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Fuck Boy

I decided to drive to Brooklyn. I had just finished watching episodes IV through VI. I was really in a Zone, and he was desperately trying to see into it.

“Okay, so get this, what if we could play each of the Star Wars movies on three separate tvs at the same time; Like, the ULTIMATE experience.”

“Ooo, that’s good,” he, intrigued, smiled like a boy.

“But, actually, the first three movies filmed, are really the last three of the saga. Episodes I, II, and III were made twenty years after, to complete the story. So like, what if there were three tvs playing episodes I through III simultaneously on one side, while episodes IV through VI, playing simultaneously, directly face the first three episodes, making these two walls of old versus new Star Wars, and you’re just like trapped, a slave to the awesome forces within each Star Wars, in this epic battle between forces–Star Wars Wars!”

I thought it was clever, he turned on, and me, off, came around. We danced by the electric heater, his wet hair soft, moving around his black snowsuit made dry sounds. The air was dry, the sound of country out of a laptop, seemed like the wettest cough.

I sang, and knew these songs, though I didn’t know the versions. But new versions always come out of old. Versions, encapsulated in memory, resurfaced. I used them to learn the one’s I had never heard before, yet sounding so similar.

EXCITEMENT

And your kindness melts me.
I fall at the tip of your nose.
Bury into the sounds of your appease.
Your attentiveness, holy to me.
And you, a boy 4-ever, I hold (and I love to)
A time-greased head
Rested on the softness of white,
Fresh,
Flesh.
Like a git, will you gash?
And you, (ARE YOU?)
A little roo, crawled into my pouch.

(WILL YOU EVER KNOW WHAT THIS DOES TO ME?)

6:17 am

fuckboy, with you not only will not pressure you keep on both my power, you will want to express my great difficulty GET More, you will have the patience to listen to me a good field, I would never arise because the wrong expression Misunderstanding, it will

only laugh joke: it's ok!! your temper, super, I can as I do my own temper, I need to worry about foreigners will accept a series of questions. . Even when I rock If I find myself, you will be better tolerate, I would never used to select me. . SO, I can do it if you like to `` Link FUCKBOY trouble away from me. . You to the existence of makes me miss FUCKBOY. .

@ 6:27 am

i always miss you (I always avoid you), so i miss you (so I've missed you), so i miss you (finally I lost you), so i miss you so much now (which is so like you) ..

@ 8:44 am

On the fifth day I thought I was over it, but the point solutions to meet miles – Photo cried just can not meet the sound?? FUCKBOY, I MISS U SO MUCH ...

@ 8:40 am

Boy, me a dream, a dream which has a blue-eyed prince, and I to spend the day Boy so happy. . One day they see Boy, stability around me, first discovered that woke up again. .

@ 8:55 am

Consensus began to eat vegetables after Boy FUCKBOY a. . But as fast away from the words, I do not sleep good 10 minutes before training 一 日, 一 日 house training by 5 minutes, she's always awake. . FUCKBOY you slowly change the tight I hope that I can change you. .

@ 12:43 am

i think just a game at the beginning,,i think just curious,,i think i can control my feeling..but i have been used to call u,,even no answer for now,,i have been used to stay with u,,even u won't be here..i have been used to talk with u,,even i am poor in english..i have been used to miss u,,even have one pic..i have been used to,,what should i do??

@ 8:03 am

maybe i done a wrong thing, so i be punished now...