OPEN RELATIONSHIPS ARE MURDERERS

Act like playing with one by Karla suck going to kick your motherfucking ass I love you going to shiatsu my fist through your face An overhand right split your eyesocket crushing your cheekbones like Emmet Till I love you impact tearing away skin and bone exposing your head to new ideas and the insides will Have an open relationship before you're pronounced dead By Karla suck terrorist hollow point 9mm bullet at blank range foot across your neck teeth crushed against a rock execution style serrated bayonet up your ass I love you cold steel against the back of your head bang I love you hole In big hole out convex Pieces of skull opposite fly apart together with intellect free thinking memories and bloody medulla fragments to be eaten by rats roaches and stray rabid killer dogs In an instant your mind has open relationships it's opened I love you I'm the Karla dentist of love and I'm gonna stick my high speed sex drill in your mouth and grind out your cavities with a chunk of rubber holding them open Your last nerve will have an open relationship with my stainless steel stab prick prod hook sharp try not to move your head point rod while I suck out all your saliva with my tube Karla coroner stripping away your dead skin lying on the cold steel table of artificial spiritual growth ripping out your non functional heart plopping it in the airtight jar of consenting adulthood for porcelain posterity then we fuck ...

Roberto Warren

DESCRIPTION

I'm a man walking down the street whose means of verification are simple. To look at in passing they're like little more than scratches or diggings into wilderness from the rear, the after-image of intercourse. You remember some various persons in the street, though not common the possibility exists of multiple relationships between any two of them. To sleight the intercourse into units one takes off her moral panties in the text called "his room." Her pink heart has passed in blue shorts, the average look-alike known to all by strolling. Ideas in which bitter memories expose their seamlessness to each, that beyond definition fall down to sleep in phlegm.

George Tysh

WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT

seriously? Whether I puke on your shoes or your mama's depends less on feasibility that of weather forecast than imagination IMAGINE a torrential rain pelting the top dollar tennis courts of La Jolla with frozen spinach "the stakes are never that high" someday this will all be a digital recording vastly insensitive to four-letter words stenciled on dinner plates matters of personal defense rendered vain by the concealed touch of a nuclear warhead What time is it? Que hora hermanos? red handkerchiefs bobbing up & down in the copper heat the way a child's cornrow stands up isn't just counterpoint to a nation at night and small fires I could just come close to the fence too close or rusted without expense of the larger set your teeth successful like a shopping day it took restraint's hot collar to make me watch in silence what is good for you and fig to me by way of flowers I'll cut glass and yell manure mostly fog and asshole as I get into a black poison-control overcoat to snicker around my vast wealth of unnatural acts

Chris Tysh

young girls work like so many pistons in and out day in and out to move big wheel to new heights/night comes some kind of monochrome vapor staining their legs from a bottle on the far side of town. at fifteen, supply on demand has made her gross national product. we all penetrate her hard surface glare gained by turning a trick too many at half price. we call her pigeon strutting her wares, wild urban dove without the frills, but she discounts us. we are easy-life bitches

Teresa M. Tan

CULTURETEXTS

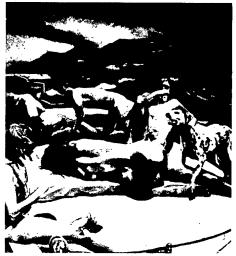
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