

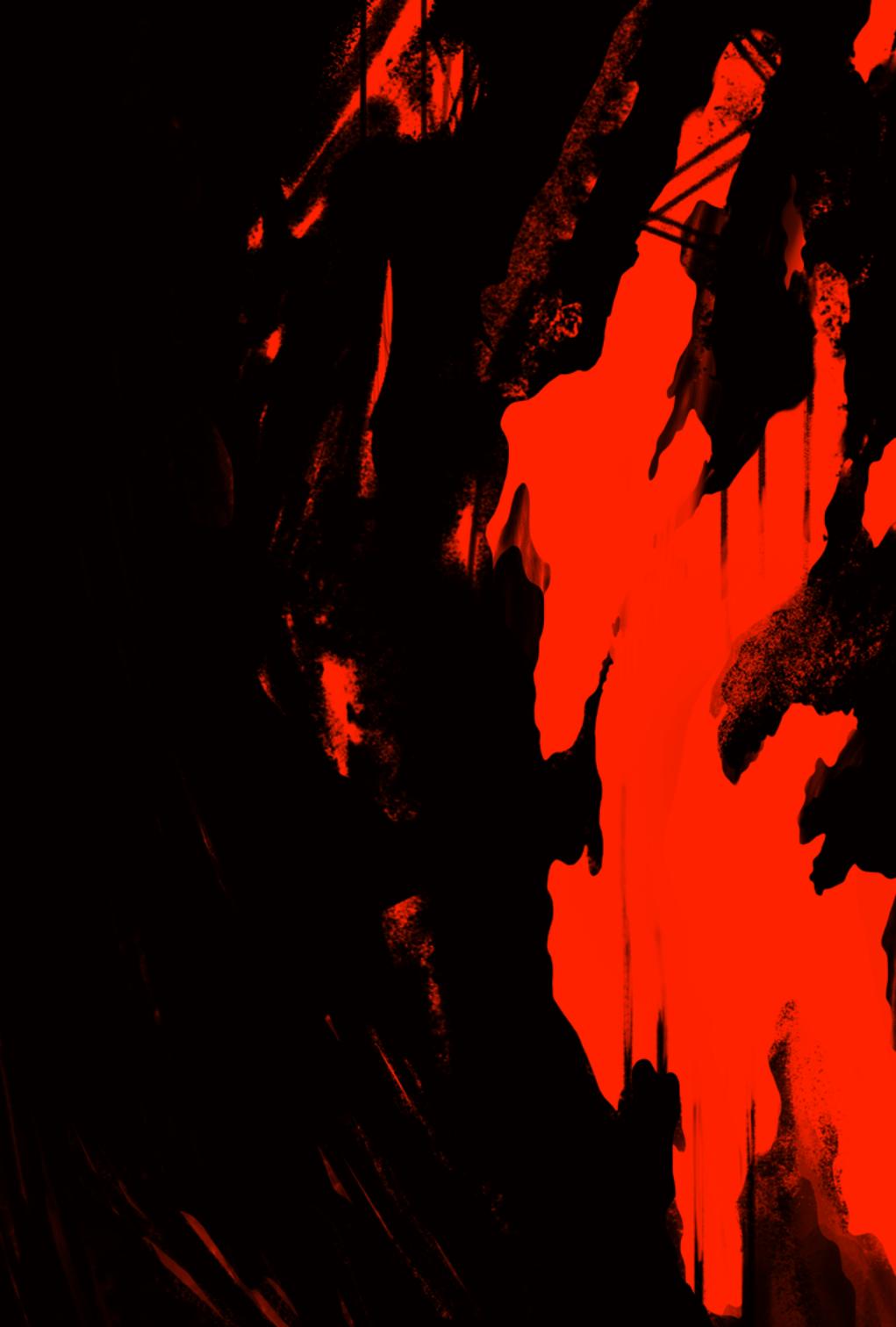
THE GREAT OUTDOORS



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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

