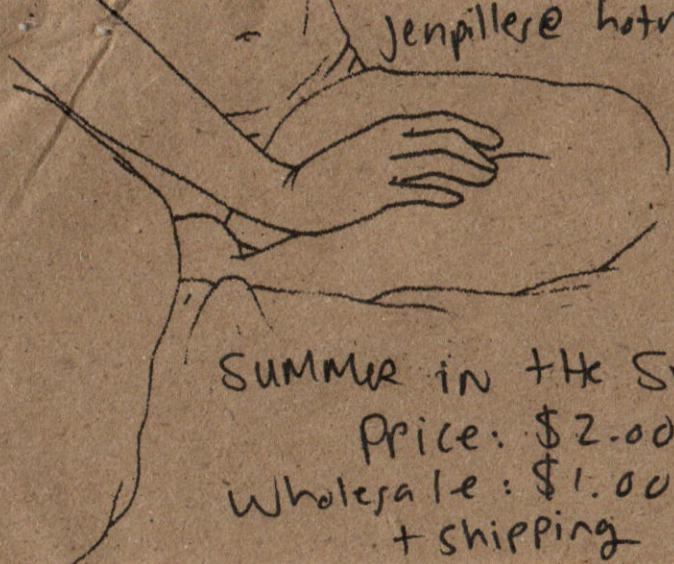


Jenpiller@hotmail.com



SUMMER in the SUBURBS

Price: \$2.00

Wholesale: \$1.00
+ shipping



Summer
in the
Suburbs

SUMMERTIME

2005



UPON RETURNING Home, i

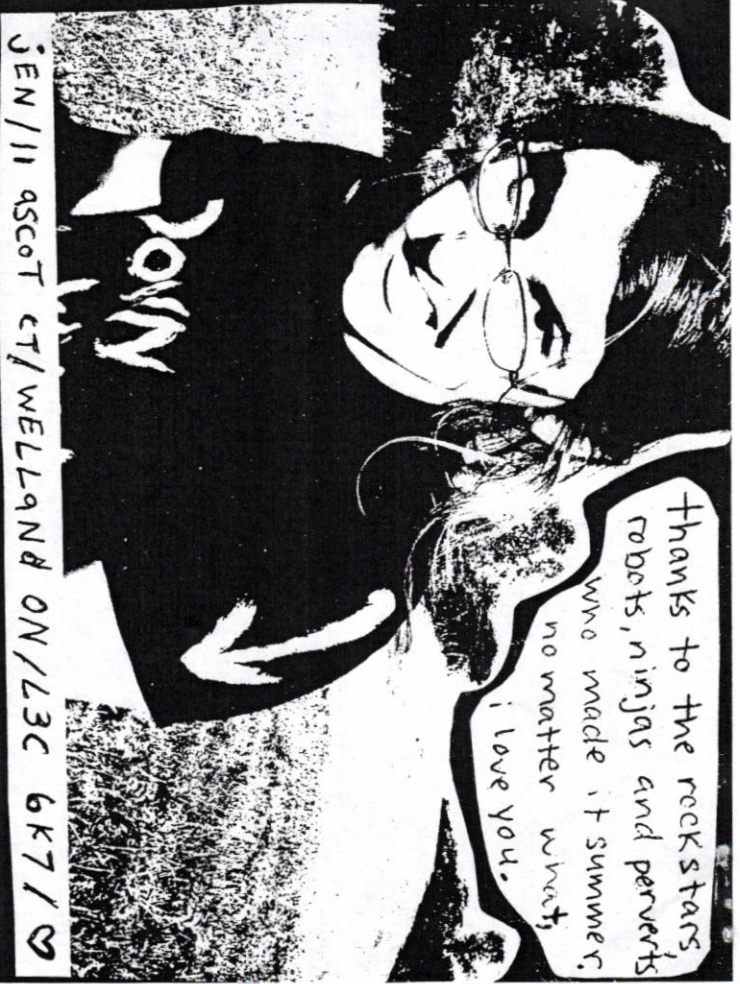
PROCLAIM

Joyously to the

Skies:

"it is

SUMMER TIME!"



Thanks to the rock stars,
robots, ninjas and perverts
who made it summer,
no matter what,
i love you.

JEN/11 ASCOT CT/WELLAND ON/L3C 6K7/♡

last day of august.

August went by FAST FAST

a million years in one second and i barely remember what happened at all.

deep breaths

you know

ever since

i mapped out

existence

ive been breathing

a little bit easier

bye.

canada is so pretty in the summertime.

i just want to walk around all day and look at flowers and bugs and eat fruit and have long conversations about nothing and silent conversations about everything.

you dont sweat in canada. i can stay outside all day. the grass is green green green and the sun doesnt set until forever. we can live outside. why do we need indoors?

i can wear sweaters at night and we can cuddle and look at the lame welland stars and pretend that there are more of them.

do you want to go for a walk with me?

who are you and why are you in my dreams and in my head? its because of you i cant sleep. what the HELL is going on? did any of that just happen? did Wednesday happen? did thailand happen? what the ...? cynic cynic CYNIC where did you come from? where did this come from? "i can do whatever i want. whatever" its like...i dont even know anymore but my stomach just hurts all the time and my whole body is weary with all this thinking lets just distract and distract and distract and forget it if only we could sleep. i chop people up in my dreams and toss and turn and tangle my hair and you can tangle it more if you want just run your fingers through it will all fall out in time and everything ends and fades. People die. it happens and also everything is nothing and nothing is everything and we are all interconnected in the infinity that transcends time and space and how is it possible that i seem to comprehend it all at once and all i come out with for a life philosophy...lets run away to Montreal you can come if you want or not . i could do it by myself. i COULD. i could do a lot of things. i could do anything i COULD. i will seduce poets and poi all day and just walk and walk and walk i will walk through the woods to your house but forget to say hello and my legs will hurt so bad i will not sleep but just half dream half toss of every every everything they tell me.

love love love love love love. double plus plus.
feels different already.
im getting sick of turning points.
but still they are my favourite thing.
rain rain go away.
come back when i call you
washing away summer
right down the centre
summer time see yuh.
you know your not very far away at all
but still, you know
the times, they are a changing always
always always always
i learned that in thailand
and its always proving
to be true.

so just in case
JUST in case
you never know.
i love you kay?

bye bye doids
girls and boys
off you go now
off we go now
now with hurricanes
and winds
i think its time
we did something
different
go away
or stay
but still

summers done
mostly done
basically done
its been fun
we dont exist
but we might as well
pretend.

and i dont hear music
any more dont want to but i do sometimes and its just
not the same. i havent danced in a while while. i am too
sick. my tummy hurts it is like not being able to move. i
just sit in the shower and let the hot water pour on me
and turn my skin pink and i turn off my brain and tangle
my hair even more with cinnamon soap and then i drive
past churches and suburbs and more churches and strip
malls and even more suburbs and try to find walks on
trails and in parks and graveyards. i just sit in my
backyard and eat blueberries. you can come if you want.
i am self proclaimed mother nature. even if i just sit on
a bench and rip up leaves and stretch out on pavement.
lets eat chinese food on my corner at 2 am. did that
really happen? Actually you know what im probably
just tired cause i keep dreaming those dreams and
waking up and nothing really seems to help so i just let
it happen. whatever. i can do what i want. i COULD. i
really really could. whatever.

