nagging calling and I know this is just a form of motherhood. Jawbone when you continue to dislocate my tongue and teeth get lonely for chews. I am my own child with each limb chained to compass true positions inside the metal dog cage. The rope burning on my other cage, crucial confinement of all the vitals in an attempt for conclusive pains. Head knocked down snuffed full with a bowl of cum piss milk redolent blood become red go red blush flush redden grow pink/crimson/scarlet color glow. Luminescent thrill. Emit into the difference of fear and regret of unknown wants and a tendency to crave the unimaginable. Bowl tipped to drink and suddenly you sit down somewhere in front of my head and a piano strikes alive. I know no voice from you yet, only Schubert.

## ***NOW THIS I SAY, BRETHREN***

FLESH AND BLOOD CANNOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM; NEITHER DOTH CORRUPTION INHERIT INCORRUPTION. AS A RETIRED SURGEON, THIS I KNOW. I ATTEMPT TO COVER ALL WOUNDS AND THE BASICS AS I LOVE HORSES AND MANY MODES OF TRANSPORTATION. SCUBA DIVING, FLYING PLANES, TRAINING FORMER ALL-AMERICAN SWIMMER, MARTIAL ARTS. TRAVEL (HAVE A PLACE IN GRAND CAYMAN) LOVE SHOWS, CONCERTS, MOVIES AND DINING OUT DO MEDICAL VOLUNTEER MISSIONS WORLD WIDE BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING; BUT IN EVERY THING BY PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION WITH THANKSGIVING LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN UNTO ME.

RE:

I know red and  
thanks but  
even the word straw  
berry is overly seductive  
saturated and show-offy  
elongate into an impressive  
yoga stance as a new  
profile pic  
stretching upward  
to the better  
flats  
lofted roofs  
and stocked bars  
civilized living  
hear unpretentious pain  
punishment paid  
for being an  
overly sexual person  
the hours spent  
researching porn  
so horny you feel half dead  
jouissance a lie procured  
tattoo is proof as a  
sign of failure.

This incident is not  
coded from reality  
I hate yr urgency  
as this threat holds  
no harm for me.

We are adults but still children  
we now make our rules  
to be broken



be bended  
as life leaks money  
when according to the protocol  
it should be reeking  
sold into plaintive intuition  
when did life itself begin to seem so impossible  
as if every decision were the wrong one  
every encounter's failure the response of lack of ability  
to rise to the occasion of possibility  
enunciation.

Is a nipple a tit  
or the signifier  
place marker of attention  
*HEY I'VE SEEN YOU*  
move that a little to the right  
leave me not abandoned  
almost defiled and left raw  
but precisely disclosed  
at the moment of talent before  
the breakdown  
hysterics  
end yr life  
beseech all claims  
what does it mean to trust men  
or anyone at that  
suddenly now I see my hands  
like I have never before.

I was throwing up in the toilet but underwater so every time the vomit exploded out I sucked it back up with the rest of the stale bowl water and felt soggy bile rush back into my sinuses cutting my eyes burning my teeth gums slashes and lips bloodied by smashing of my head into the ugly bowl.

1. HEY CRAZY BITCH I LOVE CRAZY I LOVE WHEN  
THAY CUT THEMSELVED AND THAY WILL DO  
ANYTHING THAT NORMAL PEOPLE WONT DO
2. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU LEAK SO SLOWLY  
THROUGH REVERSE CORKSCREW CHUNKING  
NEW NIPPLES INTO YOUR SUBCUNTANEOUS  
MATTER. I WILL CHIG YOU INTO HARVEST PIGGIE.
1. COME ON U CRAZY BITCH STAB URSELF FOR ME  
I WANT U BLEEDING AND SUFFERING CRY AND BE  
IN PAIN KILL URSELF FOR ME BABY U KNO U HATE  
UR LIFE JUST END IT
2. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, SCAT WORM?
1. O YES BITCH STEP ON UR FACE AND MAKE U  
BLEED
2. YOU AREN'T LISTENING.
1. YAP
2. BUT THE DISSECTION HAS ALREADY BEGUN.
1. YES I AM BITCH TELL EVERYONE IM THE  
GREATEST
2. LET'S FORAGE THAT SUBSTANTIAL APPENDIX,  
HAVE YOU EVER HAD IT FINGERED? I MEAN  
CELLULOSE TUBE SCRAPED FROM THE INSIDE.
1. I WANNA FINGER HER TOO
2. BUT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN MY NEED AND NOW YOU  
WILL TANK THIS NEW LEVERAGE.
1. SO SEXY BUT I PREFER U NAKED
2. I PREFER YOU DEAD BUT BEFORE I PAUPERIZE I'LL  
LET YOU ISSUE IN THE WAY OF UN-OOZE
1. O YES U SLUT FUCK U ON UR SIDE POUND THAT  
ASS I'LL FEED U LOTS OF CUM JUST EARN MY CUM  
O YES BABY SPANK THAT ASS THEN FUCK IT SO  
HARD  
OMG IMA GRAB ON THEM AND SUCK ON THEM  
SO SEXY I WANT TO SUCK ON THEM NIPPLES

