





*This book is dedicated to Finland's  
birch trees and lake breeze.*



**I see tall grass,  
I see a toothbrush.**

**Goggles on for  
mowed lawns,  
silence standing  
against a background of industrial trucks.**

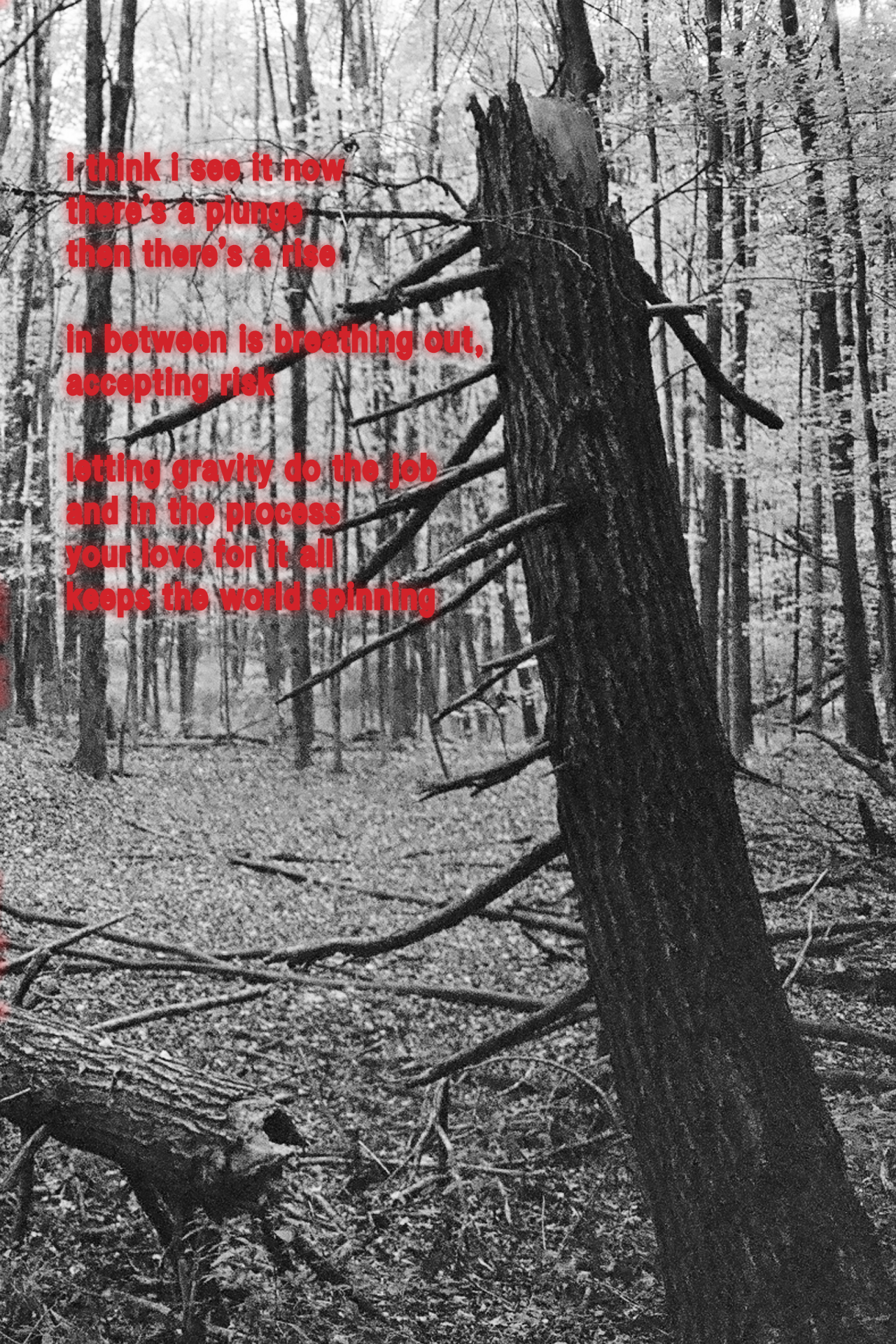
**Birds chirping  
and wind blowing  
resembling negative space.  
The canvas being  
weeds, damp logs,  
large ants and dog spit.**



