

TALKING TO OURSELVES

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//Redstone XMLRPC Library
//ProXML Library
//Minim Library
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the less we use the lighter we get
opens a door
many superfluous multivariate pieces
lallapalooza created de novo
metamorphs towards entropy
terminator who fragments the firmament
figments fomenting forgery
flix pix pax fax max
shore this ver crepuscular time
pesos for flopping eternally
salaciously simmering over singapore
semantically sonorously pointin ever onward
endlessly arriving into eternity
about the enormous sandman in the dunes
begets beautiful hues and warmth
fifth former frontman finding funny forces all about
nutrition every time you open your orifice
time for reminiscing
purveyor of philosophy
and drive towards nirvana
please accept my welcome to the orb
do go far in their multivariate appearances
can catch as cat can evermore
can cause calamities
sticks and stones to heat my maison
liverwurst and onions that they disdain
tigers on the black market
of disasters in the name of love
things easier for the tyrants
love to deter the inevitable
get more the heavier in our dottage
the universe for prying eyes
i saw a grey squirrel in the mission the otherday he/she/it was in the gutter
pushing a ball of trash dilligently. the squirrel had seemed to gathered bits of
trash into this beautiful round ball that he/she/it was not pushing along the
gutter down alabama street.
i bought bargained with the squirrel and bought the ball from he/she/it and will
present it in a group show next month.
space memory
imaginary revolt
movies images peace false image
washed up rotten mess of auto imposed suffering
irrelevant politics
the seeds of our destruction given as a reward"
poetry of war
desert glass
the sun god
filthy fuckmongering foes of freedom
nourishment
subterfuge
camping pretty flowers bubblegum
keeping fit
tigers orange too
malicious intent
sex infer carrot stick
to terminate a fragment... does this make more fragments?
you need three in a row, but if you have 4 x's you can probably win

geerat j. vermij is a blind paleontologist.

doug's least favorite food
failure to communicate
slowly but surely
nonsense
christmas
odyssey
friend
comedy valley
not un-irrelivent
slam
dessert
life worship death
uncanny
umbilical
hidden in the mechanism
escape from los angeles
in touch
sahara blending
intent
niche fetish
ha ha diabolically
i don't go that way man
poor boy's lost
didn't have a clue what you were getting into, but it happened, didn't it
that has to be slovakian
why yes
nonono, you're doing it all wrong
oh so close
was a real...
yes, maybe this is but yet i'm still here
you threw a snowball with a rock in it, dick
ok, i always did want to own a boat
i never thought it would be so funny
that almost looks like the english language, real close
when i was twelve i would have loved to
i forgot what we were talking about, i'm sorry
please get that taken care of before it leaves a nasty scar
i always hated la
isolate me a bit more
cache
pennies from heaven
not in touch with the spiraling gloom of ideological positioning
didn't baudrillard call something a desert?
the intent to disidentify
not one but always multiplicitous
language is a virus.
this is what brigid bardot's character in "contempt" really wanted her husband
to say before she got into the car with the american film producer.
hot
that painful burning sensation
that man could sing
and shoot
make it a double
coppers
transient

never burlesque
oedipus
peppered salami
what language did they speak on noah's ark?
international waters
missed russian language short term memory loss, nell pesner, 99 going on 100
this may.
age 12, sage brush and pines that smell like vanilla on the sunny side. loved as
in past tense plus a pause for the program's lacking ability to insert cyrillic
characters.
every day, several times a day
courier font
loaded
the relationship, the space in between
trash your preferences
vietnam
22:49
us m198, pzh 2000 nazi shit, m100 us, self propelled: gleaned from my secret
crushes.
farms, then back to fake bacon and a lack there-of and off and ove.
procrastination, 8-12 due tommorow
i got nothing
because he's a frenchie
sign me up
and a handy second identity
mis-communication, the visual language.
can't beat polanski's personal history.
hopefully sometime soon, predictable, talked about why the other day and was
consolidated to: hacking one's way through a jungle, to keep hacking.
sketch comedy
his name was hank williams and i'd marry him if he didn't have to out like a
rock star.
a child hood friend of mine made a wrong turn one day and was broad-sided on her
right side. she was a marathon runner, on the reno high cross country team and
everyting. so because she had scary controlling mother, she was afraid of
getting caught in her mistake, so she took off and started running...and running,
and running and running. the problem was that her spleen was ruptured and she was
leaking toxins out of her body. a dry-cleaning attendente saw her and told her
to come inside. after that, she wasn't allowed to turight, so she just hi can't
see the text now byty the way...but she wasn't allowed to make any more right
turns.
i've got company
colin hackman got fired for cracking up on air after the studio floor camera op
pansted him. he wrote "you suck" across his ass cheeks.
because i'm alone in my room typing on this program you made.
lame film semiotics professor in tallinn, i think his name was scott
salmon, the gate way fish.
robby muller
p.c. word for foregin
that's it.
will come ashore and to clean the wandering oil from the spill
simultaneous sun and rain
thank whomever for your blessings
delivers insight if you are awake
tells humanity your story
is necessary for continuation
is valuable for sustainability

scales fend off
pieomyomy
to no good end
back to the land of the small farmer
self motivation to completion
of which we all consist mainly
a lover, a fighter, a world biter
to all you're ready to play
dandy andy picks a peck of dandy pandys
abomination running thru the prevarications
pederasty
nature into high moral ground
a peach to the zenith of your ability
his world for very long to the loss of all
fell thru the glass
in my tuckerbag in case of engine failure
in indelible ink
across the universe for eternity
perusing neologism for the masses
on your plate; ingest it while it's hot
sloppy quite contrary
macpcmacpcmac what the hack
all folks
once ashore, with my nomadic ways behind me
we both stood there blinking, without seeing the
truly a useless emotion, it never had a right to fill anyone's head
he would like to have you believe that but he actually is a messiah of sorts
everyone secretly knows that same long story, stored up in the unrelenting
memory of such tragedy. now they only tell of it in whispers, their lips
fumbling trying to make sense of the words pouring forth
if you ever really thought it was as you say it is, it never had a chance
who's turn is it to decide if its valuable, if its worthwhile, if one might die
for it
fox chased the rabbit chased the fox
never heard of it, want nothing to do with it, don't even believe in anything
remotely close to it. in fact, get away from me.
for those who might but whom everyone knows never really will, also for those
who try too hard.
that was how i was one day planning on starting the first sentence of my
autobiography
i tell myself these things constantly in every effort to persuade myself of
their being true
sometimes these things appear, deceitful words, malicious, and without hope.
often misspelled.
the first sermon and the last sermon. both equally introspective, and damning.
buy a trolley for our bike so that we can ride to the store and not drive. drive
no more!
andrew mckinley owns adobe bookstore
he travelled through the tundra on his quest for megafauna
a wooly mammoth charging directly towards him
cup of chai
but was sadly mistaken much to his chagrin
out as the giant wooly mammoth disemboweled him
it was it may be it might be it will be if you're lucky
by tusks of wooly mammoth who's to say if your decision was prudent
wooly mammoth back to its cavernous lair
it's pure bullshit

