

birthdaysjhgjtjj
writers club is in sessionggg

WISHES

We've los5 lost the ability to cope with essential truths
but, as of late, we;ve come to wishing about things
and feekings

I wish for the essential truths to inhabit my croth-areas
burn with the regrets of toomany nights spent sitting in
a pool-wet bathingsuit reading bukowski and masturbating
i wished that i could find a cream to take away both the
ppeeling skin and fetid desire but after trying every salve
on the market and visiting a voodoo priestess, the rashand hunger
hello fresh mornings anf tough to use spacebar. where is your retu
I want to eat more chocoa and stop staring at LEDs & compy screens
wishes, eamn life! wishes for more lovely songs and unclear narrati
and now i'm stuck in my fourth line and my typewriter could kick yo
butt

but you always imagine it magical
shooting stars ~~xxx~~ eyelashes and 11:11 and birthday candles
we can't believe this we don't believe this

xxxxxxxwewd kove to believe this

These are the beliefs of believers in religiosity
but our wishes transcend this meager and narcissistic ideal
It is actual fact that some wishes do come true
especially those humble wishedthat are being discussed of late
the ramificatiосn of potato consumption overdose
the potatos had sat out in sun all day while we swam
they were red and angry, still hard in the middle but
palpably bruised by the heat. their mu~~xxxx~~ multiple eyes
glared at us from across the yard, venom of the deadly nightshade
oh god bless the veggies and tough skinned potato
I am a fan of most good things and please forgive my lame syntax
poor posture and maddenning silence on teh subject of chuchu
I would like to turn off the mosquitos and lean to use an instrument
fucking play me
this is the problem, you see? do you see so you see do you
see how i'm jumping into ~~something~~xxxxx this abysss
so deep. do deep.

We;ve thrusted our wishes, our very dreams into you
like the knife of a smarmy buccaneer
We;ve laid waste to your moreal riteousness
We've sliced up the guts of your lessons, preacherman!
make me sadder than a crusty rusted house penis in
the kentucky derby of dreams. preacher man your garb leaves me
craving sartorial mastery. i wished for god to forgive my
sins but ~~xxx~~ now i just wish for you to get an extreme makeover.