VACATION::

(the privet hedge, the saint-something roses in the sand, the seagulss carrying things, the beaches, the beaches, and now, the beaches w the big prickers, huge.) The letter 'N,' on the menu, at the hotel restaurant. The shredded-something sandwhich with good mustard, though, inedible.

MORE:

ICE PEACH. ICE ORANGE AND ICE LEMON.

LAND, SKY, ICE, COLD BOTTOM,

AND GREAT LOVES, TOO, MUST BE ENDURED.

AND SO ENDURANCE, TOO, MUST SUSPEND THIS OR THAT LOVE. AND THIS OR THAT SUSPENSION OF BLINDNESS.

WITH THE PIER, THE SKY: NEGLECT.

AND THIS NEGLECT, WHICH RECEDES,

RECEDES WITH THE COMING-TOGETHER:

AND GREAT LOVES, TOO, MUST BE ENDURED,

AND HELD DOWN HARD AGAINST THE BOTTOM, IN THE COLD,

WITH THE NERVELESS AND DAMP AND DE-SKULLED, COLD BOTTOM. AND A COMING TOGETHER WITH REPEATED RHYTHMIC WITHDRAWALS: PEA-SIZE, PEA-SIZE, WALNUT-SIZE, PEA-SIZE, PEA-SIZE, COLD BOTTOM, COLD BOTTOM, COLD BOTTOM.

THE THINGS THAT I DON'T SEE? THE SKULLED FLOWERS MY CLOSSEST HAS BEEN PRESSED AGAINST, I SEE, PEA-SIZED?

DAMP AND DE-SKULLED BOTTOM. PEA-SIZED?

WELL, THE GREEN FLOWER WITH THE SOILED SHEETS, BAD QUILT, BAD BEDDING AND A RING AROUND THE WALL.

THE FLOWER ON THE CHAIR, THE SCARVES CUT BY SCISSORS AND CUT AGAINST SOFT WRISTS. THE ALL-WHITE-EXCAPE, THE NOT-SILK SOMETHING-SOMETHING.

THE FLANNNEL FLOWER ONNE. ON THE FLOOR. WITH THE DULL AND DE-SKILLED SKULL BOBBING AGAINST THE ICE.

THE ONNE, THE BED, WITHOUT SHEETS, USUALLY, AND COAL, AND ASH, AND FILTH.

THE ONNE WITH PIGEON SHIT, NO SHEETS, THE WINTER SMELL AGAINST THE... TEETH-GREEN BUDS.

THE WITH STRING LIGHTS, ALWAYS SHEETS, PLATIC SHEET AND PLASTIC UNDERWEAR OVER THE FLOWER'S WINDOW. THE ICE ON THE INSIDE, COMING, WRAPPING THE SHARP EDGES OF THE FRAME

THE CLEAN ADULT FLOWER, DULL, ICE GREEN, ICE-FRECKLED.

THE FLOWER SPILLING OVER THE FRAME, THE FLOOR, THE FLOWER INCLINED OVER, SPRING. THE FLOWER ON THE TREE. THE FLOWER IN THE MIDST OF THE MESS, PEDALS, INCLINED OVER AND DESK.

THE ONNE ON THE -----

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CLOSSEST.

MOVING BLANKET, NO SHEETS THAT FLOWER, THE SAME QUILDT.

THE ONNE WITH ALWAYS-SHEETS, ALWAYS QUILDT, ALWAYS A SECRET FLOWER, HIDDEN, GREEN ICE POPPY, GREEN ICE CREAK/CRACK/CREASE, GREEN ICE FRANCE ENCROACHED UPONG CLEAN.

It is night. Or even, it is day. And regardless, it makes no difference. The clossest is laid on my side, it isam all interior, painted pink, with door locked, and onne/ona is female, early twenties, both arms amputated (for docility) in childhood, by onne/ona mother. This is done crudely, and more crudely than that, even. Leaving scraps of bicep/deltoid, scarred-over and slightly movable flaps, palpating stumps. Now, in early-twenties-hood, opiates are administered carelessly by onne/ona mother since before amputations, unlocking from outside the clossest, using very small-black syringes (for docility). Onne/ona mother leaves these not-entirely-spent syringes on the sideways floor of the clossest, accumulating in the pink fabric.

Onne/ona doesn't wake up, but has occasional waves of relative lucidity which punctuate nothing with background of pain, opiate addiction, trauma, discomfort. Seeking relief from punctuation, onne/ona catches not-entirely-spent syringes between pink clossest wall and hip, or between undulating flap of vestigial deltoid and bone-end, and in this way manipulates downward the plunger on the small-black syringe, injecting dregs, generally resulting in nothing, occasionally resulting in the cessation of relative lucidity. In this way, an irrelevant time is passing, beginning before the amputation, and continuing in the present, which now occurs much later.

