

A Game of Writey-Drawey

I'm splayed out on a bed
and my friend's

head is a peanut. Davy stuck his
dick in the weed;

Obesity makes you rich; fatty
naked shopping spree.

She wears a brain
and her waist

dances - shout the eye
to the moon

beam baby, beam.

Capitalism is unattractive
-ly running

up that hill. No
justice for animals, broccoli

balls, it's so nice
to take walks up hills, that hill,

as though I had anything
I could concentrate

on. Jon?
It is so nice

to take walks
over hills, unphased by darkness.