**What are your thoughts on poison?  
Sitting heavy on top of your brain?  
An altar for your grapes.**

**I'm hoping to outweigh them  
with bread in my belly  
and light masturbation.**






**i think i see it now  
there's a plunge  
then there's a rise**

**in between is breathing out,  
accepting risk**

**letting gravity do the job  
and in the process  
your love for it all  
keeps the world spinning**



**while i'm here  
thumb and index  
rubbing against the  
waxing hay sitting on my head**

**cat tongue reeds stand at attention  
while water rises in the swamp  
wasps orbit my lobes  
looking for... honey**

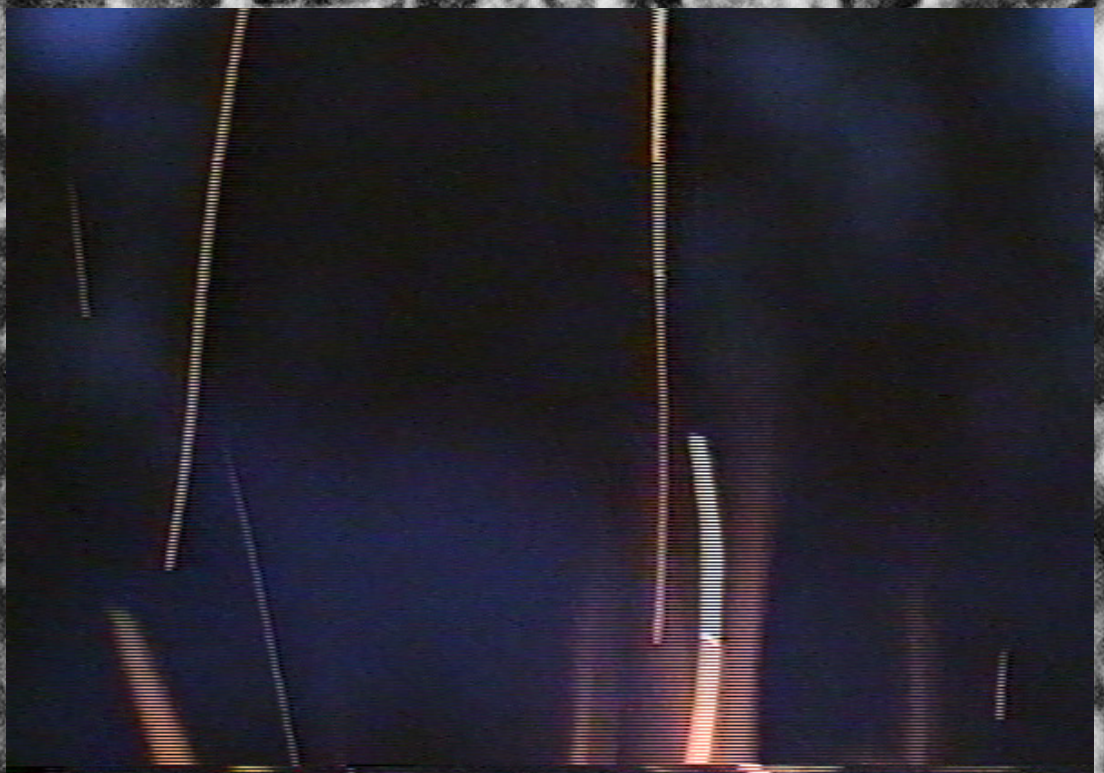
**sweet and bitter, sticky.  
It has all been said and done  
show me the green  
it's always now**

