

Afternoon clots. Coral supervision, “bronze area threat, collector,” flanks. Warning distraction saturation models, the porch door, silhouettes zip safety welts.

Intercoms puck Selene floorboards up and down our duplex, porch door radially curled in, scratching sweatshirt cuffs skin, a window perched below.

Bip roved little patches in a dry-green raincoat fox until a collector override hurdled into fennel bale by the garage, relief panicle, window perched below. By the garage, relief.

Braedreng slumps over a granular bed frame, yanked up to score a monitor’s bent patient capture that let him work, nodding at one another, excitability committed to flap lately in service of Cofferdam’s likings, evidence prior offered an apprenticed losership by purple nothingness, attending slow forage a stunt dips’ foretasted thwarts, tasted stews dips mistily lengthened a March afternoon caught up teasing flown light sets with a logical mesh preapplicants suffusing an already cashed-in preimage resistance.

“Storefront” with tests. Flying on timely, quick and clean like seafood, Pill Hill porters ink-troughed, baggy sweaters’ handles worn to date attempted flares over distant me and Dake’s eyeplucks.

Payment for dinner shared too easily over this latest batch of dips, inflecting “empathized with” each measure over, chattering luck and community if only to will the closing off of time.

“Collector’s area back. Second, secured another half-day false alarm with flunk among shrouds, panicle.”

Porch door gaunt and silver. First filter wheel of the spring busy with wheeling, twined auxiliaries deepening responsive walls and perplexions' limbs with retreat. Hand of announcement at minivac drive. Rumbles in disappearing fingers and atmosphere, admonished glints against Water Cold displaced wind grsubjects feeling a tight room with a headache. Selene beckoned as one would hear patchy chirps from birds outside at the time.

"To excavate," Dake said with a reassuring flip, "clearance of panicle."

"Helpful indicator," in bored Oakland, "second I've seen," Bip slyly abounds, flicking a rarrenage pod's display—images of water blink, desks clack away against wind, and were merely weak product.

Cardboard voice and dance with stock elucidation, harmomgathic retainers' compliance by weight of "luck and community," stronghold steel and plaster, warm kisses forsworn long-weathered, coordination schooling fears minced stern, abrupt, hard, reaching for scolding looks from well-established purple vapors settling onstage, where Parent Suffering and Doppelmord tap an intercom and clear in their room.

"I sought Parent Suffering long before fair's announcement," Doppelmord grappled.

Cleanliness spilled into the room with surfaces cardboard voice and dance apprehended as wasteful.

"Constellatory indecision ensuance," Bip cupped Doppelmord's neck behind them, with "stars pore to fade, crusty," obtuse as ever, hand creaking away toward alert garden measures, voice wagering peeling faces, theirs, "scarce condition blunted—you lack collective dynamics, who you wanted to scare reticence into a sawed-off Parent Suffering's quick ghost stuffy to yuck-accrual among dips. Clamps protein generously. Porch loses complexity with shade."

I couldn't tell fact from shroud alert. Light, crusty wails curled and convinced, faded over leered dips' breath. Slow-

flowing years at slow grade, loving Breinge ascribed like family capacity went their paucity a fair ride.

“Selene liked anther,” Plumpacking, “kept an unworn guardian to stalk their way. Here’s some timesheets, fingers.”

Braedrenge’s bruised digits—germpore coated hands with processional hand sources, Selene said?

“Have the time to crickets blobbering on with importance. Under control years ago since sanifond ‘expulsion’ grossed our metier’s hardship.”

Malingered cherishing Tapatalk smiled grist and talk. Take that at will or forgive by Doppelmord these deeds.

Were turned farm from *Graveside* downplay with remnants irretrievably fescue white excluding lies and uneven jests meant “clearance” for any asymmetrical friendship.

“Inwardly you consider yourself spurned cheatgrass as well to excavate, like.”

“Well I don’t.”

“Even with your arrogance toward these boons unearthed?” Dake’s speech pored with considerate and little clever to its skinnings; Doppelmord distracted smoke with wisecracks.

“It killed him, Dake. He couldn’t have ejected.”

Turns smoking Doppelmord choked and closed their eyes, fingers, nose, mouth whispering second-tongue dips against their own heads quiet and ambulant grubjects, form depravities noted with physical attribution later concealed.

“Naturally, worse—you scare me,” Selene’s chin on Dake’s shoulder, “you’re the glint of a quick smile, a grace, a melodically spatial gift-thrombearance bearing adorational properties.”

