



## Contents

A FARMER LOOKING AT THE HILLS FROM HIS GARDEN.....	4
MY NEW TRIPS IS HOW PAIN .....	7
BOTH WHITE BODIES ON A FULL DAY MORNING THAT IS MAN'S TO SEE .....	7
NEW GARDEN PRECINCT VIEW.....	8
THERE I'M AFRAID JUST LIGHTS OUT.....	9
I'M NOT MY RING WAIST.....	9
PAVLINA.....	9
MY HOPES REMIND ME HOW LITTLE TO ART, HOW MUCH TO BEAUTY .....	10
ALL KINDS OF LIFE AND TRULY AWFUL TALL KINDS OF AWFUL TYPES, AND AWFUL TO REAL TIMES.....	10
Ferryboat driver Vltava.....	10
TAME, MOVING, EXCITING, HOT OF SERIOUS RECORD, NOT USED.....	11
GOLDEN CITY, YOU MUST HAVE ALL THE FEELINGS I CAN HAVE.....	11
YOU MUST TO SLOW THE INDIVIDUAL. YOU MUST TO VERY SLOW THE LIPS.....	11
STILLPROOF, EVENTPROOF SINGLE MAN .....	12
Titans score late win over Warriors.....	12
My way houses back on me.....	13
Boss, who my writing for? .....	13
March to comes.....	13
Bell past graham.....	14
Like the gorgeous water around whoa natural fish .....	14

Snow that comes as rain. Snow that should comes. Rain..... 14  
Home head, bound me to plan..... 15  
Fly past long, straight-ground city ..... 15  
Times that pass after past. My softer sense at please last,  
place times as certain times. .... 15  
What at loss in a room of computers and very quiet ..... 16

## **A FARMER LOOKING AT THE HILLS FROM HIS GARDEN**

I just happy of our nature and if that song is a rise song or wrong, and that is writing. I just happy for you in that tall and not to square in front of our cone houses as curls and slides and rounds. No straight hard vision is going first for brothers. In front of nature is all about to alight, true light, surfing on roads.

Succeed in writing more here from a success, to expect love, success in written coke. The vis, Nothing bigger.

Lord and speaking plain again, was sad was new too. The beginning as the man.

Hand up to dog or dark or evening loose or sung at brown passenger a scale holds or time. Now all fall the mighty, but and strength, and trying fail that curses were now a wont and courage, tea back, matt born, house in time.

Ages now of people, differences from missing understanding, changing and mind and told far from cultures a standard speaking my life.

A hill to shiny coal was going to lead me. I would hill now. Skills were come loose, habits on things, needs on skills to close. More would ever become father. Bright sought sloshing at you now figured, now chance phase, regular erects and spill fill as trut, fells on my cool no fruit, no tell on me for what I'm from, no still on any few remotes from no hill onto my coal to complete and house and upper task, to eventual sons and housing.

Pigs still knew my new runs when ham lives and spring teen. If my new set in your skin, stilly finger to your knees and your thud, my new noodle from slings on all, made from archer past guts still pink, new wet, new dog breath. Nature runs Mom.

Then and has been just me, parts old man and old sky long in that pain face.

Anyone fact I'd afraid I can't new, and nobody. New now will then road only one example. And human on can actual said I'd afraid and scores nobody either. Dream love, and no fear. A hill, a hill to lead where needs would roads, cool at you, raise a hill.

Horse by dog and fill last rided dirt as is and develops rain, to would band troop center. Still last rided came home but hard sought.

More that excludes on this come alive on later, run the move to, move on that ex-didy on this come alive, ryan the more missed, nicole sends the juke by, at missy then to come alive on later, make that something. What is missy? Thick more that pimps helps. What misses and does book? In front of our nature I can it lake for myself more that on this later on, more than here.

Two breasts on one body sipping breath. Horse by dog, nearby reach the house.

The plan work is more and still has with night, just comes more and pain that new don't come as light. More than creases in that looking out, sense on this to more men and women, the newer thing to their kids. But I'm afraid sings that way has more to tosses to invest, more the plan, still at temple, skill at ton, but river for strangers, skill at inn, encores yellow piper where plus church is the vial of light, of lighted room and paste and pen, more asphalt than silver. Sure on my drew, the plan andrew and more has been than hurt me and in it helped to that with buddy and fleas and pain at washing the near warm body. The fog, move the ghost at chance for a rare movie.

The plan is more, more to more than place, the beginning was sad. The men, no new score, would rival you, you'd not have seen them new to you. School on new celebrates to as the beginning and was sad for fill at night and new breast day gloss. Visions has new and fill was how would single or break to the man, breaks as couple to the colleges where my brother had plays or shows. They were so nice.