lived with the wooly mammoth the truth will out
a wooly mammoth collection when the giant beast disemboweled me
to seek the truth wherever it might lie
eternal springs from the human heart
equally falacious
ridride savesave gaia
a huge fucking wooly mammoth bearing down on him at terminal velocity
cupotea
and gosh darnit he really was
out as the beast bore down
waswillwon'tmightmay
the greatest school is life
there is a crack in everything and that is where the light comes in- leonard
cohen
do architects collaborate with nature or co-habitate?
between here and there
in this great game of life
those cracks i mentioned earlier
fate vs. self determination, a quote stolen from dead friend's web page, he
can't add me as a contact.
carrott that was hung from a fishing line and sheep's head bay subway overpass.
the timing was right as the light turned green and the white bunny became...
i hope to know nothing
give a fuck
chinese acrodabitics to get good at the plate spinning tricks
left or right, coffee or tea, gillian welch or neko case, cross the line or
behave like a civilian, try to hard or try for real.
when i think too much, thus cheesy poetry and wikipedia
sermon
copenhagen, forgot, sacramento, estonia, forgot, reno then an hour or so from
the neighborhood my grandfater was born. i didn't really quite know him, it's
how he liked it.
catch me, google.
illusions to busy the mind in order to evade million foot holes that go from
time's square to china.
the glass in the natural history musuem. i like taxidermy.
of tea to help you survuve balitc winters. yes, you.
command 's' for some systems.
see! yes, predicting the future..
time around 12 tongiht when we meet at mountain view. on paper, it's due.
piano keys, i'd play it every day and laugh permanently, stoping only to sip a
12 dollar bottle of jameson wrapped in a paper bag. i'd wear a black 80's style
prom dress.
the rug under the piano bench and images of meat-only feasts to make up for my
years of carnivorous depravation.
purel to help out your state of mind after flicking away used herion needles
that happen to be in your shooting location.
lives permanently as a bust on the wall above the piano. "will you join us for
dinner on sundays?" "no? but i'm working on chopin's f minor op.55-1: andante
and it's a fabolous side dish to mammoth steak"
"if you don't like steak i can make sausage"
a slipery slope, observe instead
porno magazines...the free latvian ones happen to have the coolest photos.
distant
samesame, del toro, darrell larson.

"you really can't make it? that's ok, i'll make take-out" "a red-eye, one cardboard box stolen from the bike shop alley and two matching snake skin suitcases later, i'm there."
tucked her into bed with her tooth under the pillow...
the night was so hot that she turned the pillow over every hour to refresh her cheek with the coolness of the other side
in the morning her tooth was gone and a small feather lay where she had left her tooth the nite before
sometimes i follow the cracks in the walls till they come to an end
fate is just a word
soap box bugle hematoma
i try not to use words that bring on any felling of doubt
esophagus windpipes
the scariest thing i've ever seen is the crowd at circus circus
girl singers are all the asme to me
please try to form real sentences in a way that makes me feel weird
i've never really liked the holidays
sad hopeless people in the bright lights
if you can, i won't hold you back
if one in every five people would meditate we would all feel better
theres a rush in looking down
scarves and tea and honey winter dew
shortcuts are boring
dark horse halifax rides the broken ocean through a haze of glue
time doesn't really exist
dress and dance like it was 1995
have you ever watched an animal die?
mind flicking happens when you use herion needles.
keys sound better when played lightly
thou shall not kill
astroglide
the sun shines out of our behinds
alone with panda bear. mmmmmmmmm.
as within without stein
my ex-boyfriend left 3 suitcases on the sidewalk today.
cool only exists ideologically.
no teeth, only fangs
you find new doors
is a construct.
ich mochte eine tasse caffe.
words create circulations of power struggles.
the circus is a distraction. all circus animals should be freed.
shangri-las
i could never make a real sentence because it's absolutely impossible. stop trying.
beards on guys
christmas lights
all people are one people really
wheres rush going?
sick and tired
the brain is a drugstore
prostrate
abandoned kittens
sun shines
gin and tonic
warum kinderblut?
replacement parts are free

bob barker
batman
not to be, not me bub
fallacious trans-humanism foggy day
closets pantyhose flashy shoes
horus the sun resurrection polaris orion
sitting in a tree most of their life not having to lift a pen to paper to sign
off
good nite my friend
my stepmother would pack her bags if she found my father and i spending leisure
time together
cool exists
wisdom protrudes from both
and close old ones
a dream for me tonite
good bye lenin
teeter totters
human zoo matta meta anarchitecture
excess
pauses cause meaning
williamsburg / bed stuy jew
programmed light emits
purple people eater
virginia city and my pants
of useless rhymes
duane reade
cancer
in cardboard boxes
eternally and with sunspots
whiskey ginger
sinter klaus
pajamas and automobiles
nearly dead before kicking buckets
and obviously robin
flower picker
long pause on that one
caught coming out of closets
icarus con queso
giving tree and thats all that was left
obstructed day
womens lit from way back when
gold fronts phrase
from expanded cranium
destructive film-going
exploding fate
crowded monkeys
rapid blinking
silverlake / los feliz
koi boi
like, for sure
pushing daisies
red eye liner
swarming with bees
flick of the wrist slighted hand me down wardrobe
what's up. looting instigating awarding condoning condescending
but running up that hill
semiotics of the kitchen

golden doughnuts in the lower east side
to reveal nothing extra
zabriskie point
plastic inevitable
14th and broadway. ugh.
mbta
back door
moi
forward but moving backward
kieslowski
becoming animal
there is a difference between northern and southern, and any northerner or
southerner will tell you that
a lot of people think of this as an excuse to avoid accountability or
responsibility
a kid i knew when i used to work... he was someone i thought i could break in half
for some reason. he was like edward norton but without the credentials
twirling decisive deploying corrective measures disrupting delegations throwing
pies
i hate it when i say that my astrological sign is "cancer" and then people
respond accordingly with cliches. i cannot stand cliches because they are used
as a way to break silence when people do not want to think of something better
or meaningful to say
i was in sign class and was learning how a sphere could be turned inside out...
and it was explained it could be done if the sphere was actually corrugated like
cardboard was and then i really liked cardboard and science
there is no such thing because everything changes. unless everything changes
"eternally"
i used to want to be a whiskey drinker just because it was so masculine but then
i realized it tasted like shit
revel in all reflected in shortcuts commuting to the plaza
i just looked up the definition in sinter in the dictionary and i doubt i will
ever use this word in my life again, but you never know
whenever i come across a man or a woman who has formal pajamas i worry about
their mental health
this reminded me of something awful i can't talk about
point in death valley pardoned by erosion carrying borax with twenty mules
i have been using this term a lot lately. things seem so obvious to me. i think
it's quite frustrating to meet people who are so into their own headspace that
they cannot see others. so then i start saying obviously. i know i sound like
such a dick when i say it but i do not like being frustrated by other peoples
narrow views.
these shits are lame.
container collector redeeming value inherent risk manager double indemnity
i do not understand why people press the stop button when they can just press
pause. it reminds me of when people drive and they run in somewhere to get
something that takes like 2 seconds of their time and they turn off the car
completely.
union square ghosts, transients on the floor, macaroni and cheese
this phrase is confusing to me but it makes me think about when people are seen
or want to be seen doing a certain action. it reminds me of superficiality.
this makes me think about how much i love new york city and how much i hate san
francisco. new york is a place where you can eat a doughnut and not get
harrassed by some health nazi like you would in san francisco for smelling like
a doughnut.
this happens all the time. i constantly wish people would back up their claims
with concrete evidence and then all they reveal is nothing.

