

THAT'S
WHAT SHE
SAID



- Thank you for looking at this
- Sorry for the grammar mistakes
- Boobs on page 13



Memory #1

I happen to know more than one lake
where toothless monsters lurk.

Their lack of anus causes them to grow uncontrollably,
but only in one direction: their heads remain
dwarfish while their tails stretch and bloat,
reaching great proportions.

A day comes when, in one single gesture,
they propel themselves across the lake,
smashing their fragile skulls against the shore.
Teenagers collect their bones while policemen
spy on them through the trees, like toes
poking out of socks.



The Only safe place is a dead place

When I get on the bus, I momentarily know exactly what I'm doing.

When I'm filling out paperwork, when I thank you, please.

What is the vacuum around these houses.

In the dream, you glimpse at the chiffon around you like a placenta, and the light beyond.

But you settle for a taxonomy of sensations.

Memory # 2

Microbes are the supreme predators, and therefore lead a tranquil ~~life~~ existence. They laugh a mouthless litter while they prey upon helpless organs, making them deformed and twisted like pidgeon feet.

Pidgeons are 98% microbes.

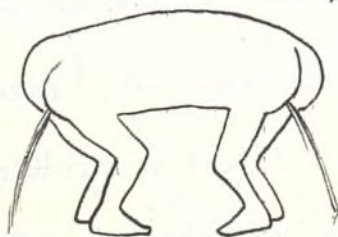
Microbes often forget to ~~not~~ say nice things about each others shoes and mothers.

This is a clear sign of their pettiness. And of the pettiness of the shoes and carefully chosen mothers.

Make-believe

Striptease

HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA



Lets recapitulate:

~~Exotic~~ Exotic fungi ladders may lead us
to the tops of trees, and roadkill
is readily available.

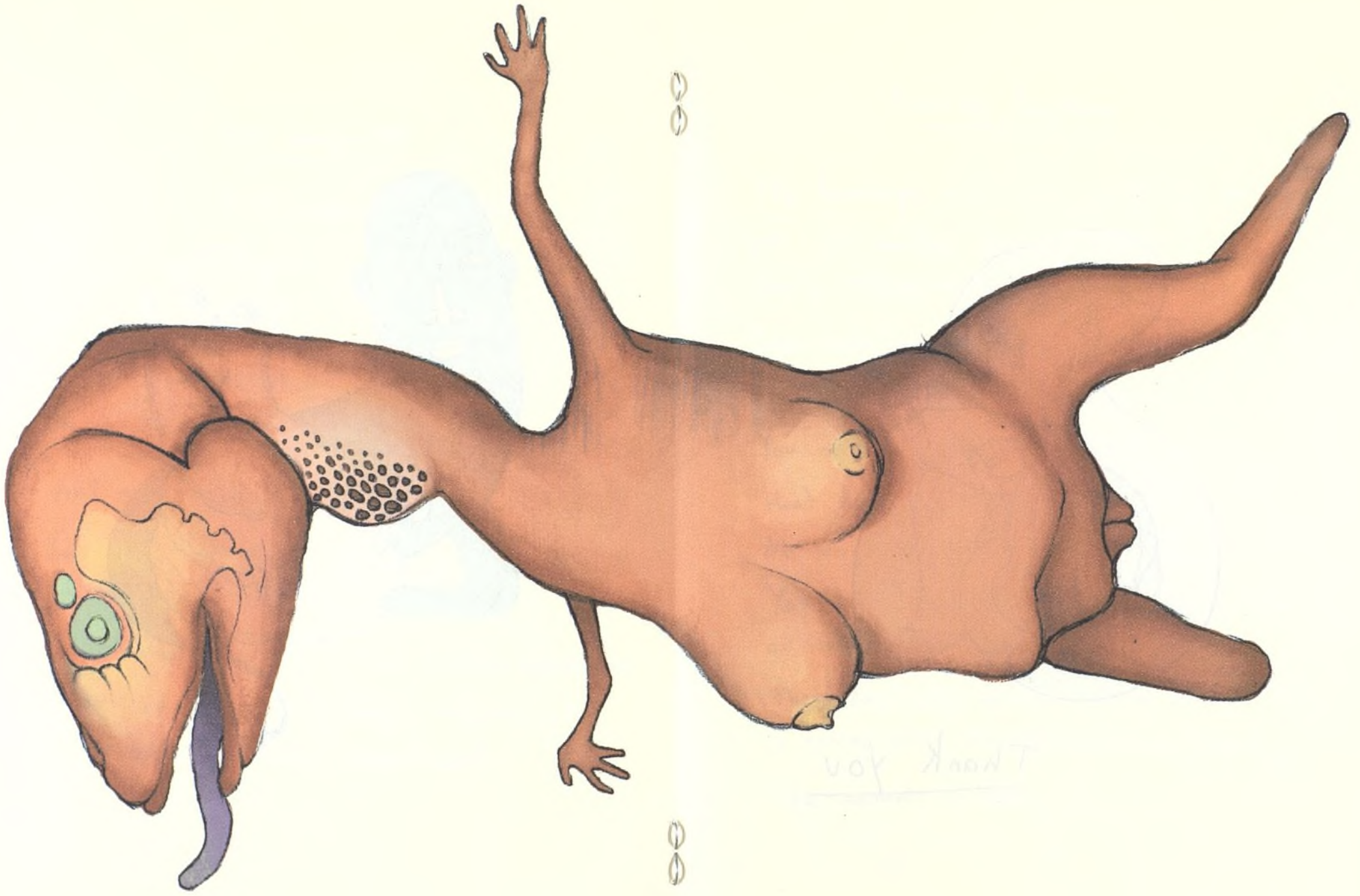
I was roadkill for you, I was a paw
on a keychain.

