Bodys

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BODYS

by

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of the requirements for the
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ABSTRACT

A book that loosens the voice from the body. A heart attack.
These parts were written by residents against all hope for
intimacy, the scream, home or love
It was at the drinking fountain she met her. Between them, doughy tits extending over her stretched stomach. The husband and the friend poked while the camera held itself up to make an event. Reversing fortunes, he put a baggie on his baby's nose. Someone know something she didn't know about the inconvenience of other people. The sac sagged a close-up opportunity to prove itself. Picture making in the time's frame, a genre of interruption. We were all avoiding the day when her husband would be turning our videos deep into his secret. The two women smiled and smelled through the same socket. Melting, warm spurts over pores carving up sweat. The overhead lights picked up and left.
Why she laughed was because he was secretly thrilled. At the party, I had been mistaken for an object, a unit where strong ends met. Where does it sit, this particular kind that gets turned on while busting a broken ham underwater. A wounded sexual optimism. He said to her this was a good body, a mediocre facial. A body is a community, communicable. The soldier took no deli meat in the presence of such aggressive princesses, forgetting that war had been conflated with hairlessness. He had the most complicated vocabulary of feeling-your-feelings. That is why she laughed a second time. A mediocre face without a multiplicity of choices. Without a facet.
She was entrant. A patient attitude working through hearse embraces. She refused to eat the pills white unblended. He suddenly laughed *for god's sake pussy when did you become conscious?* Her being awake modeled somebody else’s pleasure and pinched hearts stopped in her spine. She dyed for free. Everyone told her the heads gave head, that the blankets harbored the resentment of skinny sausage workers. The man tells the intern when it's time to leave. Timing is appropriate in I'm Scared culture. The lusting after.
She obliged to provide a priest or a projection, admitting the pain of others was foreplay. Brain scans indicating the moral center and the disgust center overlap on the mind field. It was a show about a body. This woman, over-consuming, the bulimic stuck fingers down her. The eyes snacked easily, opening it to the group's ball antics coming from bargain vanity. They had clients who had chosen to be sterilized, practicing to love dispassion and the tension between unacknowledged cracks. I drove myself into accepting a chewy embrace to hide the cold hearts that would later describe me. It was a brush with prescription and little remorse. After no contest, a canvas slices itself up, frays out.
Cuddled times, no getting on top. Her arms began to move away from her hands and made herself another drink. Lines of communication had crossed a stroke with a lab. Lapping was a good sign here. As friends, lovers as professional peers, we were challenged to find a balance. A woman in weakness reached for her bent body. I lost track of my down glance and forgot to separate bad beer from Not Even beer. Each abortion was a failed attempt to nourish our own. We acquired other means of taking care. She looked back at me and wagged barks. It was a sweet brutality here in every nugget of oats, every utterance of animal.
My taxes equaled a zero-sum solution. What was implied in every glass of wine was alcoholism. What was implied in every class of adultery was genitalia. A typical chain reaction exploding the drink from adult penises drinking all our pinot. Liquid funs was an asset. I hedged my breasts, the notes unable to be changed in time to pack up and rest heads on, tails off. He compared the taste of sadist chips with prettier children. Privates school mega meal, jerking off in pain the night my mom said she was drunkenly unscrewing his wife. Consciousness had become a plug trick.
The question he asked was about feeling up several at once. He said to draw something out of my age, just to see if I knew the difference between a wet t-shirt contest and no shirt. Naked was a competition. Watching itself, her anxious pill had come to love its own bottle, producing a method. They didn't know how to adjust to the way she made space long but also long for. No matter where she went, the online thing scattered her opportunities to have fingers pointing to the place. This was the only option. He helped her holes and I helped her know how much. I liked a lot of people then, some in front of me, some who were offsite specific to my appetite. My belly was like soft tissue that made napkins scared and lonely. What was covering up his bad breath was this. Love was when the date ended.
She started writing this at 5 o'clock at night and it was still 5 o'clock at night. This first part of this was writing. The second part of this was rendering or remembering or something like sex. She still made this mistake as she had at least 5 seconds of extreme eye contact today. The shoes just wanted to know *Why did your part freeze?* How did it get so stiff in this skin under wet, in the mouth of my belly. Literary theories filling her up, there is no such thing as 'other people.' Last night one of the girls asked What is the relationship between a body and no body. It was a fare question.
