

We're old now and like birds.

She wears triangle hair
 Looking at islands from above she forms an image of the liquid between my
 My legs my organs my tears are so inconsistent. And I understand the desire to cage
 birds.

The quiet one except when loud shes on the floor in our greeting ceremony take in this
 wagging tail that will live forever.

Everything must go going to get you the earth going in circles.
 could be became is
 The end

It's not me it's you. And basal tears. For future survivors the bird's dna extends
 backward through the barred door through the spinning atmosphere through the hearts
 of grounded dinosaurs to giftwrap our swan song about how to bring from latency
 toward fulfillment all the beaks and all the tulips. Hoarding has three explanations:
 instrumental, emotional, aesthetic.
 She said love isn't enough.
 Gathering together
 Everything that is everything that has been emoji cried about.

More hugging less hugging love is the 🗝

Condition hope hate and do toward until
 the substance that caused it is no longer present
 Sheswans eat pearls drink hylauronic acid from your tears female gaze onto your male
 body wearing only a red nose and these old chaps. Don't cry sis until there's a crisis.
 Or crysis because your sis is crying.
 Transition eyes to open. What could be
 humanitarian endurance

20-25 minutes head dipping 30 heart stripping go! under feathers exposed
 Dark curls on her nape draw near. I want our workouts to work out. Yours too
 strenuous displays of ability and resolution one after another in a moral grand finale!

What tree am I sucking gray

"There was a time when you didn't know what you know today."
 Power is built again and again, no evolution to a blowjob either. Let's do both better.

Who can speak her language? Please tell her first her
 pain is real and she doesn't need to sit on those eggs!

The aftertaste of capital. Mountains disappearing from the shelves deal in kind.

After after.