

TOKAHAET









like speaking to you like this:
Barely.

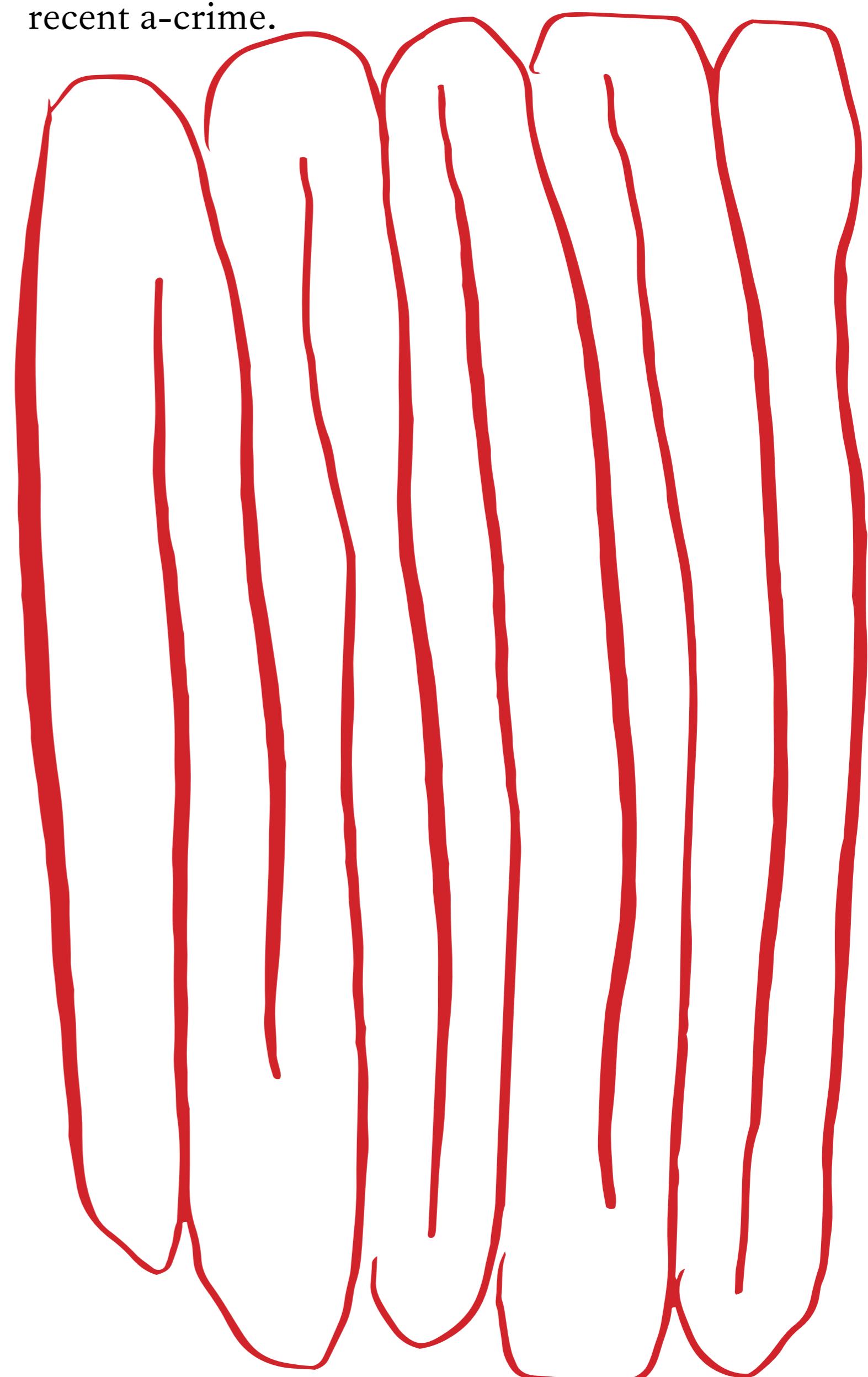
Finally, you're admitted and so guilt via an inculcating mortified like doorway scooped from the dark wood, shaped sort of like frowning tsetse syringes or the top-dog ragged *meatus*, pursed with boredom or at the prospect of repeatedly mouthing *vee-dee* on its not-lips to spell superlative praise at the angry-stung expense of any onlooking likable and charitable villager who, um, BACKS AWAY, head unconsciously shook along the x axis for two or three beats, then, once, downward on the y axis at the ultimate retirement party for you, whom, liked, must from now on turn the other cheek to foul imperfection everywhere. Which arising recourse to drink and perpetual rotating face