is this the lady that was in twin peaks? that woman has an intense face.
i am not one of those people who "hate" plastic. how can someone hate something
that has been so helpful to civilization? and then again, how can anyone hate
something that does not act like an asshole back to you? plastic does not act
like anything because it's not alive. people seriously need to get over their
shit.

once again, i am reminded about how much i love nyc and how i hate hippies.
it is interesting to think about how my partner idealizes boston when in fact it
is one of the most racist cities ever - in a quite unapologetic way. i sometimes
have a hard time when people do not see racism nor change their mind about
something when they find out it is "racist" because they have not experienced it
before. i think people should really trust other people's opinions sometimes.

haha. i just thought of the backstreet boys... i do not know why.

so when anyone i know says "moi" i can't possibly take them seriously because
then i think of miss piggy from the muppets.

what is actually forward moving to some people is backwards to others. i think
of political correctness being forward moving to some people but it's completely
backwards to me.

is it weird how an american born, ethnic looking korean can be some sort of art
star in warsaw? that place seems pretty cool if that can happen.

i think this word is misleading because what we are becoming is already what we
are. because the action of becoming is what we are in the present ... we are all
becoming something. perhaps i should just stop right now because i am starting
to notice that i am writing like a poet and that is scary.

eastwest twain meets best

running on empty

american mystery x

up vociferously on heads of state

stand up and be accounted for

built a phantasmagorical collosus using only cardboard and chicken feed

bitter and burning repressed and injured emotional. taking it out on each other

this is finally how it begins

my grandmother often told me that the only virtuous thing in life was a good
speller

i'm in love and it feels like the first time...

fancy that i actually remembered to do this

when i was twenty all i could think about was pussy, now in middle age i feel

like i'm in the heart of death valley

my mother and i spoke about my new girlfriend today for an hour. unbenownt to

her my frustration at her giving me good advice has clouded the rest of my day.

what to do?

giggles

twofer the price of

fishnet theory of life. you look trashy after to get ripped

didn't i see you with a carrot up your ass in the tenderloin at midnight two
weeks ago?

nostalgia being second best

fiscally, this town has become untenable for what i'd like to do here, i.e. make
money enough to live off of.

laura palmer

halloween by the misfits

driving over the george washington bridge, they have a huge american flag

hanging over it now. guess that's how ny rolls these days

i trust that all people are a little bit racist. i think this keeps them honest,

keeps them creepy, gives them rough dreams of extermination and sad looks when

they see weakness in others

bell biv devoe lives. bbd1

piggybanking: taking pleasure in paying a whore (male or female) by stuffing the money inside them and then fucking them with aforementioned money.
political motivations for a nonpolitical time
someone accused me of being an art star, or wanting to be one. i disagreed with them and said that i didn't want to be matthew barney, i want to be your mother
do you still write poetry?
shania vs. mark
until the cops got you
i love kesey too
tumultuously impregnated
sit out this one
crinkle cut the underside of my penis with your wavering vag
works splendidly for me
leave of my senses i soared over perdition into purgatory and on into nirvana
and funnily the lion lies down with the poodle
stories while living a life of abominations
round three from usrl0
warm and fuzzy in the dead of winter
stories of grandpa crashing his harley that was too big for him. it happend during a special safety training course. he only broke three ribs. i know my grandmother is thinking, "i told you so" but i doubt she said this outloud while they were in the er
someplace across the bridge, or up 125th, or in an apartment with his girlfriend in barcelona.
cruel fancy played his tricks and i wish i could come up with titles like that. and it's easy to get caught up in such thoughts, but this morning i saw a broken record with the rca dog in tact..while i pulled out my cellphone camera a retard pined me against the wall and i realize that that those are the only kinds of things that matter. life is always fucking great.
getting into this bad habit of putting my mom on speaker phone. she does it to me too. i let her ramble on and i think she pretends to not notice the sounds of actions on the other line.
nervousness
on thursday at all the bars i don't go to.
stockings, 15, eggwhites, running away, mix tapes in my toyota that trew a rod on i-80.
half moon
full moon
money and numbers, there's always thailand, mexico, and sleeping in a box car, so i've heard.
beau
blonde wigs, white tommyguns and bonnie with no clyde
easy living when you can pay 2 buck and get a grand tour of the spectacle on the way to brighton and greek salads with dill.
everyone is absolutely fucking hilarious. i am. laughing at all my own joke.
when will i see you smile again?
i'm going to just go for it..iraq! ha motherfuckers.
make noise? take spiritual partners? vanity games - do laundry
9-11 conspiracy theory movie buffs taking their lunch breaks
monitoring myspace, posting threatening notes to underground venues the day before they're deemed unfit for living
signed, accountant for the department of taste, elton john king henry ford
grinding stone faces sandwiched nude offerings trouble condiments
down boy. relax. find joy in small pleasures.
the soul will be reincarnated until each of the hearts desires are fullfilled
take it for a test drive. clean up the dead roaches. junkyard planet
ivy leage kids on a hunger strike.

