

N. Kuester

Conversation Piece #1

Grounded outwards. Who is  
a complete feminist myst  
ery. Can't help going down  
in freight, a classic thief,  
flustered. Who had precon  
ceived and preconceived, who  
had bordered on unfixated,  
who winked without thinking  
much of it.

Sharing among neighbors the way you warm to a certain  
springtime formation. Do come on over. Had been trailing  
out amongst the ponds and how they are always leaning  
into themselves, that's something you'd wait for anyway.  
Should you be so lucky.

I can't no one until they are all no one smiling up, up, and  
you too. Convince yourself.

I have never seen you so pleased and so uneasy. Who  
reflects in the cupboards and the dirty windows, and who  
noiselessly follows past the afternoon. I wish they'd  
offered some kind of skein, a little teaser for later on but  
before the alarm sons. Don't know how much more older  
I could get.

And before all of that, before the constant and the arrivals  
and the arrivers and the preaked constant, before I ever  
considered what materials there were to do, before that  
slight castanet or how we all made baskets. You know  
what I neam. I mean, God help us minuscule creatures,  
our traffic and chipped lawns. Before that, we.

practice cursing.  
thick as sieves.  
who couldn't  
misnomer, misnomer, formula.  
leave it.  
paroxysms for those

with replete  
greens to aches.  
show up.  
corollaries and then  
their corollaries.  
small infestation of  
child hucksters  
your upchuck reasoning  
grill it.  
leave it out.  
drop out.

Who went far afield. That's the man who slaved and caved. Who could squeeze the life out of. That's how we cook the cow around here, can't stay old forever.

Look, okay, look: we have been twenty miles, ten of them in, and we grounded down the mountains for patties, you never looking so find in all your life. Track down those loves. Dip them back in the pond. We have looked long enough that the walls have molded out, boy what a way for a structure. I say you give it all you want and still by November you're freezing in all those exposed collected parts, so you don't dare call it framed or eventful.

The winter can calve on his own. You recognize that, and it's a little comb-over job. That's where all those loose clam-husks have been coming from. And before he whisks it away, before he lays it all down beneath the sink and slouches toward, you don't know how he should consider that. You know.

You could take it as a sort of vaginal canal, certainly not to be tampered with. Get love in all the ways you can figure. Avoid burglaries. Car-jackings. Curl up, did the best you could.

This is not the season for any kind of ocean, or any kind devotion. That was blasted in the last takeover. You've been running low, down to the bone, really, can't mask that without a few phalanxes, some meals in a basket. It's the sinking feeling of you as some new leagues and where are they. Like I always say, we all grow and jerk across and plus all the rest of those jerks too.

Who does far reaches make sense to? A primrose morning, the tin can full of lard, leftover plastic wrap, and that shitty, shitty music. Bolted boxes, recall items, the sands of time. Made want with. Cheered in choruses. Your lackluster brother. I'll restake the bleaker side tomorrow, please.

Got cramped up into needing or sewing. Practiced as a bastard. He has this way of coming into a situation feet first with a sack on and a brick and he'll let you know, too. Always a frame, always excuses and misrenderings, don't hold your breath desiring that leg of beef. Wait a minute, I'll mimic him, are you ready? Here he is:

fabricant-  
neoxylism-  
unducated-  
pendition-  
coactitate-  
shampless-  
interpolarity-  
rethymilize-  
quanticular-  
huimblant-  
vectrone.

Next: hinges. Black and fourth. In and doubt.

Or comforter, plilant. Rescued in circles. The grim scheme. Take your baste, make the waste-maker, repeat. No is for people concerned with paper and toys and self-refereeing. Don't lose it. Crept upon us without no warning.

If it upchucks here, I swear, I swear it. A glass vahz brings out the beastly in all of us, and god I wish she had sang like she used to, the smell of fish and brightnesses. The season is closed for the season however; we'll have to make our home elsewhere. Blow the catalytic converter, reminisce toward some bifunctional melodrama, screw the consequence, unmask the situation however it stands. Oh you.

Who said something to the effect of. Who warbled on about the nasty weather. Who slanted and slunk around the table. Who wished and cringed and begat and prorated and fought and wished and necked and stymied and forsook and wrenched and blazed and figured and doodled and contributed and massacred and predisposed and troubled and clamored and who, who and who.

They said they fell perfect.