

Diary Entry

If you try to obliterate your celebrated ego, others will bolster it with rich chains filled with the cushioning fluid they put in sneakers. Is the dead gay artist still gay? The imitators have made him wear their imitations, which are glossy and require long doggy ears. He doesn't seem to mind, and I say I find the finish rather beautiful, in the inevitable way you're appropriated by starlets whose muted talents keep a virginal electricity in circulation. He's so cute.

You are puncturing me with desire, I mean you, Review; the moi floated back through the racy trees in the form of ancient flesh-packed calendars, the smell of confessional poverty, anti-terrorist readings of a facial expression. For we are in the new time, bathing our subconscious in the fumes from a sado-masochistic heir in his hideaway no grace notes; "I" can't have a rendezvous.

The woman appeared, from thousands of miles away, in the little living room. She could do this now since she was very old; her grand-daughter and some stray baby were there too. The point was to soften me up for a visit from someone who really wasn't there, a different dead man, who informed me I was now the leader of a lot of spirits. This century is really crazy with hundreds of souls piled on my exams so I can't take them, I can only be here trying to divine Here's wishes, before it mineralizes.

I would like to lead you back to your ego-husks; they are comfortable and lit-up. Inside, the light, inexhaustible, never wavers, so you can see each other, who never had any publicity. I watch the landscape, waiting for the wilderness to walk towards me; at first a map but then at least one real tree, a little pulled in towards itself as if by a hairnet, but green three-dimensional and projected towards me. It seemed to move.

We are not examples and have no slogans. We are extinct in conventional time and don't have to be jealous; once fucked by ecstasy on the fire exit stairs, always fucked by ecstasy on the fire exit stairs. Proper nutrition is not an issue, nor medication, nor the possibility of contempt. We don't have to take vows or keep hours. Rip down the boring memorial: it gives us a headache.