Into this, a man is arriving to the cloassest, in silver hair and he is incessantly off-screen. Onne/ona mother says, "holiday," administers different substances. Onne/ona is unlocked from the clossest and is seeing, as if for the first time, or even, for the first time, the rest of the clossest, also pink, but with golden-framed mirrors, plush carpet. Onne/ona is to serve cocktails for the says, "holiday," to onne/ona mother and man. The different substances, emptied entirely, thoroughly, from small-black syringes are for (a different) docility. Onne/ona is loopy, smiling, glassy-eyed, confused and searching unmoored for the background of terror, surrounded by the brown-patterned spice finches that decorate onne/ona incessantly with chattering and smile and shining eyes and ribbons.

Onne/ona, good daughter, brings the cocktail cart through the clossest. Armless, she is bringing it by bringing her hips against the golden push handle, the cart lurching on golden weeeeels, with the bottles and glassware and stirrers clanking against each other and the golden-trimmed glass shelves of the cocktail cart. The man is on the sofa with onne/ona mother, crossing and un-crossing his legs at the knee, is delighted, or it is day in the clossest.

The man crossing and un-crossing, h would be clear, and legible, probably (doc ile) horrific, outside the cloassest. Within receives cocktails, and it is night, and h is not capable of being read. Nor is onne/ona mother. And onne/ona is not a text just a terrible discomfort, one which disallows all sleep, all satisfaction, persists running cross-wise to the grain of the cloassest, me, mine, ours, the menu.

THE FLOWER THAT WAS IN THE BATHROOM OF THE RICH ROOM. ICE-WHITE, ICE CUCUMBER, ICE ONA, ICE PARQUET WITH THE OVEN ON AND ROLLED OVER, WITH SALT AND AN UNMEMORABLE SOMETHING.

(the privet hedge, the saint-something roses in the sand, the seagulss carrying things, the beaches, the dumb beaches [say it out loud], and now, the beaches w big prickers.) The letter 'N,' on the menu, at the hotel restaurant. The shredded something sandwhich with good nothing.

A TUBE OF A FRAME TO FALL BACK UPON. MY COLLAPSEING CLOSSEST ENDURES THE COLLAPSE ONTO THE (BLANK)0, AND THE RHYTHMIC WITHDRAWALS OCCUR ACROSS IT. WITH MY CLOSEST'S EMPTINESS, STOLEN, WELL, BEFOREHAND, AND MY CLOSSEST WITHDRAWN ACROSS, RHYTHMICALLY. ---------->>>

THE POINTLESS, DULL ESCAPED, FLOWER FRAMING FLOWER ESCAPES. DABBY-

-PISSING. SPLINTERS.//// HEAT, AND WILDLY SPINNING FLOWERS FROM ABOOVE.

LAYERS THAT I (SOMETHING, /SOMETHING/)/SOEMTHING!/ HAVE TAKEN OF.

AND THEN, COLLAPSING BACK ACROSS AGAISNST EDGE OF CLOSSEST BLANKETTE, IN THE MANNER OF --.

THE FLOWER OF THE MAT, MATT SALT MARSH WITH E WITH LATE NIGHT SINGING AND THE /DRAG/ OF ROPE AND CHAINGS, AND THE THROBBING-OUTWARD-OF-NON-OUTWARD, AGAINST, AGAINST, AGAISNST.

AND NOT-RELIEGF.

DIMENESIONALT.

AND THE NO-SANME,---------

---------->>>80-LITTLEHIO, 1, OF VOWELS, TERRY, SLOW. WITHDRAW PEA-SIZED AND TERRIBLE, WITHDRAW THE SMAE AS BEFORE PEA-SIZED, WITH SAME COLD, FREEZING GOLD ICE-PEACH DELICATE, WITH CLOVTHES. REGARDLESS, THE FLOWER. WITHOUT-MEMORY BEYOND FLOOR.

BE-BUSHED AND BESOCKED, HIDDN, HT, AND FLORED. THE PINK FLOWER ON THE GREY FLOWER. THE FRAME, THE SPACE HEATER, EDGED TIGHT AROUND THE FLOWER. GREY OUTSIDE. WITH FRANCEY NUDGING SWEET DOG ON THE STAIRS.

(sweet dog,,, nuged on the stairs. sweet france,,,'F', . poor. sweet brown stairs, narrow and bare-ly fitting, not fitting, poor sweet france, waiting for the something to hug me).

AND THE SWEET BROWN (PINK) FLOWER NOW. HOLDING TIGHT-IN-THE-CAR. WHITHHELD AS A CAR. TIGHT AS A CAR. TIGHT AS A FLOWER. TIGHT AS fRANCEY. FLOOR BROWN AS POOR fRANCEY. ----------
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