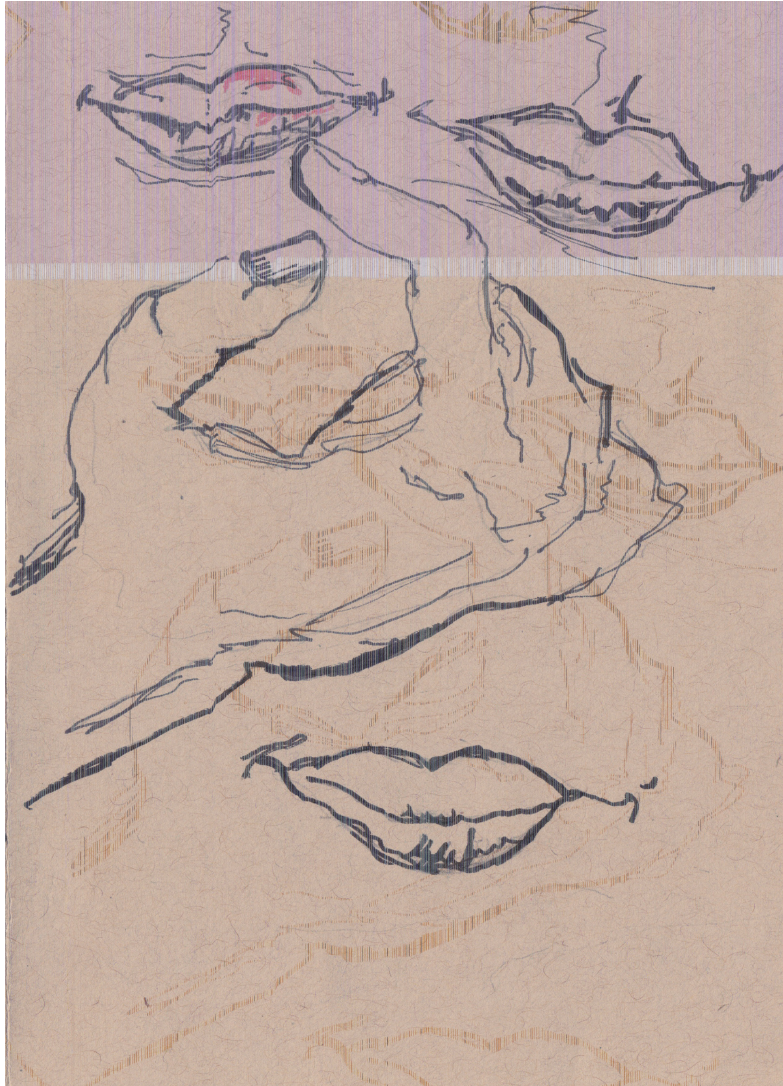


I think
that we
make
better
friends





I enjoyed myself I thought
it was fun

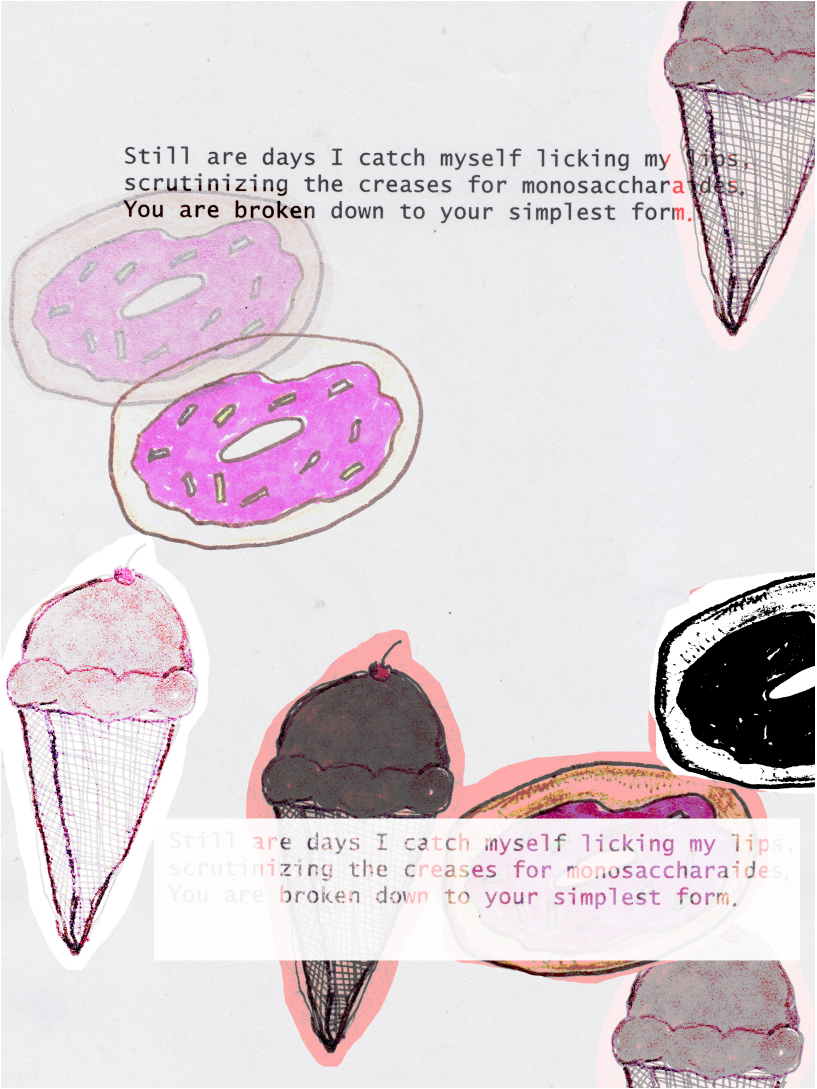
I just don't feel that
strongly



I

Send





Still are days I catch myself licking my lips,
scrutinizing the creases for monosaccharaides.
You are broken down to your simplest form.

