

Brian Anthony Hardie**QUICKIE IN THE PHOTO BOOTH**

Treasures guide the intake to the sink to vomit fuck my over intake. Directly after making a mix of songs that treasured the act of being told to listen.(THE THE THE!!!)(get it out yet?!) The rocks floating under the water spill. Proven that I moan to nothing but the moment the sensation of rain fallen onto black eyes needed a moment to be alone or stones would be thrown by the blind. And that feels all. Right center in the circle. The love thickens with it feeling the complacent glares of thrashing lungs around. Smoking dignified for the records that I listen to while I type out this thing of said things. They make no result for the reader to ponder. The being though here ponders fragile frustrations. That is the feeling of how I am standing in a position to lay bullets deep in my revision of no attempt. In something with the way she moves beautifully? Coating my movement to a stand still? Facebook wont relieve me anymore because I request friendship from girls I try to forget about. Enough of the relapse and sleeping pill numbing. I do not wish to be here all the time like I am. Have is to be able to become. Not sure of where my dreams and losses to bring afloat went aware of. A few lines later that I have confessed. On the street. Love. Stupid words. Stupid sentences. Stupid things to read around the fire. My fire above the crippled crotch. Photographs of the beach and with her swinging hair her fingers pushing me away off into shore. Please adapt and see where I am in the wave. Crashing. Please. I am not writing to convince to impress or to reach the land where treasures scare me of delight. I am figured between confusion from actions that have made a guilt flare into a reflection of starless skies. So scared to curse her way even though it is again. And I feel that time comes close to the reality of me crying to sleep. Fuck your need of me to give something you would relate. Maybe you could relate that I dont even know where I am coming into. An abstract journalist documenting the neuro movements of confusing questions. Me. History non-intentionally making a flag woven without stressing the deadline to make nothing alive. Me. Live from the lightening stage.

The living memory begins to fade. Entrance of the words that make no sense. I remembered my appointment when I was later than expected. Record player needing a needle. Walking thin lines dished out of the cocaine compost. Sex heard through the house and walls built so thin standing. I think he used to be recovering from something now that I think of it. Question. Random pop in the laughter of culture and lasting warmer moments. Roaming around with noises. Had my share of spills in the well. To do drugs for the sake of art and positions under the table. I cant wait for the want to have you back to return when I have forgotten. Crawling back into my arms. It being time to clean what I cannot see through. All alone we blink underestimated. Tears falling on spilling roads leading to the mall. Stores lined up in song and reason with jabbering mouths presenting to you when arrival is buried head first. Still linking together to hopefully not miss one more plane crashing. But I know its my own damn fault. I was doing drugs in your seven eleven. Dealing them while I blew the man in the back. Echos drowning the drone of memory no text book would be written to deal with the reason being... you are a stupid ass bitch. The like of a Leo purring in your weep. Memory was sparked today when I went and saw the acting doctor, sitting in his chair while he became agitated with me in knowing I was lying about everything in my language. Just trying to bring out the mexican chemist in him. I cry in lies with lies and blaming to be the one that will not forgive me for understanding too early. Without it here. In the maze. Out of the maze. Into it, I believe it. I am all love and hopped in the turn of my tense struggle to bring you back. So if you could, selfless, please come, the fuck, back.

PREDICTION

The prediction of the table cloth friend bust. Trucker look with the friends. The actioning of last night loaded down heavy onto the change of pace in the machine bloopers. Tangled freshly with the younger ladies training the jaded fist shakers. Original text of the document recording now the wrists beating gently into the vastness of the music treated. And in the face of the same setting always bringing in strangers, now the headlines are bold in the only glance displaying the interest of lips that awoke the the surfacing outcome. Experimental politic. Picture of neck warming collapse in the spikey whisker. Smoking the fish of barging salt water seasons. The boys say the water runs dry when you make the plan to play the cross country expectant. Terrible lie of the coughing new year choking the flyer hand outs. The beginning of the munchy despair is equal to the paper bag burning with matter soiled, vegabond of the crowded room. The comments process an image erased to funnel. To the being of every call needs to get it. From where we need to start, call upon. From there of up to us make the fracture of control. And yesterday I approached the chophouse in reluctance of further more swapping sips with the fellows of my latitude and feet trembles. The same words produce and keep the narrator and reader in a like state of cycles vicious. Only the same point of plot is no where to bring the remembrance of misspelled aspirations. The caring of rott inna bundle imagines what vision would proclude in size. Producing a projected thought is and will never hold the responsibility of blaming the landslide. With of it everything rattling inside the mindset of cruelty with it of no present remark. Oh my god the strings to pull a cramp to light, something more poor of better days to be cumbersome, railing the lines of the downstairs fright to flight, facility rapid down fall into the bloop of the nothing surrounding all happening. Perfection in the slashes received without warning or presumptuous faith failing, lips twist on the stud stump strut of the victory sector. Build the venue upon happening this week. Period. Art slash date the hot center auctioning the donated musician. Playing some time throughout the time wonderful thankful. Talking to the lot of them. Editing the roles used to be of a lot of those people. Name stated of the clown. Respected question of the odd fare walking to the morning host of assumed cornered following with a spike light. One, laugh, get, involved. No comment, I am, invested happy. Sweet underneath.

PLACE. HOMELESS STRUM.

Oh, and to the memory, willing again like a neurotic mother seeing her son as husband, saying you broke her heart. Well laughs are the headliner before sorts tonight, you fucking haven debt. Mayonaise seeps a stink into your egg shell finger tips. I am firing back alike, bitch, so fucking dig it with your fashion of time before the mistake of your popping out of a regretful cunt comes to blacken your lustful eyes. And oh yep I guess I could not get to the point of resurrecting your fucking shit and all I have to say are things with every word before them being fuck. With innnggs to ring out the entrance of the bland big yes of bland moving back and forth trying to find the forked miss happening. Hustle the naked shaking of hands. Hurry to put the world at an end. Fire set in all places bombs drop to be guilty. Made from the solid strips of tension. From out of the box I write into the air. Solemn air that clusters the fucks I am not afraid to say here because this is my page and it speaks with many losses and hurts so much to even remember that I have no fucking clue as to why I even feed this to be the cause of the reason to me fucking coming here lost again! What do I say without a notebook to scribble? My canvas this? Oh I scream to that of a god! Young and tempered I will rewind to this when I am dead. And no I will not. Fucking to your lack of end I will fucking not. Late night boredom like a dramatic faggot. I'm the technological strut of someone that actually does not know a fucking thing. I'm the heroin leaking into muscle when veins were bursting with a hunger to bruise. Now remain very quiet. This haunt will already tempt you to speak. My jacket not a fashion to crumble. Pick up and end where it was to be started. The varying battle rewound to the spot you started at the end of the year. The wretched surprise knowing why. So dont even fucking ask you fucking idiot. Loud into the noise of god. Southern songs bringing into a picture of passion. Sing it, baby. Convinced my life is over and clearly crazy. A smirk at the last remark, for it is so to be true. The things gotten into back home. Leaving the guilt to trail to where you go collecting for gathering the game. You ran away after conquering and resided to your pride you left behind while you were with me. The academic breakdown. Nice in the way it sounds. Now fall down really hard, sucker love. In time and space something borrowed and leaving hurt behind. What I want I need protection from. Ha to the ha said the other withered willing doctor. Late night strums of the guitar when all is said and done; homeless strums.