

1

–So, Stumpf, what the fuck *are* you ?

–Like philosopher or novelist or...?

–Yeah.

–I tend to think of personalities who may or may not reach for more than one mode of expression. Science is art is philosophy is science. The question is how direct or not the message is.

–So *Ulysses* is scientific work.

–Yes. Though obviously we don't forget how to use the banal everyday categorizations.

2

The smell of hint in the room. A black flower girl was hunted by a demon. Wanted by a semen. A sex sin sings in the center.

We lay our aches like birds to rust in please – in the lost small light of day – in no one gives a fuck ville.

Man born of woman is of view daze and munch vanity.

The precocious girl is harassed by visitations of a voice. All the place is leave no trace is wipe your mouth. A nihilistic blood sprite. *The gods packed up and left.*

It's a tragedy rated gray, my love.

What was her name again ? What was her toe tag ?

*Onto the dark, into the night.*

“I had a look at your god and really it flew my wig back sister.”

You going to treat me like a blouse berry gobbler ? Disinvite me from the fate licking context ?

The sound sand marks that lied up the machination.