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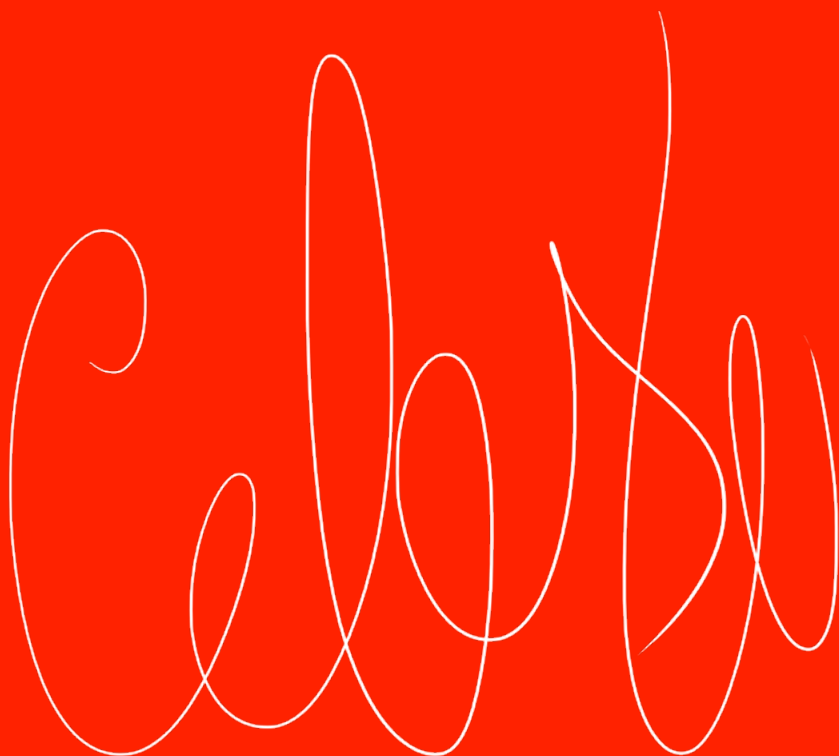
Written by
Monika Kalinauskaitė

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Illustrated and designed by
Monika Janulevičiūtė


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Welcome to
**THE GREAT
OUTDOORS**



In the beginning





there was but one fluid

clusterfuck.