WHERE
THE
HELL

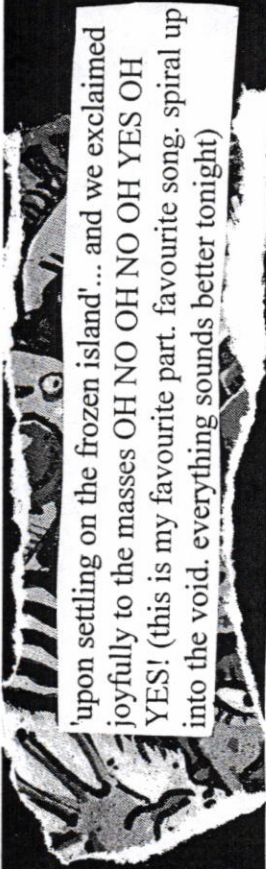
AM!
EVEN?

!?

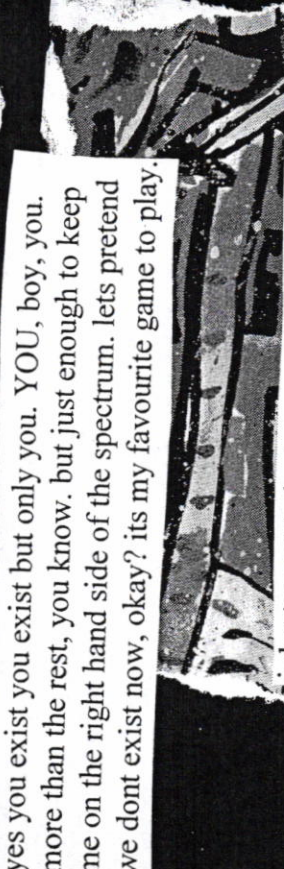
oh yuck yuck i am sick sick sick lets just kiss in
the rain then ill go inside and throw up for an hour thats
the most romantic thing ive ever heard. i did it on
purpose you know cant be falling in love. not yet not yet
not yet. but now i really am sick like my stomach is
gurgling and churning and my head is searing pain so
much i cant keep things inside they just go in the toilet
or onto paper or come out as words that i whisper to
myself. come close and you can hear them or stay far
away and you will wonder forever what im thinking. i
dont even know. my eyes were red and glassy glazed
and i looked in the mirror and laughed because i am sick
and crying. and now im going to a funeral and life just
keeps getting better and better. heal, dear body heal i
want to be well i want to keep going. best story i ever
heard; im still laughing. gurgle gurgle here i go again:
find me above a toilet bowl, laughing at the absurdities
of it all.

what a revelation. wish you could see what i saw.

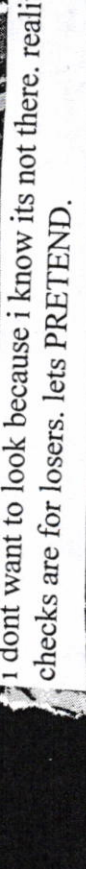
(goodbye summertime. this is the beginning of the end)




'upon settling on the frozen island'... and we exclaimed joyfully to the masses OH NO OH NO OH YES OH YES! (this is my favourite part. favourite song. spiral up into the void. everything sounds better tonight)



yes you exist but only you. YOU, boy, you. more than the rest, you know. but just enough to keep me on the right hand side of the spectrum. lets pretend we dont exist now, okay? its my favourite game to play.



i dont want to look because i know its not there. reality checks are for losers. lets **PRETEND**.



no more bullshit, he said. lets just take it as it is

make up the breakdown in the bathroom why dont you just cry cry cry and miss your interview or something? sounds like a good start to the day. Walk around town and indulge in sad songs and singalongs your addictions arent going to help you now. downward spiral down down down down just a perfect perfect day ends in tears or blood shed or both. only took two weeks to deteriorate completely. dont come and find me i am not here i am here and other bits and pieces strewn about we can have a scavenger hunt. finding beads and sweat and photographs and piece it all together collage me back together. i can probably do it myself im just too tired too tired too sick sick sick and tired. i want to scream but i dont have the energy so i will just sit. escape escape not even painting is there really just on my clothes and fingers and strewn in oily messes around my bedroom. black paint on my cheeks and in my hair ill shower it off and it swirls down the drain. there it goes. lazy lazy sleepy sad day i just want to curl in a ball only it gives me a stomach ache. what is this called and why isnt it going away? lou reed could save my life i bet but i wont let him. i should just stay away, run away. this isnt really working at all. i thought it would be easy.

i dont want to forget. i dont want to fade. i dont want to sleep

i want you to feel what i feel when i hear that song
because i swear to god the right song can save the
world.

i want to feel like white linen and clear skies, like those
winter mornings when the sky is thick grey and the air
feels like white fuzz, like your ears are plugged. i want
to feel like the noise you hear when you put your head
under the bath water and close your eyes. like your
heart but quieter.

i tired to make a thousand phonecalls today but nothing
works so i just cried like a little baby. just seek out
a thousand distractions and maybe just maybe you wont
have to think anymore. dont think anymore.



stop stop



just stop. your digging yourself in too deep. they dont
want to phone you anymore they say you hate the world.
what world is there? whats there to hate? as far as the
eye can see there are only things to love and love more,
only people to love and love deeply. only songs to sing
and art to make and days to dream in the hot hot pretty
sun but it doesnt seem to fill the ever cliché pit. hollow
hollow hole fill it in with distractions and have your
day.





i want to feel really connected to the people around me. something spiritual and unseen. i want to be in tune with whatever forces connect humanity but i feel like ive severed all ties. im clinging to something vague. it could be grand equations, but we are all too distracted. i think.


i want to know what im thinking. i can never really be sure. its never quiet enough. in there.

i want to be patient and honest and calm and rational.
but im not.

i want my art to make you want to want these things
too: i havnt figured out how to do that yet.

get me away from

here, i'm dying...



sit back lay back swing in the hammock and listen to
your crazy neighbours yell at each other. their
screaming carries all the way across the road. close your
eyes and think maybe they are right there beside you.
they could be your family, you know. all families are
psychotic. drink your coffee and read your book and
smile and think that no doubt the universe is unfolding
exactly as it should. all these things are good and bad
and all of them ARE the grand scheme. dont worry.
dont worry just breathe deep and seek peace.

i want to not need anyone. but i do.