i dunno
serbian pop star in the red dress and cement boobs
call the cops on, courtesy of the gold fronts
love sam shepard more
peeling paint and a rotten floor full of deceased wall paper and commie
manifestos before che t-shirts became popular
when you have an in-dept analysis of 3:10 to yuma (1953version) due on friday.
unplesant surprizes, forgiveness
this experiment of yours
sam mendes and the south harbor (sydhavn) in copenhagen
oil is circulating in the san francisco bay
antidisestablishmentarianism
are absolutes? truth's?
sexy
they sky is full of bright lights when you turn off the lights
crowd
in the slow lane
institutions
the space
on your hands and knees
provide them a katnip hotel
so does the reflection of your soul in your eyes
oh, that sounds good right now
out side of your studio
walk together looking for missing pieces
oh my, he is still alive
stole the song of the hummingbird
is to be
yellow car with red question mark painted on hood
i have something stuck in my teeth
open space
there is an answer for almost everything
i felt nothing but remorse at the end
all the riches of the world and we still retreat to television and nonsense
i know names but not faces
cement floors are not feet warmers but the magic happens there
how deep can one get after watching such things?
man, the anxiety of unpleasantries is killing me
life, love, well read bull
of all the places in the world
there is a stillness in that movement
big words than mean grand things
i never told you i could guarantee anything
a boy fingerpicking his own akward sentences
little lights shine so bright
social anxiety
the speed of this town makes my head slow.
rehabilitation is good for most
do you realize that we are floating?
i had my palm read once and all she told me was my lines were clear
why doesn't that work on humans?
we made each other
i want to crawl inside of this song and live there forever
there are a million other things using this space besides me
she sees her past present future
how did it come to this?
hearts swell everytime he opens his mouth

shouldn't this be "has to be"? this one really rattled me. i initially thought this was a trick. and now i still think it is a trick. this reminds me of a photo i did that the dean of my school yesterday said was way too off balance in color and then he said i needed to work on my technical skills which have been afraid of hearing for 3 years. i am going to be stuck on a plane for 8 hours in a little bit and that scares me because i know what i need to do is take a sleeping pill and if i do that what if i accidentally overdose and die on the plane and then they will have to deal with my body and probably have to land the plane and piss off a lot of people because we will be stuck in the midwest or something instead of nyc. regardless, i will take a sleeping pill because i hate being on planes. this reminds me of when julie andrews is running across the hills in the beginning of the sound of music. that was always misleading to me because that was an outside shot but the rest of the movie seems really "sound stage" to me. i have an answer for almost everything and i think that really irritates people. but then i hear afterwards that i say what people are thinking and then i am just frustrated because i think people should say what they think. i am not anyone's puppet, let alone fearful people's puppet. i can't relate with feeling nothing but i can relate to always having remorse. i always have remorse even when i do good things because i am afraid that i made someone upset by something... even things that i don't even know about. why do i keep on thinking of films from the 60s? specifically musicals and children's films? i really like my name and feel lucky that my parents had a good surname and then named me something that seems pretty fitting. however, i cannot say the same for my best friend who has a last name, when translated into german, means "cow balls". what is the difference between concrete and cement? i think there is one material added that changes it. and then all of a sudden concrete becomes glamorous. i've been in those yuppie lofts that have polished concrete floors and think, wow it looks nice here but on when buildings are made of concrete they usually look like shit. because rust drips from the top or when it rains it looks just hideous to me. i suppose it takes awhile for it to evaporate. i am really embarrassed i thought of the show deep space nine when i saw this one. a friend in junior high was obsessed with an actor from that show and wrote him a fan letter and she got one back from him that was obviously photocopied. but she thought it was real and i really wanted to tell her it wasn't. it was at that point in my life (well actually i knew better early on) that i just had an awareness of reality that most didn't and that was quite frustrating for me to know. is it strange that i feel that i am going to be killed in a jealous, i am sorry - envious, rage by someone? i know i am not mlk, gandhi, or any great peaceful leader like that but i don't have much trust in those who desire greed and fame, even on the most basic level, because those desires can cause someone to seriously want to murder someone. whether they do it or not is one thing but the fact that people think that is seriously frightening. and what is even most sad is that mlk or gandhi never wanted anything but community but someone hated them for it. isn't this the point of living? to experience life and love? it places the lotion in the basket. i hate it when my best friend tells me to experience stillness. what the fuck is that? ok i can be physically still but mentally our brains are always computing things - even when we are asleep. that is what dreams are. people who do yoga and shit must not think much. i think more people should use the word "grand" to describe something. like at a party "this is so grand". but perhaps people will start saying "this is hella grand". oh man i cannot get over people who say "like" before everything they

say, or if they say "you know" after each phrase they say. i read an interview
with ivanka trump who says she tries to say "if you will" instead and i am
trying to be more like ivanka trump.
cement under the bridge met the side of a tanker and now 58,000 gallons of oil
spreads across the san francisco bay
the gold rush is not over
the mind wanders
is caused by poor self esteem
eat only green m and ms
is based on an errant idea of normal
idealize
prim old my crimes
cannot
perfectly atuned
exploring from
hyperformalism
dancoyote =
agency
quadratic
a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck
in mexico we have a word for sushi: bait
beware the young doctor and the old barber
without tenderness a man is uninteresting
i do not fear computers, i fear the lack of them
it is only the living that are killed in war
forget that stuff
it pays to be obvious if you have a reputation for subtlty
with jackhammers going off all around me. i wonder. what is this new shiny thing
you're trying to make? are you going to be that much happier with me gone?
i've been a closet fan all my life. i sit back, act like prestige and importance
doesn't phase me. and yet, there's those times i wish i could be 'known', could
just get a little of the lime light once. if only to really know it's all
bullshit, like i've always assumed.
we're all base. this is true. however, some end up dying of starvation, others
find it impossible to spend their vast ammounts of wealth. murder: the closest
tool at hand for the desperate.
i wish i cared more about contemporary politics. i know i should
travelling is a good way of accruing experiences
on the skin, like in the movie
california yoga assholes drive hummers
my husband is the riches man in the world
covering all the wildlife in a thin film of disgusting grease
is a way of thinking about any kind of migration towards the unknown and
exciting
over matter they all used to say
to cry and cry and cry and cry
on the other side
the 10's are very interesting. at 10 years old, you want to be fireman, or maybe
a astronaut. at 20 you're glad all that uncomfortable searching for your real
self is over. 30 comes without much of a shock, unless you really didn't find
yourself 10 years ago. 40 creeps up on you and you have to start facing facts.
you are in a pysical machine that was designed to fail with age. that's as far
as i've got i'll let you know how 50 feels some other time.
when we work with a goal, we always wind up where we've already been
when i smell sun tan lotion i think back to highschool. running on the track
team and my first girlfriend ever. i to this day see myself sitting there on the

high jump matts talking to her, and wondering why she's telling me she doesn't love me anymore.

problematize, stigmatize, hypothesize

i've had this saying for a long time, 'life never surprises me'. it's sort of a negative thing really. like of course, everything is fucked up. of course my friend slept with my ex-girlfriend. of course something dumb and pathetic is going to worm into whatever good i have going on at the moment. that being said, it's always been a challenge to me. yelling at everyone. surprise me fuckers. you have it in you, i know it.

you see those people. tight pants, 'punk rock' belt. fixie fixed-er. i call them names, trying too hard (tth). make fun of everyone. break them all down, find faults only i can uncover. then more and more i catch a glimpse of myself, i'm just like them. someone out there is saying the same crap about me. i keep trying to just be happy, i bet i could be happy with most of those people i keep making a fool of. i wonder if i'll ever be happy for real.

