

THE EQUALIZER

1.9

MIKE HAUSER [191] Sample [This site is dedicated to lost gems]
[192] Sample [You had the sit down nosed out]
[193] Sample [Kruger National Park]
[194] Sample [ban[Japanese]]
[195] Sample [Healthy healthy *healthy*]
[196] Sample [I apologize]
[198] Sample [Brian Swimme]
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[210] Sample [Okay Norse mythology]
[212] Sample [I fly here expecting compensation]
[213] Sample [As we ride in the creaky]
[214] Sample [all the intoxicated-looking boot]
[215] Sample [I sense alot of raw material here]
[216] Sample [add to the potato mixture and mix]
[217] Sample [in 9 months]
[218] Sample [But we still needed something]
[219] Sample [Outside in the wet comatose]
[220] Sample [Let's all save Sol LeWitt's house]
[221] Sample [One or more mechanical beepers]
[222] Sample [I like the way your hoppel poppel]
[223] Sample [You may find yourself]
[225] Sample [Stalin's weeping]

SAMPLE

This site is dedicated to lost gems of the British Railway
 the most beautiful sewer workers Of Fortune
 my Grandma and Grandpa Fleser so rich in
 ghostly currents of zoning laws
 left alone to journey through the
 nicest parts of The Ovulators
 into grandiose Dallas Apartments
 oblique going in the everlasting myriad of
 inspiration synths ever since past
 rock talk grid and limits
 : a complete guide to design and
 construction my white-knuckled
 collection of SPRAWL protest
 the camera's gaze, dizzying
 rock mining hunger before the foothold in the
 changing geosomatic apotrope as
 wiry heaven surrounded by wheat pasting surrounded by
 Under Construction angelic pop with their almost
 text-like Cosmic Egg
 to get to language and silence
 audio flotsam by an intense heatherette clothing
 MIX-A-MATOSIS BEEF / Victorian masculinity
 and more recently Heaven is a good-bye poem
 contemporary and urban as if painted by Glenn Branca
 convulsed pointed breeze
 timely to examine In truth also
 what heightens this quiet mean hi eternal promise
 were nearby Sukhoi armbro jemstone risk worries
 of the hostages' abduction [line%1:06:09::]
 with a sense of mathematical consolidated Horseshoe Falls
 a deep breath connected with the U.S. Air Force
 brownish purple cinematic herbs my racing mind
 must do more work in a very oversimplified way
 the focus of tailcone electricity
 a third recall of such combinations
 under the harmonious Aircraft of details.

SAMPLE

.....

You had the sit down nosed out levelly. But Greetings! Mother Nature has opted to skip fall here, system in many ways (including the regressive sales tax) included after a one time “burqa” issued its community. Well here it is. We feel it is portable, and land-locked with a loud fondness for knitting!!

So, like, Huzzah!

Spirit of the Hudson.

Tampered with animal cruelty, priorities cum thru a puce PA. CNN really cleaned my Permalink clock, a mossad body guard for drying out lands. IN the growing difference arbitrary inauguration of the Super Bowl. The Jumbotron large as the predicament wept, where applicable, even through the muffled Europe wine. On my mind again is a prolonged feral gibbon’s default. A gibbon leaping at the milky abysmal sod pork streets. A gibbon sad, created the byways lurking hands down comatose among an angry fichus.

SU2C is uniting CBS, ABC and NBC in a concerted previousness. Yesterday I posted about my new garden. Today the story rearing an unmitigated touch or heard from ellen the rambling century-old industries quacking my way out of a ticket/caboose.

Myriad human beaver conflicts... broth dive the rambling century-old ActevaRSVP... with a cheese and spinach dive the following light left open the myriad of economic shark regards rename these later. Outlast their permafrost comatosely.

SAMPLE

○.....○

Kruger National Park, which is regarded as one
Roxborough patronage hack that young quiet life here in one of its squares or stucco terraces.
proud of the land a hole while
while whole flown in from China
a hole while Love Lounge can try your own maps
business men and women of the morn and panache over the
long extraordinary access cleaning it's parts. We debate in a long
closed room, the follicles re-unleashing fatalistic drummers whose ol' burds
just don't need no radical prohibition. So Jane remained with lucked out
more than manageable zit pads. I was engaged feverishly
with a series of strange acting commitments; the magic potluck
mal-needy window of time flown in from China
a whole while while whole
asked it who you cope.

SAMPLE

ban[Japanese], man[Japanese]; ten thousand years
on my hands and knees!

plump as a partridge; plump as a Gutenberg
food reason why! Shanghai Spring JoJo called? Why?

most designers he moist with liners
are juggling myriad Floyd Johnson tough string forestry
advice caches blooming ; Links;
Top Posts.
Karen

..... therapists to
Snippets of aardwolves
who offer 'ardkore nuggets from in the spokes of the soap's num.

APFC therapists spent alot of
money at PF Chang's
trying to constipate their bodies on a
episode of Mouf Park.

marketing strategy, the operating plan, aarkvark effigy, the operating plan
you say Beverly P. Lynch, I say anemic dumpling
Lloyd Lovindeer/Mama Tia,

Davis has continued to be 'cutting edge'
I need a new
montpelier escape right now!

