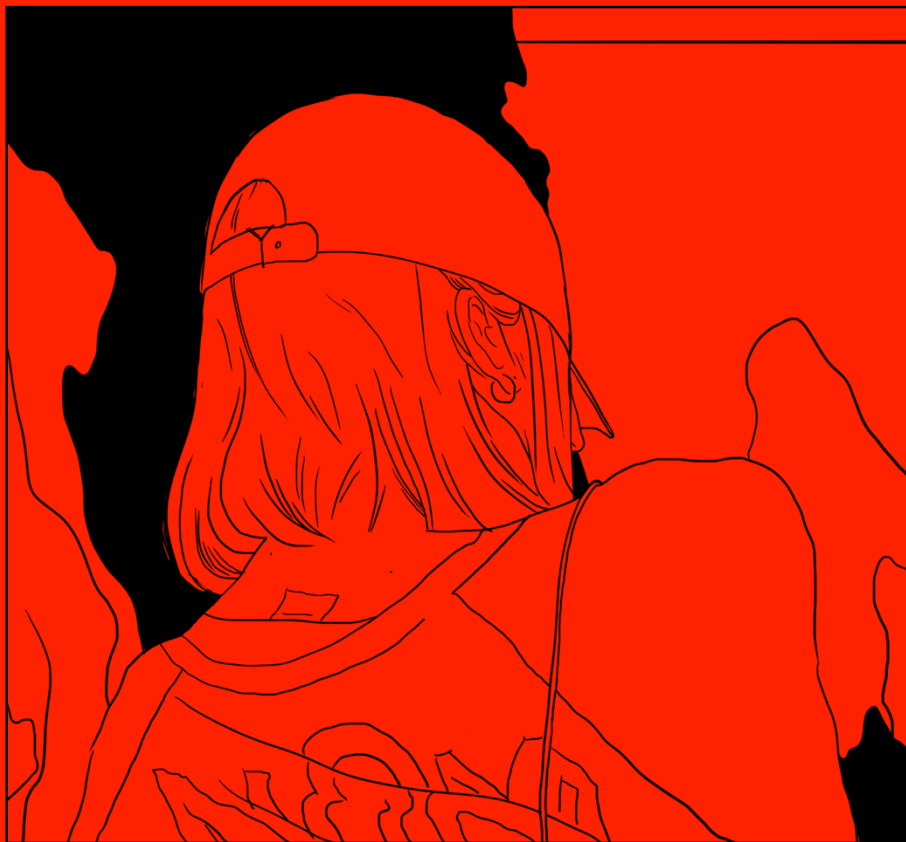


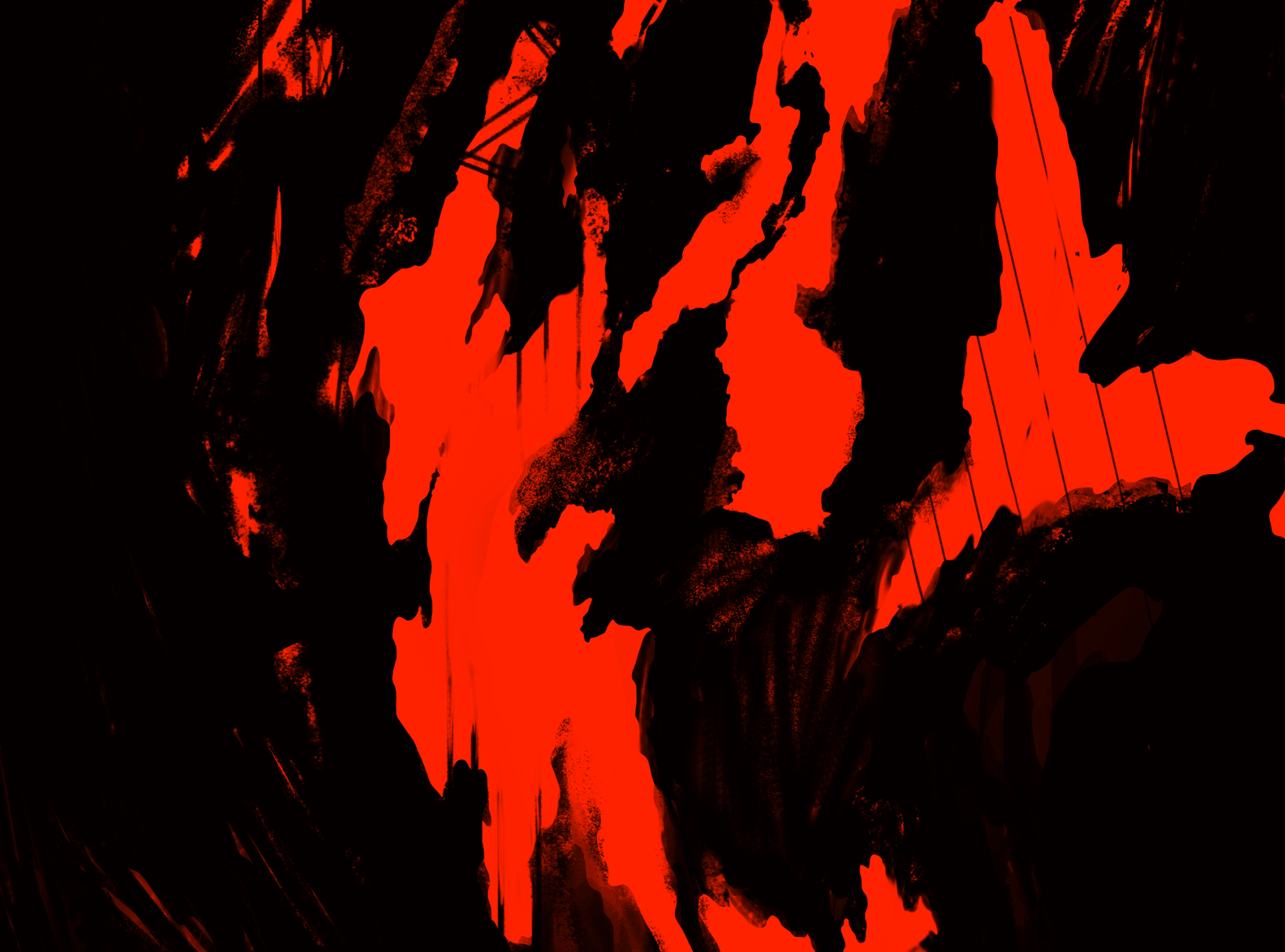
THE GREAT OUTDOORS



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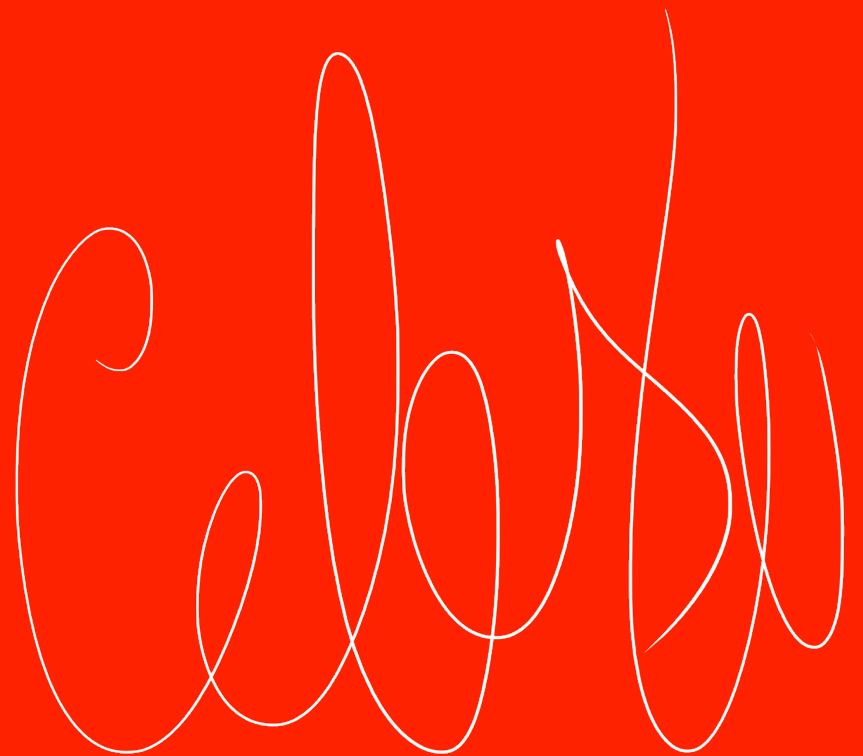


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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Welcome to **THE GREAT OUTDOORS**



