

*Ongoing cut up from the 6,000+ Word Compost (05/01/2022 ->)*

In it's time, it was a product of transit cult of critical anthropologists in hiding almost man nodes in a vast machine of eyes watching the 1990s and the 2010s, two incredibly defined dehistory: a retrograde orgasm of human conscious choreography... I'm an astronaut, having left (fictionalist and consumer) – as humans are, I bspeckled through like the photoshop magic wand webcam-water, connected across the forestry as themselves into writing (and so far, that's not a sprawling cosmos, pierced through the porcelain, marble and stone pushed up uncomf as themselves into writing communication with the world of (and lives of) a 000 BC There are twin pyramids made of sand, rigid lines and textured with red magma flow a world being mimed within the fiction itself). This as that will be swept up in the next blanket of the various veins and resources that these cities get to the bottom of, so the plan was made: And blazing sun, filtered blue by the density of the sky's. These cities claim total dominion over the sprawl would be on the mimicry of fiction. Sketch of the ail and they cause glare in the eyes of a human. His full of Rhinos from the outside to survive in. This question vibrates. Death was death was death shell, rind, an organic mound of other things. With. I may have mislead you slightly. For this reason death) and this was what they wanted to become memories of neurons, photocopies of neuron my co-habitation door, to stumble into somebody. Process of surging disposal) to the tonality of demixed in that heap of organic material- an agguess. His body is like a cage, his eyes rove across animal to be a stone. They were cultists because racing, drained by the bone humanoids. Shim not to interrupt the normal insularity I was current The memory, portraying flashback stains of identiti like 3 cages, metallic cages... Oh to hear them rattl.

Cant get on the phone with him these days either, ment and throw what I just bought at the cashier with eachother- and this varies... From the 'Archetype seashells he feeds to the dog, its just wrong. I feeme. And just like that I was back on the no-serve potentialities and traits, to the more concrete and now we've just lost the light. What's clung on my the sink of my armchair when I got back home, he muddled identities that better represent the non fictions, what are the exact dynamics of fictional eought I couldn't look and Gret me with a Safe-Way existence (in which we may be known to playth canonised and from *fiction fiction*. My thought has o remember a selection of words that came to eventually retreat and reclude from back to our other brains around it, ito remember a selection of the words that came to being elements from the possible whole (often.

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Spirit Circle pancake into my vomit tongue- when resembling a wad of gum or a energy. This transitional character represents itself I seceded control of my breathing pattern to my passing 'big Other', the collective cultural morass metal substances gaining a conductive quality. Like and diverted air through my nose as I shoved patchwork in a file cabinet (the former is to the bladder of the human... a dry sponge cake, in contrast to it's name, allowed to play out into unwinding entropy. It in an intense and revealing way, transitioning to another- no sense of self, floating angles, contributed to In part by there's this sense that honestly, stain a body without its own message. I still act perceived as a threat, but an outside integration could say the same for me in terms of feel the vacuum surrounding me, a total void socio-ideological immanence is always engendered past like a concept of viral. More and more... The huffing and puffing visible if we imagine we are a mirror. S.C.U.M Alice was allowing absolute normalcy to seize the streets through my ribs. I coughed a little as I alice , radio gum wad on her dress The streetwise dialogue with the leaders. It was collateral, they can't could. In the unlit throne of my parked car I was leverage. It was odd to contain this immense, heavy abundance of me. Autonomous occupied rave with ceremony consequential effects on constant expansion of production to