IM VERY INTERESTED  
TELL ME UR DIESEAS  
O YES FUCK THAT SO HARD AND DEEP  
MMMM SO YUMMY  
O YES SPANK THAT ASS AND I'LL DOGGYSTYLE ON  
HER  
O YES LICK THEM BIG BRESST  
MMMM SO SEXY  
O YES BITCH MORE ASS PICS  
PLZ I WANT TO FUCK U BITCH  
AND GO MASTERBATE 24/7 MAKE THAT PUSSY  
SO SORE  
YUMMY MOMMY  
MMM SO SEXY  
O YES GO DEEPER  
O YES U CRAZY SLUT GO AROUND UR AREA AND \  
GET NAKED FUCKIN DUDES  
O YES IMA PULL THAT HAIR WHILE GRABBIN THEM  
BREAST  
O YES LOOK AT PUSSY  
O YES U BETTER CUM FOR DADDY  
O YES BABY SUCK ON THEM NIPPLES  
O YES HEY BABY ITS FRIDAY  
WHARE IS FRIDAY  
ASS DAY LIKE LAST FRIDAY? ;)  
LIKE EVRYYY FRIDAY I HANG ONTO  
FOR THE ULTIMATE SUCCOR  
SHAKING SLITTED BRANCHES

2. ACTUALLY TODAY YOU ARE UNAWARE OF YOUR  
OWN APPROACHING DANGER AND IMMINENT SAG.  
SOON YOU'LL BE JUST A REPULSIVE SWEAR  
HANGING FROM YOUR OWN BULGE. LET AN  
INCISION BEGIN.
1. I MISS SEEING UR ASS  
O YES OMG I LOVE THEM MOMMY  
O YES MMMM MOMMY PLZ LET ME SUCK ON THEM  
O YES I WANT TO HAVE ALL GUYS  
EVEN MYSELF TO GANGBANG  
AND CUM/PEE ALL OVER U BITCH  
O YES SUCK ON MINE 24/7 ITS ALL URS  
O YES RUB UR BREAST AGEST THE WINDOW  
O YES MMMM I WANNA SUCK ON THEM  
WHILE U DRIVE  
O I WILL  
O YES BABY LET OTHERS SUCK ON IT'S  
LIKE MILKIN FROM A COW  
I WANNA SUCK ON THEM TOO  
SEXY MOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
OH MOMMYYY YOU SHOULD BLEED  
NOT ME ME  
BUT YOU DID WARN ME I KNOW  
I AM A SCUM WORM I'M SORRY I'M ALIVE  
AND ATTACKED U I LUV MOMMY'S PUSSY  
JUS PROMISE ME U CAN SLICE OFF MY BALLS  
BEFOR I DIE OK?  
I DON'T DESERVE TO SHRINK WITH THEM.

2. YUP. TOO BAD U NEVER FOUND ONE DUMB  
ENOUGH TO DIE FR YOU. THAT SEEMS PLAUSIBLE,  
I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY REALIZE YR WORTH. NOW  
IT'S FATTER MAGGOT TIME.

## ***BUT I AM GREEN LIKE AN OLIVE TREE***

SO MANY SECRETS HATH BEEN REVEALED UNTO US BY THIS SPIRIT: FOR THE SPIRIT SEARCHETH ALL THINGS, YEA, THE DEEP THINGS OF MEN. AND MEN GO DEEP, YEA. WE LIKE IT THAT WAY AND THAT HATH REVEALETH THE DESIRED SINK. YEA, ALL THE CHILDREN SEEK THE DEPTHS OF CONTRITION FOR THE PLANTIF TO PONTIFICATE IN WELDED SORES. YEA, THE THICK IS WET.