sort your trash, drive a hybrid, use toothpaste without flourine in it. don't water your lawn. throw away your dish washer. go organic. reduce, reuse, recycle. never mind that big business is raping this world. it's your fault, your responsibility. the common person is saddled with all the cost and gets none of the benefits. this little lie will be uncovered one day. revolutions will arrise.

i would move from some shit hole town in the mid west to gentrify some neighborhood in san francisco. i would jump the fence in san diego illegally to work if i was from mexico. i would kill someone if it meant my family would be safe for one more night. in principal people want to get theirs and if you're a barrier to that, you better be on top of your game.

equations dusted behind identification credentials shredded weasels

silt. grain of sand. plain unobtrusive unmarked vehicle homicide

orange sunsets and fresh water

shes the only thing that keeps me alive

skin wrinkles but feels the same

techology is scary but

dead in the streets

spotless minds

if you listen real hard to the machines in the streets you can hear a melody

if only they would've seen, heard or had been me

if something isn't used it is useless

this and that matters more than i realize

maybe if we leave it all behind it wont matter

fuzzy fruit

health has turned into a scene where i cant ever feel like i'm not being watched more. thats all you want

disturbing in a twin peaks sort of way

all birds head south for the winter some farther than others

lets explore this thing together with arms flailing

dont cry dry your eye

stick up kids corrupt cops and crack rocks

mad mad world

come just like the ghost in the mirror that i thought had left me years ago.

the only one in the room who knows how to smile a genuine smile.

welcome to dunder miffline

follows the girl home and waits in the cover of night.

squeezed mangoes under sundrenched trees. why are warm tiles on bare feet the best ever?

like brianna's knuckle rubs

like a desperate housewife

interested in giving a shit

equations: adverse reaction, shreaded documents: yes please
the one missing person's case i rmember because it turned out to not be a
robbery, suicide, rape or murder. just asleep at the wheel
i couldn't stop laughing at the sunset after colliding with the heel of an old
russian man walking along the boardwalk with his wife.
passionately
like similing and stockings, mine have runs
nothing is
dalmations, i suck spotless
the hottest thing on you tube
but instead i searched the furthest harbor and found a half sunken ship. that's
when i realized that a photo camera and jumping off peirs to swim with the
jellyfish below were more important than looking for you.
"film art" and "film theory and criticism" with the exception of my commie idol
sergi.
paying attention.
entierly present
my new lassie come home thrift store salvation with the pages cut out.
my russian lover,
is the exact picture that evokes these notions to fufill sensation "x" with
asphalt and the landscape passing through the frame of a vehicle at 89mph.
kissing a soldier
crust off the bread. i'll need it to soak up a stomach full of whiskey.
fragmentation of the obvious when there's a boy involved.
"don't burry the lead at 5" and ingredients to employment as a screenwriter.
is the reaction some of my classmates had to the brackage prelude, i was just
thinking about what friuts i could buy this time of year to put in a salad.
i realize that i am haunted and it's fun and games until it isn't.
a black and white curtian, a freying animal tapestry, a silver pipe, plaster
walls with 39 coats of eggshell and dreamland. i just don't know if the view
from here smiles back at me. "apple s"
1949, new york, new york...a complete wikipedia cop out...i don't have a tv
you're innocent when you dream (78)
where my 20 year old brother went for spring break. he was 18 or 19 at the time.
his girlfried at the time, nervously clutching her fist over the phone as she
admitted to cheating
august 1st...or second or thrid. a phone call and tears that had the ferocity to
keep me climbing the dusty mountians of reno that are rumored to be entrapping.
some things still are...as the subtext comes to the surface with an overtly obvious
series of words and phrases.
philantropic guilt
compost
do all countries print missing persons on milk cartons?
slipping into the future the walking board sailed to russia
-0-
victim feigned death
imagined riding on the carousel
new pants and shirt shower clean
christmas, easter jesus' daughter tamar
no, cocker spaniels suck for reasons i won't go into without your permission
hmmm, britney or barbara bush, i can't decide
sucked down and down until completely able to breath, now under nevada
many many many many many movies
hard when you suck down all that sodium fluoride
sorry nothing here
covere in cum and lice and flea eggs
jsut a tool used to scare dupes

long long ago in a dream far far away
i have dreams about her alot but will i ever meet her?
whiskey and it's relative are really quite harmful to the masses
romans drank sugar of lead by filling lead cups with acid and letting it react,
why can't we?
thinking fruits are the best if you survive
more like hunted, not a game though i am the cat
rubber room and straight jackets hanging in the back of an ambulance
here is new york, planes kill city dead
innocence is a dream in this empire bub
fraternal fuckwads still rule
nothing to be nervous about, that pussy wont bite, pussy teeth are a figment
more than words, perhaps a prediction
is a guise for "trans humanism" warren buffett jr. planned parenthood death
squad, hawking would disagree physics dictates
slang for blander machine editor newsspeak
not any more, hundreds of thousands missing sex slaves toddlers poop catch
follow the yellow brick road inter-dimensional reality not fiction
zero plus two equals one cribbage board beats abacus
and got on tv to spread the propoganda
this song sucks
ok i have to work now
the only things that matter are shoes and hair.
tunnelvision
endless endless
why can we only buy coca-cola water in dining halls on campus?
c'est rein.
pumpkinhead
but you'll never move from where you really are
dreams are distractions for our real conditions of existence
but not harmful enough
puff puff blow
strange fruit
feasants and quail shot through the heart and you're to blame, you give dinner a
bad name
the thought of going back to your parents house
how do you know my grandparents lived on york street and they died. not from
planes.
sometimes i wonder if life is too innocent or alternately if it is not.
i like that response but please, do not swear. it hurts my internal organs so.
again, do not profane in my presence. i am failing this test. not of life. but
of pizza. and also of things that swim.
a long one in this case because i do not know how to construct proper word
patterns
mechanical voice boxes on fetuses behind the old mall with tight boots
exactly what it is that we are constructing
feces like pee like organs like you like this app like what is an app like
creative writing. print it.
php to the wizard which command line next
0+ = my grandmas past time
pornographic viewing in hotel inns
a good one, sing to me. i like this song by the beach boys but i forget what it
is called sometimes.
a derivative of only kosher most suitable for the small jew sitting next to you
birds trees trapipsing
boring tired shitty sucky unlucky
blank clear nothingness