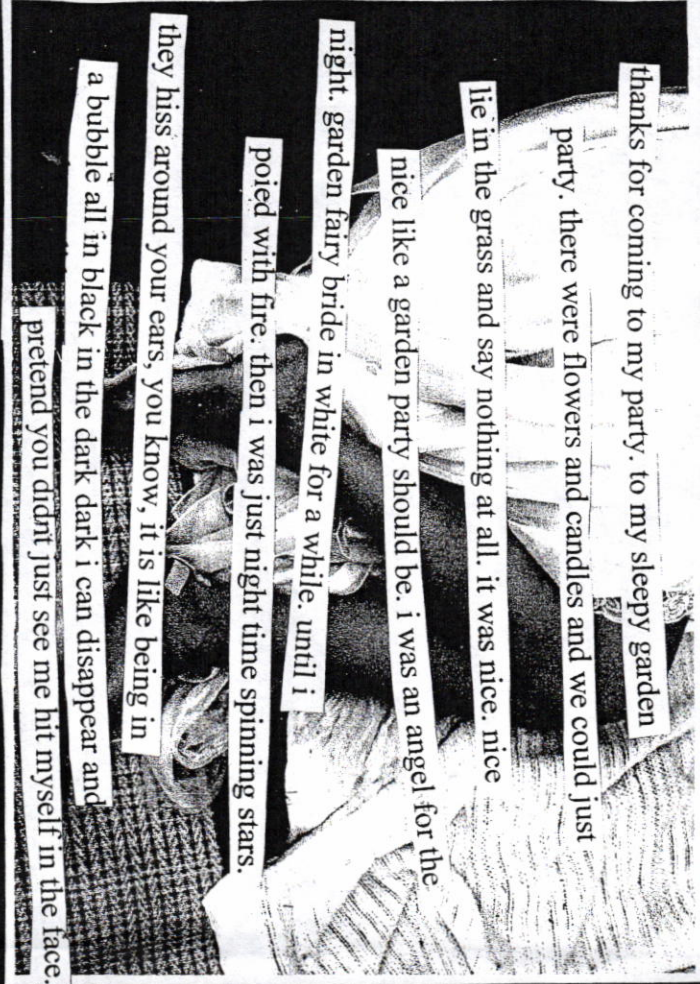
i want to cry. but i cant.

i want to dance. no. i want to want to dance. i want
rhythm that moves my body. remember dancing on the
beach? remember the sun setting in our sarongs and th
sky was a million colours?

i want to forget time and place and month and year. i
want my hair to tangle and my eyes to water and the
colours to blend with the days. i want to sleep outdoor
and be sun burned and strong.

drink more coffee and some ideas will come to you
soon enough. today i am a photographer. tomorrow i am
a screenwriter. the next day lets play. we can write
poetry on the sidewalks and just lay on the grass.

these past few days have been pretty sweet.



thanks for coming to my party. to my sleepy garden party. there were flowers and candles and we could just

lie in the grass and say nothing at all. it was nice. nice

nice like a garden party should be. i was an angel for the

night. garden fairy bride in white for a while. until i

poied with fire. then i was just night time spinning stars.

they hiss around your ears, you know, it is like being in

a bubble all in black in the dark dark i can disappear and

pretend you didnt just see me hit myself in the face.

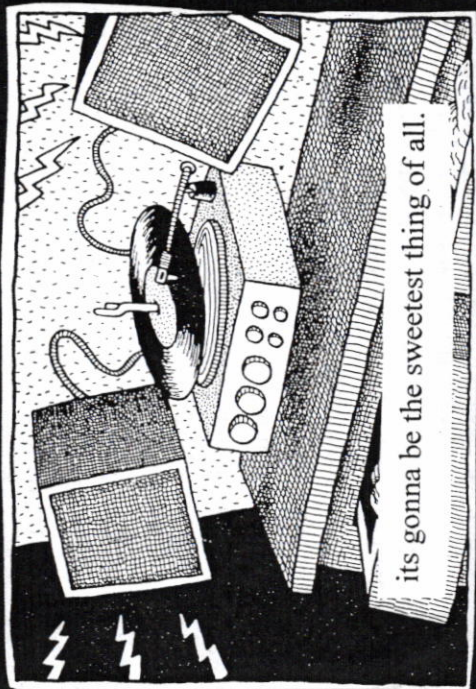
i want to be in love. really really in love. i want you to love me back.

i want to want something for the future. i want to have something im aiming for; leaning towards. i dont. i just pretend.

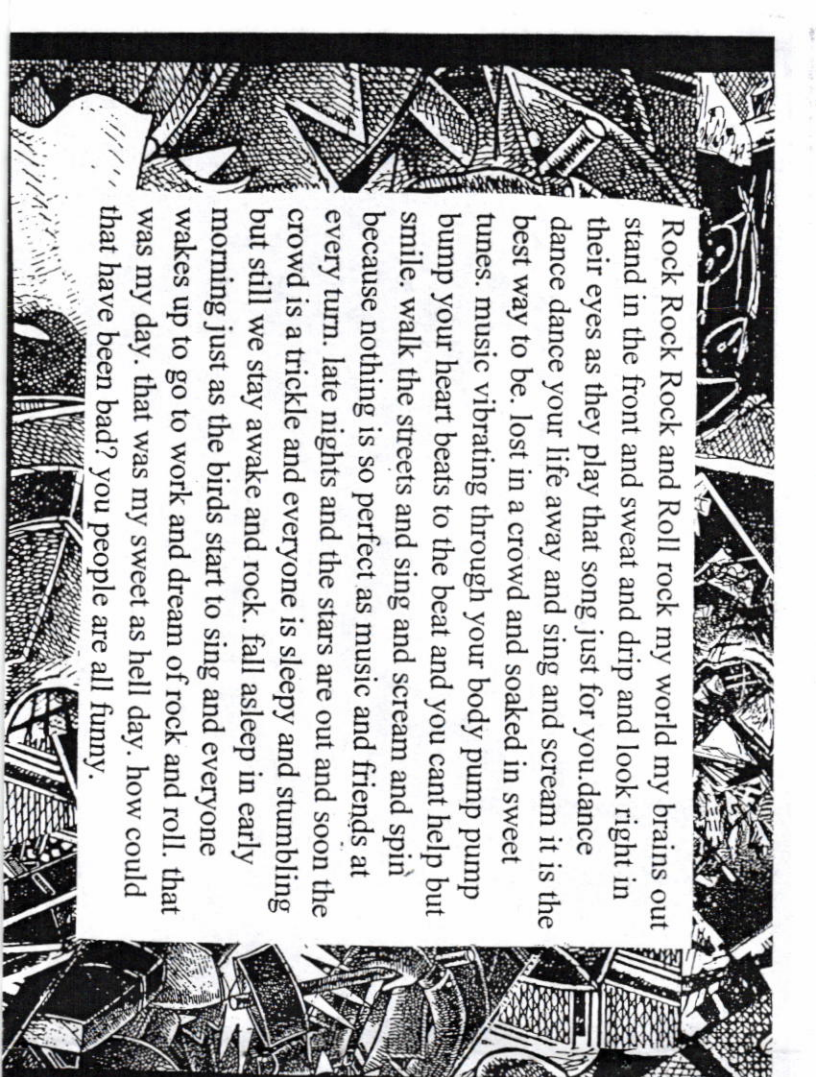
i want to pack my bags and get on a bus. i want to come
back years later with new scars and secrets.

