

Endless screw of the bleeding.
It breaks my heart.
Is this what we are now.
How we were how we are.
Is this how we'll be.
We are.
We were.
We'll be.
Ay-ee-ha-ah gribi-diah.
Skenta-vea harmiden sinky-cranny.
Vene-man-ken verita stoken bing.
Slindy gander viscidilly.
Fantas-tilly mortadem.
We are.
Flycatchers, turncoats, oo-ah, lover spine.
So we are.

Desire
or, – Fucking Personification
Fucking Desire
Susan Gardner Dillon

as much as fuck personifying nature fuck its fucking
term these writers *fucked writers* we know what is said about
those who talk I say do it instead in the sand (better yet
on) near a mountain in the forest on the floor by the sea
but not to it being from the shore this gets old the fishermen
never let up about oysters and clams forget about mussels
the constant digging of in the sand when nature fails us
they name it *she* you know who I mean the boats go on and
on their names get shortened yet any *she* on the boat is bad
luck on the day of a trip any thing which carries another
this other thing always being a *he* as houses and other
structures mind the kitchen (minus the table) must all be
sieved be named by its fucker and who or what it fucks? even
the very definition of *of who* fucks and who gets fucked
fucked writers break them these limits as wall of your desire I
notch