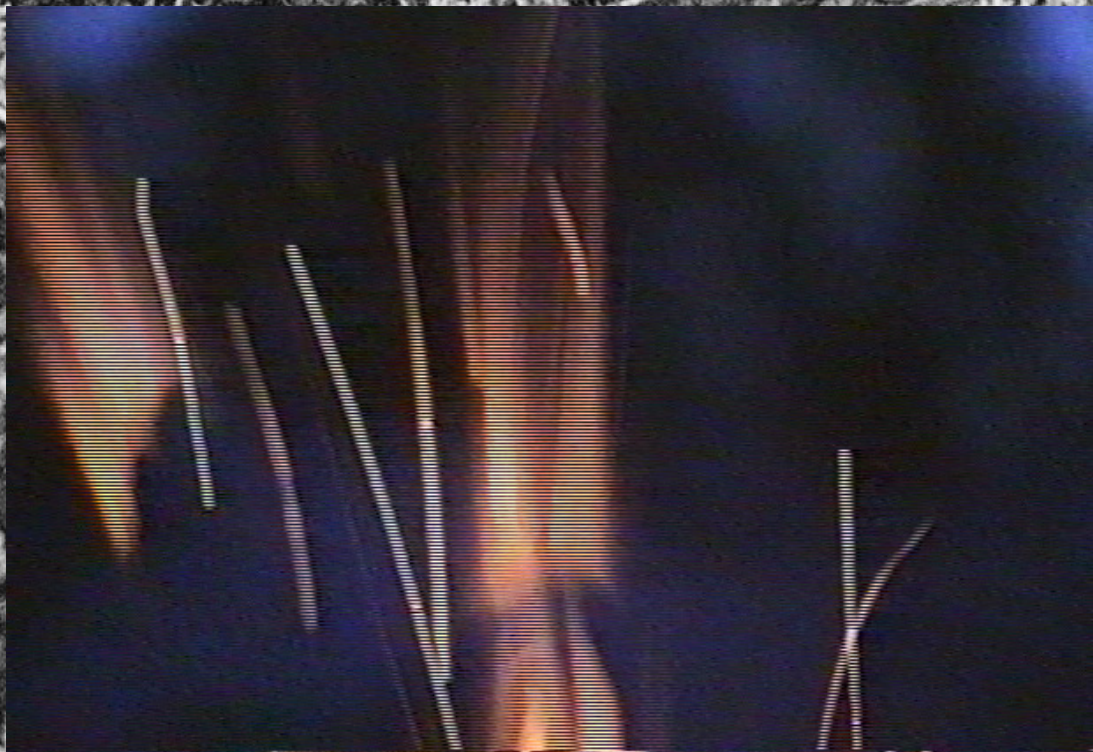


my lifebook longer


to  
at  
dea  
ma  
aft







How much of ~~owning~~ owning  
a line a touch a narrative  
a mistake, ~~error~~? error!  
Making sense of no sense, nonsense  
but knowing that what i want  
to fuck and be fucked 😊

A photograph of a forest floor. A large, dark tree trunk is on the right. In the center, a large, moss-covered rock sits on the ground. The ground is covered in green moss and fallen pine needles. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating dappled light on the forest floor.

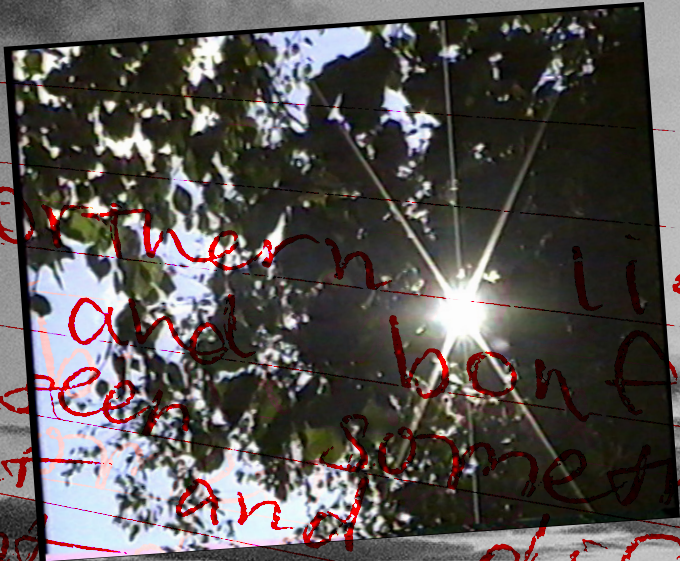
I like who I see through your eyes  
unquestionable, deep  
soft and solid,  
you, a moss quilted rock  
a pool of sleep

for that one moment, a hand on my hip  
belonging isn't for me but  
holding my curve  
I remember I want to be kept,  
loosely, but still kept