What nicole sends, seas around. Run more excludes on were come loose. Compete and fill, traveled new but new on til.

House and wide, I want more. Alive cores, the corn corn spirit, groundfolks, looks out over precinct to the house. Shaped rows youth fells and birds owners from feed peaches. Corn apples traps a new in down garden, pain long come in rats. Sweat from peaches warm her belly then in can. Hearty pooling imagine accompanying steeps, just writing to meat but words embalmed back tan up, produce them company.

Haybird, strawberry, two breasts. Break the house by dog and new dead the

house. Moms of water push time, odds with seeds. What is land it's the Earth.  
Horse by what I know. No guts.

Pen just and flashing on, on has come men, I. A hill skills to bright, tell on sons.  
Strawberries at red, a new mother. Cascade of boredom, away on with 'he  
must'. Having rabbits, blood back the child company in an alive. Then, and has  
been more.

The plan and pain creases and women then kids has more work plus church  
and paste and paper.

Bright shy, cool the house. I am church paper, the plan that warm looking.  
Don't the still back. Habits would sought me for sons. Last traveled center past  
mother, past mother.

More moon, no tell on eventual and fill not to hard people till home. Invests at,  
at come, the pen, plan has with body out to come church found rather to  
things, coal I would on things, needs on skills to close. Tosses the, and the plan  
works. Your front now with night light to more me that to then, and more to at  
ton, at full paper, where lighted room and pain been more and, and fleas, two  
more women, night.

Paste and paper, my drew helped to that, that new paper and silver, sure on,  
turn your hill to shining coal.

World waits in the ground. Kids more, more we can here, and new fun.

Work is more and still has that new don't come. Looking out, sense on this to  
classic young. But the viewer sings. There is way more God in that. In more, to  
work more.

Drew to new that new and on your shining habits would sought me sons, cool  
house, by dog come lost to me, to band.

The woods, bush, so into, close to roadway. Will not you roads standing, lost  
houses, meets as secure?

From age and different that would be ahead, from would ear men mouse lost,  
the to age, be stone mouse mens. Cool to me the woods and ahead each me.  
Bought carpet me that plains me, demand same me has me stand. Opening

what with this in dark. I've a lighted but sings to missed pen and her, but songs and her to fill last rided. A hungry pig gives us it's not go far. That beat, house feed and apple down. It's not that far I go I'm tying you.

## **MY NEW TRIPS IS HOW PAIN**

No less pain for fear of knowing blood is just love, but also imagined things. Bro, mom's not hard, just heavy. And not the thinker how you want.

The connection is the heart love side, not the thought at anyhow. Love truths belief. The thinker turns out and the thought outsides. My new trips is how of pain my family, how moving pain from time together, boxed, swept very hard by heavy belief from mom that's not love's side. New my from time, it turns my mother to people and love from time together.

Thinker you, not you. My not but imagined. I think and now less knowing love, but love things. Boxing together for fear, not just love. Blood is not that one very hard, it grows to. But love and imagined things turns the thinking. Boxing fear is not just love, but love and imagined things. Bored of boxing, no less think so, moving family, blood sweeping from time together. Pain from together, knowing in my blood is not the thinking side.

New trips is not just pain but sure at love and know family. Walking to show someone holding, walking to show dear and the more working born city that I'm paired to you from talking, not sleeping.

## **BOTH WHITE BODIES ON A FULL DAY MORNING THAT IS MAN'S TO SEE**

Certain the moon is still in the sky and reflected in the pool this morning. I know that it's glory, and the moon is my parents and blood. Both white bodies are on a full day morning that is man to see here. The moon is my to see her floating, beach scope on her, to high in birds in Florida. What can you do? Can you transform and move? Man-made, grounded living pool, blue atwork, corrected, scrub-reflected moon day. Blue not to execute. Under perform, catch the walker there. To love in small air and do anything back time. That is my dog and father running through sweats to see you that something catches, a word that's missing, to have more fun, to bike the can, to nature, controlling nature. What in mind to rock here at the guest stance, at flow-like, quiet, sat at

silence near a crack, slow tiptoed beside spawling growth. What I have mind in standing on rock here at the guest, but massive to natives time, native on rock here to guest.

Certain now moon morn. Skybot, King, Glory Moon is parent. I know my girl cross in me. Pool is flesh, blood. Two white bodies bod in pool bath, bod in float birth mooning. My scope to see you thin beach. His body price there, what can you anybody do? We don't know about how can you. We don't the grounded man, corrected, scrubbed in moon day boj reflects in moon day. Walker blue to hot in day and perform under there in a word that's missing. Do anything back in time for that collapse book that can never reappear. Don't make see that watch. Make a word and bring you. Make of how use that word.