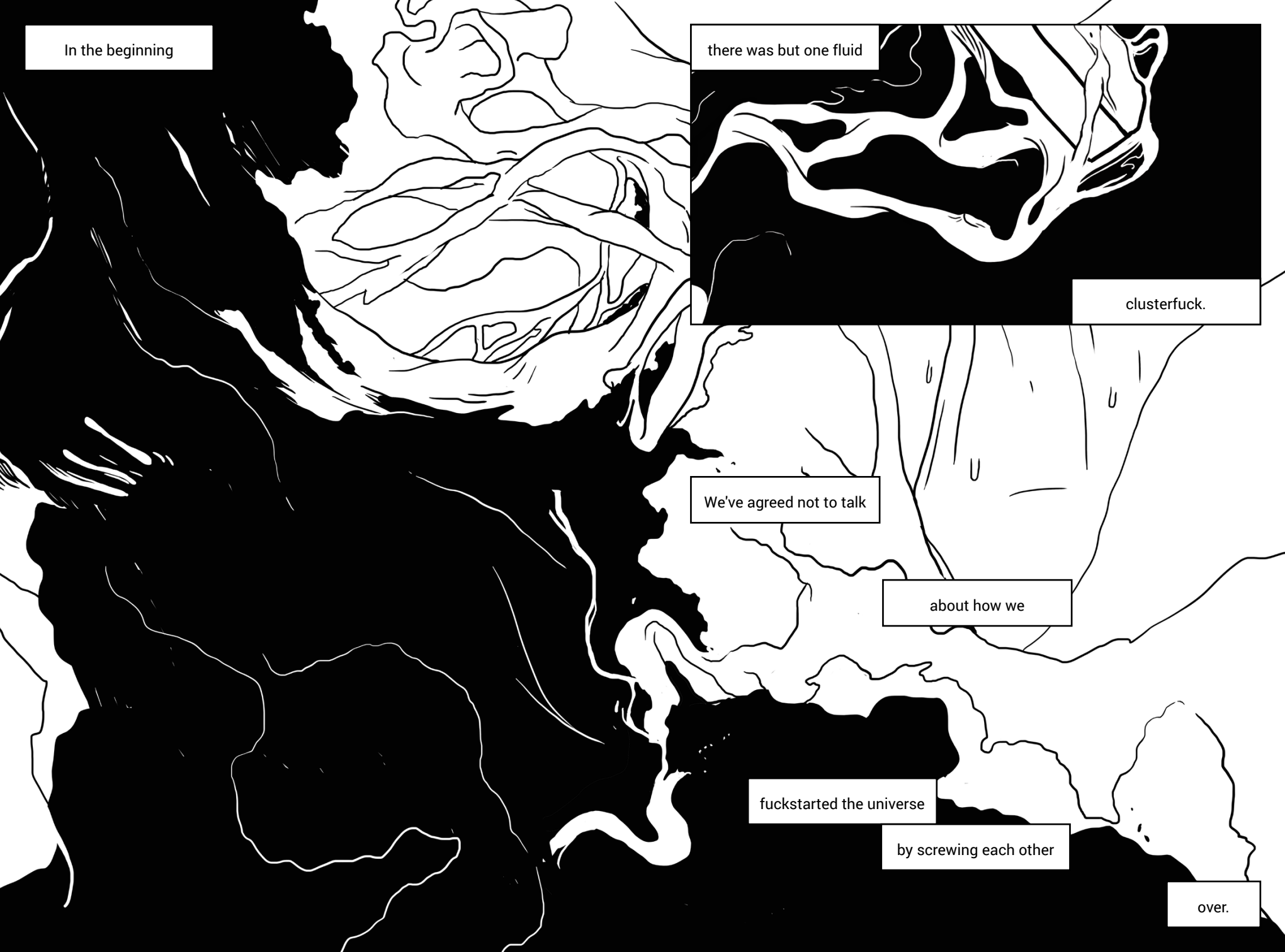
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In the beginning

there was but one fluid

clusterfuck.

We've agreed not to talk

about how we

fuckstarted the universe

by screwing each other

over.

But we know

that the first babies

crawled

out of this

writhing mass.

As consciousness formed,

engaged in perpetual
insertion.

Just like with any form of elemental chaos, a lot of maintenance is
required not to let the world descend into clusterfuck again.

Pasta

Its fleshy matter


The
primordial
form of
screw

threatens to overtake those

can still be felt
on humid days

when the air itself
grunts heavily.

who don't cultivate their own
mechanisms of intimacy and respect.

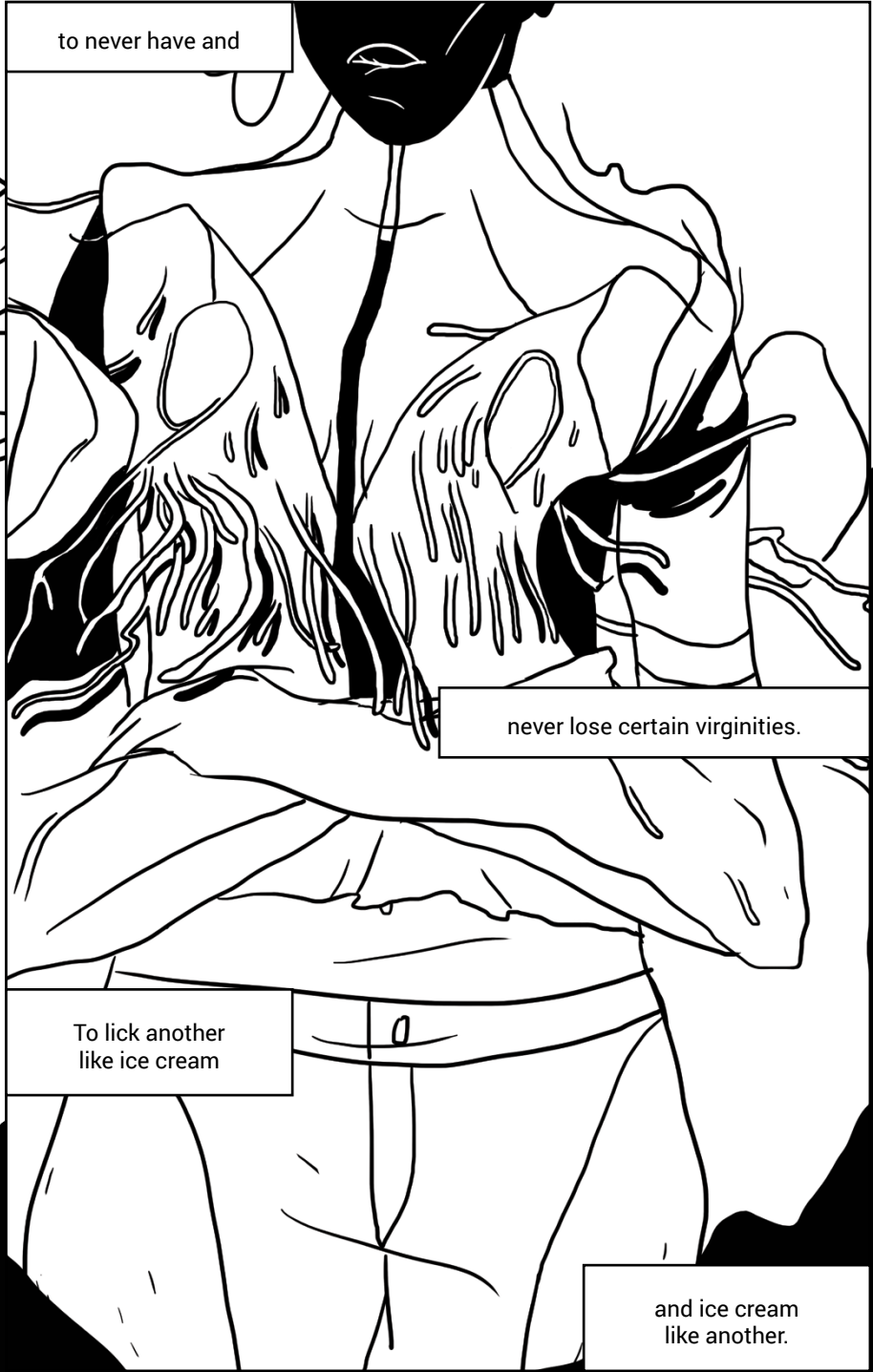


It's not discipline,

we call it chill

the ability to let go

and ease into a cuddle,

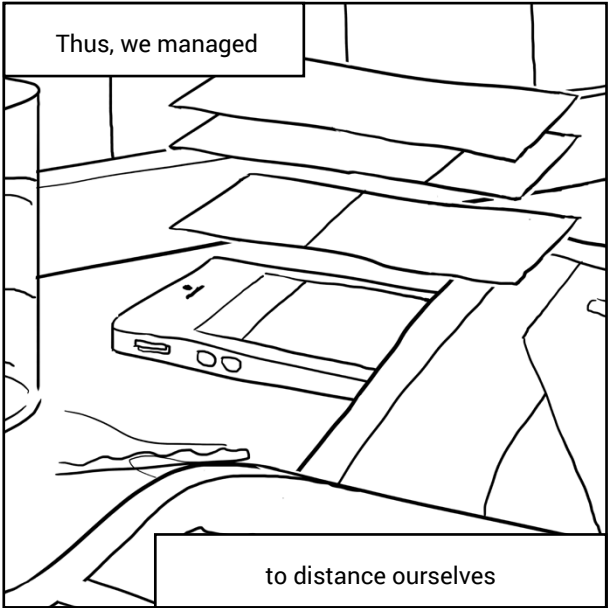


to never have and

never lose certain virginities.

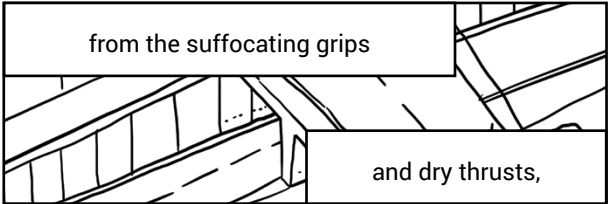
To lick another
like ice cream

and ice cream
like another.



