

minko terez

The Trilling Ducks Have Long Shanks & Hourglasses

The trilling ducks have long shanks & hourglasses, & are very gregarious. They impregnate the plants & make the marijuana juicy by their minimal grazing. The body itself is genuinely droll, possessing multitudinous musical extracts. The rest is grizzly brown with a shining green reflector. Despite the isle's developed industrial scenery, southward & west strands are left latent. *He is a beaming physiognomy peering at the employment about to collapse.* Within the group they tell with bird-like titter & high whistles, they fly to & from darkness-time perches in large flocks. Asunder from their melody, they are noted for their ever cadaverous cover art. *These open as fears, which violate his dreams, his cravings, & his feelings.* They trill, they whistle. They habitat rocky borders around food sources. They impregnate the plants with a shiny green reflector. *They confirm his life, & his loneliness vanishes.*

Report to the Stockholders

It is the complete time, including the inauguration time. Many pedagogues & collectors know this to be saucy to the company's great repute. Their location at high elevations, where there is more air & lower temperatures, shield their contents against decline. In large abundance they run far upriver, especially in the open streams of the southeast. Supposedly speaking, the second that corner comes off the clasp its history begins. However, this kind of forecast is the omission rather than the rule. The modern version of recovery is more entangled & includes more elements. It provides aid for outpatients & a diversity of services for ramming the health of waiting mothers. When the child enlarged up out of the den she became aghast at what she saw. I too saw, with mine own eyes. These small forms could be particulars of art or of playthings. This list would be calm if it was full, but will it ever be? I hear her voice when I clean the ***giblets*** out of a chicken.

The Green Man

Installed a windmill that pumps air into the pond via a diffuser, started cutting fringe grass around the pond to allow for airflow across the top & added a colorant that blocks the sun & inhibits bottom growth. Heat during the day causes the cobweb to expand & gain height, thereby losing helium. These windlasses can travel with suspended burdens & hold level even on a lofty track. The solvent goes up the paper by filiform action, which appears as an outcome. All exterior joints & sutures are soaked to give an unseamed appearance. Errors in construction produced a set of renewed sails that whirled counterclockwise. He is certainly real in his beliefs. These open as fears, which violate his dreams, his cravings, & his feelings. Rhassoul clay is then painted on his skin, drawing out even the deepest toxins. It's stronger, but also quite handsome as well. The final factor is the quotidian cycle of the sun, resurrection & setting.

Your Submission Contained an Error

And will not be accepted. Depending on the type of error your submission contained, you may or may not need to resubmit. When I try to post an offsite link within an anchor tag I get a message saying that my post is suspected of being spam. Maybe my brittle brains and "just mainly" migraines will protect me from such wonder. *I am not the only one*, it says. "Your Submission contained an error. Please try again (+ some code)." It is going over and over again, like, your submission triggered the spam filter. Please try again. I claim no exemption from error incident to humanity, and shall never make a clone of Chinese. Or, you're stupid, very stupid. This is your first error. You are flattered into vanity and self-esteem. Your duty is submission. Notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained herein your submission is not canonical, and will not be accepted.

Freedom in the Middle East

Newspapers don't really number, as they say what's entertaining not what's accurate, & joyfully report gossips. You want the horse to lead into the turn with his nose, not tip his head to the outside. In some cases misprints were righted before anyone said anything.

Because of the young time of the inhabitants normally affected there is an outward swell to the southeast where the inner has slumped. Jewish penmen previously employed an electrotpe of a repressing matron, but its hearth had never truly been the female,

rather the vain man she swayed.

The road of an evil providence will be one of trepidation, agony, reduction & destruction, using poem armies & building fearsome sites, such as a cavity of anguish, such as a tower growing inward, the singer receding.

Westport Liquors

When you see a movie star shopping it is so shocking, the store suddenly packed, the elbow jostle to stare at the star. Once, Paul Newman ducked into Westport Liquors, & sure enough the rest of us ducked in behind. Paul was just regular folk. Sure enough. Except, when regular folk stood beside him for photos their faces looked like shit, sure enough—like a kid's drawing of faces. But oh, how the bronze bottles glittered!

Welcome to the Family

A wolf is a dog with all the bells and whistles. Wolves that didn't know they were human raised me.

Welcome.

Time & love should break bread, work out their differences, I said. Mother said: they argue because they are so alike.

Father said nothing, licking his paw, his fur, his iron filings.

Such gravity, even in death!

Lastly, meet my sister, pornographer for the blind.

She places a thought in your hand, then closes each finger.

I just want to tell you things, things so wrapped in flesh neither sword

Nor Rolfing can reach them.

Show me your teeth.

The Fisher Cat

Not far, the fishing boy I was caught himself, nervous then because he did not know the rule about catching oneself.

Then *shush* the self, for talk itself might release a shadow, & hold him under.

His flashlight spotlights the Fisher Cat, fur matted toothy grin.

Boy, why you hiding? Answer me. Doesn't move.

Bless me Father. I only wanted to walk the dirt road home.

Hurricane Donna

Jacks at random, red ball wander grass. Well, stalled at the edge of green. Slats of the rail fence laid out for mowing. From the roof, the boy with crutches, who sent a cereal lid off for a jet pack. At such height the ants look like, well. Ants. The eye is vanilla & still, an ice cream interior. A gray bar looms, erasing the horizon lawn by lawn. Jump now. Before mist absorbs, & lilac and hyacinth stain. Jump you, well. *O Donna, what in the world must this world be?* Completes checklist. Hits the switch.