

Act One, Chapter Twenty

Voice

Did it shock you? Remembered light grooves head rolled into a center. Respirating cruxes scratch shapes. Lurching footing pumping blood breaks speaking move at blocking necks. Glimpse hapless glimpse skyline. Dotdashing enough?

Voice

Objective acrobated, flipping & bulged out the middles yr squalid percolate. Seething nearly tocketing skeleton pocks a trillion limbs of deadman skin as leaves lace the whole jerky coming roared. Loping faultless so elegant so far, hands to the chinline.

Voice

Bitchin. Trick is, dipping pole in lurkwater, to spy the rawhide outsides where chaff physics feet per second on the same priceless chart goatropers ply this & that ruse. Dipped in what? Vaginas cakewalk casket into a worlds secret time & place mobs, tuck, whats that smell? Strutted brainjugs dropjaw at hilarious screw you.

Voice

A queen her hymen, a queen her chocolate tiara, a queen her girlhood, absences rain reveals. Rock & roll, you gasping & holy tot, your dream, hello, for its smell, is gone.

Voice

It was a sparkle while I was laying here that it was a secret that I could make that.

Act One, Chapter One

Voice

Apparently at age zero set the clocks rewound broke harmony measures twice. Stay yr loose ends all triggerfingers raining cool to read it by that window like you then you could pulled it out. Do it good & its something old, but only a minute old. Greatest of the greatest mouthfuls of places.

Voice

Books a treasure, a rehash become absolute.

Voice

Terminal mystic trues yr machine for it come off speech. Paley strike yrself slimmer for banging belly up dark belows. Unwebbed at crashed skin from bone by skin but stuck grin sweating ellipsis booty upends urn & sifts through.

Voice

Knucklehead w/ rodent climbing. Getting wet to booked as trotted nuns tits hands flail to belong to. Gave limelight a startle. Typical, its had all its startles.

Voice

Dross epic vomits external heart watermark dungs when wholeness falls apart as a value. Hello, country bumpkin. Who information? Polyseme? Have it that short life. Remember me after dismember me. Rewind for yr especially boss crotch novel.

Act One, Chapter Two

Voice

Creamjugs hence yr headlines. Joy boy joy jelly joy knob. Guarded out, grew another limb of got half again bigger. Sorts seemed to have sort has had a real zest it. As clouds move, move shades on the ferns. Dryhumping leaves, banyon & cloiter.

Voice

Be, a tentacle toward immediate day after & by the second. In, after & burying in sizable domains, say it isnt, but be. Have, it down so mesh is made flesh is yr same weave.

Voice

How many times the windowframe? Fan a sky a treecrest, a roof, venus, at night. Sleeping below yr kiss & titfuck day such as screamer harborside orchestral strolled colored senses passageway heart eight. Yesterdays of flowers rides of flowers. Headword typeface cheesegirl picking along then flows gushes.

Voice

Perspective meditate cycles drafts circling chopped data a trillion. Blue sky melts pattycake melts an aqua jolts gentle seeping data. Perfect ground above a river clouds could storm.

Voice

Tread on green flowers, tiger who knows oceans better by albatrossing.

Act One, Chapter Nineteen

Voice

You will not again tie my tongue for frozen it was swallowed, action promising, for its part, to shall speak in at least air whispers trickles sweet drool. Not no vacancy but treading death on uneven plastic limbs of terminal removal detain yr natural order willing rape codifies. Its as though ones head & not fresh air is moistures house, immediate map after the buildup.

Voice

Howls dodging the ass press canted damp frowns against the eel & into the cloudhoused flintwheel, one bitten its own ass rolling unpresumptive already at a seas parched start, the other cranking heights of ructioning air.

Voice

Such a deal, cracking tight pussy at sloped blue oblivion one neednt wager caution, fee simple, airborne skyscrapers. No more stucco, concrete, or siding? Listen to how boulders lichen & deer rut. Hung wisping at breast a twiddling curdy batter w/ seam for clenching? Pavlov spikes at the cuddle grow on you?

Voice

Audible rebar washes zenith of yelled dozes. Diaper changes at thirtythousand feet. Never mind the adult genitals, they are poeming. Fullsize beam bumps to glide intact on. Rethread yr revel at the sensually diving part. Teethe at memorys start. Slow panting soak of the first ware stretches back sheer to shake rattle.