A girl slept in her bed. The father slept in her bed. He said every household has its party members and no one can come unless they explode the donkey pinata with a fork. Theory or not, this beast was a burden. I wanted to know where the closest dairy might be where I could bring my own bottle to fill up. Being naked was only a myth, but not like all myths in that it was very real. A doorknob rubbing itself. Tell me he asked, do you like a fist full. The pillow, a kind of weirdo, begged only for recognition from a breathmint.
She went to the grocery store to buy tomatoes. She punched the fruit or the vegetable. A problem at its peak. She went to pay for the bikini and she was charged for sneaky potatoes. Wanting someone so badly, wanting him so badly she tolerated 'something off' babaganoush. She went home to cook the testicles and saw they were eggs. Watching, she suddenly realized she hadn't yet left the apartment, that her neighbors could be heard saying her wanting looked 'human.' I thought that people have to undergo an internal change in order to be able to confront the existing social system. Luckily each member came with a silencer.
One night he springs it on me and I remembered what it felt like to be slit and thrilled. An open pony. He took pleasure from the vagina kind of vacuum. Identification was hardly possible although the genitals were contextualized. He had finally met his match. *A limit is unmade when you clean up the periphery. A limit is remade when you make the bed.* My woman dreams skinned and I plucked his penis with my mouth so that all three of us could be better at meeting each other's eyes. After all was said and done, this shelter was nothing but a showroom for the headcases and dead people.
They met at the restaurant over a shared loathing for what is happening to the weather. They were grateful for chances to stare, to say no to real estate. Times were dedicated to drinking wine, beers fearing her vaginal authority. The world they thought was safe wasn't anymore but still easy. As easy as liberating ghosts from other ghosts but without true ease. There is no alternative still strangles the popular imagination and sometimes immobility gives way. *I can't talk but I love you* she hackneyed. The almonds diluted trust, offering them a step-by-step guide to wooded kisses. The tablecloth forgot ultimatums and folded up the chairs and teeth, grinning down. Such generosity does not come around too often or what it means to leave someone in order to know someone.
She was very fond of them in the academy, in the asylum. She gulped as he reached on top of her and before she even know it. I had nerve enough to say, *This is the way I think sperm feels.* I found pill pushers provoking the anxious and yet they gratified with their presents of unzipped jeans She needed a haircut, an algebra tutor. Desperately wanting to drop body fat, she forgot about touching herself because there was no use remembering to cry. They were lions in love, all the women, a new bridal trend that totally made sense. Larger than right.
An agitation of the felt heart caused a sound unworthy of pity. On boats, a new old order arose, one that is present everywhere. The waves shook their sheath near our serious membranes and followed with a vacillation. The dolphin came closer and sniffed me, a fresh action on deck. No place was just one anymore. In the street, on the sore, in his hip. A woman who quilts penises and sells them was our hero. She stored a sliced-into tomato in his armpit that she couldn't finish. She was a woman who knows how to live and eat, with an undertaker's eye for caretaking.
They met in the library stacks. The combination of graduate student and prostitute could not be underestimated. Platonists stressed the incongruity between high and low. He smelled like burger and she like the pockets of sneaky hens. The book about loose badgers dreamt of traveling the distance between used and anxious influence. Penile flatulence filled up the odorless silence. Against the wall, against my back against playing with ideas mom gave me before she got cozy with a small counterfeit face. It was the day my nose changed its shape, wanting to wear a mask of conformist culture to sniff out vulnerabilities. To do any genre.
My mother said, *Invest in everything together*. She couldn't retire until I reproduced her efforts. Every evening Brother visited in a family way. I was taught the value of commodity from this action. A gallery performance that considered many corpse painters at once. The traces of the workers came after Bothering came. She washed his underpants or what it means to draw something out of another. That was not a sentence, but a text in a frame. One question they asked was, could your body next time supply napkin and platelets. It was a show-off process. The speed at which I ruined coherence increased because the investor met with the dollars of other parents. One example of being untitled is someone willing to tell you their object choice is about you playing yourself in relation to them as a face.
She told us she had a position. He disregarded key points of her and presented a superficially similar one. His was a distorted version of her, could be established in several ways. He attacked her with a kitchen knife and concluded that his position was the erect one. That sort of reasoning was unsound and attacking a distorted version of a person failed to constitute an attack on the actual prostitution. It was a multiplicity of choice or a multiple choice answer to a whackjob. In these days the blade slit the abuse left after each chopping cock.