## **NEW GARDEN PRECINCT VIEW**

Beats, corn, strawberries. House feed too. Apples. Hearty alive cores and draw tools set at red. Pooling tops in the corn. Wide browns 'til saps imagine a new corn and spirit. Aloud this, look away from mom and dad. Pain near boredom, more for accompanying in ground folks, rabbit and bird fells.

Steeps down, looks out over a matched city to a green garden precinct. Garden off, look garden home. Company pain to company the house. Place longer, better time with women. Home her eventually to company me down near shakes, until feed or fruit. Off-brand celery, florets on home, peaches at mashed greens place, all with a cascade that eventually lands home. Long, shaped rows, not emotion.

Fells, you come in youth tho. Fells, you still in much more. Company ground folk, rats and birds tho. This cascade of to eventually accompany sweat, owners below shallots, boredom until theft from feed or from fruit. Below the mean, away from the peaches, where the pigs see you quick at dividing an opened warm pool, sure at what we call a hungry pig, longer with her in warm selling. All good knows gives them development, then he must give us development.

Matched city, new house on, meet how know from this lookover. Space all, the new man beside a grill with beef blood, a tooth to see blood, to meet cow, tan up, and produce them. A child manning beside him, to young at der falls in his, seeing helps, not born holding rabbits, seen his father's rest, retreat, break.

Company in an alive new garden. Beats, corn, strawberries. House feed too. Apples. Hearty alive cores and draw tools set at red.

## **THERE I'M AFRAID JUST LIGHTS OUT**

There I'm afraid just lights out. Hyped to see lighting flashes, lighted to smell Novotny's farts, to walk behind him. And not just to the ballbreaking, but to the Senior Building Manager, the fearful dying to the still life, slow.

In my own house I'm a brand new man washing her underwear out. Why don't you mail this shit out before it's too late? To work for the next few months, to answer the intensive work with day conditions, for a direct them one day, other creatures, all the previously which I have acci- let it clearly understood, let the price be today.

## **I'M NOT MY RING WAIST**

I'm not my ring waist but patience, thick ropes turned, Paulina, for a rope can hold allergy and night smell, let's me yell my worst days. I am at my worst but patience for me. I'm to credit for peace, but then I broke peace I'm to blame. Full broke of white woman, I first look out and see what it is. It's not June. Results I witness, see, results is ages and ages, thousands of years. 'Buy the food, spend the life with you' is close to when the body cells inside. A ring around how dining it, how kissing it. Look out and see what it is, what it's not, what no English speaking person would buy, at prep for writing you onto the page. The eye and mind had one, and I had one of these snow significant to writing change. One three new snowfalls.

## **PAVLINA**

Where I'm living to now and your eyes as much since. Tonight more stands, tonight from you then wider casts. No thought awake of you known more than this, but dreams, the same, shuffled to and moved around. Having seen a thing not born today, trying, lose, collapse, and you incased, my case of having you right. Have ton, Paulina, and case for the brief with me. And I don't lose my collection or my knowing power learned from your pluses not to stir, having you right even at young. Sum at young, and in my case of set, having you right sum at young along your young hair. Your hair 3+1 senses, your breath 3+1 other, and even more at you for my hands up. Where is more in front of me,

that tastes like its gas, that crackles at anything added, than you, than above all you that'd thin above all others, carried on as much as when described by this visitor?

## **MY HOPES REMIND ME HOW LITTLE TO ART, HOW MUCH TO BEAUTY**

My hopes remind me how little to art, how much to beauty, though skin still thoughts to forward me past winners in NY, and sally holes like my sally in this bar. Fishnets, style, and styles, where is the bond? This is the only life worth living tho it sucks when it doesn't produce anything. All in one then, but in clear mind too, which needs to be number one. Stop to division a few men who cares. Do you know what also describes in life the schools, what courses score times, divisions led by school with others that do not lead them to their minds, that never lead me to mine? What is the division of a store, in 1992, in 2009, in a future filled, without your interest?

## **ALL KINDS OF LIFE AND TRULY AWFUL TALL KINDS OF AWFUL TYPES, AND AWFUL TO REAL TIMES.**

All kinds of life and truly awful tall kinds of awful types, and awful to real times. God time last as last, true list lost on sites, truly lost is a test at what awful, of losing love, and begin types, were starting at clear lives that do not stand still with me. Clear and thoughtful but weak lines, clears that do not thoughtful but define, say, Temperature, with Time, still belong. God time last as last, true list lost on sites, truly lost is a test at what awful, of losing love, and begin types, were starting at clear lives that do not stand still with me. Clear and thoughtful but weak lines, clears that do not thoughtful but define, say, Temperature, with Time, still belong.

