

8. Calle Regina

bosch's unnamed lefthand triptych sidepanel revisited: the edenic of the gated park in androgynous grasaille

a staged on-set movie set mechanic coupling in an utopia grisaille revisited. fenced in & fearfree, the new eden all-inclusive is perambulated by the prescreened. here the predictable is the predestined & the gardener decides which flowers are weeds. though the fenced out who find them

give them as flowers, flowers for the algeron them, the fenced in sadomasochist the fruit from fruitrees in organic regensis for fish w/ hands like treeflowers. the way things are not are the way things are. free plastic & plasticene rabbits police the park the. with this the non-vécu became the lived-by.

so that the out of joint is just out of focus, the by product reproduced, flowers for the algeron them. here you can have the white wine with the red meat. here where the mouse ate the snake in it's snakehole but w/out fucking it. here the fearfree never free themselves from fear but let it flower.

in a clinical grey public unisex with grey tiles and a portrait of hemlock half hewn but hewed in with the curator's sense of seedy hooliganism

in the room the women cum & go. wallflowers only offset surveillance could carceral wallpaper by product on the unisex wall. beside the wall free contraception in pillform for the algeron them/I. (sometimes we use the same shitter) out on in on it out front upstairs a tergo: birds & the them the.

in the women the rooms will cum and go. the engorged eyes of eve heady w/ god's hungflower came thru by chance & thumbtack. the gray was in grained-in though came decommissioned by a prescreened gardener walled in w/ the them or that it's just beside the wall that 1 feels free.

or that it's because there are walls that one is free to continue to fear: our method is deathdrive. the I they will have been is a sanitized incognito them behind spattered shadeleaves & jailyard flowers on pretty fertilized lawns. new quotients to live-by inside city walls our gray eyes grisaille outside in.

to help form healthy responses to the same questions the new eden all-inclusive is perambulated by the prescreened & GOD licks the crumbs from yr lips

the dark gardener is then told which flowers are weeds

The silence is being censored and **bottled air** sold under surveillance by a skinhead calavera in a xylograph alebrije of Balu under the cool white sun of a chemist's moon; we are under **the protection of surveillance**, the burglar alarm Brancusi **broadcast on woodpulp** under the protection of surveillance, the coatcheck, the place where you leave your shoes, those **soft parts** inside where **you think you think**.

In the hour of rain, silent and integrated, by an orangedot fat cap tezontle moonwall I was, **debuilding**, on a magic sitmat of mdma in my mind, near the coatcheck, silencing the eye of surveillance for censorship, homeopathically, under a sky smelling wine stained, to where I **made it down Madero on my sitmat**, with my shirt smelling **wine stained**, beside a man and a woman saying O and O and do you think so?

Down on Regina, inout in-front at a café wine bar on Regina, paper lamps on powerlines, w/ **moths caught in the lamp shades**, skinhead calaveras firelit with **braincandles on patio** tables and a braless fishnet girl guitarist with **a rope tuned snaredrum crosslegged** on the churchstairs, **tobairitz**, and the prayerwheel spun to sublimate the pattern, **and the girl had matted greasy dreadlocks** but looked at one w/

Though lost, she becomes **what she was** when she's lost in what she sings, or I realize **it in my misrecognition**, and stay inside unconcerned with seeing it for something else, something less than what it is, and she changes it by walking by, or I see it changing in the consecration of her walking thighs, or by sunflowers in an alley **she consecrates, barefoot, to avoid the void of it**

Quiet and integrated, from the time you get there to when you sit down and **become** part of the place, and no one notices you anymore; some moths that died in treelamps dried out in table ashtrays, beside a cigarette in its ashfire, **black but like when black is burned**, plasticine ferns, and as she baptized her throat with tap water, saw on her tanned shoulder a ninespot ladybug tattoo, and when she **saw me**

stuck on the puzzle, beside the prayerwheel

like any redpaper lantern found in **chinatown**:

the righthand triptych sidepanel in bosch's earthly garden: god abdicating, the apocalypse inverted & s. zizek

the beginning again has rebegun. under a grotesque brownyellow pen & bistre plotless popgnostic butchered redsky the beginning again begins again, as it was condemned to do. i had been plotless all along. suitcasing my kit beforehand in a **unisex** no gender. then coming out w/ blood on my shirtsleeve, into character

i had been plotless all along. obscene, characterized by crisis, in the city garden beside the grotesque characteristically half cut. in the unisex no gender half broke against an abdicated toilet w/ butchered softparts of rabbit heart on the tiled floor. **all along** the wall it had rebegun. the plotless wall surrounding it.

at a loss & totally lost, standing alone alongside it (my tattoo is internal bleeding) & characteristically half cut, in a grey public unisex along behind in the burning city i rebirthed the grotesque only offset surveillance could carceral. **butchered stickfigures** on powerlines demontaged of gender

& a clinical grey public unisex w/ grey talavera and a portrait of stickmen half-hewn but hewed in with the curator's sense of seedy hooliganism

burning. people fleeing or trying to flee from gender in an androgynous curfew dresscode. along the wall it was all barcode & bigot. newspapers w/ butchered throwaway eggshell fortune cookies characteristically offcentre w/ what we selfcensor was the grotesque & centauric in ourselves the decentred. in along

in unison at a loss and totally lost i fell in along in singlefile: my tattoo was internal bleeding. genderlessness in a unisex WC on site in a grotesque bathroom stall in a column of light & left for dead. it was depression that depressed me, characteristically halfcut & decentred w/ the timebeing i butcher.

the plot had been postponed, butchered & left for dead. the plot had been plotless all along, the idea of character had been characteristically a lack of character, so when it came to gender dissidence became disorder. you could sense it in crisis in the city garden beside the grotesque.

diplomas tattood to walls lying facedown in suburbs children dressed in throwaway chinese newspapers who had been plotless all along plotted against us

in the burning city where we rebirthed the grotesque