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line

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 <br> <br> \section*{a dead}}
without

## do

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## don't

## do

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## undo



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| dialogue | social | dialogue |
| :--- | :---: | :---: |
| offload | sewer | offload |
| swap | ego | swap |
| ak a | my | a k a |
| milky | fetish | milky |
| chela | fishy | chela |
| toy | babbled | toy |
| talk | wooden | talk |
| waffle | council | waffle |
| canal | opened | canal |
| pencil | licked | pencil |
| anal | libs | anal |
| pasted | back | pasted |
| ours | now | ours |
| our | allat | our |
| one | ness | one |
| ours | my | ours |
| now | we | now |
| gloves | two | gloves |
| go | with | go |
| flow | ooooh | flow |
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| su | shis | su |
| litany | slaves | litany |
| lieutenants | gloves | lieutenants |
| an all | passion | an all |
| ours | gestures | ours |
| ours | self | ours |
| ours | phones | ours |
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| vocables | vocables | vocables |

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to love you say sentence it's the once I never sufficient

# dominance 

## invoke

## undo

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# pentagone 

## draw <br> a <br> set

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## teaching

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## wrong <br> all

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## hands

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# knot <br> $f$ orms 

## knot knot



## ? <br> do <br> how

## you

## now

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Left is write
(to napoleon's third hand)

On left is the bed place left empty, a smoking hand, on the left is the wrist, a bony way of being blind and helpful On the left is behindness, my self left on a shelf, a count left on it own devices, on the left is her true thumb, the one she used to suck, her self way to remember what a left hand is at all, a dumb,
a not-at-all-all. Left is the wax, the milk, fat on the verge of a glazed plate, latent is the eye of her far faraway foe. Left is
my neglect, my sofa, my soft rex, my lefted-right, my eyes shutted to the multicolor duty, hereditatem relinquo, I'm lying with my eyes while my left hand is going down, down, down. Left had been designed for my own sinister. Left can't die, left is
anyone, in suspenso relinquo, into leftness comes Romness, selfnew born, a dog, a cat in a bag, the flow of a river.
Left is the hand of the night going down, down to the river to let it, let it go, to live it and let it go, what a cool-cool direction is left, history of forgetting, stories of freeways, left is where I want to go while she returned from, left is the girl I don't know because she calls herself no one.

Right is a color that makes sense if you keep repeating it. It's not 'cause bed sheets are often clear-color that they mean to say yes to any kind of story. He should have left my bed before the sun took back it rights. What makes right a good hand to drink coffee, to write, to wash, to write to her ? I will never call myself Righter because butter proliferate around my fingers so that a father, a someone would say l've two left hands and call my real left one a dead hand. Right had been designed for my own sinister. Right fist is what seem to be an event that never happened into my face. More easy is to think of a right preventing from all kind of redness causes to maintain white white collars. So be it, this is now. I bet someone's name is Steve Right and that his story isn't fun. When I hear turn right in a street l'm walking in I might go home and swap my walk for lines to write. When a doc told
me my ears don't do the right job I said yes 'cause ears ain't got fingers yet. Maybe right is to spend less time left hand
honing my trigger. Maybe best use is a pen to write her to.





## wars









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## between

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differences