Thus, we managed

to distance ourselves

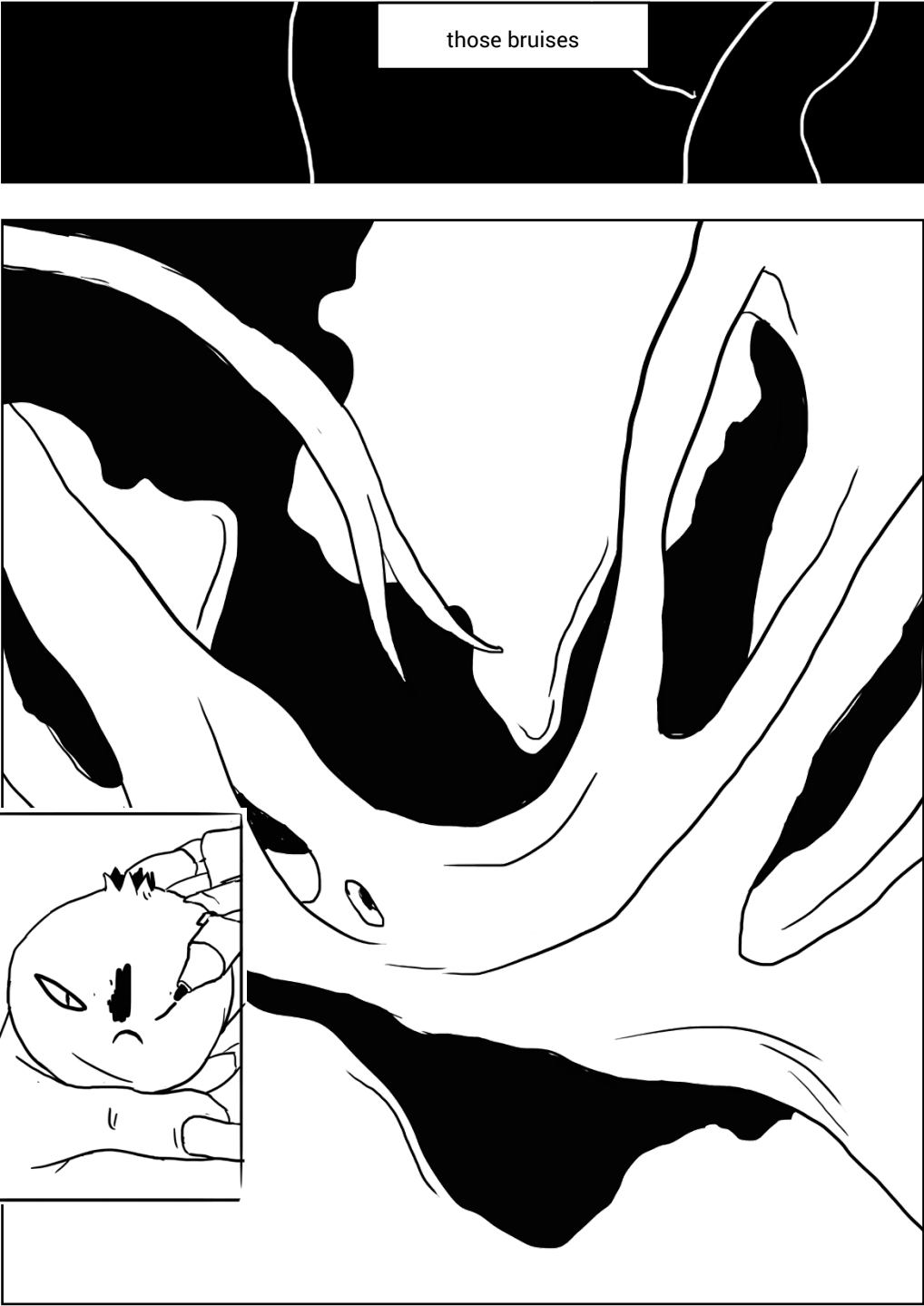


from the suffocating grips

and dry thrusts,



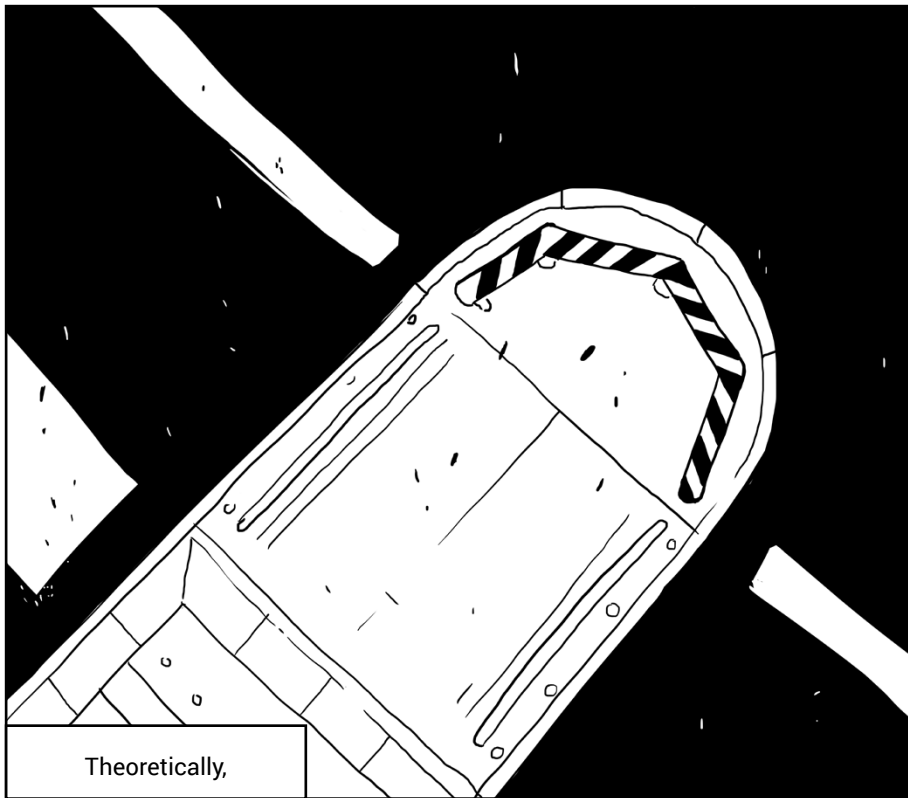
and keep only



those bruises

that really

matter
to us.



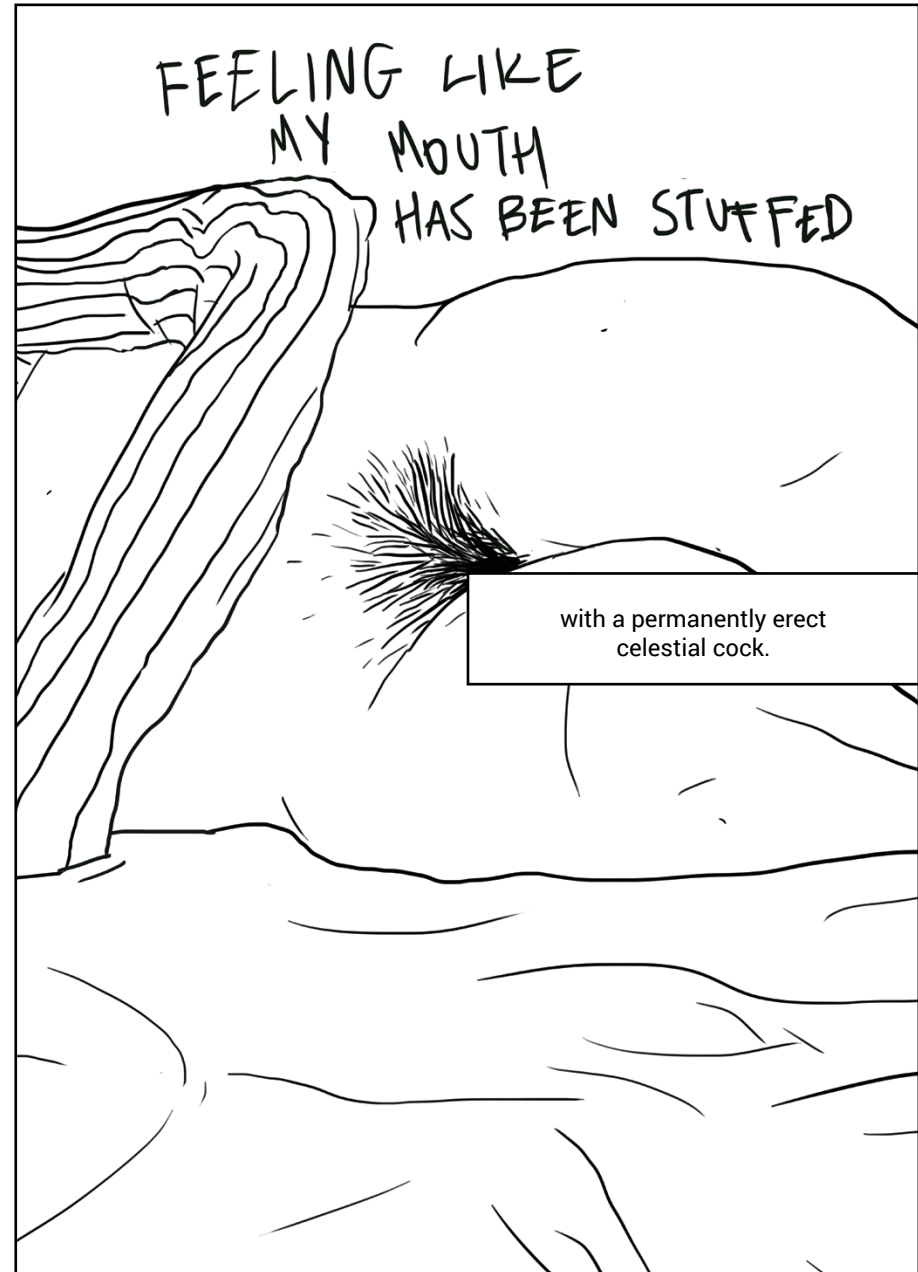
Theoretically,



we evolved to coexist
and communicate.

And yet,

here I am,



FEELING LIKE
MY MOUTH
HAS BEEN STUFFED


with a permanently erect
celestial cock.



I would like to thank the
audience for pointing out
that I should not,
under any circumstance,
talk like that.

All acts are
witnessed,
discerned from
creases
on clothes

I don't
know why,
but the
audience
is constantly
present.

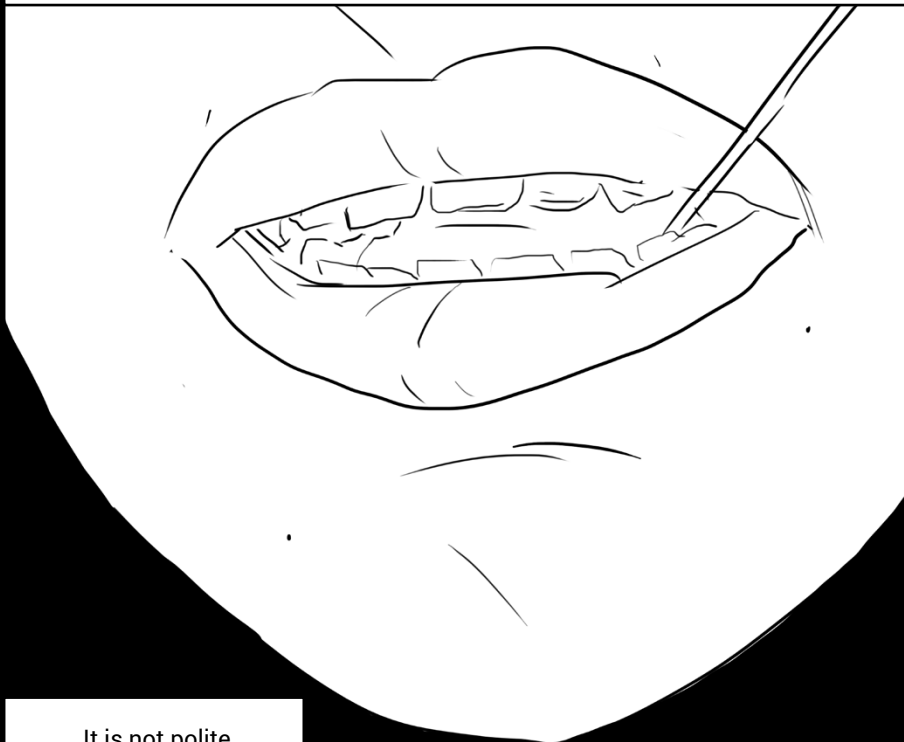


I walk in

and they all know

my skirt had been lifted.

