

Meanwhile there're chemicals in the water – Potassium chloride    anhydrous  
ammonia dicamba    atrazine 2, 4-D.

Two girls from New Jersey. Nature loves us best. The frog egg jelly. Plunge your  
arms up to elbow. Run through the sprinklers and I grew testes like a tiara. From  
the outside everything looks the same all the leaves are leaves all the trees are  
trees. In the fields in our beds. Those girls pustulate. Blotchy red adornment. Free  
apple cider donuts. We all have four limbs they say. A skin & an insides.

*The corn or the story of the corn?*

It's Halloween.

Plastic

surgery is not a choice it is your right. We all have four limbs. We all wrack with  
spores. The point where ghost stories. Shucked our clothes and ran through  
silvered corn. Delicious our fields & night. The insides spread. Smell bread baking  
caramel crusted cider. Smell the light rotting quietly

powdering of mold. Those

freaks. If you can see it don't cut it out. Down by the secret swimming hole. It's  
already through everything. Their romantic birds & the bees their romantic flip-  
flops. Her family owns all of it. Isn't just patches bloomed our skin. If you can see  
it. *Despite the fact it was a beautiful spring day.* Inoculated at birth.

Meanwhile there's the one about her fingers  
in my hair. The one about jumping High Falls not  
clearing Low Falls. A football player there's the story  
about the babysitter. About Sarah's party & the tripping fields. His  
shattered heels. A phone call where I bled her there's a farmhouse  
in Accord. She was drunk and fell hard. Those dolls propped  
up in the bedroom staring. Don't close me in the sauna.  
With her purse over & over. Everyone thinks we're  
lovers anyway. Don't werewolf! On the point  
of a cast-iron fence. I wrote letters. She  
wasn't drunk. No one ever  
wrote back

the blood seeping into her breast  
bone. Screams sucked through lips. Into my  
holes. Swallow don't spit. Body grammar constructed.  
Punched through the stomach. Straight punch. Straight lover  
unrotting. The egg wasn't meant for her. The albumen leaked over her  
vener laid back in curls. Skin sealing at the point and back to  
being enemies out in the open. Dolls lose their heads for  
less. Hair untangling the gum peeling to my lips.  
Counter-clockwise. Schlooped back from the  
dead. Like a spool of red thread.

*What a boring story.*

Or the once upon a time commensals. Once upon a time nature. Once upon a time sixteen. Once upon a time beautiful nature. The black widow is not aggressive. Bears don't bother humans unless humans bother bears. Our food displayed by the earth. Once upon a time it's just as scared of you as you are of it. This idyllic edible. I would have won the \$\$ if they'd asked me what *horse* meant.

Once

upon a time there are real live deer in the woods. The yellow flowers touch-up. She sneezes. Once upon a time she doesn't wake. A field pulsing out of the trees like unbuttoning. The yearling raises his head. They all point their fingers. Once upon a time she is sprouting out of my shoulder. Like a model. No one ever looks that good with short hair. The summer reeking with our blossom.

Once upon a time in an apartment on the mountain. We weren't invited. Even his dog was piss drunk. Once upon a time we thought we were so funny we thought we were in love I thought she was beautiful her eyes. The fawn almost close enough to touch. I was really impressed by the fact that he'd dropped out of high school. Ugly brown carpet like a crusted spill. Once upon a time so I slept with his friend who adored me. I was valedictorian. We differentiated right in his apartment. Scent of water & green. The breath trapped in her mouth.

They hit a deer.

Autumn mountain on fire. We pulled everything out of his drawers. Once upon a time he brought me a rose. Deep in the shared orifice. I never believed in it. When he slipped the condom into my hand I rolled onto my back. On the new green. The car was totaled but the boys expand. Our prom was the most expensive prom yet. They went and got stoned. I thought he looked into my eyes and saw his cock sugared & risen. Insides of a glass ball. Once upon a time I had no perspective.

It was all about his hair.

When you learn something it becomes a part of your body. I never touched her all I knew was the attic mattress and there are more cops in this town than god. When you learn someone it becomes a part of your body. I would lie in the grass all day. They say not to drink from the stream but that's only a story for tourists. June polyped with huckleberry. I still shove things in my mouth for identification.

When she wouldn't taste me. The egg in my hair. Knowing cells replicate mutation. Who doesn't likes antiques. The town or the story of the town. Beer cans disposed in the mountain stream. If I could have just called it a crush.

Always a little bit on the outside. I couldn't see past the river. He kept asking me what there was *to do*. I thought about snakes every time we spread naked under the moon. Swimming to the waterfall & back. None of us ever got physically hurt. He wouldn't drink the iced coffee.

There is a point when you realize you'll never like sugar so much again.

The world is divided into people who are smarter than you & people who are dumber. I climb inside the princess suit and stagger after him. Her pretty mouth bulb grafted to my hip. What color appears least in nature. In terms of what is cool. Blue flowers introduced along the stream. The best rock climbing in the country. The best school district. Apples make the best apple pie. The natural order of thing-y things.

Wake up mounted on his cock. The ornamental recessive. Our protagonist must dilate her own niche. She was just standing there talking when I threw up.