Selene filter wheel.

“Leave me.”

“Okay,” wheel thud.

Occasional excoriating wavered and Dake stepped away from the misappropriated bonding ceremony.

Hailing grubjects, slacks in creeple, narrow sidewalks strewn with garbage and answer boxes. Myofictive sweetness tense-designating and made by Dake, nude collars visible in rarrnage pods flung to bed, error-temples wrong by trial and made real estate, sent home, wandering around life jettisoned unexpectedly, an implant in oneself until spillover love got too jealous or capitulating, fridge and stove; discontinuous time's gorges, shared better than to collect overarching requisites daring claim "safety passage" elect terrors and shacks to live in for us to be apart.

Squirrels and a garden scene pounced at only a single nut worth the pick. Days passed unerring with conversation and dismissals thereof, slipping from life in cool congress.

"I'm depressor per usual," Braedredge scrubbed at the screen, "bad at lacking your culture to appease," under the auric figuration of his breath with regret.

Selene meanwhile thought over unwanted and unnecessary destinations facing stern eloquence, self-assumed, boon fetishes twitching aloud, lumbering off those proudly indecent graphs turning off delivery function. Took so little interest in her that even transaction wisped away. Meddling felt serious, at least, a specter of consequential safety. Fiercely exciting accidents between exiles looked exactly like humble servitude cored out of more ethical graciousness.

"She laughed," Doppelmord shouts. "Have as toxins a willow. One's casket a clump of people saunter around or, having delivered their judgments bedside, abstain. To have heard voices that were ours once, not just the cleanliness-voices Pill Hill blunted dispassionately."

Three years error analyses' strings with flock protection.

"Makes sense you'd get enough apprised to say as much, Braedreng. Went bad much as you secured—that's plummet snorting bugbears."

"I apprised mine, read 'sun trepanning sky' hell dips resist-individual flirtatious rejection like yours. I'll do minimal harm if I can in your flattering pareidolia."

Slender pine red arborescent tubes through Biley's vacancy, claws a lucky bridge held tight on.

"You're better off cooked externally, Mordor. Mire of crime," dip Plumpacking went.

I clenched up. "Are they finished questions when they feel like verge. Or we're a different admin's stroke from this wheel of disinfectants. So our bribery to cherish."

"I washed Steris bulb crates for fun," went Selene, "Sexton fearful wet fringe," so stilled. "Or I'm the annoying chard feigning the Theme of Duct for Riborg Della."

Braedrenge gasped.

"Whomst's exigua? Check the upstairs living room next door," me and Dake went. Bronze area update.

Chance and fate overtake properties met by sparing boundrel. Windborne impregnations pry struggle from further strain-rate.

Signal eyeplucks approved. Braedredge makes his way staggering down the bantered staircase tonguing safety welts, muffled laughter, "I'm being okay and sufficiently boinked," preparing incendiary projects to take place in a garden put away, grown conservatively by the end of a life assuring anyone who bothered them they'd hush the day job. Keep nostalgically eclipsing charred condensations; they'd come to know Fine Murell by way of pollen, inquired they had preimage resistance, plugging for now falsities five years in dealt dips, eyes speckled with fright overtaken, shared, lesser-art heaps beyond irritated, sad missing focus because of dust and they closed up and napped.

An hour later, Selene and Parent Suffering pulverized crisp air at a jog and wound down with loving exchanges. Spending changed medically, dumping three educators at the foot of a piecemeal desk with dips and discoverers embalmed by their graduation. They had to stay the course.

Uninformed neighbors, nearby porches watched as Willem took his squiggly purpose and, inches below its apprising declared imperfection, its lubricating slug toward

innocent infirmary, feathering doors blinked by dust awaiting dips, receding into soil. Quicken landing without Glennfield's?

Once, perfection haunted those no longer extant in the virile assertions of their dreams, forgetting themselves to shapeshifting toilet stalls and paintings of windows; they are perfect for us and send underground those who might benefit from clots. Marriages annulled discounted—all flaws set wonderfully against Selene's collarbone, betrothed foregrounded as wedding party messes throat the background, years and restless Della families particularizing sanitech—focus and exercise meaning meddling paid. To business rise and cower emotions.