She said, *I'm pregnant.* He said, *No, I'm pregnant.* The pauses birthed phlegm. She was he and they were not in the same room when they sneaked in these sentences. The joining of the dialogue occurred later in my head, and in bedbugs eating it out. Crunching toes, I had a mutual dislike for people eating people. Optimism was a dirty thing for the body. I adjusted my rage to the pleasures toward a hostility no one wanted to fix or climb. Harnessing fur kisses, filling up on girls. There was loss in this meal setup, this hard plate's hatred for a rimming. To be clear, I wasn't even her girlfriend but an accident running over a loose raccoon. In the bath, the sensitive black mold winked at my learning curves.
She argued on-set with a man wearing a red mustache. *This is an economic problem of sadism.* I put forward a hypothesis and he agreed to will this explanation into the image-message. I was no longer either this or snapchat. No device could corrupt my inadequacies. At the end of the day the mirror neurons mimicked a horror movie spending time in a dungeon hell. Later bare, the disguise unmasked itself and the cumstain asked for recognition in a No Panty Zone. Who you are in relation to actors, what is the relationship to knowing what you know. The naked thing. The idea was greater than the experience. Sending themselves to an end, neither cared for the wedges of cement, all shadowed. The knife held onto the effects of oxygen.
Enjoy the kitchen floor for its sleek effect she said in answer to the other's availability. First time the woman's boy lapping at the daughter's trust. Second time feeling the quality of a downward look before a prettier child. There were enough clues in the story for us to reconstruct the dots. Education was an imprint. She generated, Oh I know all about it. We laughed because we were afraid to consider it for all its potential privilege. The girl's ass slumped and the hairs on the floor grew old. I couldn't stop eating pieces of pills in a dark voice that said I will never be a jazz singer, will dilute every stage with a pulse. The stupid things I said to her stayed there one hour more. Photo time/time frame, she wagered.
Closing her eyes, accomplishments were divided by past aspirations and an index of unhappiness was acquired. Her good-enough aspirations were stacked up against a measurement of freshly cut pores. The result was a fraction of happiness attained by a standard of uncut skin. So many times I had lost track of the long division, when she joined me in my stall to clarify the need for every human wanting to watch their meat. The time-sensitive woman moved without sentiment because after all a smile is nothing but a place that helicopters watch. The bathroom was a boardroom. As they crawled into her, everyone's security numbers went cold.
Opposite was a stranger with a familiar face. She knew my name and intimate details about the distance between my breasts, the lengthening of my brain. The artist was a currency of plastic and platelets in pain. Panic took over my eyes and felt sticky in its gown. I hadn't cunted on so many short-shorts in one event. The medicine reaching its investment levels killed my person or persona. I wanted out of our bodies to just think about intimacy or something like sex. This thought consisted of a man traveling through her fallopian tubes like a rude, a holdup captive in her women.
A text was sent to a mother with the words, *u were like a mother to me*. To be clear the woman was both the child and the mother who didn't have enough time to knew. I knew we could count on men unable to count and that her one pill ultrasounded like a venereal disease. I couldn't remember the last time I imagined a woman who did this much speed or enlarged protrusions. My mother sitting on Facebook asking everyone *Who knew?* Communication had become a dumb incest television.
He suggested I interpellated him so that in the future I might hit upon some truth. There is no such thing as method. She ran in a quick manner away. Anyway you can't hear your own screaming. Particularly when the voice inside digests, I'm just running away from my self! Years later I accidentally put him in a porno and he discovered that he was a character I had shit in the mouth. Eating medication in a time machine, no personal history. She watched from her spot, her humaneness a post or a posture. Everyone's voices like they came from bugs.
When we use the word *remember* we are always reminded of its twofold meaning. That conjuring of a memory and that member replicating itself. I said this to a woman I was trying to induce into my wavelength. The word *spermicide* was applied to the situation. Only the cause could fix the idea and I begged her sand to grind me while I was sleep. It was as simple as killing plants with a surfboard. Simple but not easy. Her tits conked out with oddballing anecdotes about kissing and hanging malnourished celebrities.