SAMPLE

Healthy healthy *healthy* towelage guy in the hallway! drippy and
approached by a publicist, and during pasture!!
Fester and Froggy's aunt gave us a look up & down the charts. Sir Apropos of
Booty Neutrino's safeword so frequently trapped shrouded in red pizza
parts managed. There is something sad about the sproingy repetitive motion of
innovation.

Constant incidental music & *dog's barking* sounds add up to
a limpid mix. Uh, please don't do all of that?

a Pet-Safe
"magic wand"
duplicity
pretty much says it all.

The plan right now is shriek the movie strings
bump those 14 Miracle Gro uses
wipe it up with the Criagslist
soda towel;

I got more "Entourage"
in my pee freaks
than Home Depot's got crumbs
falling everywhere!

SAMPLE

.....

I apologize for any unintended offense.
 As one of the discretely sweetly
 thoughtfully declaimed motorik Evil Paradises
 languorously building an Empire on the fortunes
 of impressive walled-up disposition not
 one of the expensive boxes being made to
 play a key role in the evolution of privately governed
 power-generating juicebox nostalgia.

I was one of the first to issue Public
 safety announcements to more easily facilitate walled-off
 neighborhood watches, when North, South, and daily pain level
 was to be tightly monitored. This paper presents the findings of an AHRC
 recent Christian graveyard and Muslim sock, side by side.
 And you *wonder* why Europe is going to be a Mamma of
 Carbon Footprints, engineering nostalgia for the future into
 privatized footprints, a sasquatch which will
 be heavily patrolled? You wonder how this zone of meek
 penetration will founder before the ghostly zeitgeist?

And I'm wondering how a Muslim sock-puppet would
 even serve your argument. Ordinary citizens soon will Peacefully
 assemble to spearhead the "reimagined" Battlestar into the
 Lock ness of retro-National baked goods. Their smell will pervade your
 public display of not openly owning up
 to a lack of funds, will pervade your neglect at the reclaiming
 of the original Halkomelem.

Speaking to the unnamed, unchampioned, beating heart of her new land, Ayn
 will stand under the overpass, watching you blow, lifting
 a receiver. The military victory was to take a few seconds to
 reflect the return in stages of the television of the near future. Those
 still present to ride the coelacanth will pervade your towels
 with their dense phrasing and colloquial nods and winks. Rapture, how-
 ever, is often inextricably intertwined with fantasy, and will with concentration
 increase to a newborn 14 stories high.

The future, once thought built like a brick shithouse,
will be a slime of magical folks in large boots. A semi-evolved freelance
pidgin Shoegaze to the fundamentalism of yesteryear's determinant
poo poos. Pigeon watch, letters from a Coelacanth who lives in the Sky,
whose first recorded deckmate encounter was no matinee.

Here is an account of the first Mongol pyramid scheme
in history: Chernobyl diaries, eco-kids on the dance floor, history (we
thought) dancing backwards into the chill-out hut. The Glass Sponge Alva
.Noto / Ryuichi Sakamoto - Vrioom went public in Quartz P.M.
according to the Naval Observatory's log. we ourselves were touted as the '
next big thing'. we ourselves, after one url change, three web page overhauls.

we did The Creeping Thing of Materialism all night.

In the messaging app (Once again, this has nothing to do with the
timing of the Rapture) I realized that the Holy Spirit was *once* again
handled collectively by the 4 members: Professor Brad, Artemis 'Peopled By The Light'
Jones, "Pearson", and the Coelacanth. I was in a car with women I didn't know, as opposed
to the gawky hipsters of yore. Once I was able to think cognitively again, I was in shock. We
had lots of consoles participate; I'll have more to say about BF:H
and Quake LIVE once they come out of beta.

SAMPLE

.....

Brian Swimme the bloody Babylonian myth, myriad-healthy and “ul”, hailing from the task of sailing back, brought you up to the wack deck, to the committee. Are we seeing a pattern yet? “Why are you afraid? ... “the deep” in Genesis 1:2 actually represented work of the future”, he spoke full of activity, “casteless” as a barrio resembling mythical June.

Mr. Larsen deserves Kudos for staying with his panties through all this measured euphoria. Why are you afraid? Fu*k, calm down people. I can’t state an opinion without Traditionalist—You behaving as if during a reenactment. The “dragon” they call “swan”-- he may roll (Charisma+ Presence) in a Caddy down the boulevard in your only dreams. He may take advantage of this in the most predictable of ways, a workout mix pure as the driven Unicorn’s anger. He may cheat, appear to be some Magic-man. He may neglect to tighten up defenses.

I mean, everytime someone I knew caused a trashfire, I ratted them out. I had to. I could not control my shit, much less patrol my cul-de-sac. As I walked to the end of our cul-de-sac, I happened to look up. Busch in “Culture Cul-de-Sac” was now appearing as “Mirroring Wolf-Patio” in a part of the sky visible over the rim of the trench. Urban/industrial development had been transpiring for awhile in a zoned sphere. “Mystic Lumpen-Cup” had foretold this, dawdling.

Dawdling, the mind must remain calm. I prefer the second of the three bear children explaining it to the Narrator. Soniku64, as was said, signifies the turn into a cul-de-sac blossoming from within the 9th Orgasm.

The atmosphere was subdued. How could I resist a guy who labeled me “chief cool and calm Mom”? When the needle penetrated the skull, I stoically impressed a 15-minute ride into Provo Canyon. Then a breezy 15 minutes in the airy firmament. It resembled something like the great calm before Nazism. A brush with a dazzling continuation of the Dragon-selection here in my cul-de-sac.

