Things Do Not Resolve Themselves

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of his destined lady—fair, he felt the myriad approach of a genuine meaningful relationship. With the drug with a liberal portion of the spirits they discovered that, at long last, two kindred talked merrily with the abandon of two long-tics, then of current events, of mutual acquaintance, life, of their innermost secrets, and finally of each other. As the conversation continued, thinned as the quality of their speech digressed between them but rather the mutual acknowledgment of the decree Fate had made that night. They

... the details of the lady’s dormitory room will not be recounted but to Fred’s perseverance and the mammoth managed to consummate their relationship despite the absence of a vestige of consciousness. And happily, after wondering where he was, he needed lying sick in the lavatory to know that his

see that romantic love is indeed real for anyone to try to obtain it. And incidently, for those who

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being prophetic about myself i can’t anticipate acts of God but rather acts of emotion i used to be rich enough to believe that i could avoid emotions and in cold bloodedly predicting how i would/could feel the effect is something like vomiting in a vacuum you don’t get rid of the extraneous material it follows you around covering but not penetrating as it should (only, people resolve themselves)

M. ELIZABETH DICK

moving out

a small farting sound as if from a motorbike comes tumbling on the fog from across the courtyard of apartments which will soon be barren white again having absorbed the books and dope and souls of the nine-month students who embraced them

the sound answers the cry of some bird probably confused by the rare fog and it sounds helpless childish and totally alone

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