

asymptotic lover//thermodynamic vents

by j/j hastain

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Buffalo, New York

asymptotic lover//thermodynamic vents by Julia Hastain aka j/j hastain

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publisher of weird little books

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2 4 6 8 0 9 7 5 3 1

please please mezzanine me

slaughter the clock
split the house
until there's nothing left of the shape
but its dividends

humanoid strains
concord vestibules

my body is the entire base of the cavern
or *how many surrogate bodies do i have?*

evidences adrip and bronzing

what is witness here?

amongst

loving and longing

amongst prism plots

broken violin bows beginning to husk

deciduous mouth pieces with essence
and a delicate materiality

harmonious

this tongue that bruises in the same ways that it pleas

what color would this tone emit?

amniotic warps

along with all previously unnameds

lose me

loose me

find

a carriage filled with finely split pomegranates

left on a ridge in central park

each tiny onslaught of meaning

in the temporal alley

turning forefathers into compositions for the revolution

vats filled to their brim with vibrant descants

each of these efforts to return motility to its source

these the voracious planks

of a sub-cortical inn

emollient elysium

if they're linked

the corridor directions

can be flexible

it is the most human hosanna to continue

where cerebellum becomes fabric

affix cadenzas

perinea potions

these acts of plentitude

and rose

vomiting up my ventricles

*without it being possible that they disconnect
from their adits and internal tracts*

kecking

abraxas

my heart onto your stomach

with it still connected to my pec

what then is tactility?

labia majora
nadir

a peregrine equation

i would fill your buckets entirely

until they porcelain
until they

proclaim