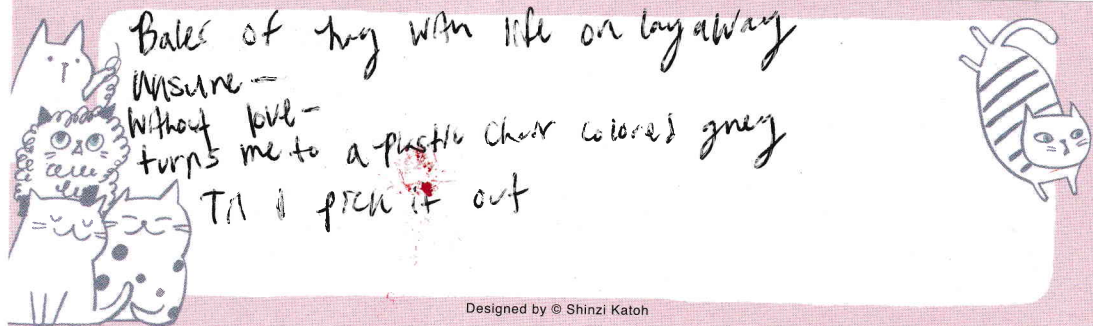
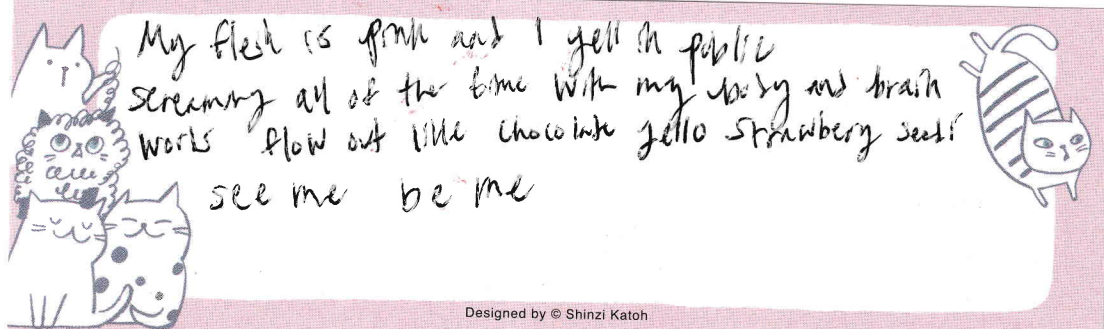




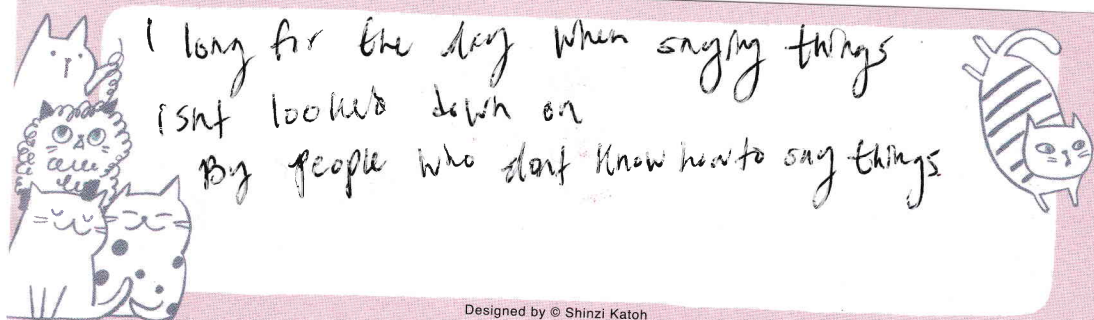
Bales of hay with life on lay away
 unsure -
 Without love -
 turns me to a plastic chair colored grey
 Till I prick it out

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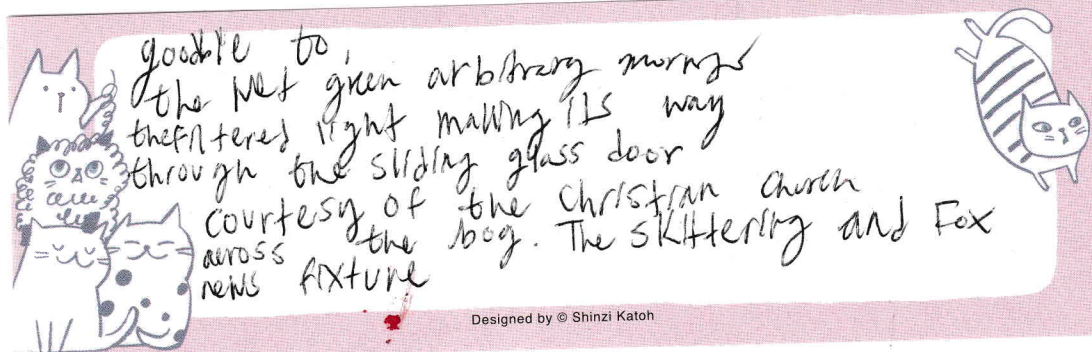
My flesh is pink and I yell in public
 screaming all of the time with my body and brain
 words flow out like chocolate jello Strawberry seeds
 see me be me

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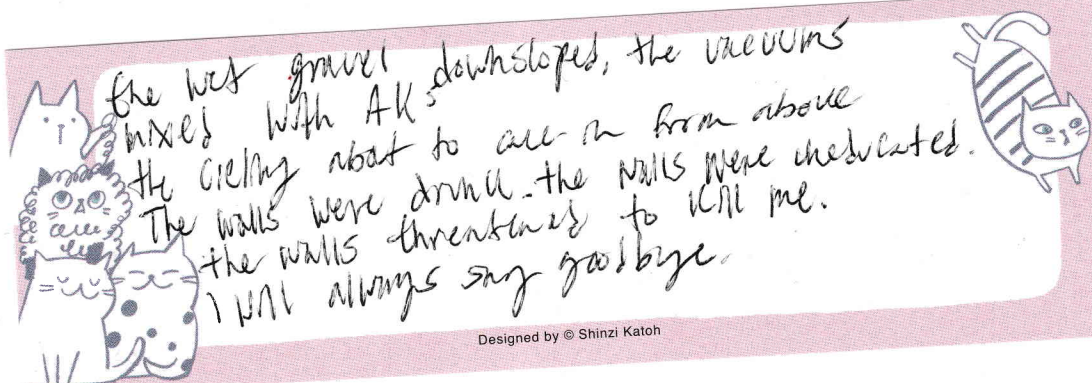
I long for the day when saying things
 isn't looked down on
 by people who don't know how to say things

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goodbye to
 the Net given arbitrary warnings
 that filtered right making its way
 through the sliding glass door
 courtesy of the christian church
 across the bog. The skittering and Fox
 news fixture

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the wet gravel downsloped, the vacuums
 mixed with AK, the ceiling about to fall in from above
 The walls were drilled - the nails were embedded.
 the walls threatened to kill me.
 I will always say goodbye.

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