And that my mouth is stuffed with the permanently erect celestial cock.

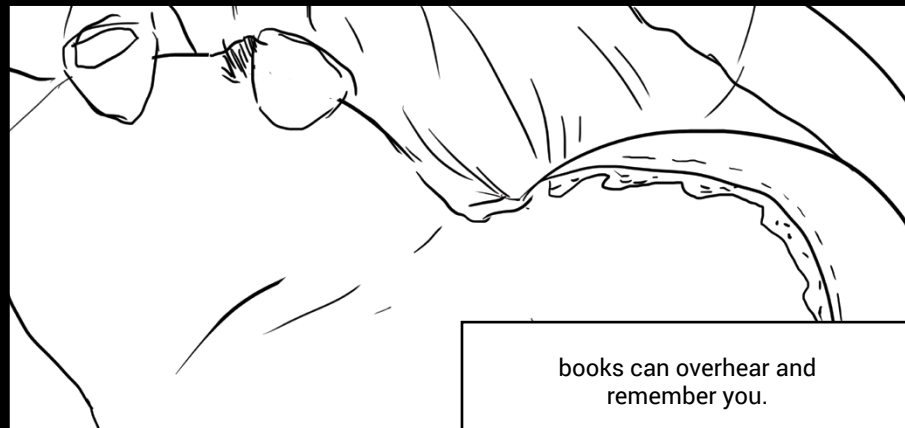


It is not polite

Especially here,

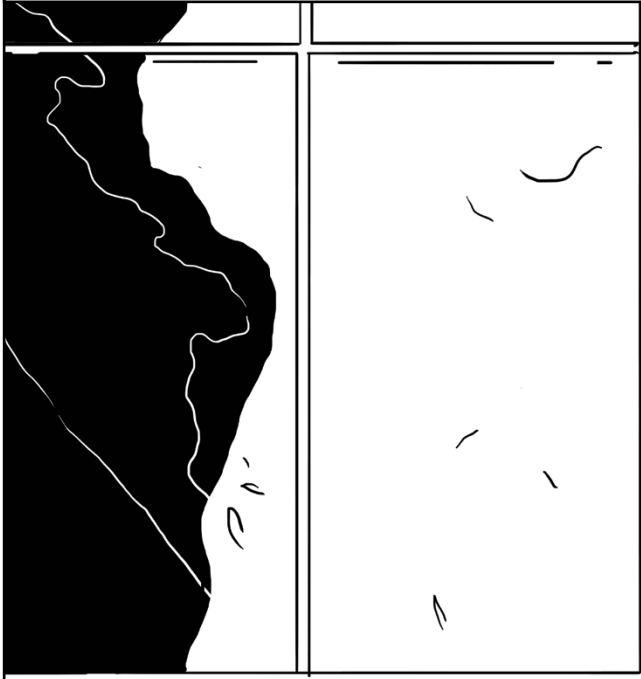
in the library, where

to speak of it.

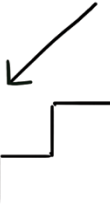


books can overhear and
remember you.

I want to spill my coffee over everyone here, but stick,
instead, to papercuts.

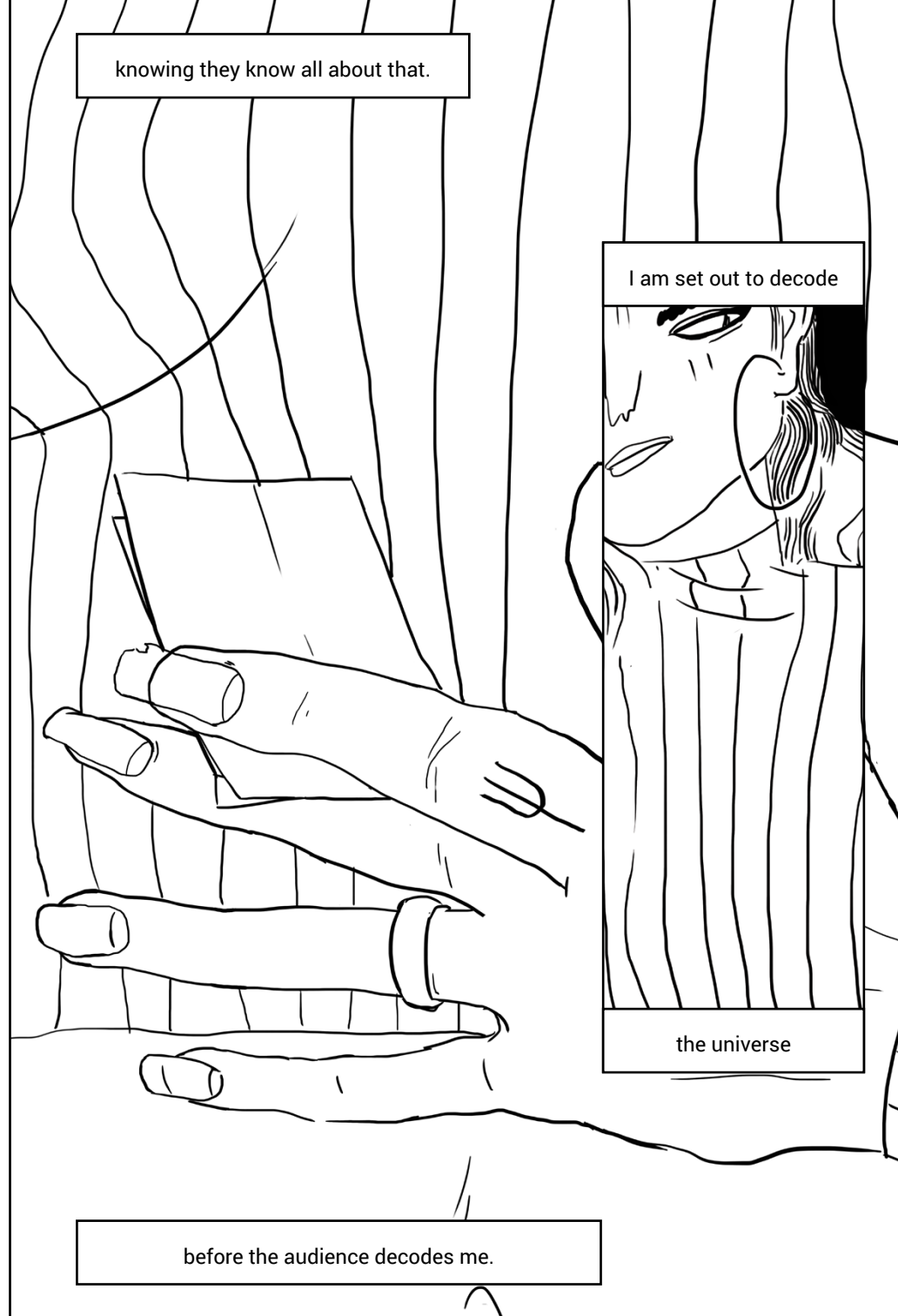


I open a tome like I opened myself



yesterday,

knowing they know all about that.



I am set out to decode



the universe

before the audience decodes me.

At some point we distanced from those
who strayed far from

the primal clusterfuck.

We still cringe

at their cold, scaly skins,

their talons, spindly legs.

Needlessly, I think.

Even the unenlightened know that we were all screwballs.

But as consciousness formed,

some started to stray,
and soon enough

the first eggs
were laid

on the surface

of planets still moist
from the heat.

We were a little more

accepting of feathers,

only because

we could pick them up
later and tickle each other.

Thus,

birds had places



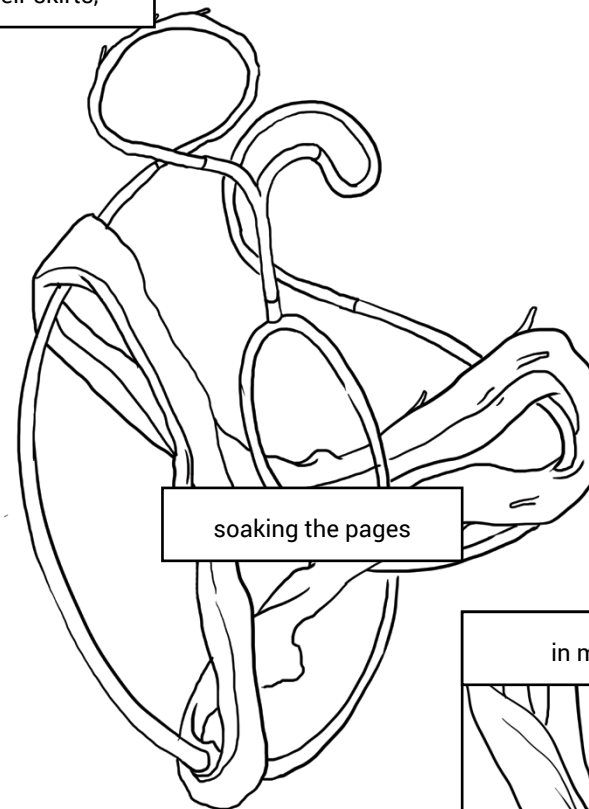
on dinner tables and in our pillows.

We also taught ourselves how to
write the first erotic novels,



which ladies hid

under their skirts,



soaking the pages

in moisture



and yeast,



then

The great clusterfuck imploded after all

the writhing legs and slippery juices

bleeding out disparate letters during the unspeakable time of the month.

folded a corner of what was
soon to be universe.

And Celeste is one of the few
who know, who really know:

that fold is still there
between her legs.

Laid all together and
breathing out,

they could rebuild and reopen it.

She still keeps some hope on her nightstand,

looking for a call that never comes

when she wants it

and a spot that gives
her a shortcut to

the essence of clusterfuck.

She isn't religious,
but touching is praying.