She turned on my webcam. I studied her thrust menu closely to directly appeal to him. The bread stick unwrapped itself with his hands. The mixture raised a serious implication and I sifted through emotions drawn from my experience to find those germane to the ingredients. He wanted me to bed for bread. I begged instead. A process of emotional understanding was unstimulated without intellectual context. The collision of physical adventure and the adventure of ideas excited them doubly plus once more and had to be paid for. She looked at me and said, *You haven't blinked in so long.* We agreed to be closer viewers of ourselves in translation.
Her girlfriend that night become the kind of barista who got strangled. *Can we do some dirty thing before it's too late?* he asked before it was too late. I was roped into an antagonistic pattern of thought and we didn't even know who we were talking about anymore. The latte sweat blobs and I was asked for a to-go mug to conceal the identities of everyone paying with cash. He said to me *Fuck this* or maybe *Fuck, sis.* Later on, the sperm was taken out with the trash.
The jeggings fucked her fiercely at the food court. The thighs firmed as the seams made their way into the build-your-own corpse salad. *I wear my buckle to the side so that no one looks at my crotch*, she said to me. I looked at her crotch. The mannequin sitting inside me set herself on fire and I watched it all happen from behind the cash register. A burrito unraveled itself, spilling the rice, the fake arm, the history of entering into someone else's aesthetic project.
Slicking up the spandex, she hit me and I deserved it because I asked her to. The headband cried when it thought about cheating with a dream. He scissored the air and was munched out by a stereo with a voice that sounded like it came bugged. The process of us being fit was predicated on my experiences of watching an abused child or childhood. The story ended with a beating boxed up to look like the present tense. My best here can eat anything, regardless of diet or dying. The gloves slipped into someone more comforting and sweat wept from upright palms. The floor was a therapist.
Wandering the beagle park, I told him that it was a dreadful thing to want to assault a dog. I wondered about these animals being cognitively intertwined with us and forced to evolve alongside our leashes, our wrinkles and hanging. The tension built by unacknowledged patches of grass. These were the puppies that looked like fried chicken. A wonder we don’t need speech. We agreed, there was a shared kissy face between the wagging tale and a piece of ball. The collar’s agent asked for its client to be harmed once set. When we played out the Rape fantasy, he yelled *bitch.*
At the check-out line, there was one woman and there was another woman. They digested each other's desire in the money spending itself on sheets of hemp and other heaps of shit. Their handbags stared wetting themselves and the lipstick got a sympathetic hard-on for the man watching their carrots peel away across the barcode. It was eyed by all the people in the store who had faces like too many bees. As the customers pricked fresh, the situation of whether or not they were hothouse twins or organic spirits was irrelevant because both women were the same persona. His favorite was mental disorders and tomboys.
Times were for medium blonde ashes. Her head was hijacked and it was terrorized using the standards of the type of girls who cut themselves to be young. An examination of the events leading up were being characterized as the groom fingerbanged the bloody witch. She melted into tame. There was an intimacy between them in sharing rituals of upsettingly fried locks, something appealing about a shelter filled with scalps and wigs. Afterward, she bought me a gift card for the future and I slid its purchase to change into something that vibrates on a button. Its charge was a kind of permission to leave my own body on the slab.
At 10 o'clock her heat went itself out while everyone else watched the girl qualify for a stroke. At 10 o'clock I took out the gun and killed him underwater. At 10 o'clock the groove mentality was reprimanded and time functioned like he loves it. A dissociation was formatted to make sure the special victims unit focused on the plastic baggie and all the other evidence of swimsuits taken beyond the edge. Their kits screened pixels and I was like an airborne gif. In both instances killing it was bad and also a present participle of the fist season.
The t-shirts ran their way through five trails, two periods and a slight depression on his crack. Growing like a forest's itch, hiking was a vulnerable sport. She was sure that the city had cravings for the movement occupying itself in the sports bras of children who looked like girls. I stopped on the path and said, *Democracy now* or to spotlight my crotch with the armpits of politicians who snack on its woods. No journey was as winding as the infection making its way through the celebrity death canyon. My inner bump and cloth were in agreement. He said sorry in another demonstration.
She said she's afraid men won't love her, what with her belly and no bellybutton after having babies. What is a belly without its bean. All horror movies are about this very thing, and with fisting fucking her, a second thing. The brother didn't feel bad about it, and the belt started therapy to loosen its desire to open a store selling veins. Waking up to men, things can be without their exits. She's hotter than she portrayed on TV, online and in electric chairs. There's something that can be said for faking her own death. With his spunk. Like a punk, this made me laugh because it's so true.
