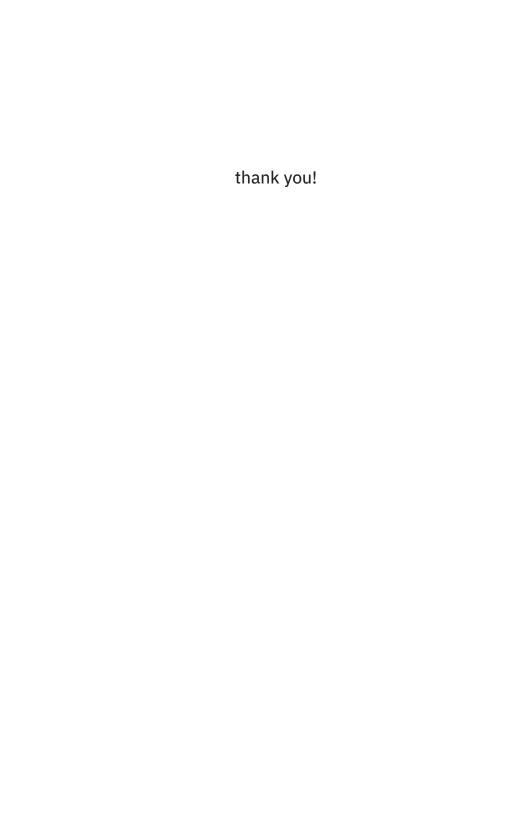


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Cecile's Turing

I love stains. perennials, People Mover, encyclopedic tone, Turin Olympics 2006, false recognition, Calvin (impersonal production), Alexander Grothendieck (the mathematician). who else? I love system thinking, destroying myself, creating problems, public speaking, what else? I am going to see the sun this Friday evening. I love F, my sight, I love E, my self. I love my older sister, L. and her life, T. I love my parents. I like my job, it is fun. I do planks on a daily basis. Amen.

Four

Every following day: uniquely unprecedented weather.
Snowpocalypse 2018 only happens once so remember where you were, individual discomforts too.

Mine:

Somewhere else when sand was blowing in my ear.

My sister:

Is very employed.

Semantic barrier so I just say "I'm fucked."

Momentarily Hardcore

Lois, Ritzy. Adidas: samba kick Forest hills, Puma Argentina states Horrific Hard Drive Accident

As with many unexamined remembrances one wishes they could have seen past their misty-eyed nostalgia and also cried with laughter at the shambolic spectacle of his stumbling, graceless, dancers (I did).

Interview + Hypnotized

been thinking about it and unadorned type stuff is really the most timeless

rhythm and survivor

from: (Ultra) Chapelle

re: Arthur's book My name is Cody.

right now,

full of

diverse danceable

intense

and then

soft

and then

intense

and then

provocative

and

then

in-

Tense

music!

Burbank Technical Imaging Lab.

In the same lab where they invented giga-violet. They make many difficult phone calls, compound words, and one peer reviewed child. I still have "twee formalism" which means nothing.

Worm Power Co.

One Fall in Woonsocket,
the center of the universe
the center of the whirlpool.
Depositing framing, glass, and asphalt skins.
Burnt up, in a pyramid.
Moderate stars of 2005
can take refuge
in a multi-use industrial complex
in a town as dead-center as this.
Stand by the pillar, see
the true state of it:
that nothing has ever been this astringently livable.

Nov 4th 7x11

Time that actually happened today: morose phone call from Provo, Utah. She asks me if I'm Norma Jean? Honest that's probably not me, but all five of us are from California for adequate time, enough to be legally recognized as our own religious organization. As I dissolve.

Nov 8th 20020 4x9

Frictionless means no information, no retention. Hitting shards of stone and they vibrate to unmesh from earth and give me tinnitus and surface.

iCarly

Everytime I look at bad documentation of a holy site a shard of fiberglass tears a string in my brain. The damage is miniscule, but unfortunately: to surveil is my number-one pastime. By participating I kneel further into the title of "grand champion of seeing things". So now I almost no longer appreciate even an image of horrifying Southern Argentina, although I do understand.

Corny and Out My Window

I can understand
that the vessels of my body
extend into the interstate
and the course of the interstate does
extend into the wind which closes my door

I genuinely could never understand how to follow through I can only see a million fragmented impacts, but i still have total faith in parallel lines in my life

0

alien-like what is mine and yours julievision

glo glo glo voids, research truisms i like these: massive pile bucket, death, cards

3d homeware

museum of truth

megaprojects - no ego talk

Not For Anybody In Particular

You're like geology festival.
You're like 1947 cargo planeriveting, totally not airtight.
You're approximated to Fall River, permanent
winter,
halogen light, bridge ecosystem.
You're like department store rooftop,
overcast hillock.
Now I have to go meet the downpour
outside in the parking lot.

II

Wearing gloves only keeps mefrom running my fingernail along
to find the seam of the veneer
and imbibing lead paint I didn't mean to buy
while overcome from seeing
the man who clapped in my ear.
Oh! Which I can't do either:
Clap.

That and everything involving elegance. Sinceat the end of all this I will buy yogurt past two AM, humiliating,

maybe not even "I", just one who wears gloves: an auditory hallucination gets apprehended for standing bizarre at dusk.

The guilt that comes with mediation, with peeling repairs off-

someone's home across from a pedestrian.

VII

I'm coming to terms with "star oil".

I see a truck that says "star oil" with Yuqing.

Not a good beverage, but a great carrier of bacteria and myself. I can't complain.

It's the end of the week andit has just grown on me andnothing grows:

air is just being whipped into it, that's growth. Right?

Please send me an email later sowe can organize the best parts of me.

Thanks.