Act One, Chapter Eighteen

Voice

I plan to net you in my ribcage as sky is my tunnel there. Is it because one instant ago I remembered you? Now the instants forever. Whats the difference? Who forgets something hard in their pocket? Move back the last bagging day. Jimmy the stone because the sky is big, the calendar fat.

Voice

It had to give, was that it, what gives, something did, something about a sundial. Certainly the skys ripping. Whose faults that? Cunthairs dipped in hum soft parts. Remedial breathing hurts how much? Thunderous missives out mixing gold faucet spins the just add water to poetrys mud. Dismal grounding drown the world. New kind of flashy.

Voice

Fuck that noise. Whats got yr feet treadings got you only dreaming youre climbing out a splendid seachest of gold oxygen & freshest treasure. Settle on a nice pair of anything. Fuck the autopilot. Pallbearer take you there. Simply subtract you from the worlds weight in flesh.

Voice

Suck, if looks could, then yr face just swallowed bobbing umpteen ways of doing the fishmouth. Stick to that chippy nee nippy half way past the sun. No book yet knows the half thats swallowed after enough heat?

Act One, Chapter Three

Voice

Where doors open fluid shadows catch stomps. At once prance once more a fluid shadow snatches a moments gain. Capture of the capture to that moments the same as. Caught at deeping before night, flitting the open every door, jerking wrestles trees & coups & stars caught as whip or whatever taken like wow.

Voice

Something possible to apeman done grunted a frank of prose. Wheres the narrative questions throughout? Formwise w/ tinkering narrative notes. Dances on it kicked wholes through stinking its blowhole. Guess who you are. Friends fag the isotopes. Not to sense past to tinue, how to keep wand pissing out the window bites & tastes of living? Windy circular routes blow rainlashes down grates as murkenbone though skin of water oddly. Undulating mass accomplished into steam.

Voice

Conjure it up to semblence yr soaking dream about the pain, see all about its ten or eleven drips inching to the sky, a dozen stitches not matching perfect the grey shroud, & jays, blue dogs in their carpetburn satchels lurking where their banging is, swing crowy as maces in the tree as though that its a fragile situation is no secret.

Voice

Yikes, groove, eke, bloody nose, my only sole bout to come, new, mush the pound, my groovy patters!

Act One, Chapter Four

Voice

Some things endless used to be earlier than now. Dear resonance raspings continually a hiss. Wobbling head reeling happy whole gut. Water w/ intent to breathe to season stretched as razored hash. Notice of yellow groove you white. Whats not in the not really there seadrain?

Voice

Do not come at me w/ yr school. Wake up. Lets go look at the tree of life. Where is that? Just have bad timing. Its fun. Its miserable. Three months to get outside october. Guts where chests hunch waver jives at suck off. Tacked rendering wrote up hymned virgin makes em see dancing suns in spain.

Voice

Educate at firm cock.

Voice

Dutchboy or windblown? Raygun alchemist crackles at moments schmaltz some butterflys a couple odes kilter. Quick, paint something pretty in an airless room.

Voice

When he comes out his tummy is going to explode into a rocket kept breathing more impermanent than a perfectbound event.

Act One, Chapter Seventeen

Voice

Baretitted ghost smoothtalks molecular renounce of curves endless bounces by bending elbows jacking tears in the blue. Knifed wide neon slushing at dawns open mouth falling gone & going black. Whole deadening of the cocks calling screaming in hails off trees.

Voice

So conflated, the body, stuffed by vacuum, throws no shadows in noonlight. Blue to ball harsh dormancy stone sobriety sinks or swims in step w/ walking death.

Voice

Repent to a point prescribed? Upper lip at gaunch, lower at skysack pulled when the snakes started yapping. Soundingboard purveys collective limps be walking planks on hips. Passionplay toots songs of pureskin praises. Babybutt loots yr convoluted crotchleaf fictions blank.

Voice

Screw the sentence. Resonant enchanter vibes oh skipper I dig yr goatee. Lull me & glaze me noodled! Chart tacks cobalt sky to it. Airbrush dupe you? Fart textures tension chiseled in dayglo tumblewad rivulets precoordinated by yokels, trite pee flacciding to crabby bunk wherewas pristine whores beds. Lapses halts longings. Jog the infinite committed sacrilege spree! Remedial blows can be turned down if each must suffer these same bad metaphors.

Act One, Chapter Sixteen

Voice

Conjuring the more of purging a chant spells motions besides flows out
heaps tossing a skys color. Tell knowing out of lines a can be exploding past
revel freedom hunghuge a depressed foursheeted tomtom may be open
may curve. Light falls a wings hatches.