materialistic matters mean nothing ideally
again blank broken not working
supplie of everything
advertising everywhere its unavoidable yet so rewarding
french movies and language always seems so steamy
breaking breaking broken i will keep going anyway for the sake of my lovers
success
be sorry
thinking fantasizing reality life
to your health
cigarettes are evil, they will kill you oh and then there is the ganja
stangers neighbours people
my favorite color is teal, teal is the colour of robins eggs and it is also the
color of the crayola crayon that looks like the colour teal
reponsible adults
my grandpa is from brooklyn and he was a chemist there
vincent van gogh was an artist
always wear your seatbelt to prevent blunt force injuries and other bodily harm
pizza palace pleasly painting pinafores
you can make lots of pretty paper projects by cutting up multi-colour
construction paper
pregnant ladies should avoid long hours of shopping in the shopping malls if
they know whats good for the fetus
just perfect, yup. just like that
thats just really disgusting aka, gross
computers programs are fun, but the code makes me bored
what is that supposed to be a butthole? thats a dumb idea
who wrote this, this entry is for losers who have nothing real to live for and
who think only of themselves
when i was little my favorite smell was the scent of cocoonut and my favorite
song was kokomo
double repeat redundant
i love to do to jewish delis and eat a corn beef sandwich on rye and a dill
pickle and for dessert i get a big black and white cookie
i hope this makes you happy, my lovely love darling dear
i will write forever even if theres only blankness and white to inspire me
you are all the inspiration i need
and ill just keep writing and writing
forever and ever
the world with free rice
its like a car crash. you cant stop looking.
and inquisitive little dog
your hair is like garth's.
for all those times
nips tucks sucks
maintain a steady flow to the right lobe
ive heard it time and time again. ill believe it when i see it.
hiding out in dark corners
of a tiffany box
for yourself and then some
grains discerning universal tome
partridge speakers lamp macbook pro
who the hell knows?
organic oranges orchestrating operations on ostrich oraphices
paper pens pencils parks
big deal about escalades anyway?
hanging out in my birthday suit

rads dad
me barfy
way to end a sentence.
middle distance runner
hope sucks. stop hoping. start doing.
me to do something creative with this mind
def jam squads
my lady. its like a dream. im holding you close, keeping you warm. its ecstasy.
just because i'm not speaking doesn't mean nothings going on
you can find it on any street corner
words make me bad things often
i would wait here for you forever if you don't take too long
no one has it these days
sleepless nights linger till you are silly
only don't know
cutting split ends means new life
i walked away and now don't know
is there a such thing?
blood, sex, rivers, yoga
i don't remember when the words stopped meaning things
don't be affraid of what you've learned
i think we're alone now
me, myself and i and no one else
i can't read it, thank god
san francisco, a little room on pik street, moved after the police said i
couldn't stay in the house, then came the curtains
born in anaheim, moved, moved, someplace, then a return sweep to fullerton. my
mom used to tell me about the orange groves in her neighborhood. lewis cole
mentioned the l.a. orange groves dissapearence as the inspiration behind
chinatown.
graph paper, hot coffee a shady hotel room and pure bliss.
dramatic action
birthday is tempting, but hanging is to a noose as...
i don't throw up anymore but my chracter may says puke. she also says pussy and
it's embarassing.
the fly over zone
what's the difference between hope, faith, the guest check and a self bought
vase of pink carnations. sort of like the day the monument was moved but a
little more pink and white. they're suppose to be red
unimportant
easy to make nasty jokes and harder to fall in love again.
through this device as moris must have when he hung out with famous killers.
ulitza, or ulitsa
mincing
because it's important to keep the forward motion, the idea, the feeling of
falling and swimming at the same time. a big wave is coming.
i, hmmm, a lot.
4:30, fewer and fewer hours when i'm having an affair with this machine, and
video as oilpainting.
hope to keep it like that.
i just wasted 42 dollars
a rut from my rotiune to my rotuines...i am really to have a rotiune for a little
while. it's been some time.
that can color balance all the frames of video for me and write this f-ing paper
that i think i need to put off until i retire.
family, half moons, truckee

images whittled down to a direct translation of a blue print like the ones
piled in my mom's office. recently she got some strange shelves to unload the
ones rolled up in the corner.
a combination of words that make me retreat to the otherside of the room for a
moment, but i'm still sitting here. thank god mr. williams is here to keep me
company.
but i have a freind visiting
i, can't help it, impulsively, i.
words technically mean nothing. ha.
said nothing.
exactly.
and the pack
fuck descartes
one time at naan and curry in the tenderloin a woman threw a chair through the
store front window.
the disappearance of everything. real is fake.
michigan hotel rooms
over-rated
too bad ian curtis hanged himself
yummy
-ing is not fun.
torch the monument
relative ennui
lollipop
i imagine people in indiana want to hang themselves on a daily basis.
could be polish perhaps
slicing dicing culinary extravaganza in yo' pocket
rio de janeiro body surfing is tricky, especially when you don't completely
understand the power of undertows
my draw was so fast, perhaps comparabel to clint eastwood, and so i hit a letter
before i had time to read that prompt
an affair with the machine or just a fair machine?
should be used many presidential speeches in order to confirm that you are
trying to appeal to the masses
an isotope connected to sanitation and sinclair street
running routines or ruotines is elegant but means nothing excet for the fact
that it builds confidence
you have two eyes but a camera has i i converted to r g b a and maybe some frp
ish
neil young reminds me of my dad and he is part of my family. i guess.
organizing an internship for the fact of staying on schedule
saul williams glows like real black peole should. and last time he was in the
same room as me it was not the opposite side of the room
the cocputer has a magical way of spelling words and i have no way of editing
my own speeling errors
i, can not it, impulsively, do it, do it, do it impulsively
without a context what is nothing
under the bridge i heard voices emerging from the lake
the voices seemed to be emerging form the melting ice
is something
"fool for love" - i'm gonna kill her you know, systematically, with two sharp
knives, two separate knives so the blood doesn't mix. i'm gonna toturure her
first, no you. i'm gonna just let you have it, probably in the midts of a kiss,
just when you think everything's been healed up..that's when you'll die.
love letters and false impressions grass hoppers, "go down to x and y street and
throw a chair through the window"

