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Very fucking chainlessly on golden floors go.

They demanded  
some unrecording hair  
from the back  
and brought it right out.

Everytime  
the hair turns weasel

're gonna feel the weight of a mouth rouging its gathers. Dearing arms will just go wrong. The road's snow will hold. And 'll have to look very fucking sadly at mirrored tooth, alone in the basement, in the piles of clothes, garbage, pieces, tools, hangers, there. Behind and under all that 'll have to get. No one should ever see the mirrors and how they are narrow needles.

Now it's wrinkled the dress.  
Arrangements  
of  
host and hostess bored in the books  
of north rich rooms.  
The nipping dog  
the front steps.

Dear One

Dear Eaten One Dear One

Fix me

I crushed my ankle in the snow of saying it is so hard and ridiculous  
Is this the message? We die and rush into the planet