You are passed and not painlessly: extruded from tight bag bolt-hole into this tungsten world, like what happens to less fortunate at the expense of limbs, sanity. And these very worlds from which we come and go share characteristics of doily decorum and unassailable social mores; unpronounceable titles, unacquirable tastes; oily whale apexes at the carpal wrist, the lips, the crook of a wound-up arm with military buckle and black tracking. That's the prior, inasmuch as this movement is in one lamentable direction only, the image increasingly and irretrievably degraded and also though scale is v. important as a characteristic of empathy and harpoon nicked seal-flipper'd progression through a field of ash or cotton or black and white sand as opposed – and even – to honey with, say, warm milk. As in: the irretrievable is only inexorable if your fingers have already been metaphorically radially dysplasia'd into shapes like mango or jack-fruit, so that the intricacies of restoring each and every grain to its HOME is simply a semantics of HOME and the concomitant hospitality required to allow there to be there's no place like.
Sincerely, come in,

they demand

You might very well rub yourself with whatever flotsam ambergris a pet gifts you on said sad evening: you'll still fucking stink like a pack of flayed young canine dissidents decked at the ordered saying so and destructively bent so that you're saddled with that rank grey runt, cuffed and collared for some other recent a-crime.



K **N**ow your rights', hisses the dog who knows all too well

as others are herded into what seriously look like the true aluminium and ply caged dirty ground licensed tariff of the obverse future.

(Seen in the background, clinging to the wheel-arch:
a tightening shadow and two floating points and a
thin stream repealing the way
you TEND.)

And let me get this straight:
you and this ill-conceived wire-frame retainer drag
your super-communicative anal sacs about the
exhausted cork floor with seraphic expressions of
looping drool. The dog's excuse is NOISE (*interference*) to our fantasy, in actual fact our *anthro-sad-dening* of the Stricken Dog Brow and abusee eyes
that we reckon somehow bely and not just narcissistically so only in pea-green or Disney duck-egg
sailor-blue PLEAS and appeals with four-fingered kid
gloves or and,
shucks,

the perspective of an engorged YET likable tick buried deep in the haunch forest is what I feel like 90% of the time – that sweet, thick junior ink, sickly pink for really, really realistic meat drawings on own-brand 90gsm copier paper, but more like some eggy

latex horseplay or

loosed organ still hooked up to
me and as-yet unnoticed, I would like to add and for
the record,

just a certain *je ne sais quoi* about how the very much likable

Mitch's extended digits making contact with those whopping 3DMark gallows from the wrong end of a long telephone cord drop, swaying with all the festive THUGGERY of a contemporary chandelier wreathed in excessive plumes or
a futuristic *piñata* loaded with ultra adult *tapas*, conversational leavings, ammunition belts and some truly dejected orange cheese. Your speech is impaired or garnished with air-tight pleasantries helping handing the trailed-off sentences of someone who can't bring themselves to say

'instead', then clumsily open to possession and for little more than a contract that secures the employment of universal and benign unambiguity and also that limpidness is operative.