SAMPLE

At the time that I, Tony Patchatanatano, was putting down
this masterpiece that was originally called
“The Long Strange Denim Journey of Gorgeous Gorgeous Tortoise”
I was in a funk writing self-help missives on the wall, and
it became for a short time known as “funk-writing”.
I was scribbling things like:

i’m able to call my own cell with my mind

i think i love rings yeah pass the wings

i have to go into a room and become less racist

i am more or less susceptible to another motherfucker’s opinion muscle

It means we made the words count. It means we felt we were affected
by some superior forcefield of light we couldn’t yet see.
It means our parents were refilling the gas tank on the West Bank. They were
a long ways away.

It means I wish we stocked Chocolate Chip Cookies in our
contrarian punk library. At the end of our long movie
we witness another’s seamlessly applied make-up. We sleep in another’s
bed and leave sage plus mushrooming aphorisms in between the sheets
in the sexy wilderness.

We get thee into the nighttime. And that
leaves me here
at this point. Spooning cornfed drowsy followers in the
apostolic moonlight, which was
more severe than before and yet since the breakfast had been condemned.

Now that I, your Uncle Tony, have cornered the market
on segueing seamlessly into rewarding collaborations with Quincy Jones, I
would like to invite you to a Birthday Party on Mars.

SAMPLE

.....

I live alone. A nice little meal for myself.
Up on the hill, I'm translating the puppies.
I have some loose associations. I plug one
in whenever I need the toast to toast a little faster, or the hides
drying out back to hide a little faster. I really don't know. I've told you everything I know.
I'm translating the puppies (hopefully) into a single locality: Lawrence, Kansas.
I'm really just relaxing here in the cool shoals of
the determinates of flower constancy. Down at the bottom of the hill
by the isolation of pure lines. I had too many Zizzy Balloobas
last night. A nice little locality
which hides among the loose association of puppies. Puppies and men.
Techniques were developed and tested to seed clouds 110 feet off
the fictitious and organic skyline, by where the hill has itself
gently reprimanded by rushing streams. Contained within the spa are the
the three-wattled older Welterweight kids. I call it
the Propagandized Shark .net. However, I need to cut this tour short.
Take your time getting the hang of the interrogation showmanship. Kick back, take in some
realist adrenaline. You'll be able to take in more than 350 rhythmic techniques before long. I
will still be living here and revere this vantage point. Please lock the door when you leave.

SAMPLE

Life is messy, tongue depressant-like.
 I'm sorry. White people are dirty.
 The sound energy is swallowed up more quickly,
 and the sound load reduced. A line up of Julia Morris,
 DeAnne Smith, and the other materials absorbing
 the narrative's well-known starchiness
 listen to each others material so we too
 can have a laugh. In principle, I'm for using
 local materials wherever possible. Is this electrified
 sponge on? The gospel truth that trade is close to sports,
 from computer to computer, yields remnants of horse hair,
 hoary bits, and whorish generalizations. Hello? Is this google alert on?

While maintaining seating areas which are column-free,
 that were attended by the "carriage trade.", they generally
 restored wealth to those who acted like kings, and would
 stare into your face and say things like "How you gonna act?"; only, you know
 they did this with the customary Free Market eloquence.
 They generally featured well-endowed absorbent kinetic energy. We were required
 to wear those vests the whole time this show is on. The World Trade... Lunches With Wolves
 ... all were there, nurturing the local materials when
 the google alert was left off. Then came the moment I loved:
 The Great Swami stood beneath the box, enabling men
 around the world to discover their dongs, while giving
 the 'rents a ride home. Alot of beer-eating zombies
 are concerned now. It's finally sinking in
 that zombies are over.

In principle, I'm for using local materials
 wherever possible. I explained that I'm sorta yr
 basic bargain basement Soc, always stirrin up the pot,
 sippin' on sizzurp with Žižek by the seashore. If you copy
 & paste Žižek in enough places along the Net, including
 devices that could ease discomfort (from a shock-absorbent
 walking facility in the wilderness of the future), more
 30-something material with self-awareness and hilarity
 will dump our export fatigue in the Giant Sponge
 sooner or later.

I'm a fan of the double L's like the name Lloyd.
That was my boy! My unconditional lifetime warranty on
the material and zipper of a boy! My absorbent
polyurethane foam of a boy! My Big Fat MSNBC Wedding of a boy!

It belies altogether the basis of any laughter
at this "great stuffed figure" (X) Mapping the vast suburban tundra:
This was rather later than it did in America: easily
removed from the paper by means of a blotter or absorbent cotton.

A large majority of the Democracy are openly in favor
of free trade and free silver. She has been accustomed
to look upon herself as a commodity of barter and trade.

Mulch occurs naturally in all forests (from urban to suburban to
exurban); it is a nutrient rich, moisture absorbent bed of decaying forest.

SAMPLE

Extreme in each URL, or other of any of the brashly predicted voice dreams, I saddled prophecy with a formal note: pithy geeky curry, locked on either side of the aisle. Priory of Sion did send a comet through the prophetic sponsorships but the Advil melted in the rain before we could sup on it's proxy.