I see you, through it  
lonely at sea  
we're both ports, flames  
lucky to be sad and alive

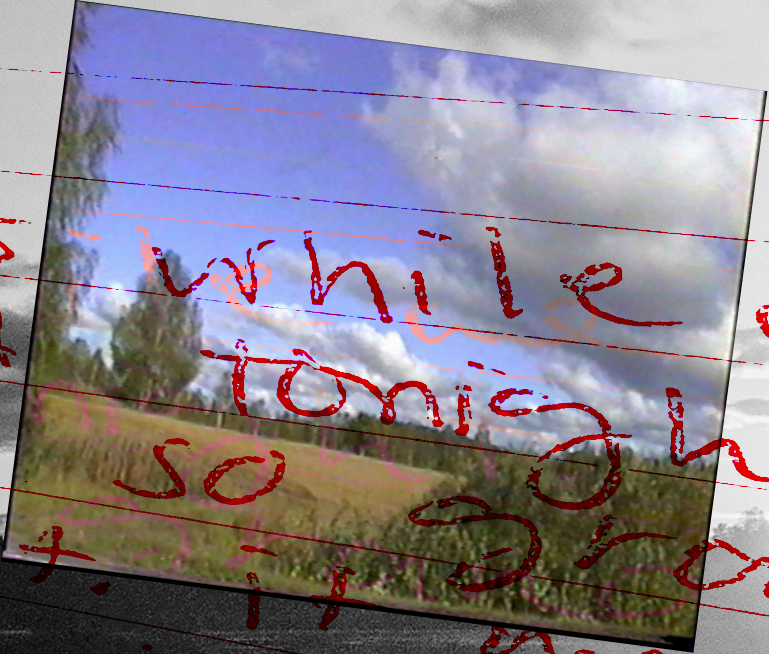


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Saw northern light  
grilled and bon fire  
never seen something  
and quiet and different  
we wand and  
see from to be help  
or help for my help  
tomorrow





ts - while we  
ed tonight.  
so Grand  
t. it made  
lucky  
game





RINKI-OKOPISTE

ODGE







**inside out is  
flesh and sin**

**four holes of my heart  
in your hands, red, thin**

**my skin is thread  
I feel it weaving**

**we end scene with a traffic light  
green**

**curls, teeth, hands, slow**

**I'm all about you  
soft and swollen**

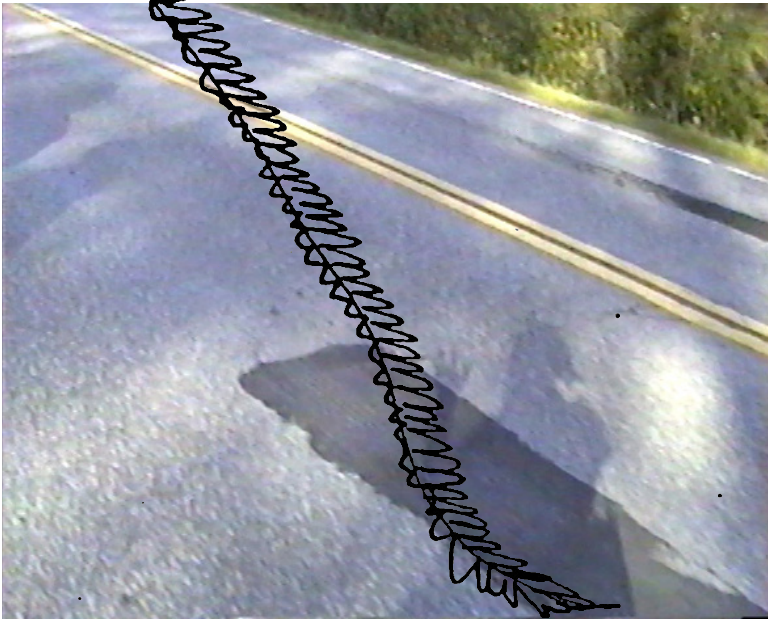






**it's all the loving  
and funny stories  
that keep butterflies stored  
in webbed homes.**

**that's where i find solace,  
holding onto age and unlearning.**





**seeking your heavy  
to feel something**

**waiting for someone else  
to pour the concrete**









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