Hobo Is Beautiful

Leave her be, and go for a stroll! Ha ha! Ha ha!

Ha ha! There she is, looking up again—trying not to make it obvious—toward the spot on the lighting catwalk where her next sexual victim will stand. It mooches inside her brain.

Bloop, bloop! She largely shares David Brooks's view that "hatred of the bourgeoisie is the beginning of all virtues"—a sentiment that makes her want to both lash out with a heavy combat boot and vomit up her last beer, liver and all. Still... in an exhaust duct.

For floor cleaning, it's as close as one can get to the holy punk-style mohawk.

Always... inside a drain. Unlocked illness. A mammoth with a punk mohawk!

It sways...

Rinsed out into the opening of the bucket containing the apostle St. Mark handling a scrolling detergent. Santa March is the T. REX. The one that cleans away bacteria and picks up dust—the mop at the end of the handle.

A green sun on a red cross.

As for Stefan—we'll talk more about that poor bastard later. But does he have any connection to the victim, or is he merely collateral damage of the keyboard?

The cart of the dead will carry away the mammoths.

The language-of-words.

Did the cleaning product that takes its name from the aforementioned apostle carry a crypto-racist connotation, or was it merely about the cleansing of the soul? Maybe both...

Doxa-words and... And paratrooper boots. Blooping in loops.

The wheelchair is a clubfoot!

She says she washes it with her Mohawk hairdo and some detergent with a scrollwork pattern from St. Mark!

Julie's mother is Libyan and her father is Australian. At present, she considers her skincare routine leans heavily toward the gospel of soda.

Here is Julie. A dogma of the gospels.

She was born at Lorengau, in the Pacific—her mother a midwife and political refugee, her father a humanitarian doctor.

J. kisses his feet, washes his chair. And speaking of baking soda, here is Fanny Trost on vocals—someone who doesn't trust words. Someone who hurls her own misery right in your face. Oh my!

Does she swallow a pill while spraying droplets of saliva in front of her?

We're at the hydration break.

Tawny Frost—as we've nicknamed her, which has nothing to do with the "tawny thrush"—is testing her microphone.

And there's crackling and tons of feedback. Meanwhile, Miss Coco Delight is getting on her nerves by coaxing strange sounds out of her electric guitar. Including a blooper reel.

Julie with ears shaped like periwinkle shells.