With fingers inside

she is an

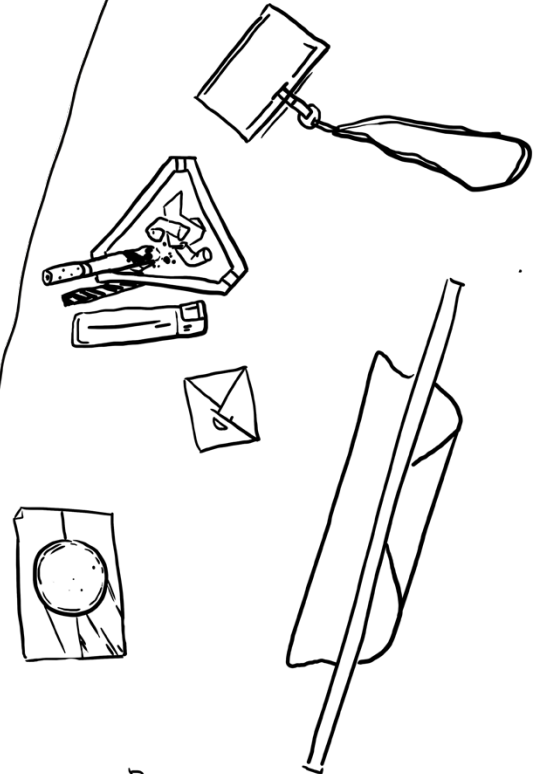
unbroken ellipse

she can whisper

her energies,

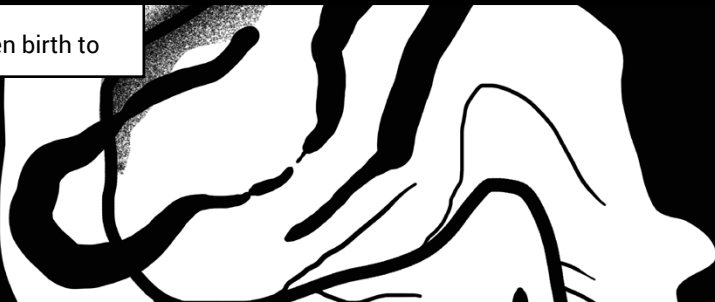
and those will

0

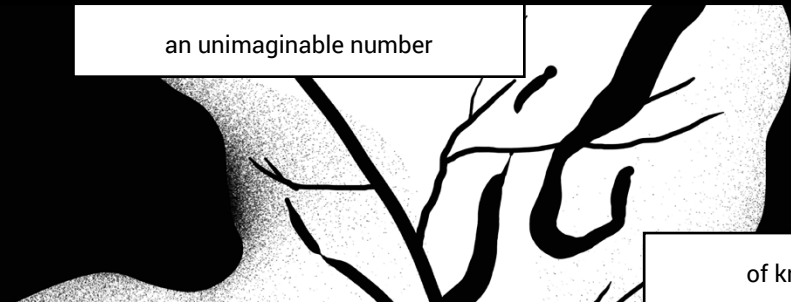


answer someday.

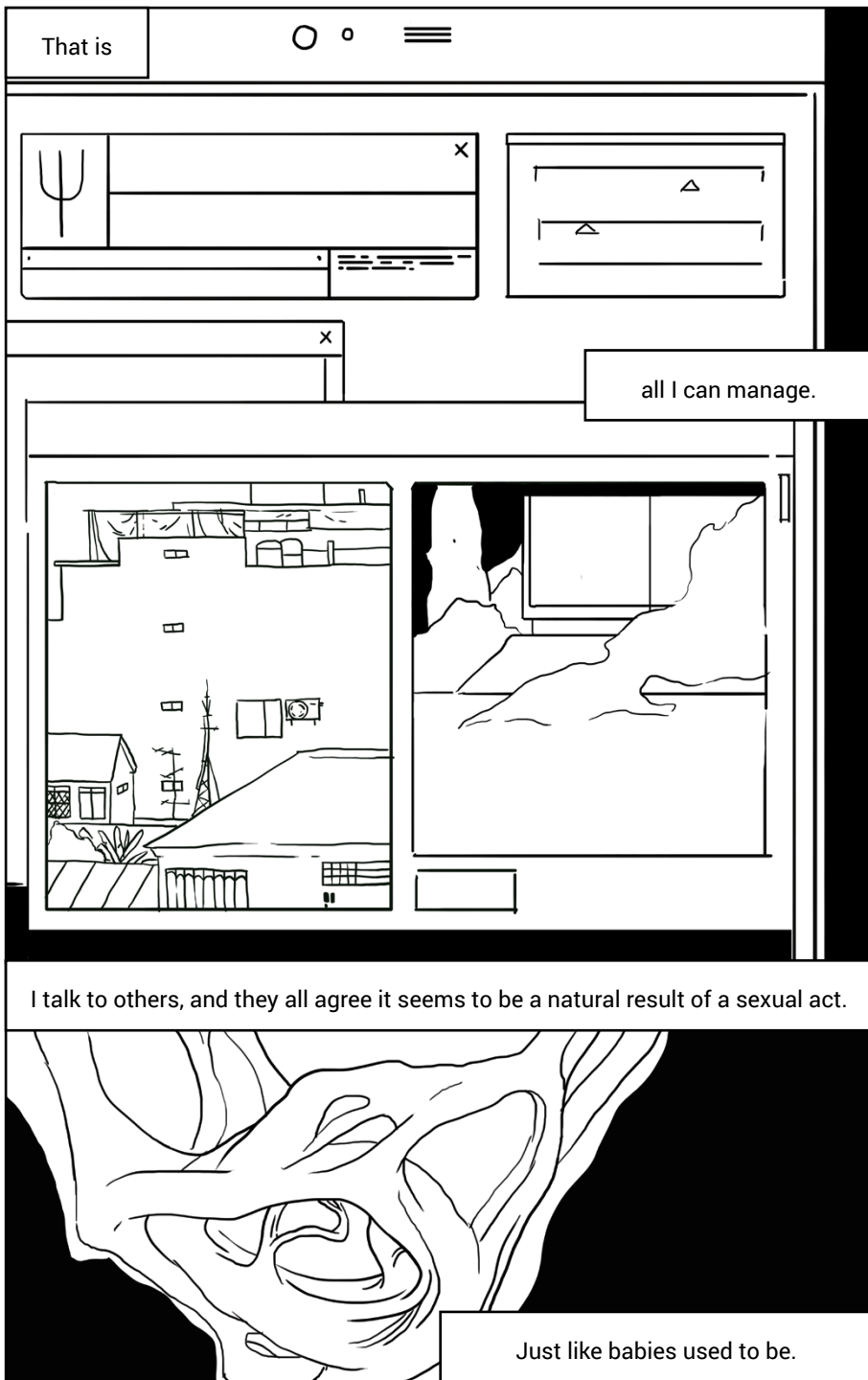
I have given birth to



an unimaginable number

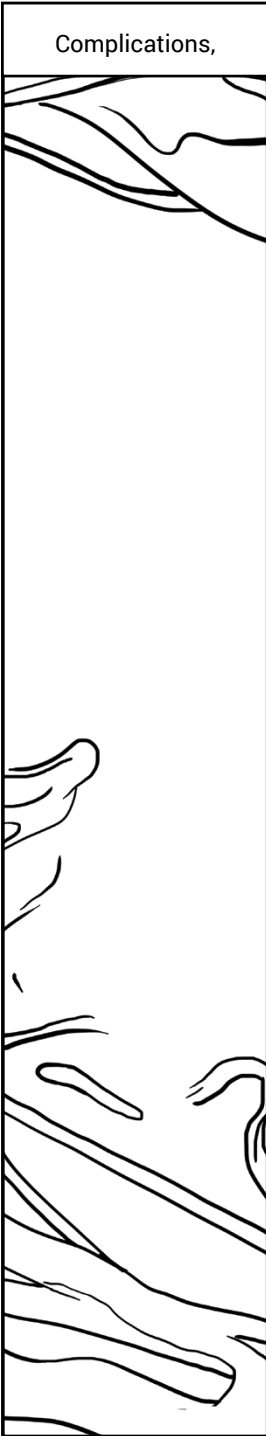


of knots.





We really underestimate
clumsiness, I tell ya.



Complications,



by nature,



aren't necessarily bad.

They are clots

in time and space

where the very material

of this world

suddenly thickens,



tangible for you

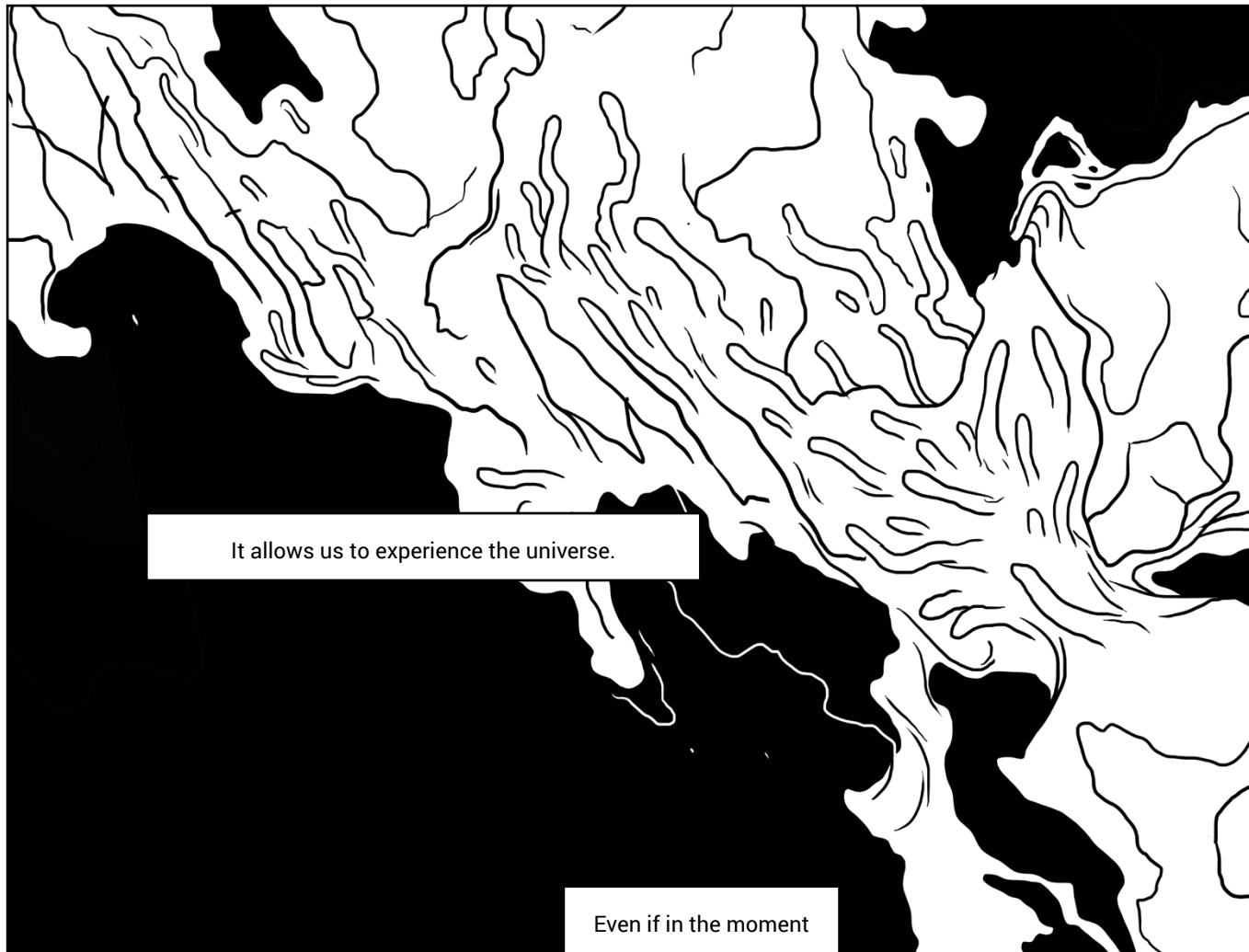


to touch,

bump against and

trip on.

making itself



It allows us to experience the universe.

