

I guess I'll have to write my own obituary

This place became known as her inner longing I keep sending parts of myself out into the world I feel I am at the world's mercy even though I play the role of dominatrix and I am cast again and again as such, to the point where even my closest friends sometimes call me Dom I feel incapable of speaking with acuity or fluidity or even keeping up with conversation with those I feel most at ease with When I am not at ease, I become fully fluid, I dominate a back and forth and big women tell me to relax I just returned from relaxing I just returned from intensive relaxation quarters In fact, during the past week I meditated, I was fed daily, we had a housekeeper, headspace I observed how much more sleep I required versus my peers, how slow my speech was in comparison No, there were no quips from me Lightning Between 100% honesty and 100% dedication, I choose the latter.

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Within just a few hours and all of that fear revisits you again An indistinct fear not without inspiration Don't lose the peace you found, the placement Some people of course call this peace and this placement a presence We may experience this fear especially when we are tired The body is connected to the body We put glasses on to be better to our eyes How much is too much The effervescence becomes a kind of solitude A weakness for effervescence becomes viral These are just tropes of course We laugh out loud to soothe each other Be good to the body, be good and at ease with the spiritual animal We put a q-tip dabbed in something inky under the tongue and this is supposed to calm the nervous system You cannot move you cannot talk
..... You are ready for the ceremony now The fact is I am not allowed to wander about loosely in the branches of time And it confuses me why my friends feel there to be a distance between us when I feel no distance here at all I only feel at a distance right now from myself so I walk away to come back through the other side with a ladder Coming down now Perhaps those old tendencies awoke Some harmful impulse inside yourself She will be there I will hand the book over to her Now going even more inwards I have to tell you some things She is not afraid To have a holy life I have to give it back.

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We started this series as a result of We started this interview series in response to How funny would it be if we put hidden cameras everywhere When the woman began writing her critiques, essays you might term them, that's really when it started falling to pieces Because in the time it takes for the spider to pass us and we go to find something capable of shielding us from the every day violence that we say yes to—a camera When the woman began writing her critiques When she began interviewing these visual artists and maybe people who didn't first and foremost identify as poets, the pills came out again You know The pins and needles She never identified as a logician What does the word renunciation mean to you? Erase that Let's start again Can anybody extraordinary speak intimately with the Buddha? I think they were not aware of the defilement to which they were ultimately building She was not here for the character study although ultimately that's all she was.