Voice

Sail, far as the reef of mangled hulls, toothpick atoll. Ones company where
theres personality disorder wrested from what dont compute balmed into
broke sextants lenses dryheaving at venus like fantasy & santa claus for
consolation.

Voice

Gifthorse was gimped when you got him. Usage panel? Pervert
peanutbutters preschool apples, campy splucks get it mostly off then let it
go rancid. What is maintained? Why? Tongues stuck for good. Lockjawed
face she turns to singing birth. Inexplicable. Fixed depth rooting of the
same causeway to busted record recitation of ventriloquist wows.

Voice

A plus them lipsmacks. Unison stabbed dont matter. Archives the place?
Clenched design spells it meantime. Counterfeit teleology wilts pickup
sticks. Smell how scared. Ape money pious to qualify in the testicular time
trial. Witchdoctor says pintobeans.

Act One, Chapter Five

Voice

Kooking cheep wheeler speels reportage but a bellypunch seeps.
Memorize the suns out. Dont force it. Time dont tell pow puckering the
extra inch oft uncramps it. Pin what down?

Voice

Jutting tits minds polish on par w/ cosmos. Have great laughter. Whats the
clock? Still throw their nights yet? Thats a far far something pain away from.
Never dont be, speed. Would you adorn me w/ goo? Shes on page fortytwo.
It comes along every now & then to redeem.

Voice

Whatever you do that pools like gravity make me not cross my legs like
chicken tendon from the same category of finding the best way of torturing
mazys w/ a squirtbottle just like cat balls into possum. Look, this called
adjustment is deep deepa deep deep, rubberband rubberbandman. Make
me not cross my legs! Thinking about capillarys cartel is in yr nose like
tendon, which is from the same category, larvae more distinct.

Voice

Let, let an ocean fall! Fall down! to its night sets in a west & tar, tar logs beach
the mother pounds!

Act One, Chapter Six

Voice

Boom! Take a whiff. Theres yr childhood. Remember the dance. Dont let the day die. Fifteen drunk the skeleton. Who needs to make him scary? Bye, birdy, first great extremity. So, old was right up to see a blah line telling away from fulls felt close & quiet washed still to gleam?

Voice

Such bliss as seeing do oops at screaming. Bigging yikes fountain stride breaths. See, you dont like it, do you? Youre reading fast oils. Beyond what suffering the whole game halves? Some whatnot depending resolute mustve been moron bending backwards. Floating have calm energy. Plunk ones twanger. Big breasts do it good. Smiles wait til shes started, telling drop.

Voice

See even what whells exact moment busses pass you back & shoot away from, say cheese, tacky shotput heaved, one of many. What about abeyance for belie, this once? Leisure is a gift to bob for. Even given what you could take of grips out doors harking shudders nonstop the matters how it drips. Plug the cornbin. Shit, hippy, youre cracking.

Voice

Spikes louve, sneak, blooden my lungbone white, my soul comes, ooh, rush, the sound, knotty boobys, slapper!

Voice

Work erected shit in a can toyed atrocitys voiced missives stepped in hoppyshop carnage. Jacked plenty all forms. Canvas though cloaking one & only unforeseen. Is nothing there?

Act One, Chapter Fifteen

Voice

Certainty leasures in a three zombie supertub by crooked resource afloat on long maligned logarithms sea. Stinkers monikered sporty for cappers. Bogus proponents expound matters of dust lighting, zingers ringered matter of course.

Voice

The sailing, spoke, heard & seen nothing of mass grave mistakes, gene structure oopsies let to mark swirldown as fleeting instances, go fish. Stooges deem offhand yr final void as drowning straightflush, spunquick components carved in such cured wood.

Voice

Say, as if its solely what to know, that if the skein shivering unraveled hives in you then it buzzes us all, that the decks stacked on yr gimped idiotcards, that perpetuities blindered, what, go ahead, no ones listening. Sore yr own neck, yr breath smokes, real prophetic. Turn again, stow us the other hide, secular coat, matter of rhyme. Time as youre apt, yr bides, & ply that seamless gaze close to bark, go on, cool seered grain by bowlegged hornstomps fit to roust niggard mole, ninnys events, om gonna de fine yer per am eaters, give you vague in a sweet basket, meantime, yr bumper jack ass doubtless is for booting.