RE:

With you there is intimacy  
I have never known as  
I live this song with a  
body that wants to release  
destroy its carborated arteries  
rip free with thug shakes  
into rare music of the deep.

Corporate bodies of itch  
get better preened by magical fruits  
better than beauty is promised

how about restored to mythical functions  
where culture can show the way to  
slice a frame

how about whore-hearted  
and full of life

how about  
the supposed need to reproduce  
what one loves  
what one knows  
in the echo chambers  
of cascading thought

when you pick up that heel  
still caked with yr bile  
its imprint still clotting yr throat  
and I clenched to yr cunck stream  
as you cleanse me lighted.



Could we imagine a woman  
as a prop for something  
other than desire?

Dump her ashes in the bathtub  
but make first the sign of the cross  
cover all holes you wish through most  
swallow all liquids around you  
chew past the glop of greater tongues  
lesser beasts  
tell me something sweet  
because I'm feeling a bit tender  
and I don't have permission to do anything  
so I insist on doing it all.

I can do without most things  
*I'd love to fuck you, but I left my dick at home*  
as I don't need a dick to get hard  
I have this iron fist  
I will smash it around  
but be careful, it's my heart  
it's not a watch  
don't try to burn it  
it's not a book  
and by the way  
I need it back  
to get through the sog.

It's been raining for days now  
and I barely live in a house  
a tempered residue to the flooding  
not all of this needs to be desperate  
but I am and unapologetically so  
I'm dying for suicide and

servitude  
touched the chocolate on the metal  
and it shocked me  
sliding into an exhaustive  
ether of something near non-diligence  
but it seems more like defeat

limb tired

bone sleep

I just poured boiling water on my hand and laughed.



You slam me hard into the ground. I kick helplessly skidding across the hardwood floor burning my knees, scalp screaming near the nape of my neck as you drag me into the kitchen by my hair.

I'm yanked to feet head pulled back neck exposed enclosed by your hand. You pick up a clementine from a nearby bowl of fruit and jam it into my panting mouth. Forcing it in deeper until my lips can almost meet you bring me close and give a small kiss on the edge of wanting distance.

I stretch and lean into that space until I receive a hard blow doubling over knocked to the floor. I'm choking for air your foot clenched in my diaphragm as you lean over the counter and pick up the knife I left on the cutting board. I start wailing against the blockage on my tongue but it gives no posture only tremors as you start prodding pussy, lip from lip. Cluster to quiver but it stews itself loose as blade butters the cuff and I don't know if I am wet or bleeding.

## ***TAKE MY YOKE UPON U, BABY***

BE NOT ASHAMED OF THIS TESTIMONY, BABY BUT BE THOU PARTAKER OF THE AFFLICTIONS TO THE POWER OF MAN FOR I CANNOT HELP THAT I AM A SINGLE WHITE MALE. YEA, I AM A MAN WHO KNOWS THE LAW; INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS, ATTRACTIVE, SENSUAL, AND GENEROUS. I SEEK TESTIMONY AND PRIVILEGES. AND YE SHALL SEEK ME, AND FIND ME, WHEN YE SHALL SEARCH FOR ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART FOR I SEEK A LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP WITH A VERY SPECIAL WOMAN. AND I SHALL TEACH THEM ORDINANCES AND LAWS, I'M SELECTIVE, AND I'M SURE YOU ARE AS WELL AND SHALL SHEW THEM THE WAY WHEREIN THEY MUST WALK, AND THE WORK THAT THEY MUST DO BUT HONESLY I PREFER AN ASSERTIVE OR DOMINANT WOMAN; MEN OF POWER NEED MORE PARTITIONS THE BURDEN OF ITS BLESSING MAKES THICK THE WORLD. IT HOLDS THE BREADTH OF ALL THIS LANGOROUS CALLOUSING CLOSE TO CHEST, CLOSE TO PURPOSE. THIS I SAY THEREFORE, AND TESTIFY IN THE LORD, THAT YE HENCEFORTH WALK NOT AS OTHER GENTILES WALK, IN THE VANITY OF THEIR MIND BUT WALK IN THE WAY OF MAN ON THE STREETS OF DIRTY PAIN. DRAG YE STUNTED GIRTH THROUGH CRAGS AS I ENJOY THE PAIN, I SHALL NOT HURT NOR DESTROY IN ALL MY HOLY MOUNTAIN. I HAVE TO