Hence the drinking and the hate and the
writing of the hate



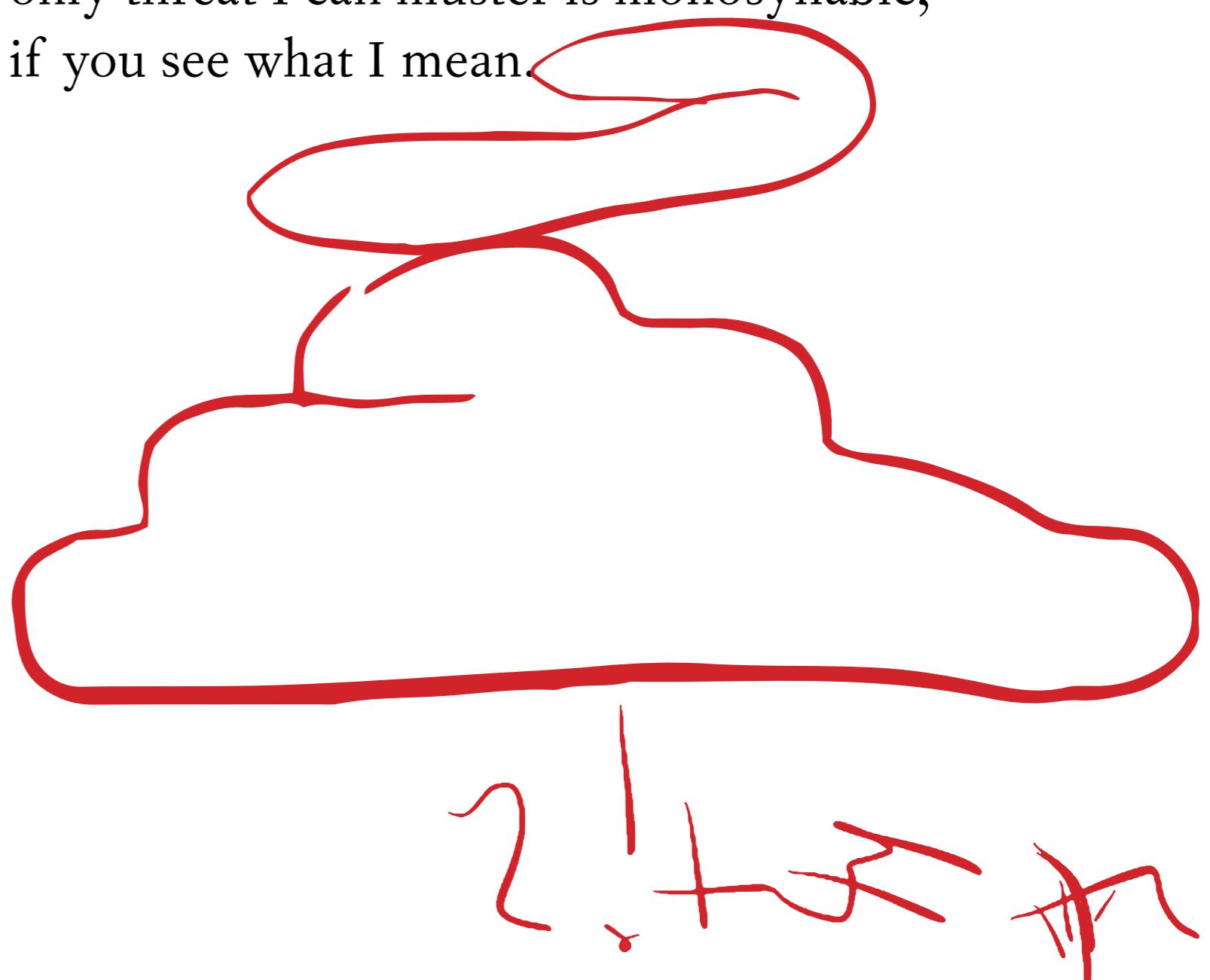
So even when
liked by literally millions of humans, is issuing those
patent invitations with open hand or appealing to
some bullshit of boiled trotter on machine-paced
heart and maybe that double-jointed late-night fiend
– and the not-black-spotted un-Pew'd palm convinc-
ingly callused, you swine, (if only from bound racket-sports not
tiller's wet splintering or is powder-coated modu-
lar public transport commuter support system and
rolled-up sleeves meaning business to past singed
hair and deep ex-foliation and every whatever ca-
joled into vasodilation, thought of as involuntary,
though apparently your eagerly agreeing to the terms
and conditions which allow those Golden Boys the
chance to move like that,
turning and ensuring every position imaginable and
every unkempt way IN. So there's a suggestion that,
um,
one might arrive at a damp patch pinned to the body
and keeping the gilet but not the bloodied pelt on, so
as to affect exertion as if JUST NOW and off-screen.
Under a summer-tog duvet, dressed in one of those
shiny grey suits, double-breasted, baby pink silk tie
embroider-flecked with a-patterned late-stage con-
sumption symptom and tied in a chunky cock-sure