And another thing:

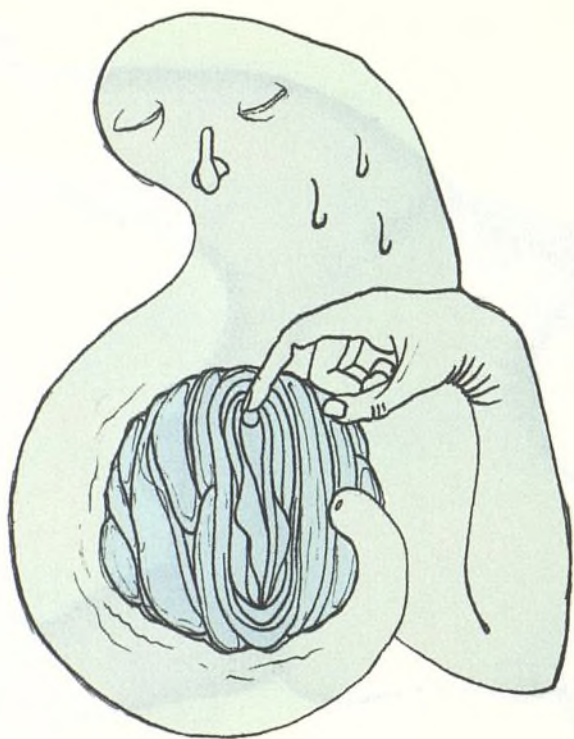
Bad sex is when you spread yourself on
me like cream cheese on a cracker.

I don't mean mediocre, I mean bad. An execrable act.
Because it is just a grotesque imitation of
what once was truly significant.





Thank you



Thank you

Recurring Daydream

The landscape resembles a glitch, as you pose for another flash, a smile slowly rotting on your face.

Even later, at the canteen, you get a tic~~s~~ around the edges of your mouth.

You miss a type of communication that doesn't involve ~~under~~ understanding.

At least not in its usual sense.

You ask 'Does an obsession necessarily stall you or can you use it as fuel?'

These days, life doesn't seem as though it is moving much. Maybe twitching slightly, like animals in zoos.

Sugar and
Spice gave me
diarrhea

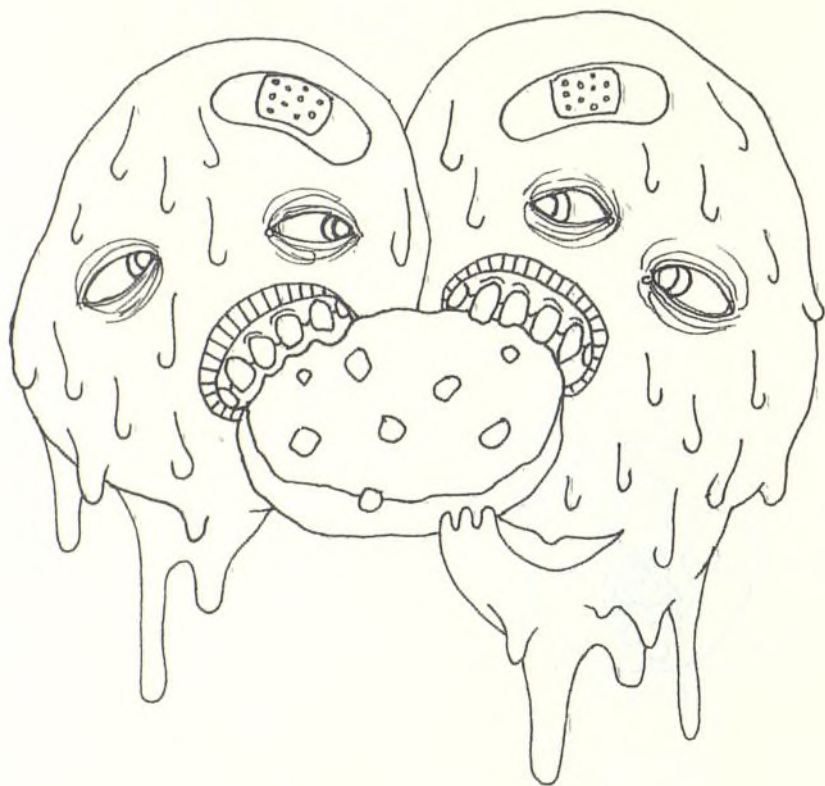


Handy symbolism

for shy

extroverts





Girl STUFF

No sensation is in itself unpleasant

Plants were boiling to a broth inside the greenhouse, vibrating in sadness, with the occasional bucolic spasm.

Our shared sensitivity presented to us the discreet perfection of one afternoon.

Predictably, two days before that we'd been sitting on a plaza that adhered to the ground like a scab. A sudden crowd that fully displaced my identity for a few moments during which it ~~stared~~ stared at us, blankly.

In adjacent streets, dogs marched in perfect geometric formations.

Legend tripping at the parking lot

His mind seemed like a finger that pointed at hidden objects, the ones that would later become crucial for the transcendence of screens.

I didn't ~~say~~ mention this, though. Instead, I let myself get perforated by him and insects alike.

I loved him for an embarrassingly long time. Long after he was gone, a residual image remained in my retina, like an optical illusion. Inside the cage, instead of a bird, there was this other ~~bird~~ cage.

After he left, on this screen, cigarette filters lay scattered on the floor, bones in the desert, tiny ribs.

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something by Aurora Austral

Ayuntamiento de Madrid