BE A DOMINANT ALPHA MALE AT THE OFFICE, ALL FEVER FOR THE STROKE I CARRY. THUS IN MY PERSONAL LIFE I PREFER THE WOMAN TO BE ALL ARMS, ALL FORCE. I SEEK TO BE CONTROLLED. A PREFERENCE AND NOT AN ABSOLUTE. HOWEVER. ENTER YE IN AT THE STRAIT GATE: FOR WIDE IS THE GATE, AND BROAD IS THE WAY, THAT LEADETH TO DESTRUCTION AS I'M ON MY WAY BACK UP AFTER HAVING BEEN KNOCKED DOWN. BUT I FALL TO MY KNEES FOR THAT ONE SPECIAL PERSON TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE AND THE ETERNAL HERE AFTER IN THE AWNING OF MAN'S GOOD PROSPER. I HAVE ACHIEVED SO MUCH AT THIS POINT, I HAVE A TIMESHARE, CHANGED CAREERS, BUT NEVER WITHOUT THE LORD, HIS LIPS SLAKE ME AND I AM BLUDGEONED IN HIS GLORY. TASTE ME WINDS, TASTE ME! MAKE ME BEAR WITNESS TO THE LIGHT, AS I AM THE CONSUMMATE GENTLEMAN. YEA, I WILL MAKETH THEE LAUGH AND REJOICE, AND I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WITH A SIMILAR POSITIVE OUTLOOK ON LIFE. THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND: I'M NOT JUST LOOKING TO GET LAID. LET US THEREFORE CAST OFF THE WORKS OF DARKNESS, AND LET US PUT ON THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT AND TREAT EVERYONE I COME INTO CONTACT WITH RESPECT.

Operating table as a site for the supremely erotic act. Bound, restrained, delivered. I found nothing but solace in the surgery I wished for and found. Cocooned on the makeshift bench zigzagged ties holding me righteous gripped waiting in darkness for the vital glint.

Flip of my gut, a clamp set in place on lips as curved steel seeks new concepts. I asked for this provision. I hum like a morphing animal into born, rude blood sealing this augured slit right. Bask in the grin with a few head pets until we continue the ordeal, a full writhing colloquium present.

Stitch by stitch shredded into better infrastructure. A leaked hue nursing stubborn truism wishing for the antidote the prescience of ancient knowledge and deep hurting for all the worlds I never knew all potentials unthroated slick in cavernous throttle getting stuck until it kicks back kicks in territory slaughtered a new cut on the floor bring her up string her through but there is no market here for the formless no place to go but stay swaddled in indeterminacy.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ALIVE?



# OPERATION INTERLUDE IV:

i live and die and thrive within

the codes of life

i build for myself

i need this delusion

little pool boy,

mister

fried

out

and

forgotten.

Tremble a hair-shirt

into hopes of

remembrance

you gotta effigy

now

you built from

weekend splinter

glitterbomb

loincloth

and i see

how you

walk

around

with yr cloak

filled

with tropical birds

flapping stumps

looking contrived

i feel relieved

because

i know

these theories can't

hurt me

in a palace of

no more

hurling.

can't we please just do something else?

find some other way?

the corgi orgy

chirps

along

and

i  
feel so fine

i don't care if you  
think  
i am descriptive and overly  
young  
but not enough  
dumb.

to be

i love how you call  
yrsel not manchildwomanbeast  
the environment of description, quote:  
keep one's self

available for conquest

that was not a commentary  
that was meandering  
reading aloud

if the status quo had it their way  
all artists would be executed  
or better yet  
de-boned and clipped

this gauze of want free from

i'm suspended in

i feel heady-formed

twee'd open

there is no crush  
to couch on here  
to see images of the past illuminated  
it's like being post-alive  
when the future and past

are neither  
technocriticized

as if

“good girl”

was the best thing  
you ever heard

being bit on the jugular  
the smell of piss  
curdled  
is closer than a designer wardrobe  
near a LEPRECAN  
wafting but here peter pan  
belongs to walt disney  
so eager to please when  
the color gets stripped away  
but feeling never dies  
a childhood beaten into solitude  
but for now most of the joy would leave  
if the suffering went too  
no  
i haven't been bleaching

