
wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/05 10:44

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 15:11

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 - 2017/12/06 20:01

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 - 2017/12/10 19:38

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 - 2017/12/14 20:16

Yeah, man.

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

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Re:wk 2.2

Posted by doomey - 2017/12/15 21:06

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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