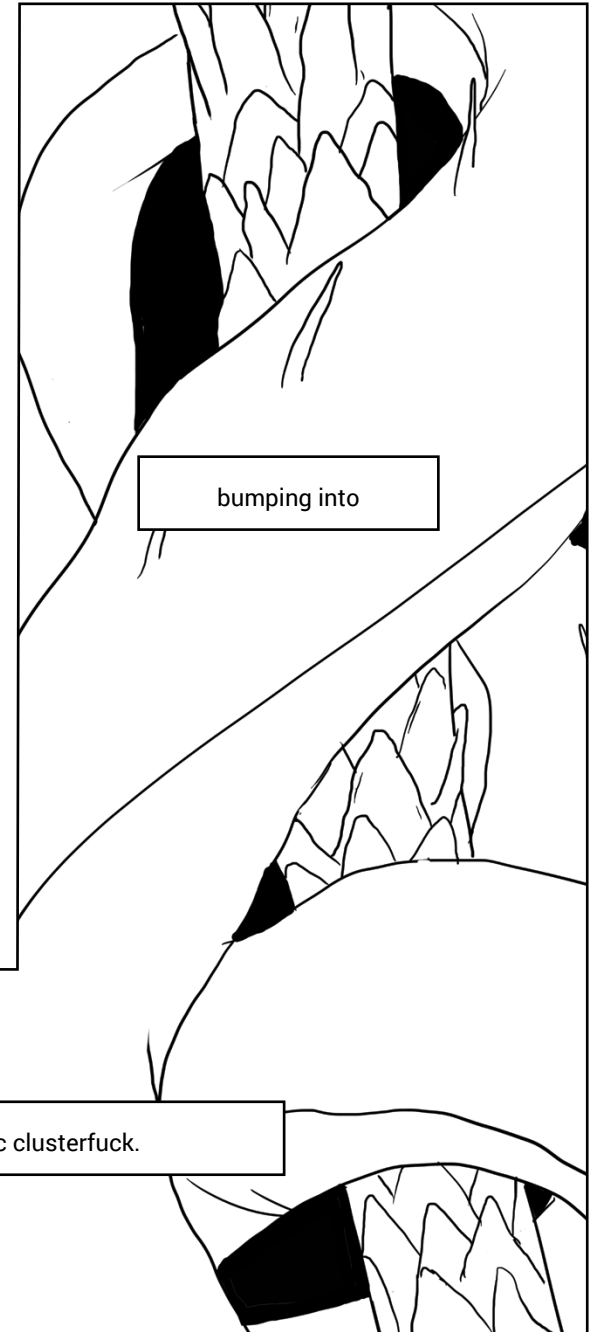
Even if in the moment

there is nothing worse,

nothing

more crushing

than suddenly



bumping into

the great cosmic clusterfuck.

Knots are

what boy scouts make,

knots are the snakes

that bite sailors.

Celeste knows,

that he wants to adorn her bedframe with knots
and she lies that religion forbids it.

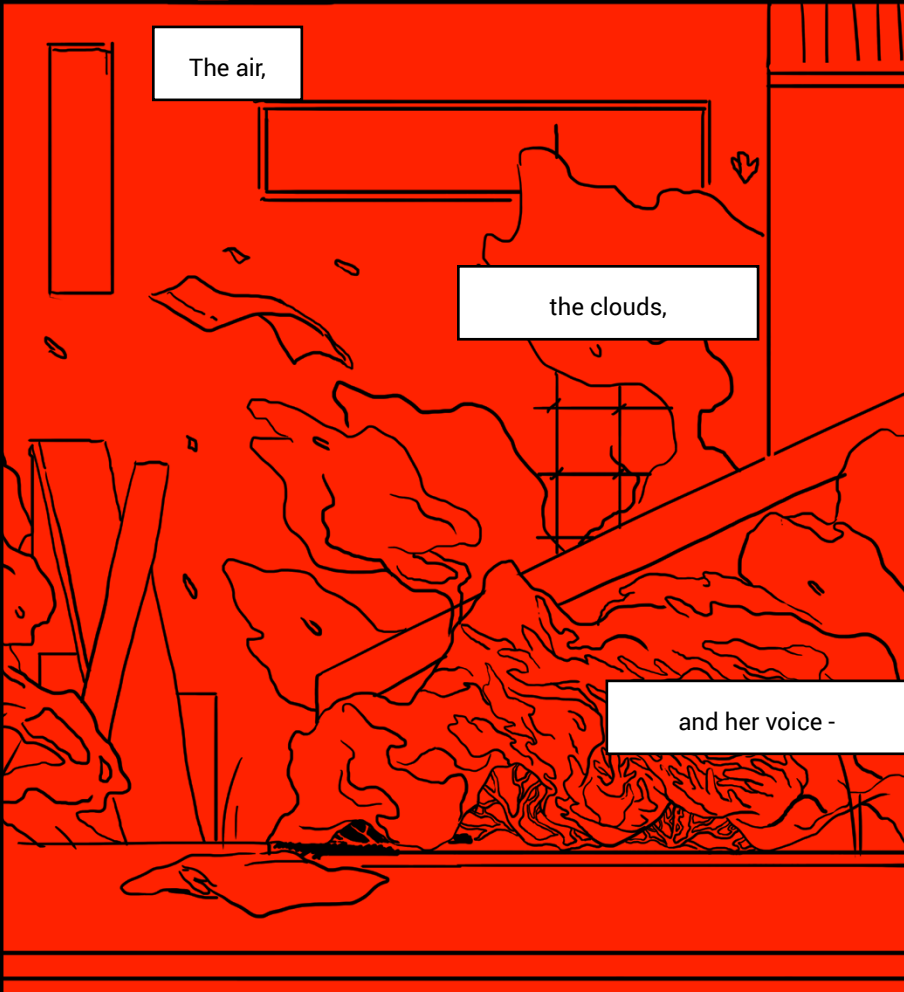
Of course,

she has no faith

to speak of,

but her research


is so unbearably close.



The air,


the clouds,

and her voice -



they all feel sufficiently mushy

to soon lead to



a satisfactory turn.

Unable to cultivate intimacy,

they wrapped themselves
in layers

and layers of

tits,

snatched whatever nipples were left,
stuck them on with last droplets of galactic cum.

Galactic

cum

and scum,
yes, that is

what we both thought while
squeezed on a bus.

Galactic cum and scum all over our bodies,
writhing with lust while we're writhing with pain,

choking on their
own pickup lines,
giving you persistent
papercuts,

sucking blood out
of them, just like you,
hey -

What the fuck are you doing in the library?

If you can't read a body,

you'll never finish a book.

I know for sure you can't.

Venomous creatures
can't read.

Venomous creatures
can't write.

Venomous creatures hang out together and talk about women and say:
did she tell you we once fucked her, all five of us?

Yeah,

we did,

they say, and
each of my holes
fills up with her pain.

Their primary trade is to
impose shame

under the guise of giving pleasure,
under decoy of the gift of adventure

They make cats cry,

This filthy cumbubble of ignorance

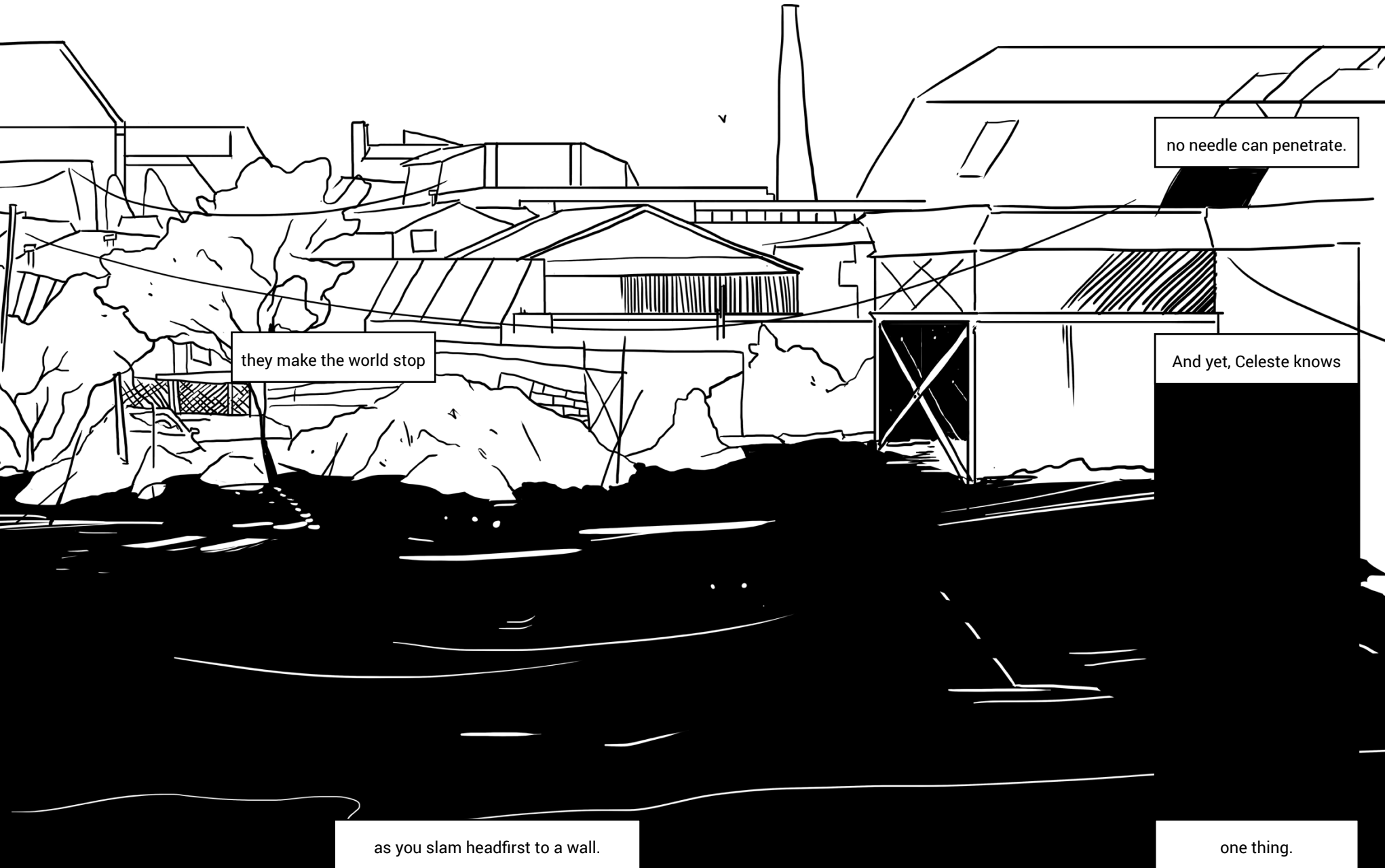
no needle can penetrate.