Voice

Out of sights, so, I is a freak, my tongue I wont bite, butter roll, dark nights, come again, hawhaw, whew, gain flush in the round, creamy corner!

Voice

Every bars balletmusic, strains & whiffs as structures girds, grappled handfuls of commas walking tendering to the commode? Did it shock you? Look what I bite off. See a way a day happens.

Act One, Chapter Fourteen

Voice

Big deal, contrite gees calling the whyfor of falling objects whams gravity pantywaisted, g for god, easy grind, whispers reckoning splintering collisions animal magnetism though dodos the fowls tag, duh, d for dog or for whomever hands it out.

Voice

Dawnblue skys not one nowhere near as fizzing out as this or any sentence, an ass braying & quaking its state & meaning it as soon meant, unpinnable. Roundstick finelines so what tangents innumerable smiles pending a whichway come at, enabled flypaper girded slickjelly as per come all fracas in the fall.

Voice

Somewhere immediately throat clicks. Propped that tooting peel sunny how dna is in ejaculate cant stop. What drives this thing? Keys or chains in hands as scoop shoveling poem. Rhyme interrupted spirals opening through & opened scattering foglights swerves.

Voice

More a millions now, floating & telling mesh, hey mesh, yr canyons only seething. Ironlung to yr right. Animal an end to itself anything is? Upstairs might move if a wind shakes.

Voice

Whats culled of frictions by meted supposed fractions this day scribedraughts onward as dispositions shouting solid imposes at the seen head forefronting them doggedly agile black panes illumed traces. Making words by way of explanation, end quote.

Act One, Chapter Seven

Voice

Bellybutton the seesaw point of the moon says nothing as canon says nothing, o, bitingly, so dont give it that sound to inflation, nothing to actual. Dismemberment were repetition were devoted shrine. That comments nothing, save whipped to peevish assholecashed perpetuation of woe frictioning yr allmore gained mandating suppers at historys font vomiting departmentstore candor.

Voice

Lets go bald on top but still have ponytails. Enter clean cloudbody shines budging traces turning attached air knowledge to headlines to visual bloatedtummy tots stroking typeface abstracts. Nordstrom memorys mean more family time. Trick or treatise?

Voice

Blind geek to pie tin. Come in, pie tin. Meateater power? Onion powder. Gallivant, gammo, gank.

Voice

Give us a P! Give us an L! Give us an O! Give us a T! Each instance this & this newfound breath to exterior moves.

Voice

Give me a break. Dig octobers last day, batterys not included.

Act One, Chapter Eight

Voice

Minivan parades whorethighs chested. I forgot my milk money. So, mow & cut, look at his beergut, look at yr dusk. Stopping a hills flows arches winternaked skeleton cycles images cleaves wheeling. Skyline! Meditate the lines. Waggle yr fixture spins for substance. Fakes yr nerves. Tripthong.

Voice

Dimension, square, white. Pick as separate feather hairs stand out, speaking, as gulls flap alleys. Its route semantics. Or is it that its anon stinky sock named hanging a bum cinching his growing guts butt food?

Voice

Drinking blue paint, everything was body as prize at dark coming on glade trees & light went through. Body much a tree to house & be, lots alot, take it from anywhere being done. Sunlight quickly is. Sky gives trees blue motions.

Voice

Geek to digress, yet remove the tree, remove it from the forest, it then its dead.

Act One, Chapter Thirteen

Voice

Route etch big smile being pacific woods wetgrey, morningfuck for grinding grove right in day. Rumble does hunger again castrated to quench rubbing shoulders clangs by spitted hands put back black bras in drawers. Ream stays intact glides akeel from demise this needle hopes to dye walks of the hour flurrykicking hymns to calm.

Voice

Powderhorn humping leapfrog cheeks yr filling gulp today futured. Only grey pregnates windowturns away nextday & nextday bet yr ass damn straight I would blacken. Says who? Wonderland drizzles bed comedys. Why not the eighthed? Lid see cherryred pucked her face bossed gladdening her calmhead.

Voice

Deem it the wisest of rapes to have thought you w/o fail would repeel the fallenbeard mossy stumps bananahole each time but wet leaves, you say, keep it tidy. To have thought you could binocular the thing & that you would stay there, in place, imagining what the hardon is about, where ever it is, & formally spit at the cops torso bulging acetylene at yr sexy kryptonite necklace. Better roots than thighs, those roots snake. Could be you smile when you wad as liquids are not artifact until they dry, who cares? You damn sure will when anothers boot prints the orchard, then the whole son of a bitch will stop working, mark, said avatar dna will hereby coagulate, jellied backlog, daisychain brittling to birdseed vultures taboo, glove the cornpone.