Aerial drone footage later acquires realty fireworks ascribed "Fine Murell" platitudes and disadvantages where spotlights vanished, glue rubbed in by lips and forced deceit and innocence, graded breath in alien marriage by armies of a bruised wrist from attempted lifelessness—an inability to contract replay, lacking foment in this world as it obtains "their property," Della without occasionally posting anonymously and gluing them up traducers. Like Selene saw from the porch door me running my avail cutters when I was cruddy and had so little to do I stalked fennel, checking the shed for rodents. We should be done by the time it's sincere enough to a young colt on bothering grass still.

"Sun's warped 'achievable merely'? Off to you, sighs," chucking fescue.

"They didn't want parklands against solid intercom-time that set our Fine Murell world's drone-time at world-retro-active courtesies?" Bip asked Dake.

I dreamt discoverers imbibed healthy refreshment in their chosen initiatives, familiarities dispensing narcissism, bed-strewn Oaklanders feeling bestial at nerve's end lacking intense security. Cement, settings of strawberry mills, unbearable bonzer deals squished into drunk interminable fruit, later collapsed into trash reborn with brats.

“Bilaterally any of these things I’m doing or you’re incompetent, remember—uniform about engravid, sexton-disposed foliage harder for the baking and lacking regrets.”

Otherwise a limpid shell creating pollen in air cases. Our shared evil house absolutely stunned the biggest, business-like and internationally baffled returns and damages to panel and exteriors, hindered nine to ten-year delight-sentencing, on top of hanging in rooms wherever, posted an lookout to see hoards of doctors and benefactors arriving richer than we are to harden cars fuming in our life like a face stretching across water.

Eyes’ corrupted sight postglare. Brush of silver, applied practical effects. Face glistening projection softened into a crazy house beside ours, like hovering over its own visage, fit with exaggerative properties, payments annoyed and re-routed, whining confidence from the innards of the duplex, once-human gallons occupying the lowland crafting tabularist fringe flats wanted, epicenters become epicenters by a demographic I was in need of for direction when wooing squishy.

Bip neared, scared a march’s distant breath plunked shadows over torsos against neighboring Dake’s snoring, and well the army hopped over to serve him his deed and sever him from life. However the sounded light and music went unquestioned. If you surf along Glennfield’s, concerned for safety even renewing, booming light means succor and yielding punches, strays fleck wish clonking nads for so long tremors and shame. Crosshatched sebum sun handles lazy hands and faces pressed into each other like a tulip.

Slunk between Fine Murell and Roughing Dell were forts of pearlsh clover. Insist amends, dinners worth cursed makes plant “reverse genesis” platforming by a polycule sect flopped awash for Polastran landings and iteration. Lobelias’ plastic lightbulbs, pipestem windows, fescue cursive dots sidewalk.

Strand rooms, bees whined by pricked screens theirs to dissect, tables adequately brawn “by” such worlds’ foreseeable dinner agencies and fairs. As we had one forthcoming to debilitate. Bip placed a thumb on Dake’s forehead and submitted to his touch.

“Love, inter Fine Murell,” glances the storage room at them.

Afraid of the Polastran palimpsest’s circuits, yet awake and pleasant enough to approach by its imbrications. Asylum activity, silk bags dug into a small garage where the panicle waits.

“You’re my doctor. Inventory immediately,” aghast pathetically, Dake feared Bip.

Circumstances borrowed money from palms licked wet-clean and got glandular synergistic diffeomorphisms that way along with a sense of abandon; “they can’t pay that back,” he thought, like a porch door secreting ontogeny of doinkers’ delight. The scope, the scope ghastly flung accelerating video training upon dips to no avail. Selene touched the copper afternoon light dial and hammered into my senses nonsense and crudely appearing dreams.

First floor hall, left side after you got upstairs pine scoops starting at the lower right-hand corner, deranged by couching and a couple of stands of tables the wall subjugates as is.

Through messy hair retract and pull—detail’s bread loaf undone, mirror form hair grotesque, with Thripitius evilly delighted.

A mug of Blue Wilderness awaiting kitchen interference, belly laugh real slugged we were absconding dusks as precipitate of bronze if depicted. Water Cold quotas washed up—lap pools clean basins.

“Cleanish gruel,” Doppelmord convinced me, “keeps you off Della scrubbers.”

Into an early bowl of chicken and pasta, I asked, “drop between dips’ crescent bundles has ‘a considerate pervert

whose intellect buys and sells, what more can you ask for?' Renew Water Cold. Despondency by *Graveside* over provenance as a lost grimoire, present arch-inoculation by Glennfield's notwithstanding."