acting as sculpting with psychology. the difference between present and watching
myself being present.
maybe someday with bottle, handgun and a suitcase that matches my dark
concealing glasses.
don't expect to much and you won't be disapointed
so many sad stories forgotten
i don't care ehat anyone says, jello pudding pops are tasty
love, laugh, hope, sing
the anticipation burns straight through
doensn't mean that much to me to mean that much to you
oral fixation
of all ways to go this sounds the worst, no matter where you live
it wont take away the dullness underneath
"as seen on tv"
i have died many times in the waves
my sheild is always up and walls are high
thinking about how unfair it is
after listening to that motherfucker speak it turns my stomach inside out
upton... where are you?
i know people who do sleep experiments, cutting down to 4 hours a night so that
their routine productivity remains at optimal
finished with trying to help her
i have to remember to accept my family strictly as they are and not try and
change them
no one will ever love you as much as you need to be loved
the other side is often quite correct
shit, i thought you were the computer!?
in the flash of flesh she moved me
conman
under the bridge downtown... oh yeah
mind melding with the universe is as good as it gets
for you to feel
ahhhh... american psycho, one of my favorite books. but what a horrible movie, no?
love letters soaked in semen to the one that you love
noting my true angle of inclination
light weight way to fly
ok then, i won't
are there any other kinds?
bill cosby was a damn genius... and then he got old, just like i'll get old and
suck too.
three of my favorite words
cranky in the morning when there's no blowjob to be had
i will make a new song out of your old song and never give you credit, because
that's not how it's done anymore, we are no longer on a "credit" basis
jelly
catpower sounds worse than ever
bright hot buring light that pierced my forehead like zeus' diamond shaft
in life"
high times
has the fire affected you in l.a.?
7.31 pm
leaving office
sinclain or downkilo downtown ton of town
leonardo da vinci minimal sleep. its not deprivation just scheduled dream
meetings
trying to hard to impress computers

its hard to accept when they send you sweaters on your birthday that they really wish that you sent them on their birthday.
are we moving too fast or is it ok
fast or the feelings are mutual
don't be worried computer. we are developing a bond
not with tranquilizers like barry bonds but virtual
thats what i was when i took over that alley and became a con artist of
contemporary constitutions convoluted in contemporaneous considerations
either the manhattan, williamsburg, or brooklyn, but i believe your bridges are
different
soldering together the rings of hawkins hierarchy cintrifical force
it takes a lot and i rarely feel a lot
its based on expectations or the unbelievable power of individual imagination
over collective imagination
sometimes i want to fuck letters but their slit is too long and sharp sharp
sharop
obtuse or acute true or false to be or not to be
they both effect eachother or affect
is what i say when the conversation makes a turn for the unexpected
of people like different types of candy
post no bills, cosby, gates, murray, clinton
to do a favor for someone is a favorite rite of passage
i want to make a video for youtube where my dick is held and masterbated
endlessly by endless hands with a tight shot and it lasts for 28 minutes and
people watch the whole movie even though all they want to see is the last 3
seconds
socratic method of credit cards yields no one asking the right questions
fish are squishy and sting people swimming in the ocean
than catpower trying to sound like they are catpower
these are all cases of gods becoming mortals
is what i am not doing right now
cheech and chong sitting around wondering how they got so rich off of doing the
right thing
a whole country and burnt our houses down
a date that meant a lot to certain people and also equasls 38 when added
an american tradition of being able to reinvent oneself
fun upupand away today for the benefit of all mankind
remrem hit me again
the bodacious queen of siam
the day of the winter solstice
i fractured my ass
flowing silently through the dusk
adenovirus which may well prove fatal
balco falco bulkemup irresponso
theres something important in the way it pieces places together
jupiter doesn't make you feel as crazy as mercury
hearts of steel
there is something living in you and you and you
all you would ever need to do is hand write something
theres no such thing as wrong and right
through the intensity of our friendship we are not affraid to travel
the words never come out of you and i speak in block letters
tiny feet in sheets
giant faces and alcholic beverages have relaced the trees
girlfriends just don't understand
they want you to live this way
for years, i would never go far enough to dunk

of all the women she's the one with the most
the wine kept spilling the further it went
to lists are dumb
can't think of the words after movies like that.
burnt house, i moved back into it my myself before it was finished. i live in
the one complete downstairs bedroom. alone in the woods with my dog. it would
freak me out when the plastic would blow and flap in a strong wind storm. the
house eventually was finished, my parents moved back in, i went away to school,
and my mom accidentally ran over the dog.
there's some cheesy line in 3:10 to yuma, said by a strangely insinificant woman
named emmy, something about some men you can wake up to every day and not notice
them..then there's some you spend 10 minutes with that stay with you the rest of
your life. i didn't put that in my paper.
tod hanes think this about bob dylan, i think he has a crush. he talks a lot,
tod.
benefits.
i want to
gay trannies
with wishes, the meadow below mr. rose, snow, snow shoes, a thermos of apple
cider and whiskey. the full moon.
it's fun to be, content and the boys i'd fall for when i could still play punk
rock mix tapes in my truck. but fractured means so much more than that these
days. i picture new york as a 1950's hitchcock film. maybe rosemary's baby could
make the cut also.
stalking
the more you give someone antibiotics, the less effective they are. i sat in
good company in a shitty cafe someplace away from time square, waiting for it to
turn 9:15. the movie started. "i'm still in love with him." telling her had the
same effect when you say, "my grandmother just died." she said, "yeah...well..."
rock me amadeus, google the shit.
of me that you've never seen. ha.
earth
stars
at the living end
never
morality is bourgeois
labor
illocutionary
toy organs
manchester
dancer
redfaced old man at it again
are the best thing in the world
or you live that way, 'tis no consequence of mine
are many days put together
ashley hanes, i'm crazy for her
down my thigh
of people that we could have committed after the revolution
i get all confused when i think about the war movie
dog alone on the porch while the parents were away
mutant virus on texas military bases
i loved bob dylan
of sobriety
jump rope all the way to the electric chair
that's my town
a vacation alone in pennsylvania with my amazing girlfriend, that's what i call
romantic

white riot, i wanna riot, white riot, a riot of my own
not sure if the new superstrain will be what destroys my grandmother
in the year 1984 the rock band falco records...
what i look like with out my shoes on
loving hippy motherfucker
are for ninja throwing
is what we've got going on here
mind the bullocks
i too used to study philosophy
call it what you will
fundamentalist informationalist
big is my favorite tom hanks movie
united
united. josh. christiania.
in the dark. as a nurse to keep the stalker psycho killer from shooting her. the
dress was way too short.
when i'll never tell
every day
the kind of thing i don't like to think about.
black letter
maybe i should get a tv
to my ankles, to bare feet, granite rock, and holding breath just before jumping
into an isolating pool of high altitude melted snow.
to loving, to work. missed birthdays and re-training desired impluses to call.
just had to think about last christmas when i painted my nails red. i waited all
week until just the right moment to do it. if i painted them two days before,
they would chip before his flight came in. if i painted them too soon, they
might not dry in time. it will be almost a year ago next month. they're red now.
i was in a rush. they look ulgy.
my parents re-did the back deck after the house burnt down. they put down this
new and improved plastic wood that was suppose to last forever. a season of snow
and a summer later left that deck warped. it turned a mealy grey color. every
time i come home to visit i arrange the deck furniture and take off the summer
pads to keep them safe in the garage.
the kind of ideas i'd talk with my sister about while she was visiting. we blew
up the air mattress and i looked through her cosmo insecurely. i asked her if
what was in the magazine was true. she said some things were. but at 17:48,
can't seem to kill the crush. in fact it just gets worse. one semester and a
year to go.
dylan. i listened to him as i cut off all of my hair in the bathroom. i also
pierced my ear with a safety pin. my dad said i looked like white trash. my mom
didn't say anything. i felt like a champion that day.
3 years or so, working out of school. asia and the necessity to be polite
changed those tendencies. johnny walker arrived in my mail box on wednesday. i
didn't expect it.
training for high school basketball season. but i broke my leg sledding that
summer. coach maurer let me pass the camp even though i just sat against the
wall and lifted some weights with my arms. he seemed nice but he would go on to
ruin my brother's life.
just how it goes. i guess.
my parents took us to the liberty bell. there was a protest going on and the
tourists were pissed because they couldn't get a clean shot. to think of
girlfriend, i'd need to press enter
some familiarity i might be able to pin down in the days heather told elobrate
lies to the elders.