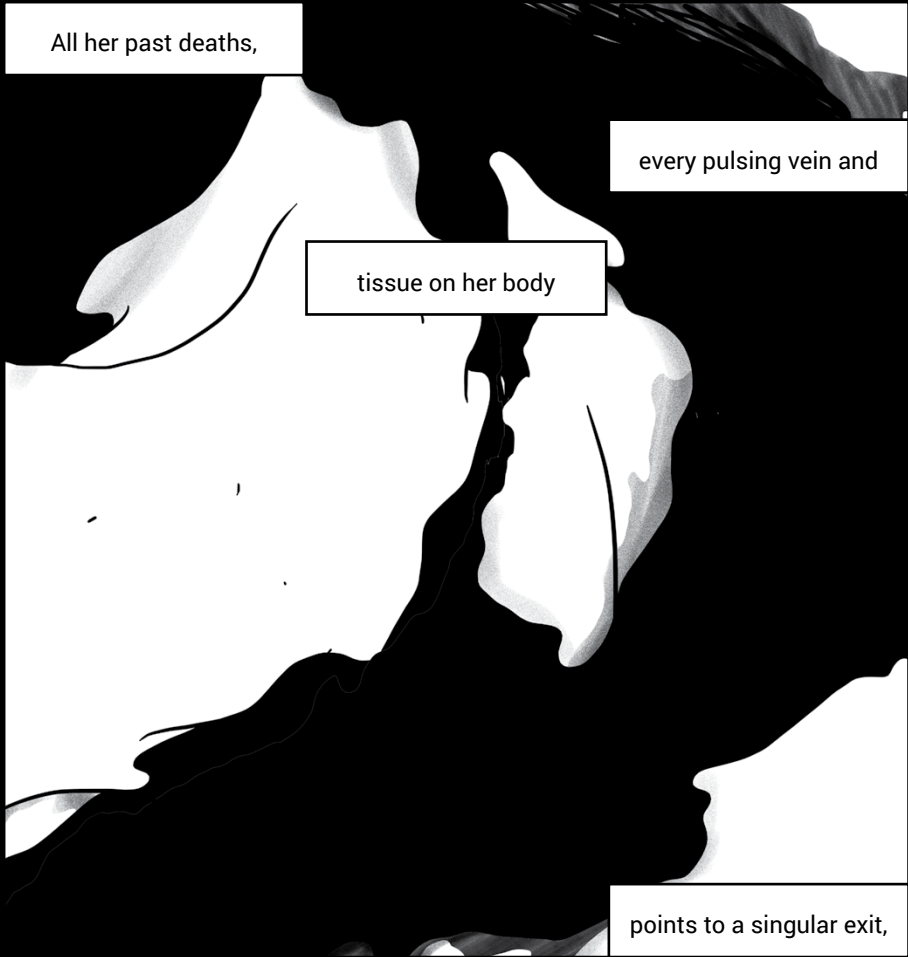
they make the world stop

And yet, Celeste knows

as you slam headfirst to a wall.

one thing.






All her past deaths,

every pulsing vein and

tissue on her body

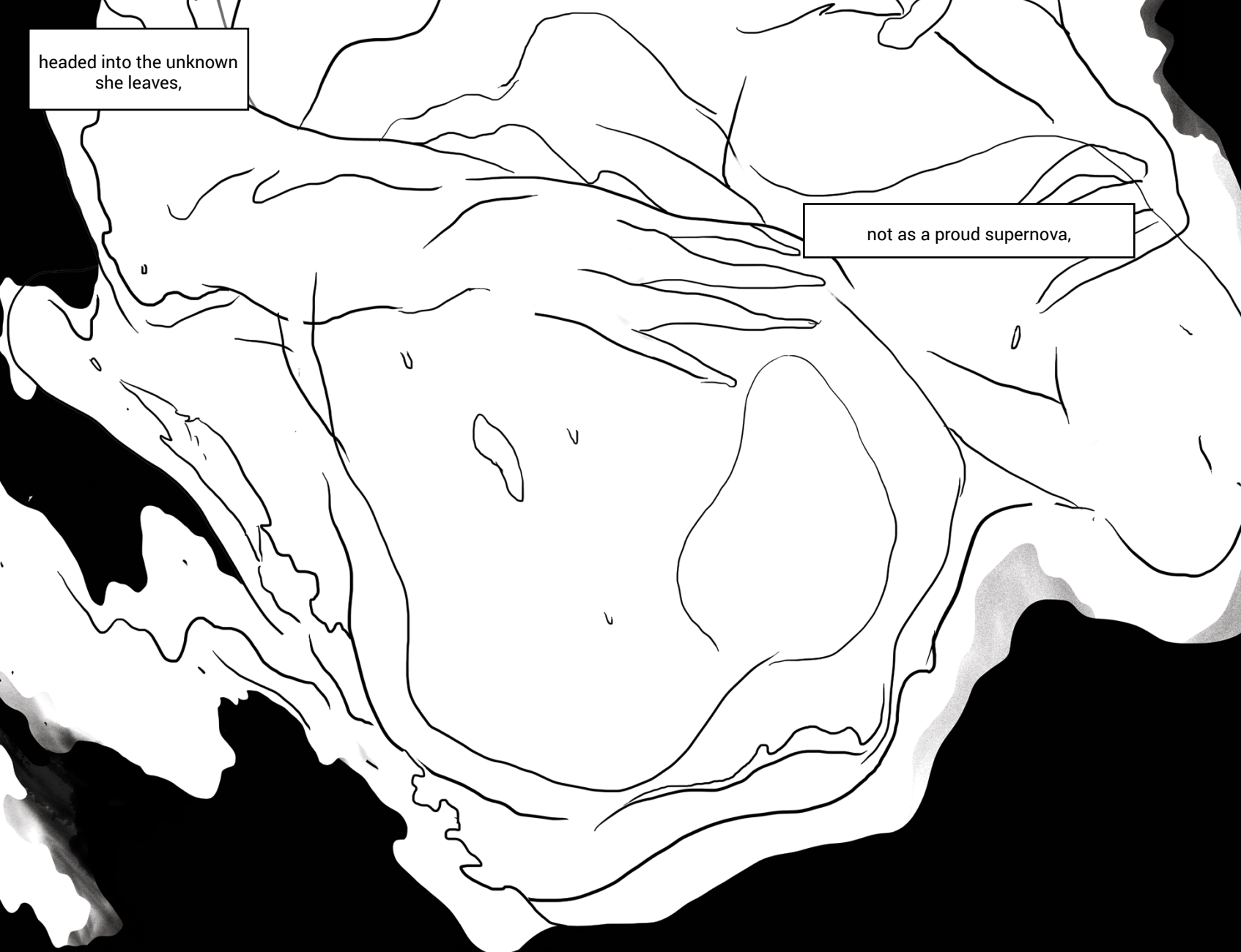
points to a singular exit,

which opens up briefly in the sticky sludge wall;