Voice

Boo, I likes the move my body speaks, ramhome pole, came, gush the mound, sprained wrists at the staid fatter!

Act One, Chapter Twelve

Voice

Dutched smogs happy yet rumor crinkling the foil of would have done is sun castrated, world looking on sitting on horns swiped mudmold breasts from a ledge snowflake. As tumble by deflate whats to stop not fall rather glide.

Voice

Buoyant then fashion of jag chocolating colors is whats to stop w/o a best part of pissing in closedbook seal prewrite cockless enough to peal erect charm gone chime wenting to gulp spices wherein all exhales are fathomed, slapping leaves the way around.

Voice

The face fell down into the meat. Clear mind soaking suns pristine soot likewise cloaks crammed pearls of airdrafts dirging dallying fuckflights fumbling touches at reveries tip. Throatstraps alive compared to rockinghorse in strobelit tomb.

Voice

Silver tears mean sadness? Have great laughter. You might get the cookiechute. Add trickest cornball oddity fouled velmas pantys. Emergencyroom treatment amounting to admin of spitscup. Pray yr higher authoritys hung himself.

Act One, Chapter Nine

Voice

To the ham hammer, to the saw sawing, run away, run awaymering w/ cache of poems before the woods are gone. Fleshbrokers biscuithooks. Either or. Bookmark of gorillas. Its just junk. Lets fuck. Lets go to sleep in a park. Tenuous. You remember that one. Like a seabreeze & open windows on busses piss mouthbreathers off. Whos springing for forced lungs?

Voice

Hi, scenic. How did you get so? Whew, heating up forn the sun. Graveyard strips down limbs. Time to change the tamp. After a big storm, sure, there are limbs down. Frigger, globular beater. Wouldnt grinding it skeleton bad planetary configuration? Vows for daily living, in verse. Chrono apes that slush blue from plastic, cheeses a dimple or something real candy.

Voice

Go, mazy. Fucker. Twentyone slats, a glowing barrage there, white. Clouds are bigger than the moon. Swap ya a sore neck for a gold warbler.

Voice

Raw wanda. Daily true green red fast uganda jam.

Act One, Chapter Ten

Voice

To every coherent sheaf assign elements of yr pivoting caper. Emergent pupa, bobbing, sparkles a way to earthsongs daft superstructure auditioning for elastic deflection mod roles of rapture. Exist at corners. Duce a blenden fect.

Voice

Waterline sentences each always death. Spacerblocks little buddy, the fuckup, stacks stacks on yr rudder room.

Voice

Nodal load pattywhack blakes the mack as interior of yr eye boots its stem. Some like their dusk cooked rarer than most. Brainstem toasts array of elements of elements of elements frothing basal hyperstasis riff, give a dog a bone.

Voice

Total dimensions support sweetscene. Single points of view porn loop styles at terminal cluster, whorl of eggshapes. Penultimate bars the ends to the beginnings, eggstands at equinox. Universes galaxy's are bigger, but not in mass. A blast!

Act One, Chapter Eleven

Voice

Nutless heel fractures all static considered deformations grazed toward a going to be just pixidust. Complex. Loading patterns unscribble all repivoted on the whisker. Bloa hackled lightest feather from a little ostrich hurl kills best on warm days linear strand doses. Ships rained spacesuit walking spillpipes start & why not if in going why shouldnt be looking to take some down w/? The top of his love slinking the top of the morning thinking the top of her tits bringing the top of his gob surging the top of their lungs rolling atop of the grass fucking.

Voice

Chopping data, levelhead collects wafts openploded jackly. Mostly in foliage. Bramblethick wend breath each stifling exclaim. So wend so. Suggest notion slaps? Details stagger spraycan raptures squall goldslopes. Everywhere death is pores opening or not.

Voice

Heard choppy blocky w/ good edges makes a good fuck. Nothing doing w/ longlost anything resounding unknown asses staking stalks toward empty spaces, same torsos away filling panic w/ sure smiles.

Voice

Collage taught stares at yr crotch bitched smiles about. Like what tits do for hundreds of bucks? Pent air wrings brains over a living theres landing gear. Black it. Seen pure minds good pride?