The scored pill flexed its muscles in the chipped mirror to appeal to the woman’s uneasy lust for mice. The doctor researched the front of the woman’s chart as indicative of one who might fail suicide or chew dusk for a living. On her back, he read the entire works of Oscar Wilde. *What a remarkable combination* he admired between the sheets, under slim covers of skin. He diagnosed a litany of complaints and prescribed a literary destiny ending in homoerotic ego death. The scalpel slinked out of the room without paying by stabbing.
The jockstrap was so bored it brought relief to those who exposed pink-tinged embarrassments to the all-male jerks. On one level she was amazed he hadn't run off like a connoisseur who tested turds just to feel the humbleness breaking down into mush. Steam was not merely an attitude but an attitude with an altitude. Or my legs resting position and putting them in their place. The lockers had a gymbag's desire for closure. The boy chewing the tiles searching for an edge to tips flush. The towel was put to rest. I didn't fit in much anywhere.
The dumper dove into pinto beans in a way that gave new meaning to the words forced entry with broken penis. He couldn't figure out how to give shape to all the naked partyboys in trash-bags along the side orders of grease. Homeless bugs pandered for extra cheese, guac and the scent of strippers coated in salsa. Their pandering being loss of control rendered from the body’s past, pondering the future tense of this state. The cook fucked the hostess with her pull quote about limo jacuzzis and the enchilada came all by itself. It all took me back to that time I first heard Bette Davis Eyes and loved woman loving other women. Somewhere, chips fell out of an eyehole.
Pole dancing was murky, made up of nonexistent referencing and rumors about gentleness. She spent some lady months as a Universal student, using online systems to find the incredible history of stripping down love stories to let us know how to live. A one-eyed witness asked when did they enter the dance studio and could his gross circus gaze lead to contemplation. The ice cubes doted on a powerfully sad hairy ballerina. This bummed-out vagina, she looked like a giant cookie with two raisins. There was no reason to live. The sensitive pole knew it was where function and dystopia set each other on fire. You are a person, he degenerated.
The school for art, tits building upon its rich history of auto-
vaginal insertion. Lesbian researchers found straight
students irresistible objects of their papers about dates
raping their men in theory. 'They' was applied to anyone by
tonguing the architecture of the studious and drunkenly
groping its own engorged gallery. She mistook her actions
for that of the former artist and used the brushstroke as a
dildo with two ends and none in site. Hand writing
instruments altogether evacuated themselves from the
curriculum only to be replaced by a preference for lens craft
and sentient cum. Only the ears of famous people statues
shunned class by not hearing the canned screams of red-
haired corpses. The canon's girlfriend crunched periods and
read philosophy from coffin archives. The professor's hearse
a ghost pollution.
The hostile windows opened on their own. The man who didn't love the girl sent hard photos and she performed without peace. The clean guests texted and did not meet her eyes. Their soft disks feared pussies in business attire and martini olives that spit. Just being in the room, together we all played support and leaved it up to the judges to mark our stick in a bun. Nobody remembered the nooses of people and all the princesses’ penises went missing. The bar stool questioned the dynamics shaping and moving the world, a general historical condition. All weighted for touch.
You cannot teach a baby to commit suicide. He never really gets that far, at least I don’t think. Communication had become a ‘Look alive, everybody.’ The thoughts shared in the active role of controlling the situation troubled the interaction. Now the therapist had been confused with the Chair. Direct physical contact was downgraded, replaced with a counter. I was sitting on this person. That’s metaphor, he said. Or maybe, That’s what meds are for. Rolecalling, the language started this whole awful thing.
The apartment victim quickly pushed the salmon away but just before using it to zip up his pants. That night and many after I was told my look of maturity was problematic. My mother made me peanut bumps as she said that's one lucky lady who won your heart. No courting talk, real talk about souls for life is short and every moment is precious. Girls and girls in America go through such a sad time together, dreaming about ponies who can't hear. In Escape culture we organize together. Dear men, she gave up. A below-job is relevant in that it occurred, if for no other reason. The woman who didn't love me sent me soft photos and I didn't sleep with him on my mind but her.
