

ONE-LINERS

- !) How many meta-narratives does it take to fill a skeleton full of closet egos?
- !) Implications don't exist. They are not tangible like words are.
- !) I would like to play a game of dominoes or practice creating scales of musical poetry.
- !) How much wood would a who chuck chuck would a who chuck chuck? If I could tweedle dee and tweedle dum. If I could tweedle dee and tweedle dum.
- !) Phillip Glass taught me polyrhythms while my father only waltzed.
- !) Father sounds like further and Americans call themselves mutts so we're like fist the chicken and then the Eve.
- !) We are constructed in the divine image of our projection father's cum.
- !) Perhaps I am perfect because I am a self-made machine.
- !) You aren't the first man to tell me I'm possessed.
- !) What I'm talking about is please cross your legs so your orchid stardust doesn't waft over and women are witches casting a spell on you and now you're my mine.
- !) Give us this day our daily bread so she knelt down as father hooligan sprinkled his holy water in her muffin mouth.
- !) Cinderella was a woman in waiting for her charming bottle rocket to crack her open like an egg and POW!

E=EMCEE SQUARED

Energy equals mass multiply the light's ownership of one's notion of speed placed in cardboard boxes set to wick feet fire music of ten thousand bottle rockets and the enrapture sign witnessed on badland's highway-girl melting with sparklers in her teacup hands.

She named and placed her porcelain dolls in a curio cabinet never to be touched.

It would have been nice to have the opportunity to experience culture growing up in North Dakota is like visiting the museum of natural history the simulacra she picked crocuses instead soft and fuzzy like pussy willows inside her silent contracting throat.

I can't choose to speak to you through my guts or aviation. Be a man and decide for me.

Don't forget to swallow little girl all your mother's milk to make you big and Freudian meta-narrative is an extrinsic weave woven by Penelope to assign meaning reconciliation of that self with this while she's waiting to be rescued by Dr. Wally Wilkins all the way in Midtown then the pharmacy.

The women said from across the party they witnessed me being hit on by said famous writer and discussed rescuing me however perhaps regarded my appearance as complacency not ready to be saved by their feminist white horse but I was unaware of my invitation while suffocating red ringing all over my body confronted with my own transgressions and bashfully shamed.

They are my sisters by tidal blood protecting our cunties which ever control method possible which is more difficult for me because my cuntie likes Dick.

Don't be ugly or mess with Mr. In Between.

First impressions are very important but I don't choose to be a self made woman still I have hard working German blood pumping through my grandfather's cock which created me.

Take your agent bootstraps and no excuses for poor white trash.

There was always food on the table but I don't get a Mini Barbie Corvette that I could jump in and ride around the set parameters of there are only gravel roads honey instead I rode the porch swing and sang hymns while Dad hid in the windowless basement polishing his guns.

I had an ideal childhood in North Dakota which is a state that can't really exist given no one has ever been there which makes my poetry more interesting and I will use that as evidence like a dinosaur bone planted by the devil to prove a mythological agenda.

There is no beginning but I was given a name necessitated by the big bang theories of ten-thousand Lao Tzus.

Have you seen that episode?

It's like Homer's *Odyssey* and Joyce revisited from the perspective of a Mary Magdalene type of figurine hungry for redemption from Rousseau's man original back to the cavemen I want nine inch nails to fuck you like an animal.

Oh Jesus, Oh God, Fuck! God! O holy divine power to enrapture while tongues of fire escape eye wheel nay fur stop arriving.