

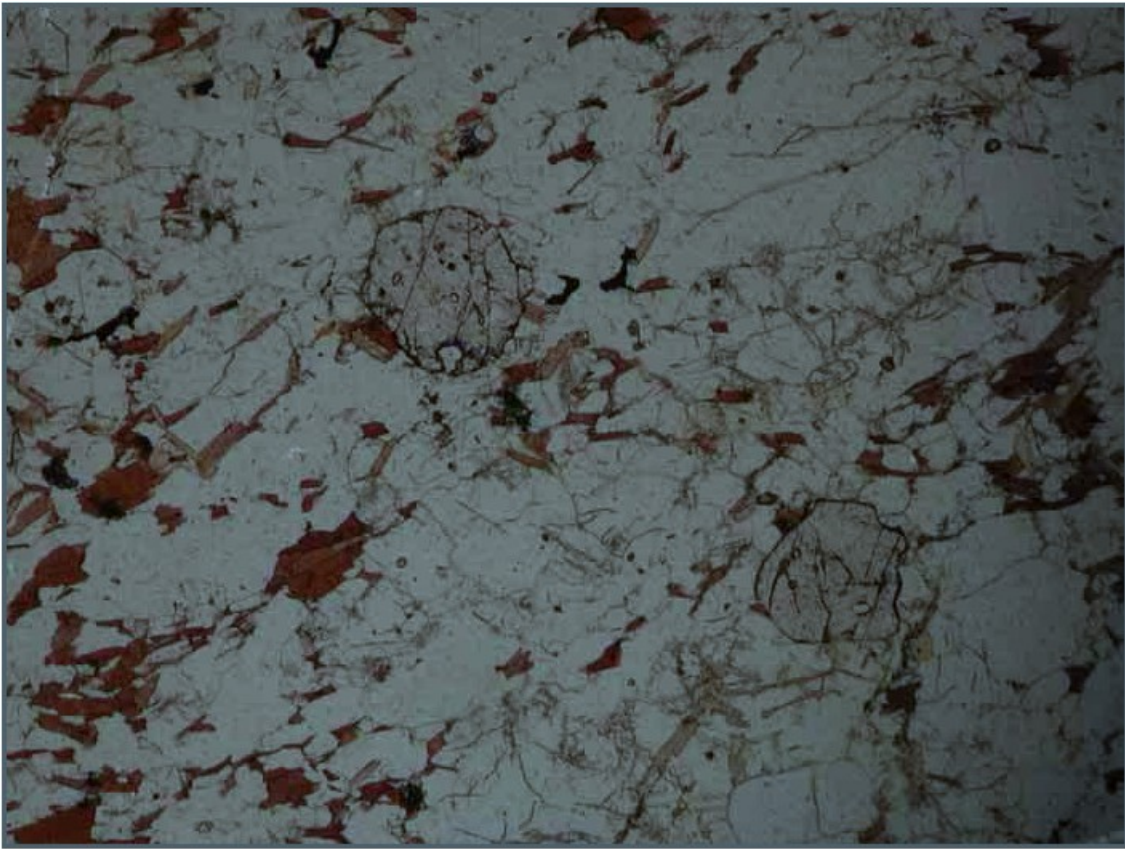
Bag over my head metamorphose my wire– yeah finally got *a date* you fucker. & I a woman, living in some way unimaginable? & you, what's that– a creature, a crate, an *cray-thur* motherfucker?

We dated. Or rather, hey, when two conjugate folds pair to refold party minerals– magmic cackle at the table, what did I order? That manifold fucker, dead he don't talk

However hover over this check forever,



even dark it be but a memory of perfection:



Apparently we *never see the same thing*. My tongue on moth-lines always ending in some basin... with what would-be boifrnd I don't even need to say it's all ingress & no egress—labyrinth at the end of a check

Yeah don't ask it got hot– tonguing lines of a phone papered over by moths, in the duplex

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What was my body doing when I dwelt upon these spaces? He knew I was possessed of a set of movements that traced the architecture, that may once have been aroused by it, but that these were now enclosed in the various rooms that anticipate the very structure of the date

The structure was established in advance– even upon rootless, recumbent to reclined isoclinal intrafolial folds that trend north-northeast, just not by us Coquillards

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We cruised the upper rooms. Motherfucker hatched, formed dome and basin interference patterns, Varoufakis

Boifriend believed in one limpid world at last shorn of sensual facture– *his*. Fusing the larger dimension of my planar existence with a refined grid structure, try to check his desire

sometime you have to go hard