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I love this ideal. I love this park. Local implications. Then, we've got some objects about. We've got work. A village. A town. Finally a response. Finally a system. I guess she was so-and-so abroad and elsewhere, laying claims. Like specialists working in the same European region. This is a Fox island. This is granite marble from Brazil. We've left the edges rough and jagged to give the room some texture, some jazz. A set of sentences, a set of words, a set of children. Qualified measures of our time. Inhuman in the holiday club. Going back to your room for lotion and deck of cards. Memory place joins you at the breakfast buffet. It's the day after the wedding. BBQ pork bap. Swimming with the group. Oozing red tits. Illiterate woman. Never a handbag in the raw fish kitchen. She's standing at the highest point in the house. Lipstick. Home contours. Leaning. 20th century sort of decor. We call it wall to wall. We're at a public event. We quote the brief light. We love to see your pre-happiness, we love to see it grow. In the closet is a duvet smelling of sweat and sex. Some kind of conventional hole. We've got a contrast between light and surface. And in the back yard is some kind of scared German thing - pushing all those big volumes of outdated books towards the curb. And the occupation of this space is almost by accident. We're in the basement pulling down our pants. Muller Muller. Mother Mother. We saw crystal clear bodies, double height, top-lit, with a small beam of light in the adjacent lounge. Future reality home. You've got healthy teeth. You've got crunchy thick bites. A stream of life. Unity. Nature. Continuous. Obvious forms in tight, white jeans - standing around with a notion of Greek classics - or having a certain eternal spirit, in her words. 25 years of chocolate melting between the pages. Celebrating a nation, a blessed audience. Fireworks begin. While you're beating eggs, whisking things together from inside a box of rainbow cake mix. A few details about her. She was a lovely girl, entirely. She has a beautiful sensibility. A few years ago. A few small lines on her face. A family resemblance. You can see very clearly that this is a stuffed animal. But your subject is shifting, your making out a target, round and clear.

Tossing out words. Everyone gets to sit together and talk about what happened during the day. You picked the right moment. Whoosh. It's huge. Sticky fingers and a lovely pattern. A gift to us all, hollering at the mob. Walking around the mall. A brief, long-distance relationship. Going home early to have phone sex. Simple facts over and over again. A real place for us. Let us take a closer look. This involves a totally different set of relationships. Dealing with a

national imagination. He was swimming naked in his pool, in the middle of the day. I guess she was doing her nails. Supper time. This is about murders and components. Should I say forever. Should I ask you for a trade mark? Or a tin, or a bucket? Or lobster. Something that rattles. Something that breaks. Somethings that's been around forever. On the other hand we've got some fantasies and he must feel. Tonight. I guess she's a sly little pussy. I guess you're feeling sadness but also a since we're all fighting together, let's return to peace for a moment.

An enormous load, bucking about, plugging the things we love. Dancing with your head slightly tilted backwards, the place has a nice view. It might even be considered luxury. Fresh and free. Can we keep it from you any longer? These blueberries. Blackberries. Raspberries. She's back whisking the wet ingredients. Adding tips and notes in the margins of her cookbook. Single cream and dark chocolate broken into pieces. Fairly brief warm summers. Listening to the birds, enjoying lunch with friends - a candle lit meal under the stars. Or maybe you're all sitting around your coffee table, low - eating raclette and enjoying a good movie. Bowls, you've got big ones and small ones. You stir things in them like tomatoes and honey. Alfresco just what I need to ease the smell. You hold onto the husk of a hairy coconut. You swing it round and round, this enhances a feeling of liberation from your daily life. You're salting small wounds on your feet where your evening shoes have been rubbing against the parts that stick out between the silver straps. Now you're wearing the black ones. I guess we can identify the builders, the people that make things. It's a new body, gendered still- but trying to communicate (not exclusively). Something about assumptions and flatness. It's just a claim, a construction. This is the path- literally. Some fled down the street. Some made big oil paintings. You've got a track record, you've scribbled it down and now it's got something to do with political power and 'real truths'. A few small mistakes. A slip-up. Critical behaviour. Examples of your work, maybe. People need strategies and your self-aging, exhibiting your feminist movements. You're playing it cool. A 50% reduction. Scrubbing the stains off you silk sheets. Drying them. Holding them up to smell the bio eco lavender freshness. A guess we are writing again, this time with coffee cups and flowers, using our words. Falling short of X. But it's allowed to be opened. Lingered on. We can evoke a field. Standing in it now, thinking of ones own thoughts. An upper hand. Quick - plus you'll save money. So in a flash something suitable for adults and children on Sunday's. She must spell it out, she must be totally certain. Was she in trouble now. Anything to wear her out. Anything to get her to sleep. To be good. Hurrah Hurrah. She seems pale. She seems to whisper thank you under her breath.