



There are 5 coffee rains on the table.
Amongst others which are more colorful.

Colours are different depending on
The light you see them, sometimes
They don't show the truth

And sometimes when you close your eyes
colours are lines...

lines spinning in and out of
control

Controlled by the writer, ~~out of control~~ ~~by the hand~~ controlled
by the hand.

She was controlled to give the fluffy rhino a kiss

She felt, intuitively, that she must
kiss it because if not that
species would never survive.

Like some fairy tale well known in her village she felt herself on the verge of
transformation, an irreversible future that hangs in the air

Your silver cherry ~~flavored~~ smog is my favourite
one. flavoured

Can you maybe make it now?

"No. You are fucking terrible, why would
you ask me that", I said.

But then again, I say so much...

But what if we have been there
before

Contributing to all that is and all that
should be.

But contributions are things for ladies
and nothing here below as it should be,
because how could it be? I ~~have~~ ~~heard~~
~~now~~.

I ask you! If gender equality was
not a ballerina's dream but a fireman's
reality.

Fire has no gender.

But firefighters do?

What do they do? Keep the fire down?

But only in a building, they can't
keep the fire down in your heart

they let it melt, like machines.

Machines of love.

pumping heart beats.

I sad :c

I HORNY :<



~~Her~~ tight jeans

enveloped her, suddenly growing tighter
tighter than the growing plants against the house
next door.

In that house lives a man who thinks he is god, he isn't a present man

he is a stunning, bronzed
inspirational man

Adorned with constellations of worshippers offering, his skeleton looked
rather like an accessory amidst all that was piled on.
He then swallowed all their clouds and then the
rainbows reappeared.

But the smell was terrible, my eyes
watered and I cried for twenty days.

Twenty, not forty.

Ninety and ~~it~~ STILL naughty!

Life Goals.

Fuck em.

They don't matter...

Maybe a little if they're vegan

~~or~~ OR juicy?

This morning I only opened one eye and then
I closed it, it was far to bride. and then I closed it, it was
far to bride,

I sealed the envelope with my
tongue, fastened with my saliva
a part of me now travelled with

that share of billions of bacteria introducing themselves to my friends

Satoshi Nakamoto is a busdriver who made Ethereum
in 2021. Today it is worth 15 ~~000~~ billion

which is cool because:

Thy Kingdom come

Thy will be done, thy ~~spaniel~~
come to me

Dinner Sogou so that I can walk it after
the curfew.

Might be a stretch but I still will feel
punk doing it.

Pink is not dead! Live on!
However why should it keep going.

Sincerely,
CARDI B

There they stood, eclipsing my mother.

~~With~~ I wanted to touch here,
I can feel this ~~is~~ true out my body.

It was such a different feeling
I had never seen a boy who
looked the way he did,

~~It was such a different feeling
I had never seen a boy who
looked the way he did,~~

I had to immediately lock myself in the nearest closet, tears building up
in my glands and

Stop fetishising my afro public hair

Do not look at me like this; see me
and

eat, ~~the~~ eat it up!

Keep it down, Let her drown!

We are better off, with her living on
the bottom of the ocean.

Her absence will be replaced with a
bucket of hay.

~~we~~ We will make the hay burn
in a ritual for their absence,

however obsolete

My hands look funny - but so does yours!

They are so wrinkly, you know that you can only tell how someone is so old just by looking at their hands

or their voice, as it squeezes ~~all~~ tied to her tongue. I can't stand the sound ~~that~~

of that hoarse, raspy gurgling. I look away.

But as the sound tends to follow, the hockey ~~stick~~ ^{girl} appears.

ohhh NO what is that!!

and

another really annoying this was their shoes are smeared in a nutella of animal shit from all that action on the village greens why don't you start touching it tomorrow

I stated, but the look on their face told me;

He, he, he, my fly is open!

~~But~~ And I have no intention of closing it. Now, that's what I call liberation!

Better 10 birds in the air and none in the hand

My brother's name is Wednesday,
mine is Lasagne.

It has caused friction between us at certain
moments, him being so ~~not~~ mid-week
focused and me ~~being~~ being so meaty.

So, I ~~asked him~~ gave him two options: it's
either me, or the meat.

And just like that his skin turned
blue, shocking!

Was it gon gene, ~~or~~ does that
mean they were losing something
more than a body part

or are the parts of her body ever-growing
to a giant, giant...

monument. Standing tall and serene,
I shade my eyes with my hand to
protect them from the blistering sun as I
look up at it

's searing, that endless searing.

