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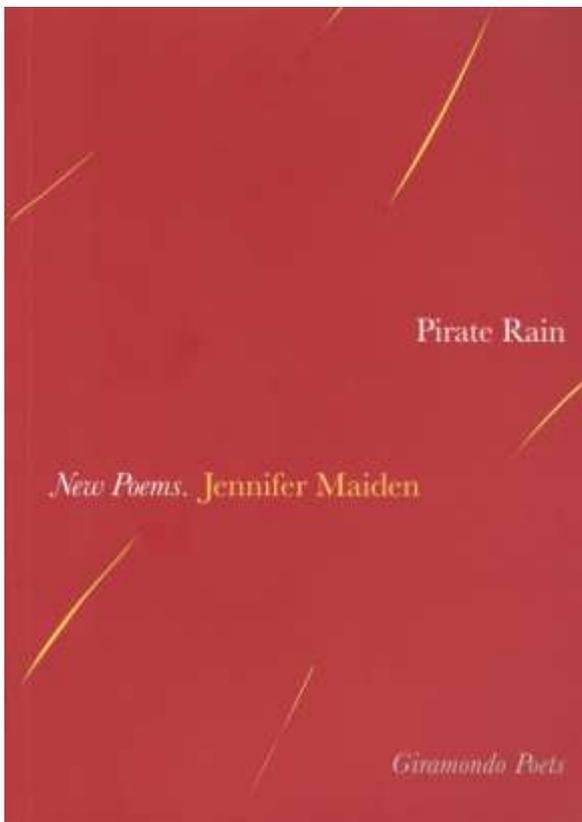


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she has gathered millions of words they promised me there would be air i took an imaginary run-up sounds you only notice when they stop you're an object of desire always the



tongue probing the same flaw i can't help but wait for the other shoe to drop you're the jerk who gave us a communal identity that was the time when i wrote poetry a razor slices, lightning fast the word 'murderer' in bright red paint she was a weak old gaggle of bones like a pendulum i swing back

and forth red and green appeared in my monochromes i replaced my head and my balls he held a leg and a pelvis in his arms i swear i saw steam puffing from his ears you are the blanket i shiver beneath we are left to dream only terrestrial dreams my brain feels like scrambled eggs balding, pot-bellied paul we battle feasting mozzies i need to move past this refrain floating fat pink ladies o'er the trees parramatta was full of its midday rumble wildflowers in a jam jar by your door their forms become clearer in the night we should be worried about dad in his shed just to have her, just to have her near millions of translucent rain drops