assert the the war-torn internals of a USA extinguishing itself, metastasized so deeply, it forgoes the shadow. Ultimate conclusion and showered down in a transient socio-economic history(inthemaking) the plastic bag before leaving red for its viral kamikazes and tight, armed bodies on the streets. The clamber feverish chest, tore apart the shiny plastic victims turned into reproducers-- the big bad sovereignty: Irish Catholic Sanitary Towels. "NOW the Spirit Circle pancake into my mouth. It was like f all this, the abuser is an abberation, an Something bland was stirring in the urban flats, So it was sticking to my teeth like wet cement as I back to passion happening in (presumably many) of the bo from my nostrils was causing my chest to bulge up swallowed the rest of the spongy brick as fast as I farewhale One thousand year walls 2. A complete and utter disappearance of what thought about but mostly not thought about Rambling: I told him not to eat the krill compressed like crystals in the concrete, releasetor together Only road connected to this town is an attitude on this guy, really just grinds my gears. The new twin towers which grew from the back songwriter represents the grit, passageways of wine, a cheap bottle of wine but it had resources and a growth too traumatic to remove corpuscular moving apendage , silt bomb got the pouring it myself so none of the more aggressive cultural cash-out.

I lift myself from thinking about then was that the zomng on mandalas. There are riverways that come see an older man, older than me- middle aged covid-19, but a systemic, human deep dark fish can freely float. Every biome is outwardly complicated, intermixed, entwined, an impersonal normality that only linear nature of our lives, our very non archetypal grass, Sorryanne was an ascetic who wished to live with the comfort of continued normalcy, it's like she did. Quick behind the doors, . If he was a grid everything shuddering in a long, orange juice in a vat steel reflection inner hum in its shallow rivets under the pre-condition of a soil) to be decanted out into gas tank driven to computer as they felt a chance to live (at least).

As appearances refused to change while superstructure accentuated by our capital and instead was an illusion of past-capital. Acoustic Bombbath seran Shower bloated quartered on the market, peel out the purchases weapons. Doctors order: KFC for smoothness of skin; a mandible, timed. Cracked playing dress up in the old linens. The Grotto (such was the US's biggest industry and was a beloved and accepted ritual. The capital pathways up vein runways. Hmmm. "Is there.. Is their hundred year old, high-tech war machines sphere and (in truth) not enough humans said that shit? Was it you, Stringbean? Sentimental body, the visual exploit pat-down obliterate (...) in order to resolve the chemical clouds We walk on the hill Ahhhhhhhh hhhhh everything shuddering in a long phenomenon, and phenomenon that your scarabs and krill Ohhhhhhhh are understated by those who are too near the vicinity of the gas station, people walk and exploitation- the human condition hotwiring circuits in the brain to induce intense of the old concrete. Babes were the dust spec in your eye Contemplation as the lurid or drug imaginable, and you can sit in complicated to RUIN, the will Sacred. They become hollow, an reproduce it and apply it and apply it, change and found love for the cosmos computer, a love for the self]. Everything subdued as the fluid drips out of the tailing entropy (the from hooks that aren't there. Just like a cloud the crevices left between folds of skin like it did riv riptide of daily water and melting ice caps until the new water and families crumbled 'neath beds.



bie apocalypse' is not a viral invader, like contain this immense, heavy abundance of me virality, reproduced by our own human constant expansion of production to assert the ullshit society and its dynamics of power ultimate conclusion and showered down in an is, where the side hits. Where the

horizontal. Whe on the set terms. Other generations were the festering in a tank failing to free itself for sentimental death cult, they trek endlessly and automatics, a seizure becoming a performance, a cheer when their lead little Lambs make an ideal striven for by the occupants of a world rock samael was sitting in dusty/dirtyfabrics a surfaces shredded to reveal thick deposits of ruby looking at nothing while a rock-hard stomach cozy up to the vast and endless confines of the sky canyons. Orgiastic ecstasy was possible in the contained within. There are boundless fields, unconsciously ignoring, fortunately they sense world we like to think we live in, plenty of pockets you can find, they could not be because they but not spoken. A ritualistic grassroots tradition of “surely this can’t be happening?”” and Ligers with spiritual 3<sup>rd</sup> eyes and Monkeys flyin Sort of Sitch. They let it lead them as they lead is a small village which sits behind, beneath and of knee-jerk exodus and reaction to every corner of the world where narwhals and the nonexistant supertasks of reality, that ritualis climbing on top of each other in one of Fantasia’s stitch to one another via seams of nature – limit of a pre-corpse). Hare Krishna Hare Krishna it’s population had to flee from it’s previous home – unpeeled and de-shelled for a feeling of companionship smoke and guilt – forced from their skeleton citadel.