Sealing underneath a blue sky, but there was no sun!

all I could feel was her
phantom dick, pressing up my
left thigh

it was bleeding profusely, the poor thing

Within the walls three little foxes speak:
"shut up, shut up & shut up".

I wept down the ~~my~~ phone as
large tears & rolled down my hot hot
cheeks onto the carpet.

The carpet was a present from my great grand mother
who is also ~~the~~ famous opera singer ~~and a singer~~
So I cherished it like you would an
exotic pet.

It was the most precious thing in
The world, something you don't
want it to die, but also you don't
want it to kill you

as sugar is addicted - sweet, sexual, sensual.

I suck on it all night long.
when the sun arises, and I fall my mouth still
embracing ~~it~~.

But then all of the nothing there was a big angry Dragon!

the straight, white man thought to himself

ugh wonder then it's so to be this broken up mess on the floor for his work to clean up.

She was a strong horse, and the fastest.

Bigger than my hand at least and I was quite sizeable.

Straight up 'big'.

~~the loser~~ Gi-fucking-gantic," said the loser sitting next to my mum on the bus.

I could make an inappropriate joke here, so I will.

<something about tits and camels here>

Well there are up and downs,
peaks and valleys.

OR WAVES? The body imitates the water.

The waves imitates the body,
silver and exact: possibly daddy.

taken by, given too

the end

I will tell you nothing but the truth.

MINNEAPOLIS POLICE DEPT

JUNE 10TH 1983 10:57 AM

Good sir, your Lordships we shall take into account the imperible evidence ahead of us and plead a case for this animal's life

THE SMELL WAS VERY DOMINANT NO ONE COULD QUITE IDENTIFY IT UNTIL THE MOMENT ALL THE MEMBERS FELL OUT OF THEIR TRANSPARENT BAG.

They cracked, Cocaine everywhere; anyway I started blasting.

Oddly enough, I dreamt about you skating on the ice, it was very cold, slippery but nice!

I held out a clammy hand to you and clumsily we slid away ~~into the~~ down the ~~the~~ valley, into the void.

This is what post graduate life feels like. ~~I~~ a fresh baguette going stale towards one ~~the~~ end.

It's that state of mind and you decide it's going to start at one point, it's inevitable

Could I have your number?

06 12 96 2447.

'I call you' they promised. ~~But~~ I also knew I would be forgotten by those ~~eyes~~ eyes.

But my eyebrows stopped growing apart in November
From then on, everything changed and my
light ended all.

that time... it would be hard to know if
I was... the way I felt...
I was... the way I felt...
I was... the way I felt...

the boat where I was... it seemed as if
I was... the way I felt...
I was... the way I felt...
I was... the way I felt...

~~the boat where I was... it seemed as if~~
~~I was... the way I felt...~~
~~I was... the way I felt...~~
~~I was... the way I felt...~~

Lasagne was her ~~the~~ given name and all her ~~life~~ short life it had troubled her though she never understood why.

She thought for a while to go live in a place where "lasagna" was unknown, ~~because~~ so she went on a quest.

It wasn't as hard as she thought - it just took an expensive plane ticket to a foreign island but there she was, upon arriving there, she forgot the question.

She was heading up to Kim Kardashian birthday party where his father was going to be a hologram.

Her boots were shiny, as her eyes. The make-up was so dense, it seemed as a mask, from her dancing sweat ~~it~~ almost peel off.

I reached out to caress her sweet, sweet lips, but

my lips fell. ~~laying in her lips~~ suddenly I was laying in her warm lips.

and I kissed her.

And after that we both agreed that we should reach a settlement for a divorce and release our pack of house back into the wild, after all the trauma they have withered.

IT WAS AN EXCEPTIONAL BRIGHT MOUTHFUL OF JUSTICE SEEMS THAT THEY TOOK IN THAT MORNING.
THE SIN WAS RISING IN A PURPLE TONE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE BOWIE DIED

Next to it, a paper bag filled prepackaged lasagna.

~~My mother~~ It's pronounced 'laussaine', like the city
my mother was from.

A few away a paradise with sky licking spires and
gushing waterfalls.

~~But~~ Like the ones you see on TV.

But you ~~can~~ can look that and get one from the
shop down the street.

You can always buy everything, but what

happens if it's some thing "like money" can buy

money, love, joy, lust, soul. I'm just praying, begging.

I lost my arm in an accident, I have a plastic arm.

A big thing plastic arm.

but as it's an arm, still connected to human kind, an extension of