

Bungee Jumping

Greenish-yellow bract,

I'm a tiny, pea-sized fruit hangs attached to a ribbon-like... I like taking the time for a hot bath. Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! A bath... His dick strongly scented, and his beard have got a thing that is very attractive to bees and other insects.

Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! One, two, 3, 4, 5, sect! Basswood trees are so magnificent. In those baths, I would suck on my soap-saturated fingers and sometimes try to force a vegetable into my private parts, but then my anus would regurgitate it. Spinning tables, anuses on the bench! In these hot baths infused with the blossoms of the tree of my memory—blossoms that once formed a bridal wreath—I love to fart. I really like that.

It's not exactly foreign art—we aren't all self-taught!

Bungee jumping between the two high-rises wasn't all that bad. Are the thighs of my mother tongue really that hostile to my expression? It's not exactly foreign art—I taught myself how to cook an egg or peel a root.

Just before waking up, I dreamed of Mom. We have five fingers on each hand, but how do we use them? A washcloth is a good option; there are other receptacles as well. I've been taking two baths a week since I was nine; it was the doctor's orders. Sometimes I dream of the most spectacular waterfalls.

Driftwood emerges from my lower belly. The bathroom is now a womb. A photographic dark-room and a developing tray. To sleep well and dream of Mom. In this bath, I steeped linden blossoms—from the tree that once shaded the family table. A long, wide farmhouse one. A rustic piece of furniture that wasn't brought inside for the winter. There were two benches, upon which we rested our buttocks and its little asshole.

This intestinal opening is vitally important; it is through it that we root our American contemporary art. Dad trunk is stout! Mom womb is smooth... I say this without any mockery whatsoever. Dad trunk is stout! He trimmed the legs of these two benches during the winter to replace Grandfather's, which had started to



rot. Rejuvenating roots! Revitalize them all.

This bench won't fall into the category of folk art—though I'm not entirely sure. *Am I?* Dad dick is white, fairly soft, with minimal flesh grain. He told me to take it in my hands, that it was my little doll. "Kiss her; she's your little linden-wood doll," he said.

For from your depths rose a magnificent linden tree, a haven of biodiversity. The biodiversity of the bathtub bubbles, rising like those in a comic strip. Sometimes I think I hear my grandmother speaking to me from the mirror of our old wardrobe. She told me to get dressed. She suggests I clothe myself in a bathwater that is like a wedding dress.

The one she wore when marrying the man she did not love—and who had been imposed upon her for the sake of family procreation. They had to pass on the wardrobe, the bed, the grandfather clock, the staircase, and the stove, but also the old family table that stood sheltered beneath the old linden tree. I'm a ripened seed clusters to blow in wind to a little beyond the parent tree.

It's the meeting of Dad's and Mom's pubic areas. And all the little assholes who were suction-cupped to the two benches like a family unit. Generation one, two, three. The fruit is mostly smooth and variably downy. Folk art is transmissible through the intestines, lungs, heart, and prostate. And bath.

Under my bed, I have something to help me sleep well. Dad gives off a strong odor, and there is something about his cock that is very attractive to bees and other insects. I placed layers of stones under my mattress. Layers of water-worn stones. And with all these pebbles and the dream-like river flowing through them, I dream of Mom's womb.

And of my vocal cords, which vibrate only with learned sounds.

Ropes rising up from my intestines. For I must have drunk the moonlight of her milk to shit out audio files of earthly darkness. My grounding on the bench beneath the linden tree. My outsider turd. In these baths, I would suck my fingers and sometimes try my hand at a vegetable. A thing as soft as a cuddly toy. For from our intestines rose a magnificent linden tree, a haven for biodiversity. My outsider turd.

But there are also all those flowering clusters, those linden seeds—so airy.

Sometimes I am that hanging seed.

But there are also all those flowering clusters, those linden seeds—so airy.

I am being pollinated with a dildo. It's the meeting of Dad's and Mom's pubic areas. I placed layers of stones under my mattress. But there are also all those flowering clusters, those linden seeds—so hairy.

Sometime I thing I'm jumping dumb. Bungee jumping dumb. As all girls do. Suspended from the umbilical cord of my alienation.

Because my uterus is so sacred!

And that the life of a proletarian woman raped by capitalism would be less so. I dreamed of Mom on my bed. I dreamed of my mother tongue while lying in bed. Just before waking up! The queasiness stayed with me.