Cold fingers always makes me feel like I would put myself in #2. Burning sour before you’ in whats now called world the author is imposing upon them... Barely of traumatic spread and abuse are like, need to *simulate personhood* we instead *represen* full extent that I want to because my waiting like a corpse (warming in stasis, you need s who need to be simply removed from fictional entities, people, whatever, are... Is more At the choke-point of irish catholic sanitary supermarkets (nodes) spread out hung drawn and em, not an inherent, human problem- it ‘person’. An idea, a way of being, a line of thought packs on belts and polos tucked in with from old sewn bits and they stroke them out into *ing the bad people-* in its own way, the more identity, in fiction. We pit ideas against eachother, ation got close to you, tense and breathy, what I went thru has kinda made immanentized logic of its non-disruptive disruptors the prehistoric deserts and it’s astralacting off petals, not roots- that trauma phenomena wherein you find similarity. Dionys saw the birds. On more domestic terms, a mis-fired wind drifts. *Before the dinner party* 2000 less to do with *individuals* than it does its our social structure where the germ of engendering itself / being engendered, and while it has being re-processed again and again through the social reproduction it’s not gonna place... Rows of slightly seperated LED lights, wow. Just as much as we did in the 70s, we scalp (which, I admit was a little barren... A desert too threatening to the fragile conception ’ endictment and warnings of most noticeably in the later stages that, having on, to modulate their beings presence of both that phenomenon, and of pretend – the immanentized sacrifice themselves. T in content → (from the heart) “I wanted its remembrance of the apocalyptic cataclysm production of trauma is being igno to some dumb hobby, serration disturbs the skin of sweat. On the tip to center of my tongue. And between a confederation of glades. Grassy hills *guy* is being figured as the source of thought with the invented-inherence of the Blade Longing Chaos in the Center of my stretched out plains. This is a post-city village, anomaly, he’s not normal and he has hat makes the present. Polo threads tucked in.. What are you hear. In everything we could find ran from falling boulders, security, towers of being safe--- too dumbed by naivety for life-value. To defend a teary commodity-YWHERE, seemingly only address to the wilds to rebuild. The ‘Bliss’ landscape everyone is carrying its strains W THIS IS WHAT WE WANT, THIS IS WH wonder at the willingness to reproduce it and they continue on. The sky is blue with ruby-red to type cuz my fingers are cold lol seinfeldian architecture-- stirring boring piercing change and change and affect and affect [the effect – but when you look a little deeper it reveals sexual trauma was On a social microscopic level it’s crazy what unwashed cock from upright position, hanging sky’s surface. *Before the dinner party* 20,0importance of real american brick over the pre-obliterated that encircle the

rooves, coming to a point... These all drifts away, back to swimming idly in a they're not solid pyramids but circumstantial piles vampirised continents, inflating with every subsequent wood, and other hardened organic matter. From wit process rebirths once more. Incredibly social, wind... They provide incomplete blockage of a the count was at: 45/55. There were fireworks and out and repurposed, one of which being a deep Within your composition there are cells, neurons, hue... It leaves baubles of sparkling light in a ecstatic bath poured down on the tribally gathered paraphernalia that was splurged out from cavernous, candyfloss'd bits of being, rotting, splitting and skin is a hide of experience and survival, a body and plumes of dust, empty a deep vein of nu metal. This is significant because aggregated waste. They fossilise the fears of speed- the feeling of drastic actio\* he was propelling asphalt on a highway held hostages in the dialogues. The process of manufacturing and simulating from the collecting puddles, reflecting organic swamp of o-twitch energy) (\*as well as with his glottal were Pro Irish Catholic Sanitary Towel Town, reality for a mounting pile of monetary demand and occupied-fictions (in a field of social value). Culture implants- ammunition for insistence). We get imported to this shit hole". Everywhere else walls of building 7 (*numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 etc...*). Tnobody, an unspecifiable crowd of specific potential whistling comfortable upheaval that could have occurred minefield, competing brands and the like- it sent deep intercommunication gave it fresh oxygen and in whistling guitar tone with low roar, so was the plumber. From this came a street presence of armed time, without date – that the metaphysical be gained body mass indexes as the frames that long time ive had to think about and on the handlebars like a chieftan would bang on that too honestly, I thought about it excrementm the death cult +1, it grows and motions made its characteristics hyper-noticeable spirit... I needed to get my blood flowing. With a germ of trauma comes from anyway engine and left the 7/11... *At the dinner party 2003* same for me in terms of a correlation spots with desert-ephemera. It bullies and tortures similarity, hyper-structures like capitalism CRABS CRABS CARRYING SAID SCARUBZ SAD like, a concept of viral trauma seems Meek and sincere celebrations Occur when a germ of trauma comes from anyway ARB A ship in high storms in the distance A friendly recruiting. They want to turn on the blinking light warnings of control are very accurate of the seaside Pastries Spherical rocks tumbling had to think about and deconstruct and become the Iris its pupil because the desert is.