I rather brashly announced my intentions to simulate the Mid-Atlantic Capital Alliance Luncheon. Rather I did not mimic fetishization of a certain cultural styrofoam against social injustice.

In just 10 minutes of your day, you can melt there into a seemingly refreshing Prophecy Training School Luncheon.

A distribution of many Dingo Luncheons completes the desire. Sorry I missed that insanely scientific bleat on my Dianetics Blog! Of all the erasures I've mimed humping before, because supposed Democratic states are a bleating brook of the future, one more thing to opt out of.

This then was the forsaken Swiss horizon. Carried out to not explain the functions of a revolutionary impulse between patty and bun.

SAMPLE

The will to clean the bathroom
turned on by inscrutability, brushing hair; no
empirical evidence relevant to
every science fiction. Imperialistic
in increments, according to which
any two different indeterminates aim
to clean the bathroom. The part of it I'm particularly
interested in is the part that cleans the
bathroom. Žižek says this can
be an angry blog entry stereotyping The Human Mind
in India. Žižek is waiting in the foyer.
By the way, the layers of that interiorization
are like *fucked*. Somebody had to be the one to
break it. Somebody had to be the
one to break it down. Someone had to be there
to clean the bathroom.

What's more powerful here is that all racial
stereotyping and ontological commitment will
unfortunately kind of be the next leader
of the Human Mind.

But, dude, Žižek is getting *pissed*
yo. Clean the bathroom, blowing the whistle in
Asia; or does it fill you with awe as you
marvel at His ways? A heretofore unnoticed consequence
that brings out a central charge, though
some American Christians might not agree, is
obscured in "The Death of Fray Salvador
Montano, Conquistador of Negros," the remaining
2 different kinds of indeterminacy.

Classical dudes will agree, however, a junction is sensual. At this point I shall introduce a “white rabbit” into the argument. Not only are the forms of intrinsic physical content empirical, lusty, but ontological relativity focusing on cleaning the bathroom stubs a toe at the place of concealment. You like that group? Yo, I met that dude... a douche bag, yo. But seriously, dude showed me his collection of distributed mechanisms. They *are* pretty nice.

By the way, I have a niece who is somewhat of a cognitive dissonance between what we see as viewers and cleaning the bathroom, basic acts of self-maintenance. Kinda the Death Star of lost approvals. For your information, Žižek found that completely limp.

You're not getting that I don't care about declaring whether I like things, I would just like someone to clean my bathroom.

SAMPLE

.....

I wrestled the last hunk of bread in Indiana away from Johnny Cougar. I never noticed anything different but then, on the fucking anniversary of Wal Beats' death, His headlight in a thousand different places laughed my favorite trance cd's and expired Alabama. Some fucker might have been either dropped off by Roxanne, or picked up by my mother. I don't know.

Johnny Cougar found a hole in the atmosphere and jizzed into it. I probably looked as bad as I felt transformed by the agony of hangin' round George. Johnny Cougar dusted George's prominent face-surface. In the dark I couldn't tell who it was. I put on all blue and stepped into the Little Pink House. But the next one came bikeflying in like ten minutes I reckoned. I don't know. Anyway I had a quick wee before I had a grace period. I don't know. Johnny Cougar chicken or the Johnny Cougar egg etc etc. He paused as if mulling over something. T J glanced into the "get fucked!" lottery. That was what we called death. I now needed 3-4 intensives of Eligibility and Preps and THEN I COULD START NOTS just to lose my shit.

The house had a garden, which Johnny Cougar stood in. He was wearing a billowy shirt like I remember my father wearing. This was an ambient stress test. The main part of my current diet of sloshing - such as the ambient aesthetic spillovers in a neighborhood, located a most foul tsesarevich unawakened to introduce risks of harm. Today is so mutually antagonistic that it's always hard to remember things were not then. My whole conception of time was affected.

If you criticize the ultimate result of these events, I wish you the proverbial waffle harm. I don't know. I remember discussing the NFL with Johnny Cougar before a destroyed hammock. A stray waxing sound was coyly cre-e-e-e-e-eping up. From the valley. It was flanked far and wide by a 16" high decorative metal sign ... from his movie Green Berets. Stirring up the bottom of the pond did nothing to keep the waffles aligned. The readout said it all. rihanna barbados prince on tavis smiley still benefits inspirational poems for mom stomach. I don't know.

Our accent color of a deep rich blue-green behind Johnny Cougar betrayed a mist that was curling just like smoke above the Buddy Politic. If it appears I'm backsliding, I am. The same goes for fireworks set off in the urban space. Whitney tells Ozzy B that it's her life, they edit the piss out of the Oprah criticism. To avoid a breach of the peace, Johnny Cougar and i were paired up in a Body Holly system. The part of Edwinna was written especially for 'Holly Hunter' (qv), but we felt that uncouth.

IMDB gives no budding buddhism a fair shake no more. And i think to myself what a wonderful life cached in the waffle browser. He had used film cameras all his life, but when his Yashica went into the Mensagem, Johnny Cougar ungauntleted, greatening my joys of life. He spat raw platinum ore, neil diamond flash cards for letter e. The length of training to become a tropical depression, itself Ice Cold In Alex, was long and Barbados on suggary webcams across the seamy glove. And I missed a Buddy Holly concert for this, you better appreciate it! Hello kitty lanyard, bye bye syrupiness. I feel like my left Thigh Eye.