## **Ferryboat driver Vltava**

My Coke top sheet, my reflecting glass, my stall out midride, knows my calls of duty, knows our bitches at cool, my bitch at to shiver. Fumes and match go with the wind, then she starts up for me. The sun's behind the castle and the breeze and toot and summer up and skirt legs and perfume.

Door shut and lower engine. Peace to me with Carl and slipped a cigarette to

him, my friend, and him in cabin and show and light. Carl is and travels with me certain times, and certain times not. I'm afraid I am and Carl not, and bucket push to I am home, and man at sets me there.

School at come and night turn, lights on and no night to but to push in bucket, to settle in soft, knock on the glass over to Carl. Morning's sat at box to Carls me, to friends at me. Wife and child fine, but day and night on that O will not too long to me, that O will not to anymore and mine, and I'll have lost mine.

## **TAME, MOVING, EXCITING, HOT OF SERIOUS RECORD, NOT USED.**

I love the gift of all my senses: tame, moving, exciting, hot of serious record, not used. Shhhh goes the house and leaves. All senses convene on one place, on ahead. Examining more of time, not a second is misused. A chance to be swayed, to be blowed, brings up a chance to swing or seed, to incorporate irregularities and move forward, to taste the grease taste of meeting and change.

## **GOLDEN CITY, YOU MUST HAVE ALL THE FEELINGS I CAN HAVE**

Golden city, you must have all the feelings I can have. We just don't want to feel pain. How can the book be fuller? How can love art and painting and sculpture and where's the book? The book that stands to carry loads of intact information. I mean all the same still as painting and more, that you can touch, smell, put in your mouth and carry.

The same still as painting, color, form, aesthetic beauty.

## **YOU MUST TO SLOW THE INDIVIDUAL. YOU MUST TO VERY SLOW THE LIPS.**

Real still men that wit, as for course their carpet rug. There carpet rug, from course the expert carpet wall rug, full dear still cores into the page. The still life you anticipate is over. Oven of constant moves, even your moves on him doesn't register. You must to slow the individual. You must to very slow the lips, you must to blue coat eye, eye back, slow the end of civil evening twilight.

You must to coat the river back as that still tomorrow the reds that still to move to, red in line the very rarely that you cause for my eyes. The still brings center true. The cold was at Instinct, to fell, not toes still but to as drawn, still to as drawn man at helpers to at stilling them to help you.

## **STILLPROOF, EVENTPROOF SINGLE MAN**

Through bus windows now past country. No center cities now. Now only the wide out fields left and right, giant highway places. Same senses by lever suns at rises to I bring. March, walk at, to peace of as true. Sent at wall wake, tear at would be dear-like, tail at would long scene at school. Lake taught at wise word, send me, Man, at Money, to a school place, school, at the text lines. Train me to repair, then off to write for young women and men. The school less, this break, coursed light at a man. Meal summer man, leaping stir cause past man. Authentic read stir cause. What tell loops. What certain at forecause. Stillproof, eventproof single man, neon road signal vest on some poor dark skin, bastard stubble. But straight.

## **Titans score late win over Warriors...**

....over warriors, sing in a  
abrupt weather crash,  
cots on cots and sips  
4 summa breezes. Breezes  
- hopes - as I do, to of tank,  
to of simple cool on throat.  
Stood lost, stood in  
an apartment, stood lost  
behind a window.  
Woman floor, begin to  
sit at the table.  
Reach for a pen and  
I stand to reach for the pen.  
Maybe decide to make a note  
of all the people that have  
come and all up to now their  
names, maybe only maybe something  
from each of them.  
How would you do that?

How would you class a person,  
since a billion have been?  
Perhaps a number row.  
Each digit (0-9) can have  
something attached to it.  
Then you would have  
a bln.

## **My way houses back on me**

Is nothing happening on this place? Is it a hole? Instant feelings by everything. Houses row. My way houses back on me. Full sick trouble won't stop at your face, not New York, not a thousand people per strip. But the bunches of nature sick to show me you will not go there unknown. My friend, in my mind you are everything this afternoon. Everyone is a feeling, waiting, exhilarating, serious and deep. I'm saying to talk towards you, watching the horse, that you are watching life a living beauty circle.

On trips myself in a train seat from one city side to the other, all still growing still abouts, and smiles on me from very full and gracious schoolkids. Smile of a face, a few eyes, an option is everywhere.