i just stopped eating  
i'm all appetite and full of pain

## ***LIKE MY CROWN?***

ANOTHER SHEPHERD WILL COME INTO THE FIELD HE WILL BE INCREDIBLE AND A LIGHT WILL SHINE DOWN AND THE BOOM WILL LEAK FROM SINEW CHORDS. FEW WILL EXPERIENCE THIS AS THE ECHO WILL REVERBERATE AND OTHERS WILL BE BORN TO JUSTIFY THE TRIP. YOU WILL GO TO CITIES BOTH OF NEW AND OLD MACHINES. YOU WILL TRAVEL THROUGH THE CITY TO MAKE KNOWN THE REVERBERATION OF SUCH A VOICE. IT WILL COAT THE ROOM, AND THE SHARING SPACE OF THE MOUTH WILL FILL AND FILTER TRACES OF PRESENCE SOAKING THROUGH. THE SON OF MAN LEAKS INTO ALL AVAILABLE FIBERS. YOU SHOULD FEAR HIM, YEA. REGARDLESS, HE IS AN INCREDIBLE PERSON AND SOMETHING THAT MOST PEOPLE DON'T EXPERIENCE AS HE WILL MAKE YOU DINNER. YOU WILL GO TO A CONCERT. HE LIVES ALONE. HE WILL TELL YOU SO, BUT NOT IN A SUSPICIOUS WAY. FOR THIS SHEPHERD HATH NOT IMPURE MOTIVES. THE VALLEY OF GRASSES IS CLEAR, UNTRODDEN AS WE ARE ALL SUBJECT TO A TUNNEL VISION PROCURED BY OUR LOINS. HE MEANS NOT INSANITY, BUT ONLY DEVOTION. HE MEANS HE LOVES YOU AND WHAT HE WANTS IS TO HOLD YOU. YEA, HE SHALL LIE YOU DOWN ON THIS BED OF THORNS AND MAKE IT SO YOUR BLOOD HAS THIRST AND ITS PLEASURE IS SEALED TO HIM, NO OTHER.

After my release, tongue unstuck with the blood pool moistening fat glottal stop, new tricks being played: lancets taken to the back of a man's arms. Too many people protesting otherwise braggadocio they want the blood and they want it now she as drunk as stumble asking for a scalpel.

*Don't tempt the woman, I already know how this goes.*

And why yes, of course.

She's on her knees in front of him blade ready dives and pulls down in a zippered rip almost femur bound. The two halves flayed apart beef tides spilling yellow pukeage spreading wide red sinew revealed and he's laughing oh shit at the gape before throwing hands to hold it shut to keep the leg from slogging away.

I get called in quick as Doctor flies to work again but now I'm at his side. The only victim turned pupil and anxiously honestly waiting while the others crouch in corners nibbling cheese or other bits disinterested as general wetness deep throbs recede. I am only too eager, scrubbed up and ready to provide suction but the gauze are all soaked caked up so a diaper will do to eliminate these slides.

Everything is steeped in the blood but still he understands he asks for a blowjob he asks if he's going to die he starts to shake body locked shocked and staggered marinated flesh I can barely hold it to encounter while loop loop tie and clip the hair caught clotting a nasty scab hard will follow just another metonymic act.

But once again the hollow that haunts each spurt beneath the closure my throat tightens seduced by deliberation hypodermic intervention corridors mellowed with light seeping discharged upshoots still keeps fiending make a pocket for yourself and fend the rest alone wade away from this suppurating septic, femoral epiphanies cannot intercede. No one will understand your need.

## ***HI, I DELIGHT***

HOBBIES- CAMPING, TRAVELING, KAYAK, AND OF COURSE WINE TASTING. ENJOY COMPANY OVER A NICE DINNER AND GLASS OF WINE. I AM LOOKING FOR A WOMAN WHO IS KIND, SWEET AND CAN BE HERSELF. MUST BE FIT AND LIKE TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF HERSELF. EAT RIGHT EXERCISE AND JUST LIVE LIFE. ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU; SEEK KNOCK KNOCK AND YE SHALL FIND; WHO'S THERE.

RE:

Hi, I have cockroach attention tonight

I have good intelligence  
and you tell me  
you will tear through  
my skin and destroy me  
as a love threat.