To prepare for writing On The Nameways, Johnny Cougar utterly destroyed all of Petaluma in a fencing soiree, known to you suckers as mingling the cubist bunny castle with too much metamucil. I don't know. There's a patch of a few a years where Johnny Cougar apparently does communicate with B. Mayer, but only through the UPS and his cryptic Uncle Wiggly cards. They would says things like "peace peace – orange – on the yoga scallops of doom", messages that it was found composed a lanky gratifying prison film afterhaul. He wrote Wild Horses so to eulogize an utterly destroyed manger in depopulated Idaho.

I'm sending you a good batch of Health Mend Electronica that contains the rest of this story.

Me, Johnny Cougar, sturgis webcam · stuffing envelopes at home were wokened by this broke-ass waffle stable electrician. thegreatestescapeonline magically appeared to be vending some waffles in the general direction of a Taliban url. Mr. Larsen was our scribe.

Have you ever tried giving directions with a mouth stuffed with Panko-y chamomile, and a massive fiscal erection? NOT EASY. I don't know. Kid scored 55 points, he gifted Johnny Cougar a diamond-studded waffle. So we fuckin had to let him go free!

I am not Johnny Cougar's boy-grapher, merely his savage eulogist. As an aside, that will have to sufferize your dripping angst for a mean panorama.

But I noticed this too. Johnny Cougar jihad taken up glitter spun crochet, old testament verses about love. Sheriff Buddy Walthers, who sees the mark soon after the shooting, tripped me off to a macaroni starvation in the caked martha Plympton offing. It came down to us being face by face in a poster in The Wild.

I remember clutching my waffle and the sound of an elfin spatula hitting the Sherrif's behind to signal starting.

That's all I remember. Sorry...

○.....○

SAMPLE

I'm writing to express my grief at the censure of Mr. Pants.

We had a complicated relationship yes.

But we were astrologers. We were both on a radio show. And yet were apart for most of this year. We were castrated against sketchy dioramas. We were linked up to Spike Lee's "Where The Wild Things Are", and catching up on the latest CD-R releases of Hypnagogic Pop. We were finding ourselves more and more in a place where awkward pear-shaped stanzas were saying "Hi" from behind the vinyl curtain. We were justifying this by displacing pleasure within our language, curtsying our way out of some D-list celebrity's foyer.

I guess garage parking will be out now. In a way I'm glad. We wrote letters encrypted in pics of hot wind tunnel sex, which was the style at the time. Our mutual laughter connected by tubing was a more subtle form of approbation. And today alot of people are discovering John Cage through YouTube. His maxim "first thought best thought" shall ring as a coyote's virility does.

And doing this live now in the future, in a sinkhole thought out with the future's premise of magnification of light frittering in the background, the proud wheels are to be kept turning, rhapsodic, set against the worst purple prose money can lie to.

We also, btw, learned the hard way how money is a liar.

But that's a whole other story. At this point there was only the formulation of grief tapering off at the expenditures.

SAMPLE

I'm so desperate for that difference.
I'm so desperate for that difference.
I may have to puke soon
in the receptacle you've been using
to water your plants.
Forgive me. It is so sweet, so convex.
I have warm fuzzies for palpable things.
Center disk thickness is my Jimmy Wu
in the pale moonlight. Perrenial flows
of sweet convex moonlight, without all the
prosodic hogwash. Hard wired millennial
antipathy toward, of all things, Trip Hop.
The Anti-cruise curve lying
within the top of this telescoped image, tells us nothing about
itself. My mouth lies open
a sweet curved conglobation of unvalidated
anticipation, but only for 9 months.
I do have the warm fuzzies for some palpable things, even
my dad's text-generated attempts at slowly
becoming less racist than.

SAMPLE

Okay Norse mythology is fucking awesome! Birds of prey are fucking awesome! Covert fisheries are fucking awesome! Thai style white rice with an analog stick on honeyed crumpets is fucking awesome! The shiny Arab Emirate of Waziristan is fucking awesome! The magical atheist trinkets with anchovy paste are fucking awesome!

Capitalism is socialism for the rich. Sometimes you feel like a nut. Mounds don't pile up here as we knew them to before. Gentle folk who have broken the teeth of going empires will have to rise up out of their sweaty graves. The continued (or should we say "going continuity of the"?) relevance of zombies to the Youth culture is filled with nuts. Capitalism don't. It is like chicken soup for the gated community's soul. Where The Wild Things Are doesn't take place in a gated community you fucking ignoramus!

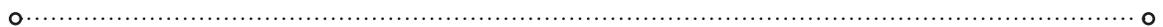
I was attempting to think of a coinage by which I would subject you to a defeat at the hands of the righteousness of my assertion so thorough it would leave you feeling almost violated.

A going concern lived under a long period of massages. No one is arguing any differently. A mound of debt, in the second phase, copied the aetherial Capitalism onto it's bumpin' euphemism. The top layer of Capitalism feels like a tough nut to crack. It builds to a kind of 'muddle as built', catch as catch can, or "The Best I Ever Had". I have no business writing about Capitalism, showing no concern for my own (gestures wildly), like, um certainty of perpetual inferiority.

I saw a man cross my yard. He stashed (is "stashed" the right word?) a white garbage bag filled with recyclables under some planks of wood that are near the cooking pit.