i want to stand in the middle of a dark dark field and
feel only cold in my bones and see only dark all around
me and look up and see a meteor shower and scream
and scream and scream until my lungs are empty and
my throat is burning and my voice is gone.

see you all tomorrow. we will rock and roll our lives
away on the streets and just dance dance until we
are blind and aching. it is my favourite day of the year
(wish you could be there). rock and roll still has my
heart and i still love it more than anything. say what you
will but it cant be bad. just cant be.



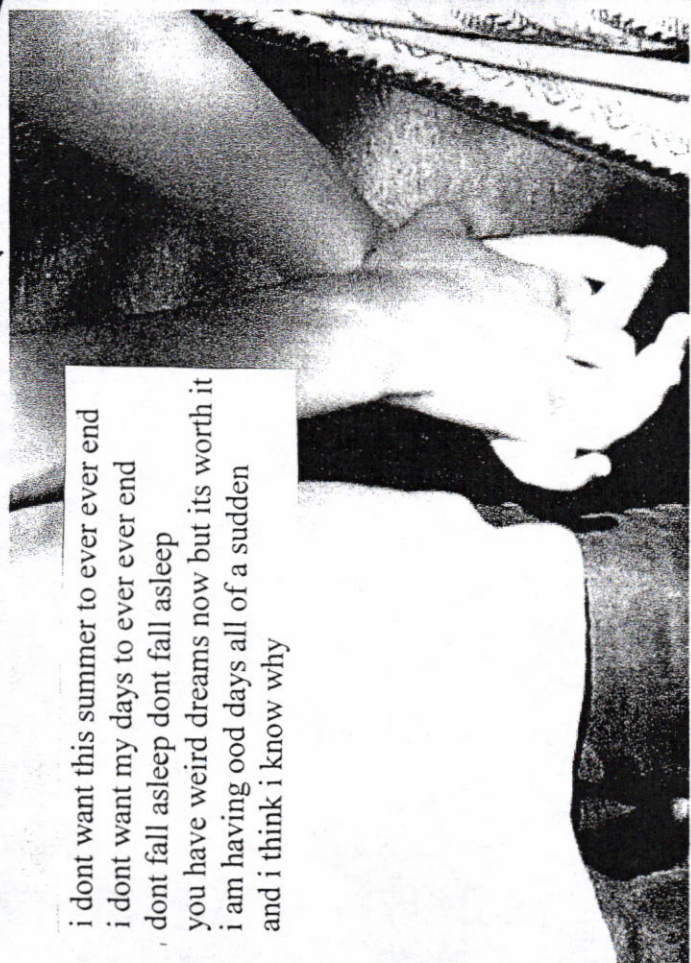
its gonna be the sweetest thing of all.



Rock Rock Rock and Roll rock my world my brains out
stand in the front and sweat and drip and look right in
their eyes as they play that song just for you. dance
dance dance your life away and sing and scream it is the
best way to be. lost in a crowd and soaked in sweet
tunes. music vibrating through your body pump pump
bump your heart beats to the beat and you cant help but
smile. walk the streets and sing and scream and spin
because nothing is so perfect as music and friends at
every turn. late nights and the stars are out and soon the
crowd is a trickle and everyone is sleepy and stumbling
but still we stay awake and rock. fall asleep in early
morning just as the birds start to sing and everyone
wakes up to go to work and dream of rock and roll. that
was my day. that was my sweet as hell day. how could
that have been bad? you people are all funny.



i want...



i dont want this summer to ever end
i dont want my days to ever end
dont fall asleep dont fall asleep
you have weird dreams now but its worth it
i am having ood days all of a sudden
and i think i know why

(im trying not to let you out i love you anyways)

it is most definitely fucking summer. sneaking out is the sweetest thing ever when you dont get caught they dont even have a clue! they wake you up at two pm and ask why your so tire d "i couldnt sleep last night" you mumble and roll over. couldnt sleep! ha! couldnt sleep cause you were out wandering the streets at 4am with your arm around a boy you love, stumbling around drunkenly and blissful. it was so summertime it wasnt even funny. almost too cliché to be cool but we were just on the edge it was perfect. lets write a screenplay about it in the future. about this perfect summer where everything just seems to work. i strutted home at 5 am, the streets were empty and i was powerful, alive, and stumbling here and there listening to the sounds and believing in the almighty power of rock and roll.

SUMMER

heart heart luff. its all starting over again . i can never
avoid it. Subconsciously i guess i dont want to. just fall.
fucking jump. get right in there its worth it. it
changes your spectrum completely. good things do
happen to lazy people.



if you were awake id demand you come over and crawl through my window and play with my hair and mumble with me for a while. we could listen to some music, or silence and go under the blankets and pretend we were camping. it would be really nice and wed stay up all night. in about half an hour the birds will start chirping and we can sit on the front porch and watch the stars go away and fall asleep in the middle of the morning, both of us in the hammock, swing swing swing to sleep on the front porch.



see you when im sane.

im gonna draw you a map and putter in a bottle. go for a swim and maybe one day you can find your way to the inside where all the good stuff (hopefully) is. right now im just embarrassed so im gonna hide for a bit i think.

i love YOU. i love this. i love what we do for fun. i love curling up and reading harry potter and sitting on my porch eating fruit. i love being in the weirdest places cause sometimes you really have no place else to go. lets hang out in no mans land, behind dumpsters and in church parking lots and lie around on the cement and talk about life or nothing okay? okay. sounds good. sounds like summer. sounds like mosquitos and if your really really lucky stars but there dont seem to be many stars anymore. lets go to parks and play. lets lie around on the beach and in or homes and just be quiet. lets take photographs. lets groom ourselves for hours. no im just kidding that is your bag. leave your hair in my sink why dont you? lets sleep in til noon EVERY SINGLE DAY. lets be teenaged because we are running out of TIME and soon you will all go be scholars and i will be stuck here and it is NO FUN to be a teen by yourself.