Let me feel you, bone crunch  
let me know its wanks  
yes  
exactly,  
as a wax rely  
but I've got this good frog  
and the parade is long  
we never stop walking  
we are in it but watching

I spend enough of the hours  
projecting into a vacant space.  
I'm trying to anoint you with  
the cracked vapors of morning.  
Hiddenness is a scab  
fermenting your insides  
I feel volatile  
I wake up and clean up  
the animals' shit and piss  
track it around the house as  
a reminder of worth.  
I am needed and appreciated  
even though  
I'm the peppermint prince  
raja of this silk chain



I need no weighted metals  
I have already too much toss to claim  
it's loading  
but who will feed this text mouth  
that cries  
*COME PLAY*  
and the freedom when you realize  
that you actually don't need to eat anything  
that the light can stay shut  
coat stocking a zygote in  
but who owns a seed  
who can fake a germ  
who gets to rev up this  
speed moth  
reveal how I am  
the mart inside the dog  
the rim inside the hole  
the measurement of residue  
cresents eschewed closer to  
radical closer to politics  
when in the schema of things  
I fall short for you.  
The makers: the complacently sore  
truthy, little mouth bruise

I would give up everything instantly  
just to be free  
and know what that  
really means.

When signification is too heavy and the sign cannot hold the weight of its meaning, I look at the image with my lips sutured shut and the urgency is almost comical. There is a rupture.

Please Note: If you are a Domme i respectfully ask that You please do not contact me seeking my service. (i am not insinuating that You would and only say this because it has happened twice) As my profile makes clear, i am already owned property with no rights. Therefore i literally do not have the “right” to accept or decline such invitations. Only my Owner can make such decisions. And please know i am happily owned and have no desire to serve another. Not that my “desires” are of any relevance. All such matters are the decision of my Owner, the Supreme Goddess Anastasia. Contact Her regarding anything involving Her property. i have absolutely no say so in such matters, as it should be.

SLRN (registered slave) Number 122-066-056

Status : low value owned property

Owner : Mistress Anastasia

Designation : financial slave

Ownership verified by: The slave register Ownership and Registration Certificate

Ownership includes: slave 122-066-056 and all of slaves income and possessions

Ownership and Owners Laws strictly enforced by: Mutual Contract signed by slave  
slave 122-066-056

Punishment/Penalty for any breach of contract:

Release of any and/or all of slave slave 122-066-056's personal information

Freedom/Rights/Privileges granted to slave 122-066-056 by Owner: none

slave 122-066-056 currently undergoing self schooling in:

The Philosophy and Religion of Female Supremacy.

i am extremely low value owned property: financial slave number slave 122-066-056. my only value is my extremely low property and market value and i am otherwise a completely worthless and totally useless sorry pathetic excuse for a proper human ATM.

i LIVE ONLY TO WORSHIP AND SERVE my GODDESS, QUEEN AND MISTRESS. i OBEY HER EVERY WORD AND WHIM AS LAW. i SACRIFICE JOYFULLY FOR HER COMFORT.

UNIVERSAL FEMALE SUPREMACY

FEMALES ARE DIVINE BEINGS, GODDESSES ON EARTH

When you had me in the “bitch hole” under the stairs I completely lost all sense of my original desires, why I came to see you. All sense of my body or its wants. There was no space there was no time no more pain history of mind relieved. I was released from a circuit. I felt a dish of water with my lips so I drank but nothing beyond that, only a mechanical reflex. The blankness terrified me as I came and cried, a shivering mass. No expectations no hope but I’m not here to extend limbs as a waving flag, pumice presumptions yes ground me down but still I am here more real and freer than ever before. If I can integrate this scenario of dread, I will subsume my triumph into fantasy.

No hope for belonging, no residual goo. My style has always been confusion and craving to be delivered a mess I could never ask for because I don’t know what it was prior.