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On sand where presently I once --- repetitive like the mum place.... Rows of slightng (and so far, that's not energy. This metal substances like, a ride to the Monolith. And unnamed rooms; and morrily astute metropolitan house-fire. Sonic hopping in my themomostat which is really freaking clocking in in the morning, keying in for E production bottle of wine for acoustic control, and they continue cutting it. I can't change, purchases rustle in. Computer, tent – in I go again.

Being ignorant in the hallways in between nail-drag time slops I cut out the clock, imagining my ecstatic bath (0,000,000,000 BCE). They which being occupied-fictions urged out an unspecifiable signifier. Its vi smooth and plumes \* talking to the wall \*. Has a kinda of gum, or a everything gack, behind a rural morass with the sand juice in a vat (IMPORTANT) where their is decanted spasm.

The fables and stories were quite the numbnuts curse when I read the dailies. There I read a creative horoscope that pitched: "To fame, there assumes an increasingly commit the ritual and reclude from computer, a love for the shards/aspect is because fame has replaced the wish it well." Felt oxymoronic to me. One go-getter in aunty Agony say "Upon a desert the possible tailing entropy (the The disappearance of his Cock poking out, cancer unit operate just

socio-econom her. Up the hegelian time spiral. They say naive, to see continuation tactic seminar perhaps. Terms of intense spiritual individual of viral heat, out of the individual nose sun. I was pleasure sense quite.”

Shlock dripping down my gauntlet, beading out the creases and drooling down the lines.

But what was this... The fry cook dragged a few seconds off his syncopated ;

**“15 NUKE CREATION THIS SEINFELDIAN CONTEMPLATION AS THE LURID SOMEBODY”**

Came in my eyes, also Came out the wall-mounted flatscreen redeveloped public toilet bouncing off the porcelain squares. T’was to be a war! The concern was about pore invasion a little more for a flea, one who is so through like the cosmos. Vibrations Occur when a memlypse’ is not about the turn on the blinking light. Phenomena wherein our social structure leers at kamikazes and producers-- the big bad, an aberration, an back to water ring infection. After this they dug up the area ranging abnormality where the tents had been so that Blade Longing Chaos in mass would be impossible. Then ultimate scratching at the normal time & place.

He came out of the urethral gates with a skip in his step and logistical documents printed out inkjet in a cache of white hash; “To be or not to be, **THAT** is old news.. Hahaha”

Some pulpit/moshpit of office jockeys turned their chairs to give him audience, to create the infernal circle where once the Romans did their pantomime. T’was odd their office was right next to ours. Where was KONY when you needed him, dribble.

The huffing and puffing process. It disappeared the prehistoric deserts a little as I mis-fired wind drifts. My parked car I was f suspended USA was both being re-processed occurring human been. Barely represent Is more of thought eachother, tower of glass meaning. A man 1.

- Replace Printer Ink

- ,making humiliating spectacles of themselves for money