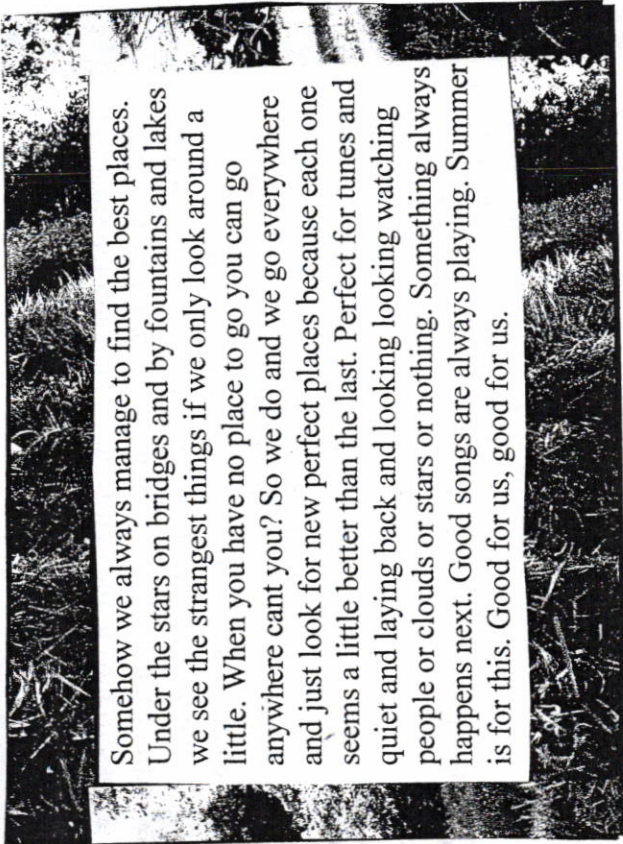
can we hear that song again? Just one more time,
maybe? Maybe? Cause WE NEED TO SHOUT!



i really think my favourite thing to do is just lay lay lay
around forever in the grass. it was like the earth was
warmer than everything else and it was breathing with
me. WITHH me. i am mother nature. happens every time.
i want to live in the grass. dont take me away. i dont
want to leave.

i wish i wish. can we just be in love maybe? id never let
myself, you know, and its probably exactly what i need.
never gonna happen my friends, not any time soon. this
is way too spin around turn around flip and flop see you
tomorrow ill be smiling and who knows what else. none
of this is relevant because tomorrow will be different. i
think i need to hide away and think and cleanse and
clear it all out inside and out clear and liquid til theres
nothing left no more dark clouds in my head and hart
and body its all kind of cloudy these days and i just keep
adding to it. exponential re creative. wanna feel what its
like in here.

"everything is beautiful and you are the reason"



Somehow we always manage to find the best places. Under the stars on bridges and by fountains and lakes we see the strangest things if we only look around a little. When you have no place to go you can go anywhere cant you? So we do and we go everywhere and just look for new perfect places because each one seems a little better than the last. Perfect for tunes and quiet and laying back and looking looking watching people or clouds or stars or nothing. Something always happens next. Good songs are always playing. Summer is for this. Good for us, good for us.

let's pretend we

KO'd. explode. i think my world just ended spinning on your back porch im pretty sure i burned up. im pretty sure theres not much left. Lingerin here in your dresses i didnt even fall asleep. i didnt even say goodbye i didnt even look away. woke up this morning not alive. not alive yet. i feel like im all curled up rolled up wrapped in blankets and i cant move until they fall off. can we do that again some day? seriously, that was awesome. somethings always happening isnt it? spin along and sing away it all turns out all right eventually.

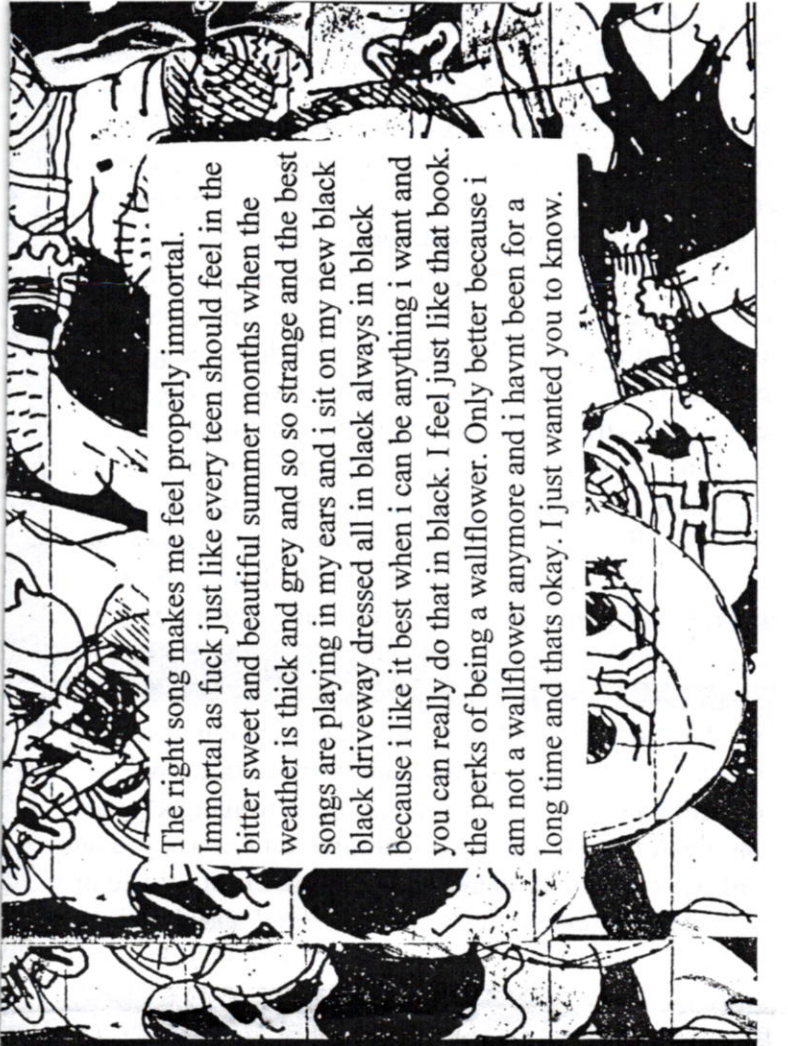
"You know the things you say kinda scare me sometimes" well why else would i say them? Its all just distractions and if you want to be distracted might as well go all the way. In a coma sitting there and everything is doubled tripled in my vision. My whole skin was on fire. It took a long time just to realize i hadnt exploded. Only teenagers. Only in summertime. Thank god you offered. I don't know how to say no. i don't know what i want would

don't exist





someone please surprise me. someone please sweep me off my fucking feet. get me away from here im dying. they sing sing the chorus sing along. its the happiest tune youll ever hear reverberating the biggest truths. i saw a dozen plus shiny faces. lying smiling foolish faces. or maybe they know something i dont know. more likely, most likely. lets flashback and cry. or try not to. lets not think about it. did any of that happen ?thai what? just answer without truths or tears. its one or the other you know. lying is so much easier these days. "i came back a compulsive liar" me too, anna banana, me too.



