

Could Versus Can (we don't always return)

There are again you's and the chaff and slow unheavy water. What comes again green and then my name. I have posed by the streams and rivers waiting for you even when I hadn't known it was possible to see your snow ever again and then imagined a bird thawing in my ear. The bird walks into my ear and goes behind my eyes and maybe plays heavy metal guitar and makes me sort of stupid. I am bird blinded. My hands could be good hands if they had some sort of chance to provide people with useful things or were adept at infrared communications and not ugly as they so often are scolded to be with me. Then that is why they don't sing. Most rivers are fake today but I haven't figured out what that means in practice. Outside business can be vulgar, but I wasn't lonely until I met people and saw my hands and then the stream and listened to the guitars of a thousand heavy metal birds. Some people think it is special to be unhappy but most of those people are idiots with moths growing out of their nervousness. For me I wish I could sink in these craters around your house and turn into a thousand fossils which people would collect. And they would be happier with me than you would be and I will love only your possible streams and waiting until I might not ever see you again. Come of day and age— to with me, you are keys rayed in the blanched sunset falling asleep.

Darts of Happiness

Grail with proceeding senses, what that is to stark and obliterate my forearm. I've given the sun, I've given the ocean and eighteen fish. Pretenders of my house, come in again— I need those trees to surround me and break my arms and burn my hair. Procedures that incorporate my thanks and forgiveness, the sense of furtherance and utter declaration that horses are capable of demonstrating my calligraphy and evil blood veins. My house is glorified on the coast and enthroned with barbs like a holiday sunner. Gifts give me warm clothes that I tear and feed to seventeen of the fish, letting one die. I let one fish die every morning of the new month. I let one house settle in my arm too, even though it makes it very heavy and I become nervous. The giver of tempted thoughts shapes my breathing into something impossible. Harness these senses in darts, joy their arrogant hope. I cancel religion and philosophy, all the truth is pathetic when surrounded by my friends and their beauty. I am their servant and they are my religion hope with escapism, escapade (truant). The safe and hollowed bond that frictions apologies, once for seizure another for abandon. Resort to happiness when forced on a sphere of beauty, everything can be painfully wonderful so the furnace collects it all with a shallow light. Shallow sunset formed in happiness, painted in the veins of the last living fish. All visible light is specters, the sun given sense purged at last the evil and shaped the grail of joy in my friends believable faces. No worries given in gore, we all wait in a division of preformed voluntary romance like mice carrying gothic ceilings towards a center which must not escape again.

My Heart Chimera Storm

Good luck new gold fevering once revealed by my poor purchase, we are small here again. Goodbye stupid fetish for nameplates, stupid fetish for empty wheat fields has returned. I know it was moisture that ruined my telescope which I was using to look across the ocean at myself in one year and maybe happy (hurrah). Fever that spends the water I wanted to drink, I was feeling lonely and called a friend but she said I was much too ugly to remember her anymore. I told the building superintendent that I didn't even want to cry after that at all and he peeled my fingernails off. Where is my happiness across the ocean? Good luck sun, maybe my telescope can be fixed. I drink too much from the ocean and wait for next year. Put a nameplate on my fever (oh I see you've returned too) and make me small again, my friends wont suffer, I'll do it all for them and translate the feeling correctly— joy and purchase of a sunrise echo. Recharged I can hear everything, and everything surrounds my miscellaneous fires.

Mismanaged Rabbits

Shape of a chlorophyll, shape of a Jewish bride. Shape of a dancing tiger, shape of a restless leg syndrome. She will buy you of full contact swords and equipment gear. She will avoid this fright because she is easily sighted and reclaim free shipping. To be chloroform again, to be a breath mist of a lake. Safe durable weapons inventoried and after that, our huge concrete building was still shaking smoothly like a jelly in complete silence. We have to buy strings from dweebs and feed c/d to all due to recurving stramite in one of my guys. Only but she maintains form and shakes unnoticeable. Gear of heavy avoidance, lurks shape of posture and condensing. Leave ruts bared in the atlas marks. She has resisted measuring height, give breath again to loom across the desert now. Retrieve, she is still shaking.

Lotus One Hundred Times

Avalanche for formal attire with patience and get hurried. I am controlling cufflinks with my mind, I am controlling seamstress and math. Defeat the buried jacket and defeat the nine-o'clock. Thank you buddy we all smell like Fabergé eggs: sign up for frequent loyalty passions. Formal attire with anchors in your hands lets formal guests train their minds to perform passionate judo on orphans. No guests looking outside knows how to control weather. Patience in the lotus garden, repeat the version of having fire escapes to you. An avalanche of maid service I am not controlling sleep but sign up for ten weeks. It's not easy to get god before your neighbors. Bee garden of defeat you will never be loved by one control lotus. Shine the water where it can be patient with you, so also thank you, buried for creepy shoes, buried for chalk silent ways in which I can still look outside with praying and now I control even the mountains between you.