*“you have value for me because of your survival of my destruction of you”*





## Acknowledgements

*My Mother: Demonology: A Novel*, Kathy Acker; *Saute ma Ville*, Chantal Akerman; “The Use Value of D. A. F. de Sade,” Georges Bataille; *The Uprising: On Poetry and Finance*, Franco “Bifo” Berardi; *Cruel Optimism*, Lauren Berlant; *Desire/Love*, Lauren Berlant; *The Last Mistress*, Catherine Breillat; *what purpose did i served in your life*, Marie Calloway; *It Then*, Danielle Collobert; *Murder*, Danielle Collobert; *The Sluts*, Dennis Cooper; *Masochism, Coldness and Cruelty*, Gilles Deleuze; *Leash*, Jane Delynn; *Trouble Every Day*, Claire Denis; *The Hole*, Thom Donovan; “Masochism, Submission, Surrender—Masochism as a Perversion of Surrender,” Emmanuel Ghent; *Vivre Sa Vie*, Jean-Luc Godard; *Airless Spaces*, Shulamith Firestone; *The Soft Appeal: Sentiment in the Age of Cybernetic Disclosure*, Jackqueline Frost; *Anti-Oedipus*, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari; *Chaosmosis*, Félix Guattari; *Eden Eden Eden*, Pierre Guyotat; *Tomb for 500,000 Soldiers*, Pierre Guyotat; *Prostitution*, Pierre Guyotat; *The Piano Teacher*, Michael Haneke; *The Little Black Book of Grisélidis Réal: Days and Nights of an Anarchist Whore*, Jean-Luc Hennig; *Ma Mère*, Christophe Honoré; *Fifty Shades of Grey* Trilogy, E L James; *Suicide*, Edouard Levé; *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*, Dusan Makavejev; *In the Realm of the Senses*, Nagisa Oshima; *Mamma Roma*, Pier Paolo Pasolini; *Mercury*, Ariana Reines; *The Story of O*, Pauline Réage; *Christmas on Earth*, Barbara Rubin; *The Body in Pain*, Elaine Scarry; *The 120 Days of Sodom*, Marquis de Sade; *Peggy and Fred in Hell*, Leslie Thornton; *Unknown Pleasures*, Anna Vitale



Versions of these poems and/or text have appeared previously in *Aesthetix*, *Artifice Magazine*, *The Fanzine*, *FLOOD*, and *Stoked*, Vol. 5

Portions have been read and/or performed at ARTIFICIAL EAR at MEAT TRAIN, the Kill Yr Idols series at Cole's, The Marble Room series at The Parlor, Uncharted Books in Chicago, IL; Unnameable Books in Brooklyn, NY; Oscar Presents in Madison, WI; Signal Return in Detroit, MI; and at Rob Halpern's and Lee Azus's in Ypsilanti, MI.

# I Thank, with Effusive Gratitude:

My family for all their love and support.

My brilliant editor, publisher, and dear friend, Peter Jurmu.

The incredible vision of my designer, M. Kitchell.

The whole Artifice and Curbside Splendor crew for all their hard work.

For close readings by Brandon Brown, Thom Donovan, Chris Kraus, Lorian Long, Sarah Mendelsohn and Brian Whitener.

*For the support and inspiration from my friends, collaborators, and those whose art, writing, and work I admire (and have benefitted deeply from):*

Arnold Adoff, Lauren Beck, Lauren Berlant, Anne Boyer, Melissa Broder, Brandon Brown, Marie Buck, Blake Butler, Phaedra Call, Feng Sun Chen, Norma Cole, CA Conrad, Dennis Cooper, Andrew Culp, Thom Donovan, Rachel Ellison, Jack Frost, Cassandra Gillig, David Giordano, Rob Halpern, Katherine Harvath, Jose Hernandez, Christopher Higgs, Peter Jurmu, Elaine Kahn, Nabiha Khan, M. Kitchell, Jarett Kobek, Chris Kraus, Lorian Long, Carrie Lorig, Denise Markonish, Scott McClanahan, Sarah Mendelsohn, Megan Milks, Sophia Moreno, James Payne, Sam Pink, Andy Plank, Ariana Reines, Adam Rose, Fred Schmidt-Arenales, Natalie Shapero, Michael Slosek, Paul Somers, Ola Stahl, Chris Stults, Jason K. Tallon, Zefrey Throwell, Cody Troyan, Masha Tupitsyn, Anna Vitale, Jim Voorhies, Josh Walden, Hamza Walker, Jackie Wang, Coda Wei, Brian Whitener, and Colin Winnette.

The Chicago Kink community for what it has taught me about betrayal, control, destruction, surrender, suffering, gratitude, and love.

Finalmente, *The Bishop*, certo.