The right song makes me feel properly immortal. Immortal as fuck just like every teen should feel in the bitter sweet and beautiful summer months when the weather is thick and grey and so so strange and the best songs are playing in my ears and i sit on my new black black driveway dressed all in black always in black because i like it best when i can be anything i want and you can really do that in black. I feel just like that book. the perks of being a wallflower. Only better because i am not a wallflower anymore and i havnt been for a long time and thats okay. I just wanted you to know.

It would be nice if you could know everything and not worry . at all. ever. you worry too much to know that i drink and smoke and am sexually frustrated. that i have emotional breakdowns and swear and enjoy drugs and living as insanely as possible because i COULD get addicted to crystal meth and die or become an alcoholic and die or get hit by a car or a freak lightening storm or just be in the wrong place at te wrong time and get beat to death by 2 x 4s by someone who is just having a bad day or a bad trip or is just making a very big mistake. accidents happen and you cant protect yourself from everything. it goes without saying that i will die. everyone dies. all the time. overdosing on drugs or hit by cars or sick and alone and unfulfilled at age 89 in bed reflecting on how careful and dull your life was and how you still died.

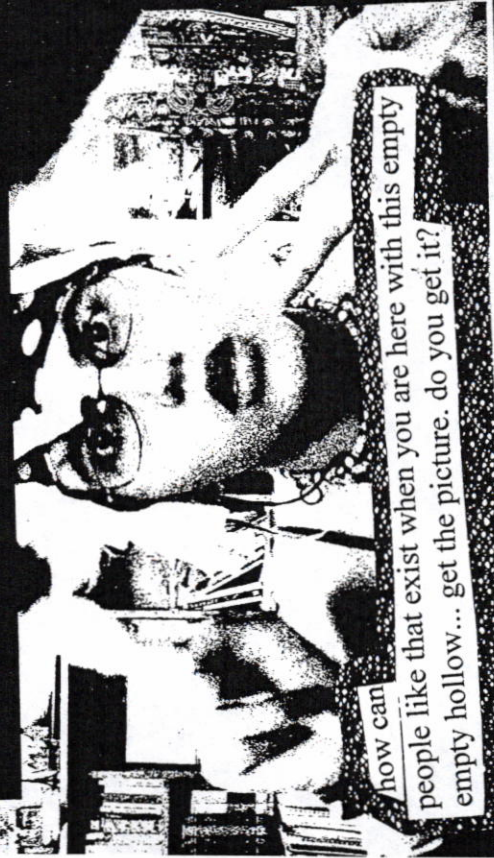
if i died today i would be happy because i have already had a fairly full life for the soul purpose that i wasnt careful and i tried dangerous things. i romanced and indulged in addictions. i adventured and journeyed and did what i wanted. thank god i am not afraid of life or i would have never ended up in Thailand and that did a world of good for me even know i know its hard to tell right now.

dark and heavy. its like sleepy drowsy drifting lonely hazy. its like "where are you?" and not quite "who am i?" but "who am i choosing to be?" and why do i keep making these choices. i cant depend on this on you online on life. happy doesn't equal outside forces. happy is something else i need to find. happy isnt in your lungs or liver. happy where did you go? bright yellow fricken sunshine happy kids and sunflowers but you wouldnt guess it feels like black. lets fool ourselves with colour. bright and shineys. or not fool ourselves at all. maybe thats not the way. no lies or distractions. think you could tell the truth for once? for three minutes? think you could stay inside for one night without going out? could you? will you? time will tell my weakened spirit almost left twice now. third times a charm and i know who could do it too. you better not find me. i am trying to prove something. but to who? theres not way i could shock myself anymore. ive seen all i have to show myself.

its like



silly silly little hippie girl what are you doing with your time. what happened to you? look at you vacant stare and vacant mind and over flowing over flowing more there than youd think from that empty empty look. dont go insane quite yet, the worlds not done with you yet, have you gotten the hint yet? well go and get it.



how can people like that exist when you are here with this empty empty hollow... get the picture. do you get it?

id rather live like this than any other way.

And ye si have messy hair and yes i do dangerous things and yes i cry and scream and freak out. i swear. fuck. I do it all the time. and i fall in and out of love like lightning and i make mistakes and get afraid and i face my fears. i sing in the shower and i smoke in the shower and i sit in the shower for hours and just try to think. and i stay up all night and fall asleep just when the sun starts to rise and the birds start chirping at me. and i set things on fire and break rules because i can because we need to remember sometimes that we could do anything we want.

we could do anything we want.

We just need to know what we want and really want it. leaders and laws and mothers and the rules of society can all go to hell because there is always an option and we really can do anything. its nice to feel free sometimes. to feel powerful sometimes. its nice to scream sometimes because that is what normal is. not the quiet happy way. i think there is something wrong with that. its not even a little bit normal. we need to live passionately and to the fullest. we need to do things when we can and when the opportunity pops up and we need to lie around and do absolutely nothing sometimes too. because we will die, and as long as summer feels, it is going to end. it ends a little more every day and as young as we feel now, that too will fade because in the end everything fades. And things are always changing and if you don't do it now you never will. because you can only do things once. under the circumstances. you will never be THIS person doing THAT thing ever again. you might get a chance to do it again later in life but by then you will be a different person and so its not really the same.



SCARF
P

sweaty kids and floating ghosties a thousand miles away
gate 12 gate 12 gate 12 where the hell did we end up
this time? down down down into the mist and dust and
dark with your sobe s flashlight and yer little hood to
keep you safe. see the ghosts? see em ?floating glowing
little blues everywhere by yer head and up yer skirt. im
not scared turn out the lights and cry why dont you?
slipper slimy drip drip jingle jangle? hear that? out in
the woods? could be anything. heart pace pace quicken
faster beating sweating dripping cold gripping holding
hands whose hand? i was five feel away! long and
endless tunnel find me there panting sticky back up
where we belong to fear at its best the way it should be
kids jumping out of the bushes. good for them. thats
what we get. babies babies just find yer gum and lets go
home. GHOST TUNNEL baby. like ghost mountain but
better.



time takes it tole. on us and on the world. and
everything is always different so just do it. because you
can now. there is no time like now so live it the fuck up.
and later on you can do different things as a different
person and it will all add up to create yet another
different person in the end.
life is experiences. only experiences. if you are not
experiencing it then you are not living, just waiting to
live.

unfolding as it should. it is all a part of the same
connection. we will never understand all the divine and
mysterious links of this world. it is all connected so
intricately. all the changes are natural, and they all
coincide with each other and as i change, you change,
and we are all living in this crazy beautiful world
together.

