

But I am impervious ! speaking
as a pervert

bend the bleary evening baby

*bend
the*

wires

up so they

*curve
the warmth*

run out and walk

quickly

away

quickly? ok

I understand the pretty shapes when the line opens

I see a pretty house looming never
approaches , horizon pulls back and back

averseness to real tonguing is not
a virtue the discarded floss

which spends the day on the clean tiles

exists to suspend the motion

of your discarding

a useful mouth-thing , that's precious

today read a slim volume
in the bending shadow and feel full
of insecurity , of blending , of of

the arc is produced by production
be confident in your motion and you
will never falter not even when you do

unflailing is the name of the game
behoove yourself and become successful catcher sweet
with desire , girl of material , bounce meaningfully I mean

but I am impervious ! speaking as a pervert

get up late
and spend the day well on nothing
contrabank quickly the liveliness

of incompetence . hassled stars irradiate
my worth in the early hours
it's beautiful to rest as an escaped
ball in the mist . where did you roll to
once you quit bounce-arcing
I don't know anything about tennis

I'm a poet usually
even though I pretend to resent it

gleam gleam

gleam gleam

did u hear me?

I said

gleam gleam

gleam gleam

:)

I'm tired now

under the pouting limp-ression of timewasted blandeur

(ouiahaha)

under the singing eyes that peak well and charmingly

over me sound volleys the night

over me the night twitches and backs up

spooked pony sky

handsome and too aware

and gosh ! I think, lying there pointlessly

how close I came today!

how close I came today!

how close I came to—