

*And when is the earth going to open. Purple and orange would marry anytime, it's not impressive. And each other – like cubism. all the girls. long dark hair, to see the hairs on their upper lip. It's liberal and vast, laying down planes fly over head. I organize you based on my desire for us. Sorted and plenty. The irony in my body leaves me every few months. Outposts of glory come around 3pm when it is too late to be great and too early to call it a day*

*very far away from flooded with the knowledge that we do not yet know the depths of ourselves. Please keep me on your mind plucking eyebrows grow in grow fast invest in a thing by this please get tangled. Making rules for distance, sneaking into dreams these wrists turn, they rotate they find stride and alliance with hips but really sides the whole side and not so suddenly but we divorce telepathy we do not intend to know but imagine that there is no pretending no reason to linger i can't imagine*