

John Lowther

Everybody masturbates.
We circle terminally through language believing in the commonality of feeling
words, as we touch.
I'll hurt you if you stay.
Love is the answer, but while you are waiting for the answer, sex raises some
pretty good questions.
Learn to think with pain.
Eventually the body intrusively tires from fatigue and drags down the thinker's
suspended flesh.
They kiss passionately.
They've left behind their trivial, selfish lives, and they've been reborn with a
greater purpose.
Is this your compromise.

Oh.

There is an unremitting emphasis on fluidity, über-inclusivity, indeterminacy, indefinability, unknowability, the preposterous, impossibility, unthinkability, unintelligibility, meaninglessness and that which is unrepresentable or uncommunicable.

Cute stuff is cute.

One falls back, paradoxically, on the omnipotence of language: since nothing assures language, I will regard it as the sole and final assurance: I shall no longer believe in interpretation.

I am a hundred percent man and I love quiche.

Language should be an ever-developing procedure and not an isolated occurrence.
An elegant blob of romantic orange hung between the clouds.
Identify the grass type then diagnose the lawn disease.

We take our sustenance through the mouth, we communicate vocally through the
mouth, we share intimate messages through the mouth.

Watch what people are cynical about, and one can often discover what they lack.
These charcoal formulations range from extra soft to hard.
Put her on a drag strip and she'll leave serious rubber.

No more cops, no more work, no more bosses, no more money, no more politics, no more sacrifices, no more wasted time, no more mommies, no more religions, no more boredom, no more orders, no more bad jokes, no more of this shit.

So haute.

It's just that with all the charting, testing, timing, checking for cervix location, doing mucus stretch test, taking temps, peeing on sticks, calendaring, taking pills, getting poked with needles has really made sex feel like a chore rather than an enjoyable experience for me.

Go figure.

It is a bet.

It is indifferent in motive, originating in no psychology nor in dramatic intentions, nor in literary or pictorial purposes.

It is not addictive and tolerance usually does not develop.

It is as much a body thing, a presence thing, as conscious intellection.

It is a logical set of creative practices.

It is explosively euphoric, but can also be the source of potentially fatal infections.

It won't be too cerebral or annoying or weird.

It can be either a whole musical piece or part of a larger musical arrangement.