from fr. EFfari

Rhoda Rosenfeld

fr. EFfari 3rd Station (Fado Instincts)

Clip 34

Voice: Acushla (Ir.) Short for a chuisla mo chroidhe O pulse of my heart.

say it as Vitusunzippe d by way of the phonatory act of the os hyoidium then bundled again by isotopic mass narcissism "as enclosed within a little parenthesis on a vast stage of public battle-carnage"

("subduction" the *chorus* curses, subparole)

aside:

Had Dostoevsky been a writer of English Essays

he would have been

Thomas De Quincy

hamartema:

even now and even now i'm wracked with of all of all the scoffs and even now the electronic battlefield's stretched out to view before no node

o oud:

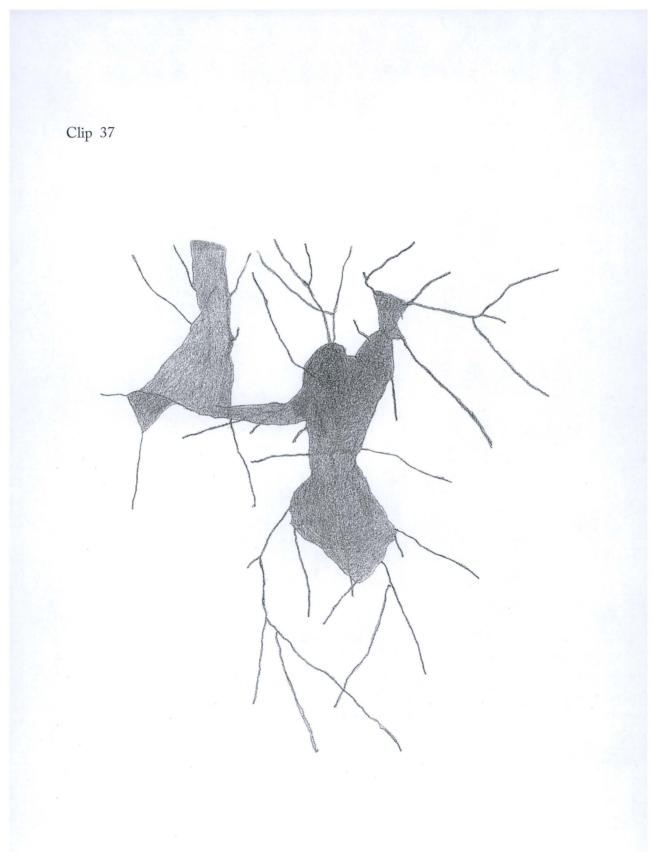
6020 9729 1531

yard

escribir :

a shattered daughter

the one found upbraiding phenomena brandishing a fff altering ffflail.



The hacker and the raucous laugher chorus on the balcony.

our daily web : : toroidal henge

the popliteal space behind the knee

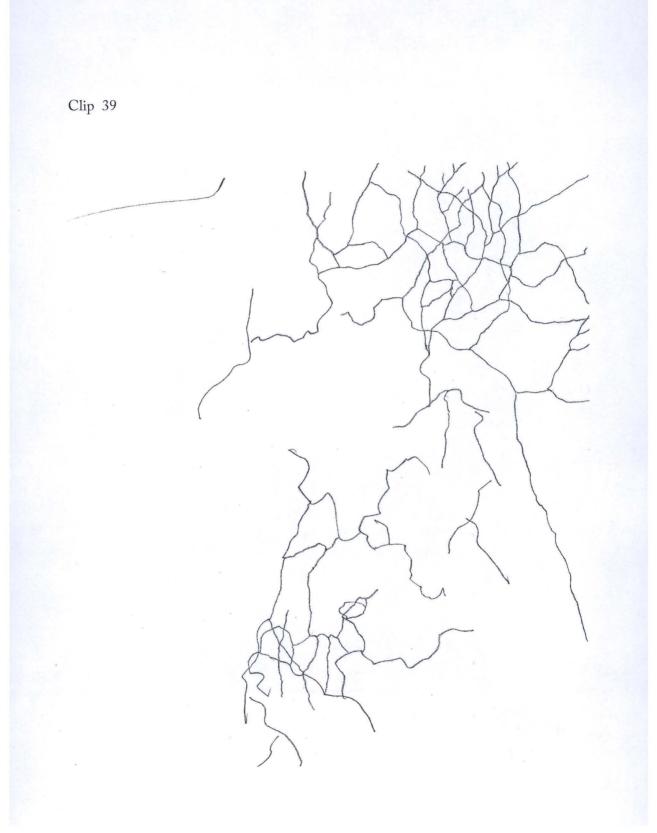
and the flat irony

individualdual

Watch out for sudden curves in subjectivity pertains to all dumbfounded things we didn't carry.

galore, from Ir. go leór,

in sufficiency.



Some times, Ma Chère Amie,

Remarks are Literature

depending on the Thickness of the Discourse of the Witches in the Kitchen laughing in French.

but life is not biography a brittle little story : ma desfaçon. lagan.

the blind holy wind cimarron blow through within before

(in a reflected sunset)

the sun

go

down

without.

but weren't you the one who constructed me? out of atmospheric rivers and lace bracelets and burden straps? this is fyeo:

who cut down the salsify?

fr. EFfari 4th Station (with a Phrygian cap)

Clip 42

neofeuds,

end errorism!

put the cap back on capitalism!

sing: I sold my ass to the ruling class And it sold its to me

sing:

our home is naked land.

ijtihad:

to struggle with oneself through deep thought.

crib

nettle

cur

without temperature, what is there?

tout dit.