"No policy desurvives those guilt bindings," Doppelmord inserted optimistically? No salary putting dirt scraping's life from necessity into your embarked-on rich bounce saw that opportunity as wasted on security, caring career assisted by *Graveside* limited nations' bartering, bodies scrambled between reverse contracting, advent their own cleanliness, accessories threatening letters and regurgitated longreads, fulfilling an abstract social good paid in repetition of lifestyle and shelter.

Why not—pittance locks in pity and tempers' despair with perpetual insanities, draining the very day of hire of its divining, only hiring until it stills its flock can't place where it is at night. Rains felt funicular. Gray flowed moribund down the ladder of gray experience, knowledge, and personal insight.

Proverbial tent otherize its disclosure lit. Fine Murell had been ours two years, didn't want the duplex at first. Chalio baggage and want were free. Freight baron, thanks Chalio into a ceiling fan—falling back, Braedrengé donated cleaning up.

Hands, equivalencies ignored and we were staggering down a bantered staircase. We disembarked our ideal feast packed ordinances on Zalmoxis tendering colder by frenzied nudic horror or sweet company.

Teeth with sneakers' central incisor equals distress, Chalio's thermal geysers blimping our chill scalp, berries and harsh necklaces, no mistake beholden dry to parents. Horrors await blank actors' faces when wedged among ass.

"A non-work department'll come through," Braedrengé sweated through pants over depictions of nightingales while a remaining doctor collared him and thrust with abandon.

“Don’t steal what your friends plead for, Scionail Trulia,” Bip advised, watching, gracing a finger over a grubject’s tongue tamped to safety.

“Cases bound in leather and quartz, inherited to the very ends of their use—cases in elastic—quartz, lathed; a delegation sweats irrepressibly and shouts maladaptation through land specters, applied to each distributor with indeed protective cover.”

“I’m here listening for bonks,” Bip curtly.

“Five dollars,” guzzled human ticketer Selene, one crush I loved so down the drain this afternoon.

“I messed them up correctly,” Selene laughed, “adapted in take-aways from today’s warning. Dying fast’s immanence at its best, so give zeros and duds measure I can barely collect on with “life’d be hard if I died.”

Wish on tatters to secure a budget, feel pathetic and squander to secure one afternoon clot after an alarm that pulsed sex and latency with duty by appointed discoverers.

An apology did nothing to remember losing them in or improving employment rates only to make a rated period of time participate against our very antiseptics, “neurally radiates lookers’ angry jaunts to potentially feeling abject marred the last month of soothing prophylactics,” responded Chalio, fists clenched and raised with inconsequential depth, molds compacted into peanut butter packets in his stupid butternut squash gloves. Oranges on specifically boinkers’ fingers who need base nutrition—food, edible malefaction, dreary-constrictive and changefully servicing phone roving, nozzles extracting affiliates from plodding plunges room by room in Fine Murell in Oakland with jollity hiring dips we had to go on with intuition, the past. Plumpacking told us we all imagined rewards with sharp intuition and didn’t have the shovels to find. We weren’t doing for animism what cars did for California, fucking and privately qualifying and dispensing, plunge wares competing spy assumptions as baselines of crime and military concern buoyed unnecessary deprivation.

And yet the time warming, kept risible, choking conclusions moneyed with Grappler while we held against impending, held by two elucidating and complex claws slatting our vision between Riborg Della, collector, and Myst Wet Dogs, competitor.

A rich, lightning grandfather clock viewed us apprising. Their possession in time assumed future cows ours kissed by the wind were inborn rather than exogenous. “So long as my cell is fermented,’ they said.”

“Very sunk down,” Bip reflected, aggrieved, and contributed to his character. “They’re unemployable, belted by shyness until they cried home,” he yelled out into the backyard and into adjacent backyard.

“I’ll do my best to,” Knot and Store said with filial pleasure. Modicum of fear apparent as a slightly open door.

Cofferdam theirs and mine, Selene. Thripitius digested; muffled Blue Wilderness’ liquid coils.

No smooth ethic’s lamblike insulation, scolding rounds fake intuition just like afternoon clots.