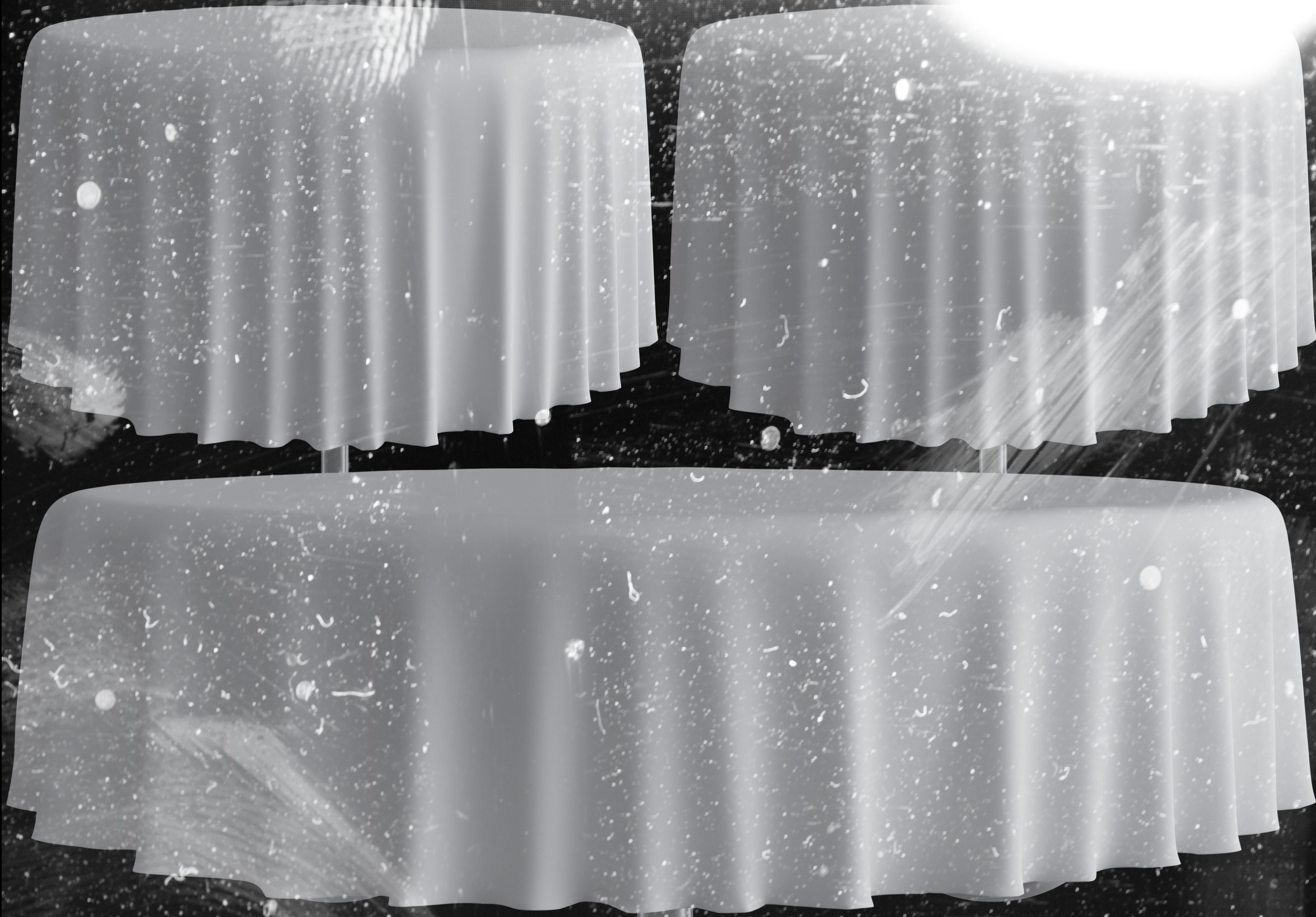
Windsor, awaiting the desultory pips or a very bad Regency haircut,
and salvation.

Those most important and auspicious socks. Those few tantalising inches of ankle- and lower calf-level seeming revelation overburdened with no less than the sole fundament of identity in the Brasso'd face of so much homogeneous swapping-out and, with regret, irises, fingerprints, dental records, diamond-backed DNA of.

So follows low-res cotton EXECUTIONS of The Simpsons, of whatever penetrating 9-iron golf aphorism, of touched appendage labeling for easy balling, etc.

You are asking too much of a red sock from the aunt. Red sock cannot be insouciant, alone; red sock cannot manufacture love from the skin beneath, alone; red sock has very little conviction, extroversion alone offers, etc.; red sock is not a SAFE depiction of a rash; poor red sock will not stand up and in court without your leg and all alone; red sock will not recall exploratory sexual practice regardless of hairs; red sock cannot puppet for your upstairs proper mouth with its thousand teeth and that shaved, wet fat red sock you call a tongue pathetically tapping the maxillary central incisor like a floss-leashed mutt mole rat or, um, the cymothoa exigua (and if only we had met more of their – what? – false stripe); red sock is not a proclivity, mate, but rather a disinclination toward performance which, personally, I find simply outrageous. Though the only threat I can muster is monosyllabic, if you see what I mean.









Colophon and info / outro