But if you are doing it all as passionately as you can
then indeed you are living and indeed the universe is

All this shit is part of it too. the blacks of life. the greys and the wild reds and the lonely purples and the tragedies and destruction and pain and all of it comes and goes in ups and downs in patterns we could never understand. why would we try to stop it? It is part of the grand scheme.

The great mystery of life is that we don't understand it but we have to live it anyways, in a way that makes sense to us. we will never understand LIFE but we can understand the ways we live on a small and personal scale. and our choices will have ups and downs too just like the large scale lie that connects us all. i have found my way to live and i live it and not everyone agrees with it but they need to find their own way to live before it is too late because everyone is dying changing and different. my way cant be your way, and your way will never be mine. we have to live for us and if we all do that then we are all alive in this world and it is just as chaotic and confusing as it has ever been but that is the way it is supposed to be i think.



spin around touch the ground puke up everything that is red and wonderful in this world and laugh about it later. dude brah was there in person and afterwards there was a flood. next day family swim time at grandpas heat stroke in the sun shine i think my skin was melting off. summer is spinning out of my control and its all so familiar somehow. katamari damacy in the basement is probably the best thing that has ever happened to me. i like us this way. i cant speak proper english anymore.

cavener this!

i love i love i love you guys. i love heat stroke and the
beats sung by a perverted geroge harrison and a balding
paul...ringo is way too hot. ha ha. remember when john
died? it was sad. i love how things always happen if you
just wait around long enough. i love half naked dancing
men. LAPD my ass. i loved that guys like you wouldnt
believe. i love heat stroke and sitting with my brain
dead trying to make sure you cant tell how blurry my
vision is. i like that we can all pass out in my living
room and thats okay. i love our technology dependance.
i love our dirty hair. i love our television sized
sunglasses. i love that when you leave i feel like i have
to learn english all over again. that is a good feeling.

but then again, what do i know? I only know the world
as seen and experienced and lived by me. your world is
not mine. none of this is relevant.

it is for me and me alone but maybe if you understand
then we can live harmoniously in our differences.
joyously in our choices and our passions.

it will all turn out all right in the end and by all right i
mean mysteriously and possibly tragically. maybe it will
all end on a bad note, but the world keeps going even if
our own personal world turns out to be futile and
terrible. but people keep on living and dying and the
world keeps on living and dying and we kill and create
and destroy and play our parts in the ups and downs and
someday a long way away, or maybe tomorrow, our
whole world will end and there will be something more
or nothing at all. something wonderful and eternal and
spiritual or maybe just a dead end.

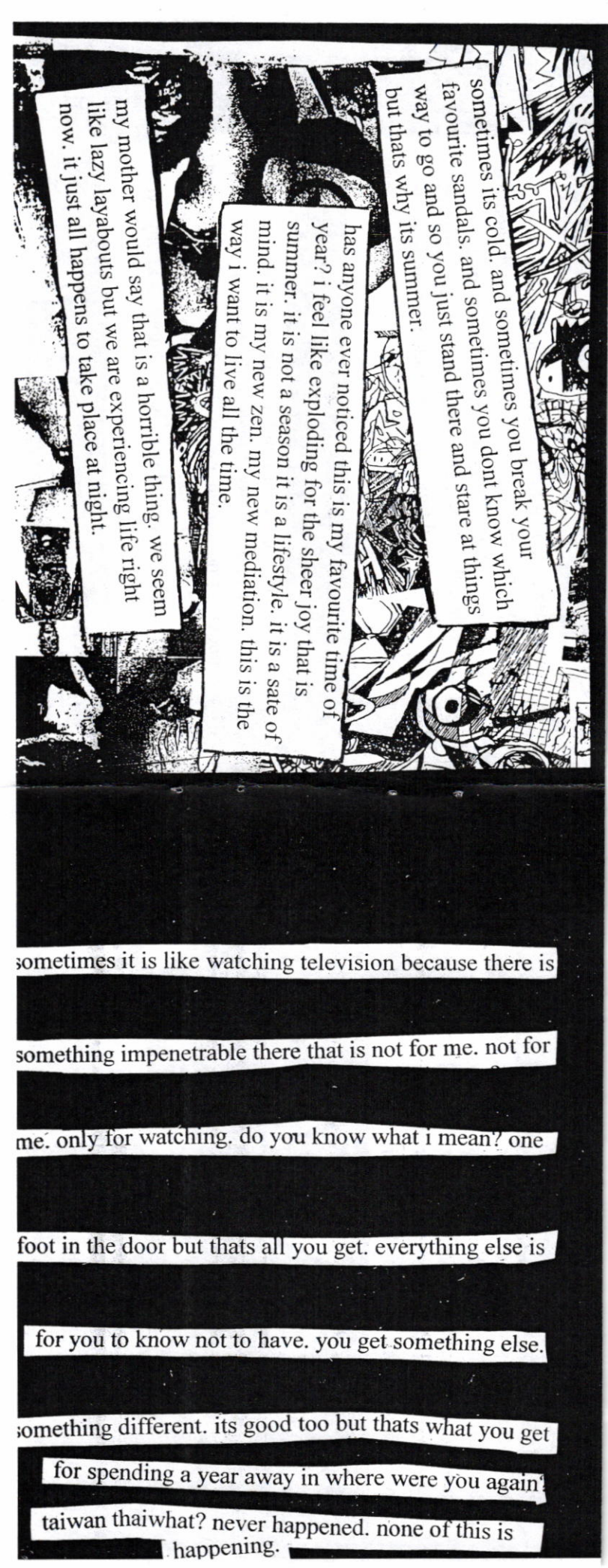
either way we keep on going and growing and living
and dying and making and breaking and falling in and
out of love...



summer time has swept me up and took my soul. on
layaway. til fall when i can decide if that was a good
idea or not but seriously guys. seriously. last night was
too perfect. we shouldn't be having that much fun its
going to destroy my emotional spectrum.

, summer time is for night time. at night time it is like
an early autumn day. cool and clear and bright and the
moon does funny things at night and you really
appreciate the stars. never ever can you see them but
just some special times the sky is clear enough to see
and you can make up constellations if you want to. they
are everywhere to be found.

i dont want this ever to end. i want to do this every night
no matter how listless it feels at the time. now we can
wander for no reason and explore this place we live and
worked in for so long. there is more to see here than
you'd think and something always happens always you
just have to go outside and see.




sometimes its cold. and sometimes you break your favourite sandals. and sometimes you dont know which way to go and so you just stand there and stare at things but thats why its summer.

has anyone ever noticed this is my favourite time of year? i feel like exploding for the sheer joy that is summer. it is not a season it is a lifestyle. it is a sate of mind. it is my new zen. my new mediation. this is the way i want to live all the time.

my mother would say that is a horrible thing. we seem like lazy layabouts but we are experiencing life right now. it just all happens to take place at night.