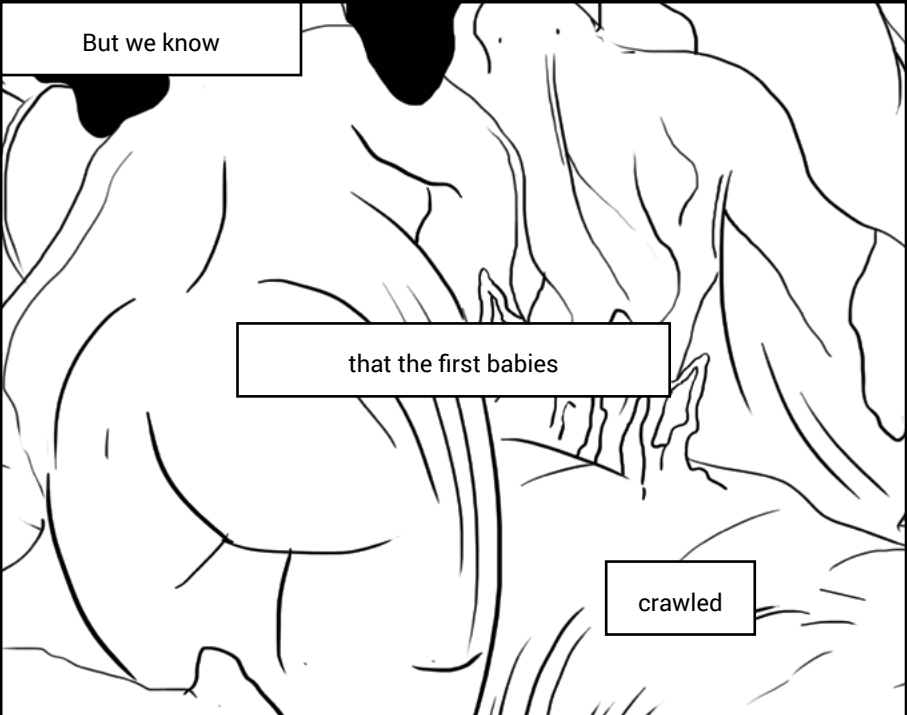
We've agreed not to talk

about how we

fuckstarted the universe

by screwing each other


over.



But we know

that the first babies

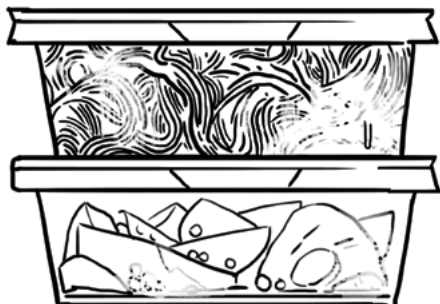
crawled



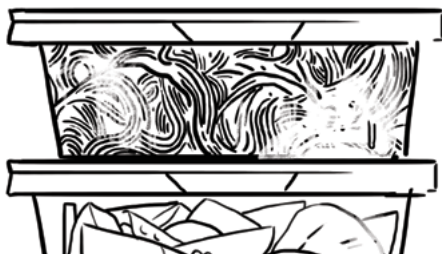
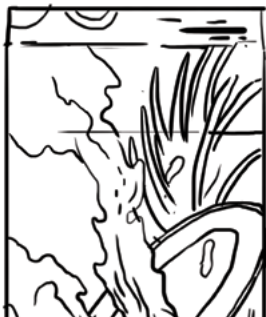
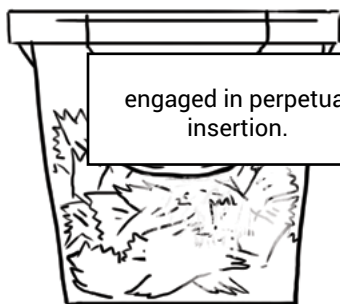
out of this

writhing mass.

