

I

I

I miss you so much
everything hurts

Skin pulling in all directions
at once, nearly drawing and
quartering me.

My entire inside hurts
because my heart is sinking
lower and lower the longer
I go without seeing you. It's
pulling my other organs
down with it. Everything
inside me wants to sink
down into the earth and
begin to decompose.
My body wants to become
dirt but I'm still alive.

I don't need you

I want you so bad, you
know?

Do I feel

Do I feel afraid?

fear weapons, or the idea
that someone has them and
you don't

people of other religions

fear unintelligibility

pick a team or else you
might be left alone

keep it together keep it
together

I've been thinking that it is our human task to embrace that heavy boulder and roll it up the hill only to watch it roll back down, narrowly avoiding being crushed by the weight of it, and do it again, over and over, until we can see the terrible wild and say something, and then keep doing it.

We should be afraid of living our brief blink of a life on this planet under the thin veil of a made-up convention rather than blowing that fiction up and telling the scary, messy, complicated truth in the harmonious polyphony and dissonant cacophony of voices that shoots out like fire from each singular, starving mouth.

TWO

CAKE

CAKE

I like this piece of cake.

I must taste every piece
before recommending that
my friend have some.

CAKE

CAKE

THREE

Plain white is blank, a clean
space, a beginning,
freedom, expansiveness.

Plain white flattens every
object into surfaces in
space.

FOUR

FOUR

But in reality, sex is nothing like an iPad.

Sex isn't an iPad in exactly the same way that being alive isn't a substance.

Now of course, we know that life is not an essence you could isolate into a product, but instead that it's a process.

Fucking is change.

It's our opportunity to
unlearn the lessons we
didn't know we were
receiving.

The vulnerability of being naked with another person does not come from being close to harm but from being close to freedom.

FIVE

FIVE

Knee-jerk attempts at
intimacy.

You feel so far away.

SIX

SIX

SIX

SIX

Bend over.

Bend back.

The womb is a fictional
place inside the body.
We are all born of this
fiction.

Our birth is the confluence
of language and sex
As a result of a human
desire to transcribe on
ourselves
The story of our past and
future.

Like a newborn.

A: Because of the sun.

A: Getting late.

A: Yes, I am.

A: U but upside-down. I
also like O because it's the
same coming and going. I
was out late last night.

A: I went to a club called
"Wiggle Room"

A: Why not?

A: Oh, maybe you're going
for the wrong reasons?

A: When I need a loan I go to the bank.

A: I bought \$15 worth of fruit and ate it all within 5 minutes.

A: It depends what it looks like. If it's a rock it's already timeless because you can't tell how old it is by looking at it. If it's a woman, she's in her 20's, but she looks like a "beautiful woman."

A: About 20 minutes, on average.

A: (sexy sounds, moaning,
sighing) Ahhh...(sigh)
oooh... yes...hmmm
mmmm... (this goes on for a
while and gets more and
more intense, then comes
to a climax)

A: Then open them up!

A: New drums

A: Language

A: Ice

A: Specific space and time +
distance

A: An old drawing of a
feeling

A: A feeling

A: It feels real

A: Then it's real

A: Peach

A: A

A: A

A: I

A: I