Still are days I catch myself licking my lips,
scrutinizing the creases for monosaccharaides.
You are broken down to your simplest form.

I hope that you are able to see through my occasional thickass my stupidity,

when the
water runs
dry will there
be another
dimension.
Don't leave.
I want you to
be there when
I die. You were
there when I died.
so I guess it's OK
that you finally left.



Looks inviting
tastes exciting!

Fallopian tube
Fallopian tube
Ovary
Ovary
Uterus
Endometrium
Myometrium
Cervix
Vagina

i'm going to run seven miles to your house and
cook you breakfast. is that okay?
i'm going to keep you up until two in the morning.
i'm going to want to hold your want,
but i won't tell you that. and i won't ask or do anything.

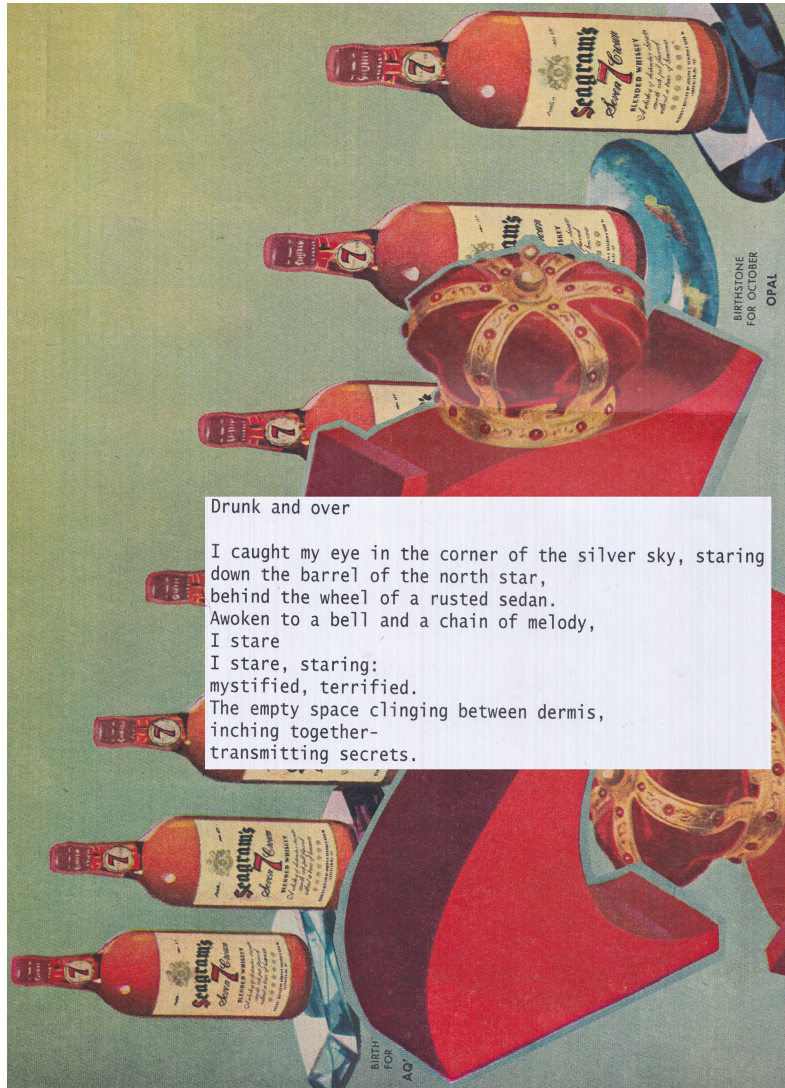
roses are dead
violet is located
between purple and blue.
your face makes me sick,
i don't know what to do
it's really me,
but it is mostly you

i felt a deepening sadness when Scotland rejected independence,
like i'm never going to feel okay



as. I can never relax you don't have to be
Instead I spend the whole or alive. I will still sit
ss night watching television teeth in and get a
m and pretending that I'll I don't really feel hu
I wash the ditches. When
upl. it's time for me My body is a cage.
I don't have any use for all
they all feel broken. I'm
with feeding my ego. I know
smart or kind or funny a
am. I don't know how to
upset when things don't
I don't know how to talk
boys or men or women or
or people. I saw this and t
wouldn't have to use useless
world needs to meet me b
stop freaking
the o
to work
to be
but it
really
right. Am I
that
when the
in the gasol
is not There
er I try to worse
off my skin. I can't even
the way my am just waiting for
feel in waiting to stop so I can try





Drunk and over

I caught my eye in the corner of the silver sky, staring
down the barrel of the north star,
behind the wheel of a rusted sedan.
Awoken to a bell and a chain of melody,
I stare
I stare, staring:
mystified, terrified.
The empty space clinging between dermis,
inching together-
transmitting secrets.