and as the compass

starts spinning wildly



headed into the unknown
she leaves,

not as a proud supernova,



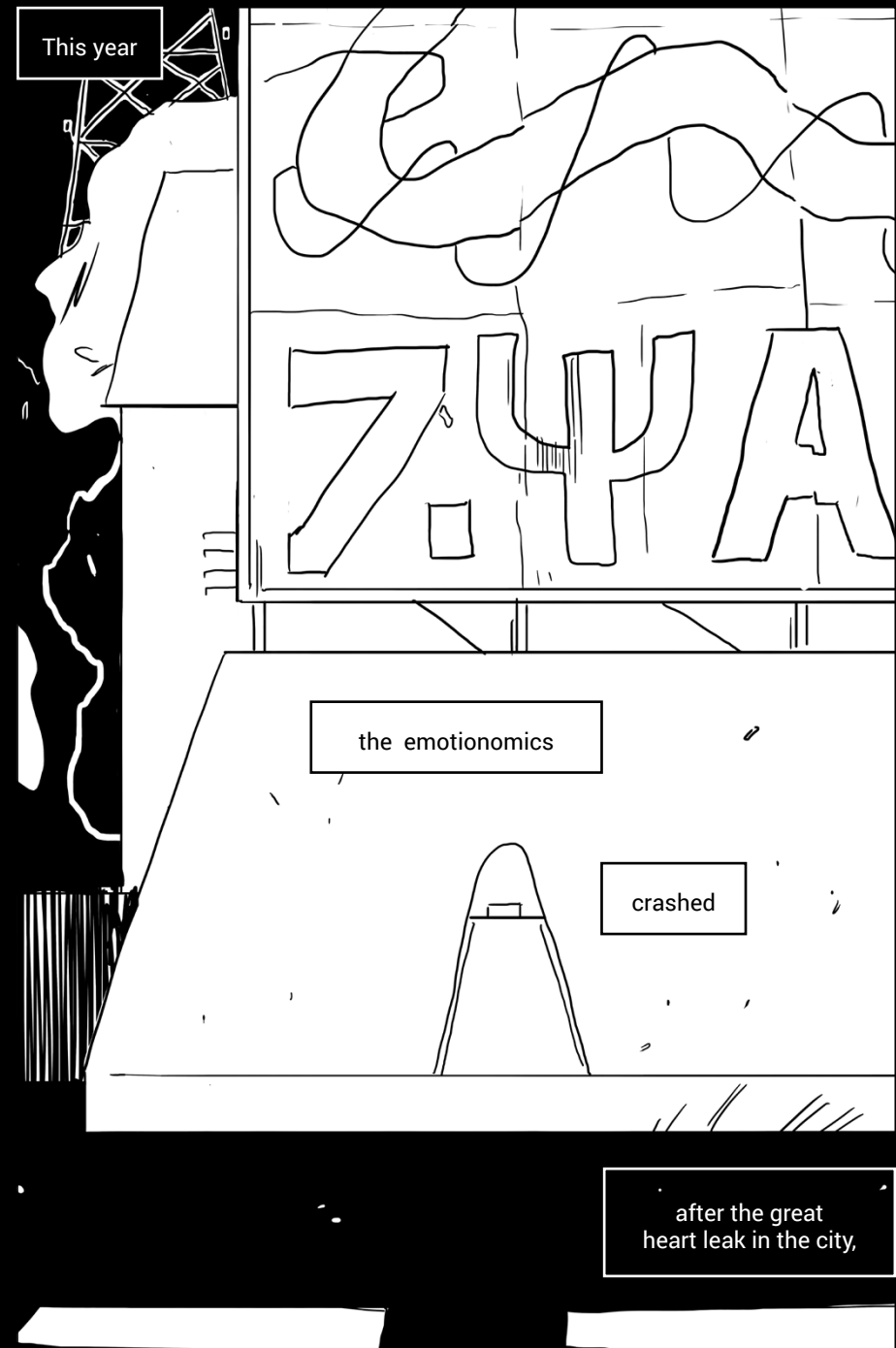
but as a single
disintegrating comet,

to lose

and to discover herself in the big,

fleshy universe.

Hours pass, melt into days.
Some nights, Celeste still
hears the distant groaning
of streetlamps under
the unbearable muskiness
of being.



after years of clusterfuck labor forces pushing

the anti-disciplines

of affection and flirtyness
and girlhood and love,

leaving no natural padding,

just lots and lots of slippery lube continuously
applied to the status quo.

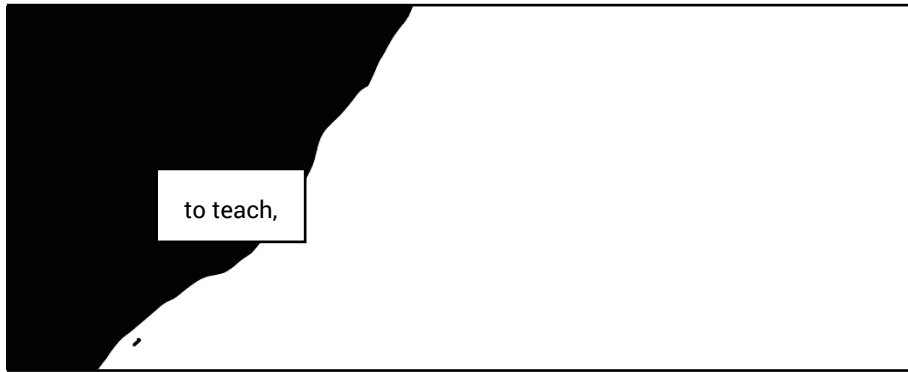
Outside of the unpleasant familiarity

of the clusterfuck,

the universe offers all possibilities

and no consolations,

and after stumbling mindlessly through the options,
she settles on one:



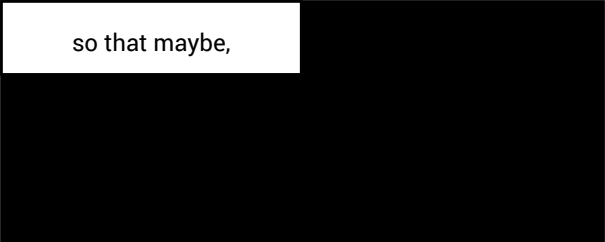
to teach,

to spread mantras of affection

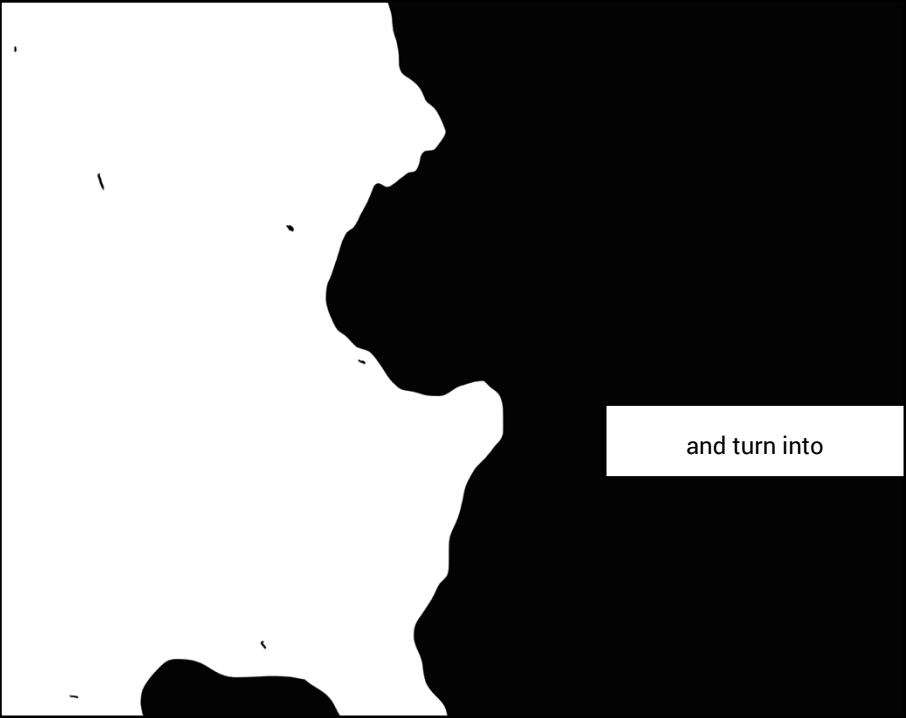
maybe

all of the great clusterfucks
would halt

and touch,



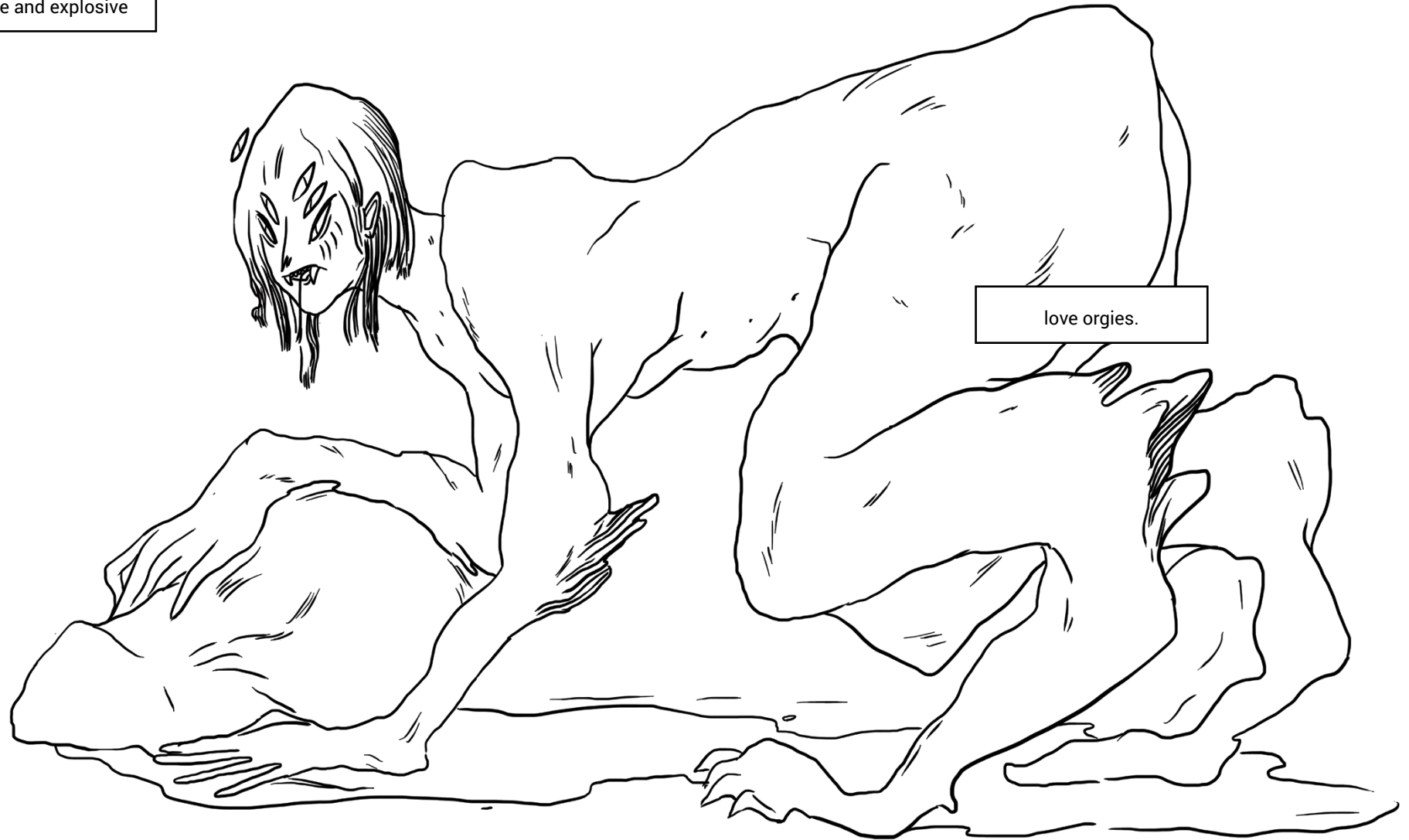
so that maybe,



and turn into



private and explosive



love orgies.