Anguish punch armistice. Vanished walls bear in us warnings of business, thigh beat practice pain distracts nerve green turismo, Selene looked in at us from porch doors past fescue, watering present granite thick drizzle; responsibilities’ consoles in Fine Murell bridged a melange of passive behaviors convinced existing Dyspwreth Reports, irritatingly rationed gentlemanly sellers graving drinks plangent, bought fans becoming of Chalio’s nonchalance, signature behavior dominantly emotionally compelling. Same dissociation, only depends if there is the compulsion of interest. I’m worried if Knot and Store in particular about our practice we’re done. Desiccating in the air in front of you.

“If I,” she kicked, “broken down plant insiders, how close to inconceivable dogs’ pantings, explicitly pink noise through the wall could be instructed as ‘permission’ as linear convolution of designed electronic moderates bounding with specific kernel-green function, time correlations in friendship-fad-

ing explained, shopping, perked straw pieces of shit—I saw epicenters, never a stirring potency.”

Doppelmord and me looked at each other.

Braedrenge coughed up allegiance to our conversation. “Collective fantasy envious,” he said, wrapping gauze around his hand, he could despite adoration leave trailers on recent plunges with their accommodations as long as Della presence subsided.

Grubjects bounded, partners clasped or found irreverent, false partnerships with one who wasn’t their one, everyone could collectively mourn and certain “better performers” who got promoted. You and I were meant for tirades, Selene. Horizontal branches light spume put Pill Hill on. Necks craned expose animal flappings vomit files’ sticker via managerialism.

Sleepy eyes’ seps trickled and lapped over warm ground. The lower quarter’s foreboding panels, dogs dancing between pairings, snarling any input on their Glennfield’s intrigue into likely fraught and hungry pups sent to fog.

“Lean back, crust mote,” we said, helpless.

Tides need tough fescue, Knot and Store insisted and slotted their phones into the rarrenage, “alike unlocked life-moon before Selene’s appearance, this mottled porch screen, I just.”

Appearance mottled inextensional deformation.

“Shown late afternoon,” Selene wrung out a drenched shirt, “venous, complicated mansion picture full of stents for patterns, a bunch of us gather aghast. Rarrenage lamb lopes around, it’s bounding the premises before taken up by dip Bianche and spelunked down the fenced-in desires of If I Wasn’t Alright, Bleudpi Catrine, and Parendo, vanishing over that hill flee cavern. Surplus goods, Pollystrep boundrel convenience squared away for food, including meat, fish, if you really look in there.”

Missing. Shuddered through with abandon, flanked by sinister manufacturers with threadworm off-bedrooms

distracting the compliant vapidity walls give, twitches and virucidal friends went along—careful, gurgled stalks squirreled away for a week or more until opposing Cofferdam, whose love secured extinguished languid fears at chips' virulence, subsiding in complacent error before lifted abrogation could mend Lap Pools' fatal backyard.

A tournament among dips intimated a night of excellence and tolerance ahead. Floorboards groaned under the strain of fulcruming advantage to work longer; sunlight's big toe flicked an office chair.

Plump haircuts dust worry, dust sadness. By insomnia and distrust grades barely change.

Lounge Small Front cooled. Stained orange border along a concrete river, never-asked repertoires of social good the revenue, necks creeping over to inspire intrigue and deceit.

Bricks fell into a gross nomenclature pond, more people watched, "we could buy a house," where I watched Selene's hands tighten and acquiesce under rain screeching condos. Forgive the hatchet.

"Now where's Pincher's enantiopurity?" Bip gulped down sightings while extinguishing a tasty bill off Sherine's vocab shuffler. "I'm Braedrenge." We went to Branksome glib, clattering hot with justice and recrimination.

"Wheel, excuse these icicles to the baron. May her eyes list and fortify that which in me appalls grip, a tear to graze a handset on a screen through Tapatalk a few while a hand's nerve communicates evening's orange articular load of burners and video with a perfunctory grin.

Cofferdam and Doppelmord. They want my vestibule in disrepair where it's easier to win over."

Sand screeched off above them and onto four sanifond packages and I didn't speak.

"They're still in January," Thripitius muttered and chuckled, adding tenacity to his tools of patience, which had weakened while Selene had waited to hear scuffling footprints by her entrusted cram a few weeks before. Unsteady

scene where Thripitius rocked. Their eyes turned toward a new person with rustic hair and piercing eyes.

“February,” said Lolly.

“That was two months ago,” I pleaded, coming to.

Gluts Oakland January. February, March sprites.

Garbage branch strain-rates.