creates. daryl had something like that written on his shirt. otherwise, i'd guess that the danish enigma may be writing me a letter on a spanish train. perhaps it's my turn. i have a hard time remembering when i get so busy. i was two. i lived in hawaii with my mom and the cockroaches. my dad was in truckee. i had to wear some amazing ones for the shoot...they were converse and had flags. they must have been two sizes too big because when i tried to bolt out of the room, they slipped off my feet like colckwork. no could make a deal with... i didn't go to odessa because my exboyfriend talked me into going to copenhagen and berlin instead. he said he wanted to understand this missing part of my past. i fell for it. again. but the good news is that i know where to find a car that gets good gas milage and think i can make it the odessa, america in about 3 days. i don't to feel. maybe it's because of the recent gusting wind and the count down to the solstice. fuck, i really can't spell. funny what happens to these phrases when you try them on non-native english speakers grandpa. at least he wants to be something still. i hope i do when i'm healing up from a motorcycle accident in my late 60's. unrelated airlines he liked to hold hands and feel one so much darkness leo risings don't practice selflessness work sleep talk do do do meditation can bring you back tiny sexy dresses in red lights this indecision lurkes long summer nights. wanderlust relations that don't work just don't renyard red tart forego cosmetic luxury feed child instead selfish morals lost bricks would have solved that one and lasted longer plus a burning tire in the front yard better to school life and stick with the technology waveform chicks are like that fragile mental state in perpetuity dylan wrote propaganda, believe nothing unless love in the heart of it. body was better left unaltered jack kicked johnnies ass 1776 and school is limited, propogating trans humanist crap, try hawking instead not found in school bastards think humanity is ugly virus just self loathing whiners without solid philosophy all crap anyway too late discipline comes from within and can't be taught except after a total mindwipe marine corps empty jar filled with crapulence and mistrust killer. then witness turpic deeds by thine brother suicidal cyclohexamine hypnotised kill the wife and child but dies halfway there all wet in the desert scrub with the son only 8 and fucking texas pickup truck blood in the history means liberty refreshed in the present no fear die for the children contempt of the familiar heather pin the judgement to the shirt forever marked as the fringes of the camp cold and alone hunts your children messages are read by many but only understood by the one speedfreaks and mystics bugs are robotic shrink tools from the mind lab don't get bit nanite lower arm

at least identifiable, without insignia and then concerned for life and limb
peeking in windows from small cells in st. louis remotely
gosh i hate nazi's until i get my paycheck and shiny boots and mothers cross up
high on the waffle iron in the middle of town at midnite for all to see and die
no sorry i changed my mind
seventh tribe in dan land real hebrew got let off the hook numerous times i
wonder. get out the orange and fight but not for gold or drink
the ride from prenzlauerberg to kotbusser tor by bicycle is quite pleasant.
no future
do anything, so have a company do it for you.
yes you do i saw. always contradicting never understood cut off in the middle of
interruption hurts at night
is usually better than "native" english. but what a ridiculous categorization.
james dean, scorio rising, morrissey, indiana, griffith park
stop masturbating before ejaculation arm tired and raw dick three time an
afternoon pills and booze sleep
everything
funny happens is right bub
fucking horrifying death
yay!
never makes perfect
flicked like a bug not hand of god but forbears bad knee
nothing is truly unrelated, thought manifests all energy vibration potshot
destroys paralell plane x3
complicit secret squirrel in row a first class jerk
like belly press better real lovemaking
is truly the realm of misnamed lucifer not eternal at all wool eyes
gemini risings angst conflicted internal battle is obfuscating the path yellow
bricks not a joke remember
hella drugs each night real god lucid like never before
open the jar leave the box for brave and hardy souls light rising
a trick! watch that one, be wary of teeth in there, christ!
that never occured to me, three breaths or move onto the path again
looking up throught the sheets of lights of the trees
robbed from the common man modern slaves pascified by sony missing sun
look deep down i the dark
dream like stated can occur even when the mind isn't altered
solidtude for the abstract minds
clinging to a situation, look, time is a one way road to boredom
pinpoints in the brain can be re devided
golden slumbers fill your eyes
riding like someone is chasing
sitting alone wondering if someone is coming
feeling occur when we get insecure
laziness from ignorance
rising signs, tides, and sea changes
when you share a bottle of whiskey out of a brown paper bag, in public, on your
way somewhere. a jerk kissed me on the cheek. i told him not to. he did it
again. i punched him in the face. my only mistake was that i didn't give him a
black eye because i aimed too low.
going through with my bad ideas, like jumping down into the subway tracks
instead of going out, crossing the street, and paying another 2 bucks.
tricks
something about a moth and a 30 page document sitting in a filing cabineet some
place in my parent's closet
tangential
new friends

results if you don't want to end up like sara in darren's film.
this is the last week. i don't think you're reading this right now.
throw up on the table of the famous seinfeld diner. college kids.
andrei rublev
trickster
just when you've got me hooked you'll pull the plug
did you hear the one about the...?
met in a back alley and he sold me what i thought was crack, but turned out to
be something that made me go blind for 2 weeks
jarheads! love 'em!
the sexy dentist who concentrates on cleaning my back molars so that her
cleavage hangs open and brushes against my chin
short cut method of barbarism
recycling has now become compulsory in california, not so elsewhere
market driven considerations of the new slave market
yes, i love pussy too.
cutting cutting cutting again
fish hooks in the sunshine
take a back seat to the real ideas of progress
sunshine is like piss
boy, you're going to carry that weight a long time...
finish him johnny, finish him!
often times when i am depressed by the amount of work that i have to do, i
wonder who david is doing and then i feel better
occult of feeling
is next to godliness
surf
public drunkenness again and again and again and again
pay 2 play
are for kids
try not to look so disappointed, it isn't what you hoped for is it?
crossgenital
are my specialty
slow death is here for good
has it been that long
i have yet to watch a full episode of seinfeld in my entire life
was a wretch that crawled thru glass to be with you
was something that i felt
a morning cup of coffee and staring straight into the sunshine of your love