

Deanna Ferguson / A SUPERMARKET IN WEST EDMONTON

What ought hold. Strip landed over welds a heartless
sag. Art turned surly can't shake figurations of a
previous day. Stay away from the window. Same
dead actress chains some dead street eyes roll out
mold of maudlin pattern. No funny animals. She's
not saying.

Put inane in name. Fall for it. Take the fluids. Can
take who pass through as sedimental brains. Wave
a little. No one on the rooftops tear the skyline.
Glass-lined. All purpose sounds grind memory.
Memory sounds.

Are thin grounds for conjecture. I'd like to deliver a
lecture. But car is parked on Mars. Hum a few of
olden days in love and fellow's tune. Imagine nation's
obscene custom's method's fat's dripping's water.
Anhydrous lip spit back.

Weak for sticks and twig. 'Til pleasant so
experienced. Tinsel fat felt ancient concepts render
genre spastically dealt. Having always considered
bum a substance not a colour. Another story's
radical nodes initiate the end. Sensuous plant up
dead. Then hempen homespuns swagger here
despairing of spirit as might despair of ob blah mop
ism. Sputtering tears tangled schemata enough rope
to land paramount an animal bone on a sled.

I had undergone a collective death. A swim between sunbeam and the phallic neck burrowed in an island life. Am pleased to conclude the machine wears thin, perhaps smooth, nonetheless do not lend to what is more profitable to condemn. A river double dipping a phrase a code a talk-show call in I speak as an astral body. An asshole nobody connects with the world a score of actions a sketchy depiction too, to object being used.

Full of gripe and plan, paperwork. Virtual terms investigate me affinity. Primitive past to human future as sugar is to seethe. Whiff at a whang's scabbard. Origin and the grinder. Tempting but what's possible here so much liver and oleander leaves. So-called brown hooks so-called grave allusion to the aside. Aisle five soap soup metric conversion. The parts written were fluid. Devalued. But the performance now that remains loaded in the wooden gun.