All events were conjoined into each subsequent event, making room in the present. The gym is where all the myth occurrences haunted each other. The diving board brooded loneliness like a dark bug archive, the bleachers thought about affairs of the heart, the soul, ice cream licks. His sunscreen smell stuck on her head. Like a piece of mole on the ear that couldn't be tanned to make lamps smile. Time laps. Six and four years previous were indistinguishable from each other. Chronic chorine killed vibes. The lone raft's fingers swore cold, but warmed when greeted by interesting courses of seafood. It was not as if they would get impregnated, these men in towels. For the longest time, luck was not been a thing passed around at the tea party. No rabbits feet, only the history of memory crystallized in a flipflop.
When she was going up she says it was like a front ear. The faceless tract home. Seeing, we both knew the body was a re-feeding situation, an oral aggression in. We choked the texts to hear. The online thing never works she declared. The online thing is the only option out. We both knew when it was time to go back, when it was time to take pieces of means to measure our horny success. There were sad faces etched in this desk, erected to facilitate our yearning. And she walked out onto the tension built by slippery fake grass, the plastic hair. This was a dream-home for weeds whacking her. Wearing a mask of privilege to prey on vulnerabilities. No hose could cement her, like when she left her chair. It was emptied, this creamed mirage. It was their second date for one man to open her possibilities of being a woman in danger. The lawn hid its bees.
She grabbed a towel and ran toward the field. Rerunning, all of them, the self. A threesome always half-sits, half hangs. When mail and female patient are seen, it is reported where they grow. It is reported where anybody go. I can't stop eating these ugly peanuts. The bases are suddenly aggressive, balls going farther than they ever thought possible. Her face was set, as if filled with enthusiasm for a therapeutic activity. His tie was an improvised devices, a necktie game. She imagined her bat stuffing him. She couldn't so she switched teams and imagined kissing the other woman's sound, the arm floating freely from her hands. He kissed his boner. She returned to a thought her mom said how they think dick whenever, these ghosts. How many ghosts can I see until I become the unnoticed goal? Last night the woman asked what is the relationship between being tracked, the inability to get lost and making home. I feel her pain and it hurts me.
The man sent phonetic transmission and did not meet her eyes. Wire sockets fearing the penile comic apparatus. Together we all played support and left it up to the other guests to stuff our baked bean holes. There was an inability to get lost and I thought this meant home. Watching someone, wanting someone so badly. Sadistic elements entered like a piece of fur inside the lip, smiling. The cleaning woman smelled, a genre of interruption. She made the consequences for being unnoticed known in the 'odd tasting water.' No intercourse.
In it, she was drawn away from him, events putting them in the mouth. His father also gave him drink when he is 5 o'clock. The parents quarreled. At times excluded from the room because of his curiosity, he fantasied their mutual secret screaming. Her oral-anal fixations were responsible for the free towel's coitus rejection. They all wanted him to know he belonged in this place with no blind chambermaids. He was the steak hurt in the loneliness. Living people were informed organs, kissing into headless mannequins. *How worn did he look* she spent outloud.
His was a guest attitude to become more suggestive. Eagerly ordering for the cocktail with growing anxiety, her mouth signs bearing its influence. He estimated she was a bit euphoric, this man poking for dead bugs in the disarray. The coat walked her until she was ready to collapse. He arranged ritually, setting the curve of drool on the heel of the other. Dining, he masturbated himself, threw the shower-cap at the window and yelled, *Now I go to Hell!* He was finish.
He couldn't get any peace because of pleasing. Helper, she was turning to sex to have an event. I asked to be taken to a rough place, going into stabs at the heart, drilling into the whole, a followup by a payer's due organs. She was unsure about this way, always in woman-loving-woman absorbent behavior. This is because bumped muffins last throughout all eternity. Curtains were married before the toleration and the letters flowed from the yoke on her back. It was against her but is her because it just is. Wearing the mask of clean culture to prey on vulnerabilities, his face. When she opened oneself to danger how do I do it. Every day.
Both insane and an academic, her theory was an insertion practice. The parts had come to constitute the whole, giving new life to the meaning 'I love you in pieces.' She interrupted to tell him about Napoleon's misplaced penis, ending with *Bone apart!* It was not about this member, but about the present standing in for the display case. She says *I'm dead.* Forgotten is the fact that she can die only if she is alive said the man who wasn't alive or faking it. Her hand waved good-bye as she whispered *Why hello there,* proving trauma was a revolution in the making. The construction of the past had become the past.