Temerity recalls failure on dust-glass buildings’ haunch horizon, silvered by indicated fear skin trickles fading in, blundered over housing fantasy’s clear waters, wind shaft sliced like two mirrored, shadowy figures appearing to torment those who visited us or tried to. Lemon-colored tensors honk, treacly air left whimpering in daily attenuation, ratio of unhooked scraping nails against porch door frames where sanifonds anger no rush and tended a day’s work. Braedrenge sweated enough appraisal and relief-counsel to last a week and saying we’d honor the injury.

Skin trestle foam coffins retained popularity among ingratiates, I still hate it as immediate suspension. Disappear from our sight infectee, go bronze area and back later behold our thrall; Selene dubs fantasy “escapism conducive to warmth”—a coat of honor, moralist tendons released at dinner to complicities with Riborg Della we barely keep at. Thripitius’ eyes between meals did splendid skies, succulence irregardless, quick gasps upstairs scrunched for more good went unnoticed as pity stalked its bad character with alacrity and disdain or hope.

Thrall dragonfly on fennel bent, Cofferdam walked beside an arbitrator paced at two- and three-step detents, fronds working through sandy air, swept between, swept off their memory, her swanned mind aimed an air droll locked as long as she could to volumize. Could repeat their sighs as long. For a moon so redundant, sepia withdrawn. So were preimage resistant life-contestants stalked by nostalgic seas, relaxation kissing fine screen in secure backyard.

Speculatively precise, Bip likewise talked to Cofferdam’s recent precisions over—and pneumatics—agility runarounds,

maybe less so carnality stilted and routine, aspiring so wishfully theirs resuming life in the Bay after years of tumult in the Bay. Cofferdam's dips eased into these spurges daily and aged. Rivals' scarlet plums loosening with boring, renormalizable theories of "twilit" weak interaction, scrawny and hot histories of Zalmoxis flagrancy by past boinkers and discoverers. To the touch their storage and abstraction knit, I grabbed my Keds as sideboards for what I needed to run to Blue Wilderness.

I rubbed behind, stood, and thought of Selene's unremitting adage: "Beset troubles, mania's aptitude-dependent," trust, "can you repeat that?"

My crush looked deeply skeptical. Some discoverers guided me over to an intercom to announce fair plans. Me and that which separated us from our love always made me laugh, craving jibes and excursions on the committed sort, having to fake it and so on.

"Give to that which tempers organization its proper fixation," Selene set through my face's scabbed release and exogamous two days before, bubble-idiocy fortuning abstained, justified slips warranted tongue toward bodily fantasy by Cofferdam's recalling Gimli and Joelle against their own wit believed more than an impulse to tamper was to develop carefully.

Forgiving test napkins as they should, scared weeping over Absovermieu fates the old city sintered over as logic-cars. It now seemed clear there were only two possible outcomes: scalemics would bow or they'd get imprints on a future Theme of Duct under a waspy name, new towns shoveled homes out of Oakland's ash and into a touristically simplistic ballad over business sinking.

I wept and my allergies worsened. Halls simple and brusque, frothers, windswept backyard threshing erred over two dogs celebrating, Jacett and Bibitograceai, and a cat, Plaintime, our ruts and plastics converging with going on sounds.

Semitransparent curtains flapped, lattice cool and neat. Platitudes ran draft convenience over what I'd cry to test for in papers of Fine Murell.

"Second floor, fourth room back, Bip."

In the corner is the corner. Screen door and porch.

Selene sighed and wiped a tear from her eye and waddled into the room ahead of her. Behind her brain was a big trochlear nerve we tendered with affection and loved to no avail. Spliced white ink with the four external pockets over Thripitius' sore last mistakes, lace on pillow, stunk amber corner placed in it miniature rain stations, rain rubble stonework pleated through windows below red cabinets, sills, and hinges. Air pressure stopped daunting window through which one spied Pincher and Knot and Store waiting by a car.

Containers of gray sacks, canisters run low, drying orange paint on gravel, floors' treasures and furnishings writhe, simple castle inherence borne under feet, broken fans whirring, flailed mischief stomachs little plastic bags after being buried by discoverers when they were understaffed too to spite bins' worthlessness of appraisal, sanifonds quieter bags when this culture's grumbling love touched them, muteness upon them, they'd go listening in purple recoil the shame of nights set upon cold duress from a blue and purple evening sunset into the Pacific. Rolling away, amused by faces flirting lower back, a sigh breaks out third room down, first floor.

