4/ (bubbles) I fool myself – she is dependent on me

' I am necessary to her life and

this doing her a favour '

Moving up rivers. Moonlight changes the shape of a river, Twain said Criers, decrying. Cautious potato slammed into oil, lights burning on authenticity.



but the joke is on me, she's always in control even when I'm decimating her Bug bite on the neck and scalp like a fevered tree. I forgot speech and how it functions when I wrote Tweens in formalwear with curly hair and round bellies sucking on a clump of ice sat warm in their cups in the burger shop where they shred full potatoes directly over vats of oil to prepare fries. Mouths moving, words like Massachusetts Massachusetts asparagus the gate is swinging, spanx closing in, drink dispenser level pushed like Hoover dam come loose albeit miniature.