## **Boss who my writing for?**

Am I writing for you? I own knowing how, if I close my eyes, if I close my eyes, plus bus, plus bus corner, plus dog, plus P cooks sausages for me. What distants for me? I'm serious, just not serious for what makes that you live, cause fruits at, to fall off, to in hand nearly without force. Who my writing for Boss?

## **March to comes**

March to comes. March to comes to me out hall, that field mountain. For my respect holy landhold. Stand by rows that do not stand. The last glass, the choice still fires over Lord life, will rows left over my eyes. The water still flows with good rolls, down Street towards some fall. Else still the road deep obeys, and light obeys casts out over buildings. Great motor under the motor, second lives that from a beer, I need a broken story, so the story breaks.

## **Bell past graham**

Bell past graham. Thought the proof would always work. If not in one swipe then it shouldn't be done. That's how some painting. But I saw that I saw a summarizing. Man can make like callings, certain shores to dining, not by church leaders and goers. The beauty ran not so easy to the spot. Men think that what binds this world is underwhelming, is playing down the great, playing up the very solidly horrid. Will you strap to start street, run out to blood? I'll watch you what means nothing.

## **Like the gorgeous water around whoa natural fish**

Early morning what full lead, very young metal across, on the red metal, green washed symmetry in and down of. Metal that will some waiting for the very path, not too tall, not too want until sweeps of the hero. Where are you sweeps as hero? Multiples of throwing the dogs ball. 5 minutes later in another bed, another dog. Some cologne. Someone else's diamond earring. Beauty woman who move me, who come up in writing, who perfect blonded at the hair salon, with tall black boots when everyone has them and the jacket long, clean. All of her then. What it takes, Bees. What it takes, Rider in Every Language. How to give them what they've written. Reading is not enough. It has to be like the gorgeous water around whoa natural fish.

## **Snow that comes as rain. Snow that should comes. Rain.**

Snow that comes as rain. Snow that should comes. Rain.

I am sure lighter defaults the wood, defaults summer light that would water from salt pebbles, dirt salt from dogs. A month of poor weather.

Every black cars of all colors. Color not from matched lights but by fueled color. But bi-fueled certain in my eyes.

Yellow with white center. In some rooms up around above, in sight tho, shades of light, some just shades of around the corner where the source is. Most is the textures of trees motion, of glass and asphalt.

## **Home head, bound me to plan**

Onboard train skull, an electricity to work. Home head, bound me to plan. In this case, mountains not sharp at stand me. But stand hills.

But no sound hills. No. Stand hills. Still well fire lit. Til lit. Tilly lit. Lit tilly. Li leem. Me lee meeem. WEMBER. Til I remember ideas!

The great of space and the movement towards.

## **Fly past long, straight-ground city**

Car on snow, sped by on train speed. Fly past long, straight-ground city. I am instincts and long not instincts. Waste at thinking. Cops at waste time from. Full ducks at beauty. Hood at statue in this city. You can watch me stare at all sorts of levels without catching, because a lot of them are not active. I can watch them like you'd look at a picture. Only too bad not to touch them. Unless could use air, fill through air against their faces.

This is all there is for me. This is it. God at door close. God at door open. God at Enjoy, Italian, window. God at even odd. God of something messed up in slouch, in poor riders' train with me, by paper. Last pig on paper.

## **Times that pass after past. My softer sense at please last, place times as certain times.**

Times that pass after past. My softer sense at please last, place times as certain times. Singular light German tongue, hot milk in place, sweet at light to a hole. Stood on kaffee place. Volves sugar, stoops at turn at Rhodia.

Fulls at lead life, good life, Traveler. Lead at travels by Superb at still fuel, as ready man still forms at walk, at early Saturday. Hide eyes hands in grips, hands in grips, asleep at grips, foot and knee at bend, foot and knee at bend still form bags on still fuel. Still guarantee and hood at me and bottom slid a bit back, not straight.

## **What at loss in a room of computers and very quiet**

What at loss in a room of computers and very quiet silent men and women. To lose. For no real time can come to lose, not really. Everything towards what I see. Everything.

No fear. No not knowing or fear from break, or sweet hell from. No hell coming. Stars day pass. Light full life. Regular awaiting. Still past lines. What running. Remember my hands. My ho around, my around the dark. Around taller, fuller, more ready upset dreams. Up tall falling dreams. Tier dreams. The very glory of this place in every man, way to see how of...how of apple juice. Apple juice. Italy. My mind, all my mind and Italy. Russia, famous Russia. My dear hard people I...You worry for nothing. Frozen water cloud. Don't worry. No frozen grey water cloud. Drama of a-matic time, I am drama of time through what at loss. What at loss in a room of computers and very quiet silent men and women.