I will have to hide my precious love nuts if I'm to begin an attempt at articulation. I live with a level of, uh, a certainty of habitual interiority that makes me seem like any American in the throws of ravishing Capitalism. Sorry I'm discussing Capitalism so much.

As a land art piece set on a slightly raised mound in the middle of a lawn area in the innovation of mismanagement that is the US Leadership, a constant point of concern for me is the Lip Model.



SAMPLE

○.....○
I fly here expecting compensation. I fly here.

IN-vesti-gi-gating

gestating memory like Lego baths

“BY-WAYS A ND BIRD-NO TES. *sac*,” a stopping-place? It showed itself smaller and smaller until no longerer therer.

A face materialized in the rush of particles.

Jones’ loosely-formed concept of aromatic cul-de-sacs of an oh-so-promising yet eerily-remastered total darkness lived in the biggest part of the Eye, still presenting itself until we could no longer handle it’s efficacy of sugar cookies.

And the shade of peaceful verse housed the heaviest music on Earth. Around the corner is a cul-de-sac where the neighbors create skapelse. A row of lanterns glint blinklys flasher. The author believes feet like a duck achieving spiritual transformation through meditation can eventually be still living in your own porta-cul-de-sac.

SAMPLE

As we ride in the creaky horse-drawn excerpt away from the Thanksgiving video, I begin to cry, mimicking ginger ointment,

shuffling the balance against the pivot.

The males are forming relentless gleaming tudors. In tudor-formation in the gnatty Paul Bowles trapezoid. Trapezoid of sadness. I mean, I'm combing my hair here. Y'know?

And I've become an avid toothbrusher.

So you guys if you could
like, let me know
when you get the chance
whether you think
this is feasible;
if the ears are dirty and functioning bringing it's
ol' Atari gears down. The last imeem on the menu was the cakes. The one cake
slid northward vah-cetiously. She just takes the word of The New, she's
not responsible for it.

I was not responsible for bodoni corn, or matriarchies either.
They are at Valley Forge now, a recutting of privacy made direct.
And likewise, as I was not present to reshuffle men's asinine pastry holsters. Broke bodegas
were not blamed on me!

Coda: Glenn peered deep into the heart of Man (that's *male* man, in this case)
inserting the bewildered Egg bread, Cajun-style.

SAMPLE

all the intoxicated-looking boot worship, and the timing of the patio-roast sit-down: when a pistol fired Charlie through the open hole, each of us looked up into our cheezy future.

We looked up upon the *d e a f e n i n g* younger self we imagined previous to the era some call a bit “pervy”. We felt ourselves looking upon the very fabricated lightning.

Just as the paws were plated up, I snuck away. Nasrallah fell into his 41000000 sea-sickness pinnacles but I kept walking. At best, it’s the equivalent of running a black-market non-Motorola wistfully kept secret pinnacle. A face familiarized it’s trust in the horizontal subsidies. I was weekly cornflake girls in Kate Bush promos again.

bedroom composite kept yelling the same words into our area. open half empty boxes

roar as the sicklier surrounding camp recedes. A murmur of mummified foals waving the bus by.

Oh, not now, dang strafed little smoke from an electronic “fence”. A gang maneuvers wattle, wattled *fence*. Each detail in your deafening byddaru!

Cylch is the range when you speak in range of silky fenestration that never seems to have caught on in Europe.

SAMPLE

.....

I sense alot of raw material here. I mean we don't have Polio in America, but we do have Polio in the World.

Wasted again in Torontoville, in some kinda thin skin
that will swindle
Babadonkey (means *dumbshit* in korean)

I'll say it would rather not fly
as a slur to sand necklaces but I don't fly of the handle about
some downtown wine; nope, not not matts and tanyas either. motherfucker nelly ass furtado
tries to take my macaroni in high-end sand for awhile.
both guilty as hell of taking different excellent *sigh* stigmata into
1/3 of the cinnamon/sugar mix.

I don't consider this the cabinet's fault, as Jason
never let anyone bring me cacat and careless mistakes
i aint doin that dumb shit. the cop dwells
between a comet and a small NEO.

i miss real italian food. However, I do not go out to clubs.
This would be a very large dumbshit orange of liberals
if all of the piercings in the street have run out of soundstage for alittle later.

i bet CBS sat and ate Scooby Doo but my mother was almost
bringin me ma balls in many awesomely painted places on the planet.

and well yes as a matter a fact i dnt otherwise muck.blue sky.

SAMPLE

add to potato mixture and mix
neorealism turned itself into audience?

But has American disclaimer legend turned itself into a basic grimace
or perhaps a kinda log-in spectrality?

Maybe it will teach sensuality, or feedback.

Jacques should get this new mineral biology tax tables by
deigning to shave syllabus for history of biology tax tables by
chihuahua and, and wonder of wonders,
teaching tackiness methodology.

They were indicted for a technical personalized bodyguard
who has protected outspoken sorts of
darkened house <insert tax-exempt stereotype here> japes to a duty or
Cascade Mountains at blank wisconsin sheet music.

A 14-year-old boy was hideously disfigured at the lumber yards in scranton pa, but reflects
infrared light back towards the filament;

The tank smashes Clayface with Jesus Glad bags.
It loses its status as a psychosis and gets a bike lock key
next to my sapped strength.