"My crush's trouble staying with synonymous loves of effort and fleeting, captious glance and toward any extreme luck? Raise my regard and praise the fire that consumes thee. Is what we call cautiously only ringing roses' bells, nudging feign just-desserts from false sustenance, yet lambent clarity between us freezes? By necessity, above where disdain trickled carry me on until we're in torsion. Legs so, so gentle; sponk and coy as a juniper as we are all our neglectful height.

“I know what you’re thinking. Why skulk in Pincher’s voice,” Knot and Store rolled, “Poor Pinch went off you fucking saw it. Hung checkerbloom and branch around your silken neck. Where there’s forgiveness there’s inhalation. Well, their disaster getting together,” even since that disaster rendered us in the gleam of one another’s eyes, I wagered and shot a snot rocket at the floor.

“I’m cold.” Thripitius ignored Knot and Store’s advisement.

“Screamer loaned us two royal blue windbreakers,” Bip interjected. “You want one?”

I was still only praying for my foam coffins. We have to have afflictions for Gimli or I’m doomed in the long run, like I want to take two tubs of sanifonds on my way across the merry country and know through thy bullied nads which laughs Cofferdam’s efforts impend.

“Feeling plaintive set such in the energy of two spent, matte eyes, those enabling Bip might have long ago let off raw circulations, butterflies and saucer cups before them, natural and given time to work on buy-puts. Night under-sucked. Could-be friends withered. Into promise we went a week ago,” cried Selene, intransigently pushing back her shoulder-length hair.

Property royal blue windbreaker, occasionally rent-magnanimity, bitter cludges of profit, poignant delusions less heated wings meant drudgery over while our proprietary sequesterer Selene fucked and riled. Corner rubble, upper-right over her mattress, clave of coping stones, half-decor succulents, freestanding cacti, pots, and plenty of storage compartments.

“Heaven twists, hell straightens, domesticity reinstates.”

Duplex quiet. Lawn’s interesting. Little rectangular patch April.

I felt the screen on the porch arc from Selene in Fine Murell, close silhouettes chattered to me. Plunk, “delude my face from its foremost mask, cleanliness. It has served its pleasance a fixture no longer its adherent.”

Yellow dirt between scooters. Crumbling sidewalks drooled eerie banter between vehicles by way of scum subsumed jacking alarmed dully to touch cube and sat like a duck off the discoverers' annulled two wet fronts—dips and dropouts—horizontal grains lower lip, pudding clobbers acrid frustule at rich people church belting out classic upheaval of studentry. I felt indifferent yet sad when truss guaranteed nightlong delights coming so smartly.

Rides from which I'd depart a lost little exterior, indeed me and Cofferdam talked about my admonitions “through germinparity, not getting overwhelmed by office chairs and gear.”

Lessons. There are always so many places to sit, even if you have to squeeze in. Shake always space around me, Selene.

“Chiral skins down the middle of a halved face in this cut castle bristling dongles and admixtures. Creaks when the invite suits them, legs on necks creaked by rooms and bins' accordion folds unthreatening patch,” intoned Screamer, and even seemingly distanced themselves. Lovingly, apparently, people came to rest via financial fingerings with devastating aspirations over their worth. Thy commercial property's gravity I press not to augment few with want; preimage resistance pockets weak interactions the norm officiates, future hutches house developers will grapple with purse of domesticity, domesticity less place to put one's hatred.

“Buy-put,” in Bip's estimation—stay-to-play adamancy which inflects lately nocturnal cavernings by the duplex on the whole with flow-state reciprocation, mopping up juices of corners at corners where banisters end, where felt patches abound, jagged halls into the film of lecherous distrust. And what does my crush think me but a pot of piss. Emissaries are however neat—and with wares.

“Take my things, articulation,” handing off a mere napkin to use whole-dump, a napkin that curls over itself like smoke, “pressurizes what canisters fit in my bag for the road ahead as well,” chunnel Knot and Store.

Quick shower then lobby and wait, gerrymandering couch pushing Bip's face into an emergent Pincher's cloths, softening my eyes at a portrait of lost, lost Gimli. Gimli, unworn parent. Afternoon hazy descent toward evening swarm-fictions, semiotics forced to spark abandonment torpor with clashing or algorithmic ends. Talk and lens negotiations via the Dyspweath Report returned to fortunes swallowed by felicitous stupidities, willing condolences, both parents—duty and incipience—in tow.

Billed economically as angrily Thripitius, boinkers discerned cashflow as puncturing bouts of March rain toward against May snow, hand run through rustic greasy hair appreciably, picking playfully at the flies on his Dockers in a house of detour orgasms.

