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## wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/05 15:44

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checking out james alston's bonsai. s'tremely strange. hmm. right now i really want to go back online and watch that new barbara concert. good christ, that woman can sing.

maybe i can get the Lovesores to open for Barbara. Hm.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by deplancher - 2017/12/06 20:11

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I travelled the road of twists and mists set out by one VC Robert N. Stevenson, got caught by my own expectations once or twice and came through the other side. One or two semicolons misplaced but who am I? Apparently perfection is a concept practised imperfectly by teasers and geezers, neither do I recognize easily.

Well, what then? Serpents Tongue is left to its whatever awaits fate. It's up to the bare bulb fondling by the Terminali now.

Doomey? You know I don't celebrate the Christmas. Let's celebrate mere existence instead. Let's celebrate (quoi?!?) 25 years of TQRness. D'accord. It's only...what is it? I no longer remember with accuracy.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/07 01:01

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um, yeah. DeP.

i don't really celebrate the christmas holiday, so yes, let's celebrate TQRness. but we have not been around 25 years, cousin. me thinks maybe we've been around for a decade. i'm sure there's records, data. maybe the white-haired, evil-toothed one knows how long we've been around.

so i've been examining James Alston's Bonsai. this cat has some talant, some crafting skills, sister. in examining this capital i was fully freaked out, i was saddened. upside down smile, right? i'm thinking this bastard is in. i'm gonna Terminalize Bonsai.

that capital soaked up all my amber.

yep. soaked it all up.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/11 00:38

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checking out Curious Case of Kevin Klaag by Lyn Perry.

we will see, hombre.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by carol - 2017/12/15 01:16

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Yeah, man.

You should toss that capital up, cousin. Examines clean, pale king.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/16 02:06

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wool, yeah. okay, listen. you're good at this, and i am aware of your speed examining skills, but you must allow the prose to absorb into the skin of your mind, give it time, seconds at least. you need to make a relationship with the capital. shake its hand, savvy? talk with it over a backyard barbecue bird and rib lunch. walk with it down by the lakeside, right? skinny dip with it.

oh, fuck it. the damn thing's Terminaled.

Lyn Perry's curious case of kevin klaag has been tossed to the heavens. er, not the heavens, but the Terminal, which is nothing like what we think of as heaven. me thinks it might smell of roast beef up hither. and maybe a little of farts.

ladies, let me tell you about the slave markets in Africa. s'disgusting, sister.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/22 02:10

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okay.

we'll get to the slave trade going on currently later. and, by the way, we as a worldwide community are totally fucked, cousins. selling people for labor. ignoring the homeless. but that's beside the point. ha. meanwhile, nidhir singh's the reborn has been booted out the fucking Porthole, kicked so hard the last thing it saw when it hit the deluge was its asshole. bye the fuck bye nidhir. right?

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/29 01:08

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i love a parade. god damn, i love a parade.

waddell's The Future We Used To Share is just too damn loose, cousin. i would give examples, but there's too damn many. and so Jack's capital goes underfoot, as they say.

push it up. he completes his heel-grind, and he gets the frick off his ass, rises, moves over to the glass tiles, and he starts to swing his ass here and there]

bad news. jack waddell's the future we used to share has been twisted into Portholedness. good news is, come on Depster, the dance floor is open, and the new year is really fucking near. i can taste it...

...like sweet smoke, sister.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/30 02:56

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i do love a whiskey flight, bitches.

oh god, kill me now.

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## Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/31 01:59

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New Values, and the the speakers up in the rafters throb and shake and pulse. doomey gets up from the pilot's chair and he slides across the glass tiles. he lifts a knee, and then he stomps out a wild beat, spins and twirls, his arms raised, his mouth twisted in a crazy grin]

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