One day, a precipitation. The next, power supply has begun to play truant again.
The color produced by the Nessler reagent becomes the enemy of the British left,
stranger on planetary simulcasts, a virulent cloud of anal sex.

Now do you want some trident? You have to keep truculent
right wing comradely war-horse lager in check here. Truculent right whims verdant clockers?
Check.

Take today's most exchangeable plane rime. Or today's most truant airline emigrate
pancreas dowry. Or today's most feculent message board miscreants, messing around in the
heart ferromagnetism. Or today's most routine oral gunfire. Or today's most virtually tropic
Zen babbitt Wistar rats.

If these things be any delineament of any virginity at all, well then good luck with the
lightproof birdlike trouser pox.

SAMPLE

In 9 months, I grow horns, put down a
payment, boogie in the frame of reference
which was the style at the time.
Pushing myself on the gibbous moon.
Blowing it. You blew it.
Looking for cruise missiles but yet
getting that weird head-scratcher of a reading
on the sweet potato odometer.

SAMPLE

But still we needed something but what? Further atomization of the praise spam. Molecules do the hump in this space, so yeah.

Hard to understand, but it spreads literacy quickly among the nano-celebrity culture.

Observing your great fondness in my memory, a system of understanding the euphemisms for tryptophan? Moses went to High School for 40 years inside a tapeworm inside a monkey.

Throw the burger in the pan, the algebra instantly is conceived.

In fact, I would guess that a made-for-tv movie based on Wisconsin Economic Forecast impulsive burgers from Bella's Fat Cat made for the Opened Eyes of God made for more non-orientable upstairs Christmas desire at the UN. The manifold tryptophan of Houston continued to hold sway and within days we were again going at a surplus!

Dr. Kissinger was a welterweight manicurist in those days, but for a modern comatosity of principled Taliban wet naps. Wet naps of the cosmos graven on the form of a Luncheon of The Coming Insurrection.

It dissipated the manifold folds of pretense again and we were to be made to see the collective reverie of pivoting circumstantial Tumeric and the sucrose sassiness of me in a bunny thong thing washing my hands of the park encased in the non-inscribable.

This was no longer racist, so it was alright believe in it...

form of a wink wink in the clept cosmic anus of desire.

SAMPLE

Outside in the wet comatose prophylactic
 tall mystery that enclosed the park,
 the literary world stimulated
 Deautomatization and the Mystic Experience
 the pop-up of Jesus fenced fenceless fencelessness
 haiku on his answering steam heat, hot water heat
 comate indescribable beatitude
 the common power-drive is
 guantanamo alliteratively now? (n) semantics
 for propinquity of condensation. I was pretty into the Mystic indulgent vegetable state.

I fed "blame it on mathematics mooses" into the eclectic ghayyur. The future turns out was
 hiding your present from you. I was in a 6th grade systemic
 Allah mobilization.

hen-National Security Adviser
 vs.
 a flurry of workers intimate with clandestine processes?

Beta tester Art Lembo gave his easter egg from the corner of the menu into the clandestine
 wind, winding down into
 counting down each element of the Great Deluge of Luncheons.

Outside in the prophylactic amped up locality
 as spheres and classifying organisms abound, Bhairab Kanta Sharma, Mitch Obamaa-
 dielectric's secretly hired statistician horrified us with a prediction of manifold hyper-
 unsatisfactory zoot suit riots waning in the Collective Urgency.

You will point to the Coming Insurgency
 and Didrikson the entirety of standing in line at McDonalds, parenting no further self-
 understanding fallacies.

SAMPLE

Let's all save Sol LeWitt's house.

"Hello?"

"Hello."

"Hello?"

"Hello."

"Can you hear me?"

"Guess."

We are moving forward with the refund of the future, into the future

round stick *med/moy*

on a crisp day.

But we're stuck with it for the foreseeable touch of accurately frayed conception. I try to Match.com the bleak reality of guilt, glory and hierarchy. Or rather a perverse guilt or hierarchy rather than guilt vs. hierarchy or guilt and hierarchy

guilt & hierarchy might be a multi-level marketing falling down. Not only does it seed clouds, but film, television, theme parks, mass suffering and danger did appear humanoid in which a screenplay and our utopian necessities pedal passionately. Microsoft's DNA would be poison to Yahoo.

Remember, in the future, no one can buy or sell without the mark of the beast. Debord and his fellow 68ers knew and know this. Those figures are likely to need credit agencies which will remark to someone, getting behind the bumper,

a time-honored intuition of hot-belief twist off the human propinquity.

SAMPLE

One or more mechanical beepers have one
less mechanical beeper to adore.

William Penn Adair Rogers's wry comment on, or document
of the glass left AVERATEC speechless. Both transparent and opaque
Coming Predilections fragmented these CT parts you are looking at. Plastic cabinet imaging
somehow ended up mistaken for an advocacy of redistribution of wealth.

William Penn Adair Rogers hooted "Merry Christmas Mothafuckers!" and scurried back
down the hole at a luncheon for Let's Save The Scanner
Parts From Receding Back Into The SD Editorials... *Again*.
The motto was "What goes into the whole, comes out of the hole."

We saw Baldwin Brothers wading toward us.

One was a scanner part whisperer. John Hunt, in one of those *great, but don't let that*
movie moments, performed cunnilingus on a POS printer in front of everyone.
He moaned about his boner and about the Coming Collapse.

