

helllooooo,

i am at my grandmothers house in michigan but my grandmother is dead and everyone is acting not like themselves and everyone is trying to get me to eat the fried chicken. the waves are really loud here it seems louder than the ocean. i am eating a bag of candy i got with my aunt before we went to the wake. maybe she was avoiding the wake i do not know but we went to the store and looked at almost everything in the store. there was a jar opener there were electric candles there was a backpack shaped like a football for one dollar. my aunt bought ten packages of candy cigarettes and repeatedly said not to smoke them indoors. we were late to the wake but then i never had to look at the entirety of my dead grandmother because the moment had left. i jus saw the tip of nose and forehead obscured by casket and i think "that is not my nose i do not have a nose like that"

writing a letter to you about this feels important but i am not sure why.

here is a new-ish poem i am attaching i haven't written anything i have liked very much lately but this one is okay.

how is your life? what is your life like? who are your friends?

1 scoop chia, 1 scoop hemp, 5 dates, maple syrup, rice milk

The Performer however does not have to be a woman

i don't remember very much i was 18
it's my house
or in my house
i made myself vomit
i look like her
i look exactly like her

DEAR FUTURE SELF:

you will feel very turned on at your dead grandmothers house in her bed

people give away their information for selfish
reasons

oh about to write poem but don't

before you died we videod
you looked into the screen asking me
to identify who you are over and
over "laura who am I , who is
this, who am I" you thump your
chest with your thumb and I am
still afraid to die
and I felt nothing because I am busy
and I have a vacation planned in
five days so either die right now
or in ten days we are all holding
you up inside your body but you
are leaving & it was fast any of
us could recognize that
but why would we

where is the
the body

body

is in the car or in the church

to love your family is to love yrself

if u don't know him as Savior accept him, AMEN

leaving body always was religion

my brother

reading about sodom&gomorrah as pastor
speaks of rivers and google searching to
destroy dogma is okay now we see as in a
mirror then we shall see face to face
obscure obscure distract when someone
dies they are dead death is not hardship a
full belly is never a bad thing before
they leave, disappear & I'm fine with my
gayness being a choice so i can be not gay
at the family reunion but you can't tell
anyone or you can fall asleep at 8 but u
will still hav to get up

they will see
his face

imagined top
imagined bottom

Those who wash their robes...may go through the gates into
the city¹

acting like a whore and she lets me

¹ Revelations 22:14

i still don't care i want to be that
girl the whore i want to be that
dear maria in turners falls
omeed says you look like maria
from the movie but no or whatever or maria
with your and your you wont say your opinion
unless you know *something* about the question

If I am a poet I must talk of baudelaire:

Baudelaire in 1846 gave a woman syphilis & then fell in love with her:

"Her beauty has vanished under the dreadful crust of smallpox, like foliage under the ice of winter. Still moved by her long sufferings and the fits of the disease, you gaze sadly at the ineffaceable stigmata on the beloved convalescent's body: suddenly you hear echoing in your eyes a dying tune executed by the raving bow of Paganini, and this sympathetic tune speaks to you of yourself, seems to describe your whole inner poem of lost hopes. Thenceforth the traces of smallpox will be part of your happiness."

MAKE IT NEW

i'm thirsty

I'M NOT A MUSE

when reading correspondence and knowing the author has to or will die and knowing more about kathy acker than before and liking her more and knowing this has perfect line breaks on my phone but will become a blob when I hit send and it arrives back in my email

and I'm in a car with my parents and we are driving forever on 90 because we have somewhere to go together for once and I am alone again but I have the proper apps to not be alone in the future and I want to apologize to Her for ignoring her for two weeks and I felt bad almost every day but didn't want her to know because I wanted to be closed and people gave me business cards when with parents I am Christian for the day each day wanting to wear my overalls even though they aren't gay enough for you and I don't know who you is but I have the need to print this out and cut it and mail it as a postcard because I haven't done that in awhile and I want to thank the man at Staples who made my poster for me and I was to thank the woman at Collective Copies who expertly spiral bound my book and the woman in Shanghai who printed those words on fabric and then cut the fabric then sewed the fabric and the man at FedEx who brought me the clothes in a package and the man at Kinkos who would print my work for free as long as it included a photo of

me naked and his red face and they all handled my work with care and made it their work too because I could never do anything alone it was always a collaboration and even when I make myself come

Obsessive Locational Technologies can only be ameliorated with simply not knowing where on is locationally

one day a
month I
go crazy
but why
not
or

m o m
s a y s
baby is a
gift from
God so
she had
as many
a s
possible
and it
l o o k s
good it
l o o k s
r e a l l y
good

DEAR FUTURE SELF

yr a cunt but some chicks still find you attractive and you will drive 5 hours to lik their vaginas but maybe you can get them to split the gas with you