

I said My body is dead & dolphins are rapists

& you laughed laughed laughed

saliva thinning blood
albo-serpin as lifetime artwork
nature unbeatable always

rich-people-oil poor-people-pasta cocktail
there is a reason why madeleines are shell-shaped
dripping sun-dried scissor-cut tomatoes
lemon syrup in a green cup
evidently so you are godsent
I love you after I'm dead

one ginger beer & lots of piss

excellent ham in that crepe
never-tasted-before cheese
things happening constantly
yes I do daydream about being organ-less
how'd you guess?
is it the face transparency or something else?
why don't you fucking touch me?

tiny salad
obscene amount of melted butter
a bit of fassoulia half a kneffeh
lemon trompe-l'œil

bed obviously pink

blackberry liquor sweet enough to kill a man in pain
*Twenty three years with the same person is just
terrifying* you say
that would be two hundred & seventy six months in total
hmmm
try lending me the last six ?

endless mint teas honey-flavoured ice cream
talking in longitudinality
cyanotyping all kinds of blues

told Abril *Withdrawal comes with any rush*
screwdriver in hand
pesto risotto raspberry cheesecake
plain water thanks
Is air conditioning a Pavlov reference ?

cold enough to wear your sweatshirt
contrasting with the sixteen popsicles down
clawing at my stomach marking it
halloum squeaking under my teeth
which want to bite everywhere

Dolphins are rapists & my body is dead. & I laughed
laughed laughed
& I will come back to life to kill you if you don't bury me