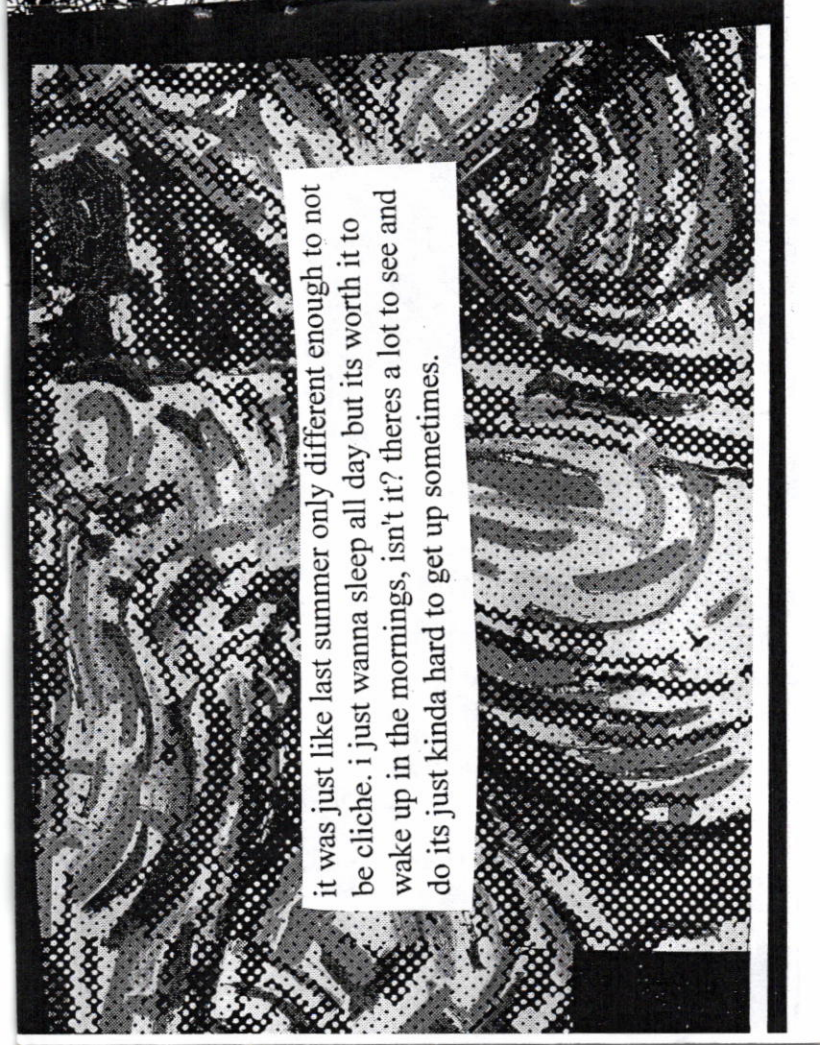
sometimes it is like watching television because there is something impenetrable there that is not for me. not for me. only for watching. do you know what i mean? one foot in the door but thats all you get. everything else is for you to know not to have. you get something else. something different. its good too but thats what you get for spending a year away in where were you again? taiwan thaiwhat? never happened. none of this is happening.



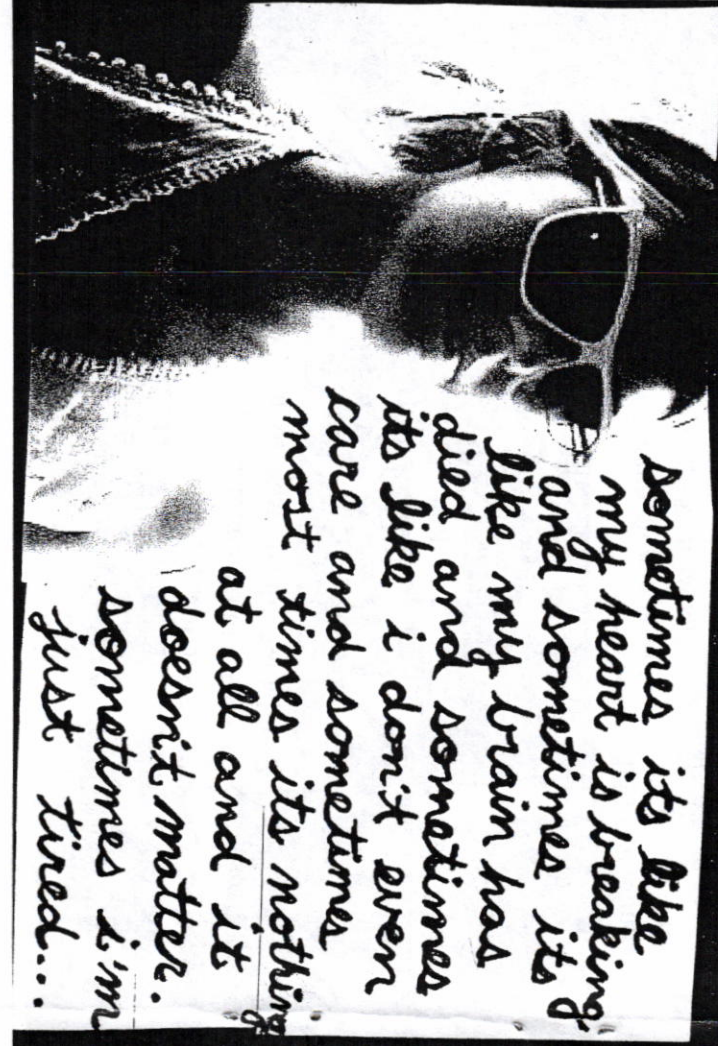
so sleep at day. its okay. thats what its all about .and
stare at a wall for half an hour and go outside at
midnight and look at the moon.

or dont.


dont let me tell you what to do. you have your own
summer. i think summer is different for everyone but
this is summer for me and it is fuckin sweet.



it was just like last summer only different enough to not
be cliché. i just wanna sleep all day but its worth it to
wake up in the mornings, isn't it? theres a lot to see and
do its just kinda hard to get up sometimes.



Sometimes its like
my heart is breaking
and sometimes its
like my brain has
died and sometimes
its like i don't even
care and sometimes
most times its nothing
at all and it
doesn't matter.
sometimes i'm
just tired...



familiar smells and we all perk up and get heat stroke in
the sketch pad play pen while the beat beat beats sing to
us from decades past.

pass out in my living room and
fall asleep on each other. im kind of afraid that its all
down hill from here... but mostly im afraid that things
are just getting started.