

bruno neiva

cunt, choir

the ability to count three and no more lecturing before a chart, map or blackboard by virtue of bookishness delicate attire, dim lighting one could go on citing author after author breath on a mirror like the fumes of the automobile other function besides that of living aftertaste (the bell serves the purpose) wait till you read this (a small laugh as a just tribute) pathos, he said drily what about plans and sketches for a modern audience that shouldn't however be noted in effect a rather long series intimacy: a calf on behalf does it show durable, acid-free volumes, nostrils a brow by the window cleared his throat that goes without saying, as to anyone else named from that day forward, and definitely so, provisional secretary as often as not with the given tropes: her sweet sweet voice on the radio broadcast to such a fine degree, oh dear a basic prop: the suppression of the bookcase from production to reception: acrobatics nothing more than a wry grin a text of bodies to blow the candles: a practical means of demonstrating as eloquent as any other, juxtaposition, they called me cunt, choir notion, at the very moment of its staging diplomatic correspondence, gunboat ink shooting birds made of cheap china business letters, an old atlas and the appropriation of secrets cheers lad, liminal indeed a number of public notices attached to the wall colloquia: ars reumatica from head to toe, a quasi-corpus