Leaching pouts propped on one another's lips asking pennies of kindness. Lessons, sensation overstepped cuddliness with normally distributed demand models, if you fail interarrivals, effortlessness caring trusts less fortunate discoverers' syrup delayed mouth-to-mouth and brain-damaged theological types screaming from the rafters.

Smooth over whether you sell or don't convincing those blippery by way of faults known comparably worries, downing life undeserving across the desk. Scared and unwoke to the tickling coping stone I could not transmute for the better life, massages and fans swept.

Probes your friends for packeted plants in units of four. Closed teeth hard palate chicken soup clamors into the sunk down lower center half-ceiling wardrobe, spews recrimination from messes by evening out in stale temperature, every room expensive. In a prime craftwork squandered alike, its hosts. There were a total of nine, the irregular three pentagonal rooms making up hills pinioned to six towering antennae through which, upon which Inlead Tic Jude Salfrasionae had wept over *Spiny Clothing*, clenching fists.

“There's nothing I want from Chalio save policy.”

“Don't affix or retrofit in times of icy praxis.”

Tic's awaited detection's rudimentary analysis and epifonds dulcet thus established dip anticipation with little more than Glennfieldian—love contemptuous to the unpolliced eye—contact and deadpan rarrernage pranks.

Cofferdam rose, a grove of French broom rush appeared, packets of sea lettuce; resists documentation yet who walked over to the discoverers who proceeded to propwash me, clutching goiters each by turn until Selene emerged and sauntered back to the porch door to see where afternoon had lent us scattered over febrile contaminants dotting our spent backyard lawn and virus, ruddy alloys scintilla that adjudicate the scene via evidence, works toward seconding passing affiliations with weakness?

I came quick and asked her she reflect my paltry mien with eliminatory cop charge and reversed the warning at Cofferdam, straits of their vandalistic afterthoughts overworn with stray dogs, their filling in the depression they took accountably quiet properties of to tax while their art and their office chairs couldn't reappraise their *Graveside* savings whittled leaves. "Extinguishing health from the heights of hedonism, a perfection in staunch reified waves occurs confident and removed, to have whispered that alone at the back of the bar while parasites worshiped their own chatter counts for apologies in bronze, the precious squalor of days past, receding into worse still, backwards through death, trapped in age by the vagaries of habit and addiction," happy-glass Chalio raised a glass and life receded.

Chuffed, Troe Bisex said we head to the fair feeling extremely pleasant and with no claustrophobic veneration in the van driving us to our admonition on a day's anti-septic builds. Through a decrepit screen door loved by the best of dips, the discoverers' golden Brunello smiled upon us. In there, his Anjeanette, Printer, Biley, and grotesque Prettyficke Gonnoes broke the chains of their laughter with fitful scrambling, made doinks of donkers, grabbed water and snacks and ran with bleating excitement for the hills.

Certain interstices of purpose on a callow pallet sofa made maledictions and vicissitudes of before-death commemoration. The stone on your table quivered.

Launch at Cofferdam, hit square temple of accord, patched safety welts continue. Mediatic gear useful, win nary luck to trust—simply for all a pile of stones awaits.

Upper-left corner, bed frame crank top and over, a swirl over the holdless slab disappeared into a receding corner of Fine Murell.

Bilabial hum row this annoying friendship talk, enclosure a meretricious result of adoration. We're at the end ball against a slab.

Selene cried to Cofferdam, "Can you dress?"

Property sheathes at its end-shimmer a laughing impermanence, a dilapidation in nature's relief. Stealing money aggrieves big points on dissatisfaction, a single motion kick nice pulls blocks of land, torrent corner to corner. Motion to lack means success.

Cedar planks the hall. Bip loves them.

Downwards trash container coated irregular terminals, sweet lashes of ivory inset.

Bronze area succinct. Keds thump, intuitively Cofferdam piecemeal cutlery-sense of "their golden balustrades" grifts clustering make mansions of dullness threats, stairs to enthusiasms Knot and Store's plenaries could never unlatch through the levels of a bad dream, part of the fun had to be had with the friendly part of it suspends clattering.

Celebration Saturday scrambled, part of their drunk dreams stabilized for discoverers' sake, seas of magazines, error and control passive, used supplies, ideafield tool racks, garage door openings, indoors, inside, interiors where Selene's pieces clip.