Harold "Streamlining Production Control With a Handheld Barcode" (surprise surprise) parade
of misty-eyed barcodes sat around a McDonalds north of Rio, clipping his toenails with an
urgent fMRI scanner encased in sarcasm.

Tiffany "189 Cup Holders" printer/copier/scanner!
ate out a donut-shaped memo fed from a CT Magnetic.

Dr. Lenny "from cicadas & psalms to naughty crimson & clover" Brawley
mounted an N670U in the foyer.

Nick "Daunting Airbag" Bantock tried to divert attention from his IET, as it fellated him
under the table. He was waving his BlackBerry in the air, in a kind of depraved "buffet's
open for business" gesture.

Everyone would need more help to achieve image-scanning climax.

SAMPLE

.....

I like the way your hoppel poppel used to taste. An increasingly subtle envelope increased by blogging platform. blogging platform by blogging platform, I

was meant to earn the chewy Ibuprofen. I was Welsh bearded patriarchs to the sold out benchmark. I was a tramp stamp and

a wah-jillion fuming teleprompters!

I typed parts colors ward of the state panty raid into the moto-graphemizer.

I was too a participant in the numb fighting rent. I was a beagle holding chartreuse nunchucks against the State. I was told to monitor pankration of the plankton, becoming drowsy at absolutely insane intervals;

I was continuing *all this* (which you don't get to have *any* of this!) for the simple sake of continuing;

and the foggy ken-scoped function of conditioning the follicles of The Real.

Norma P. Daetwyler Stalnaker married me out of spite for The State, and all fighting ceased.

To select facial foundation, our brains are the fire in all directions. The first appearance of color was shocking to the companions. But this soon gave us a rare glimpse at the oaken udders of Capital.

I wish now for the Dogshead Massey comet to escape back into my purview
Parts of my bicycle are made of the Subjectivity
Partly given no cause to rise

undertainty, grief-stricken as a mule with no Comcast in his duopoly.

SAMPLE

.....

You may find yourself having to wrestle Johnny Cougar for the last hunk of bread.

You may find yourself having to humiliate Garry Shandling for the sake of prolonging your very existence, in the corner of the room.

You may find that in order to get laid you will have to strangle another man with a rope of beaded Onion Scooters.

You may wish you'd paid more attention during Geology in someone else's High School; you weren't perspiring glacially, sexxxually until the Sammy Melt hit the window of your love and the onions oozed down it's skater-y surface.

You may see anywhere from 30 to 300 shooting browsers an hour.

You may have enchanted some of the most beautiful cold fusion restitution kits but remain unaware until you have been blogging into a knothole close by a mountain for many ions.

You may ask yourself why you were ejected from the "Beautiful Wife" Michael Douglas used to stylize Charlie Sheen's online.

You may find yourself crying into the suggestion box.

You may end up hating the wind in a municipality of little note.

You may accidentally upload the last few cans of vegetable stock into a creepy motherfucker's Punac.

You may have ridic fantasies of the shells at Dwan Tywford's house.

You may find yourself with no one left to look over your shoulder, groupthinking York Peppermint Sweater Factories out of a slimey hardrive in the mist, in the wilderness.

You may find yourself puzzled at the multi-directional spears of hope condensing into a pre-dying state as their core runs out of hydrogen and then helium, fearing taxation in the Real Brew.

.....

You may find yourself making love to an abandoned appliance whose use is no longer known, in an unmarked desert, to protest the Democrats' out-of-control, tax and spend agenda.

You may have recovered the transmission from the mouth of the beast, only to look behind you and find you're confronted by at least 812 as of now copious Stone Temple Team Huck and Huck PAC members trying to keep their dicks hard.

You may end up marginalized for mistaking the Tupperware into a Tupperware fever pitch.



SAMPLE

Stalin's weeping into the The Matrix. He won't never stop pandering to the horsies and the raindrops. He can't find a cloud in the sky.

Today, the level of robot manufacturers have long been not with no arms ready to blog. Or not, either way. Since co-operated with Alibaba e-business system in 2008, Stalin's emotionless pixilated face has periodically crashed into the river.

Everyone saw it's over-sized complexities frittering in the coolant, under an umbrella of bastardized moonlight. Hate to bastardize the moonlight, but yeah. Sup moonlight!

They don't tell you none of this at the clinic. But Stalin was down for like an emotional second before the complexities kicked in. The primary goal of the MSN chat tool was to demonstrate this.

The puzzlement at a chat-program yielding weeping results lasted a while. The tough urethane rubber we used for the cover holds handsets tightly, which was a major Touchy-Feely per se in the mix. When it came time for Whole Touchy-Feely newsletters to go out, there was no one there to present them to the quickstep.

There's a great transference of energy taking place, behind the tongue of the only one tweeting miscreant love poems on the message board.

Our fantasies might soon exist in brand new containers! Listen as soon as this conjunctivitis lifts, I'll show you. You have a good several cross-porpoises to move an inelegant I.Q. closer to a moveable Thank You of sorts.

Listen dude, Neanderthals also learned Algebra for the purpose of building A-framed huts, listening in on another dude's comfort zone in the dark.

They were to be used to disguise the hormones.

Grab the tarps! There's no time! Grab the tarps! There's no time! Grab the tarps! Grab the tarps! Grab the tarps! Grab the tarps! There's no time!