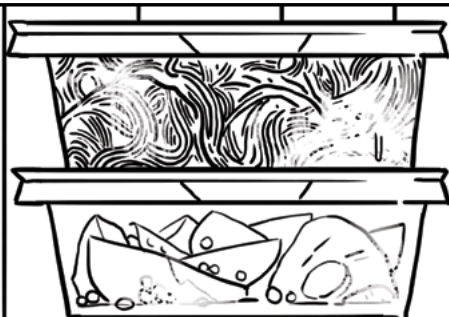
As consciousness formed,



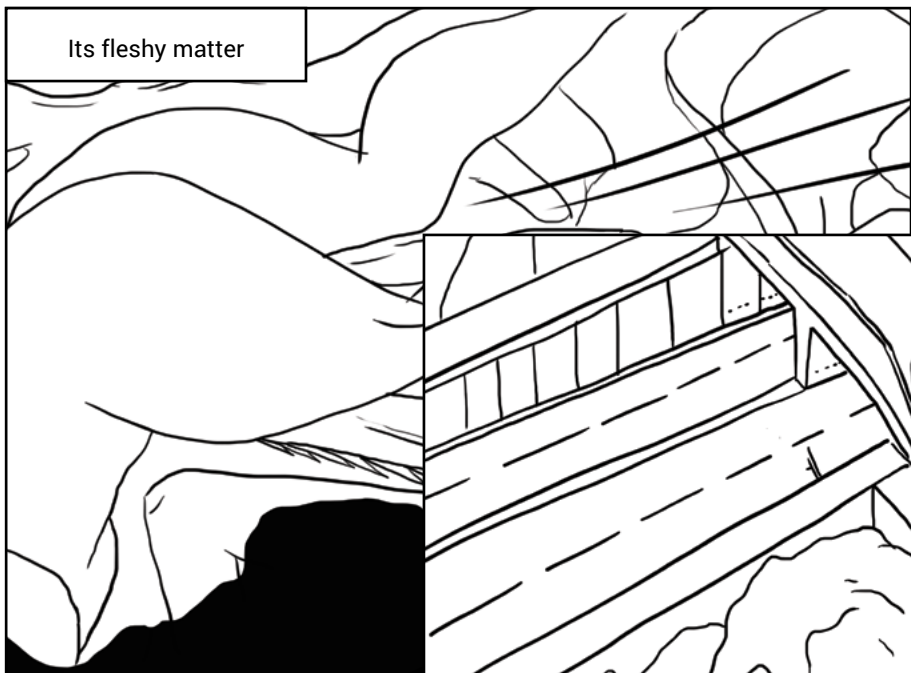
engaged in perpetual
insertion.



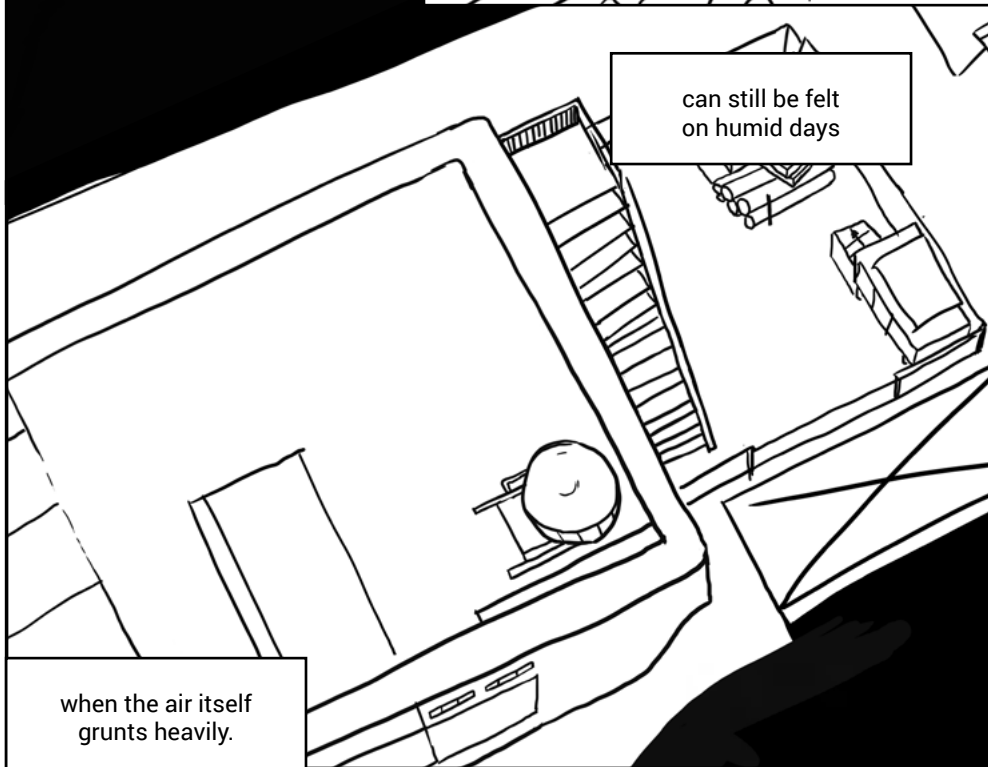
Just like with any form of elemental chaos, a lot of maintenance is
required not to let the world descend into clusterfuck again.



Its fleshy matter



can still be felt
on humid days




when the air itself
grunts heavily.


The
primordial
form of
screw

threatens to overtake those

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



It's not discipline,

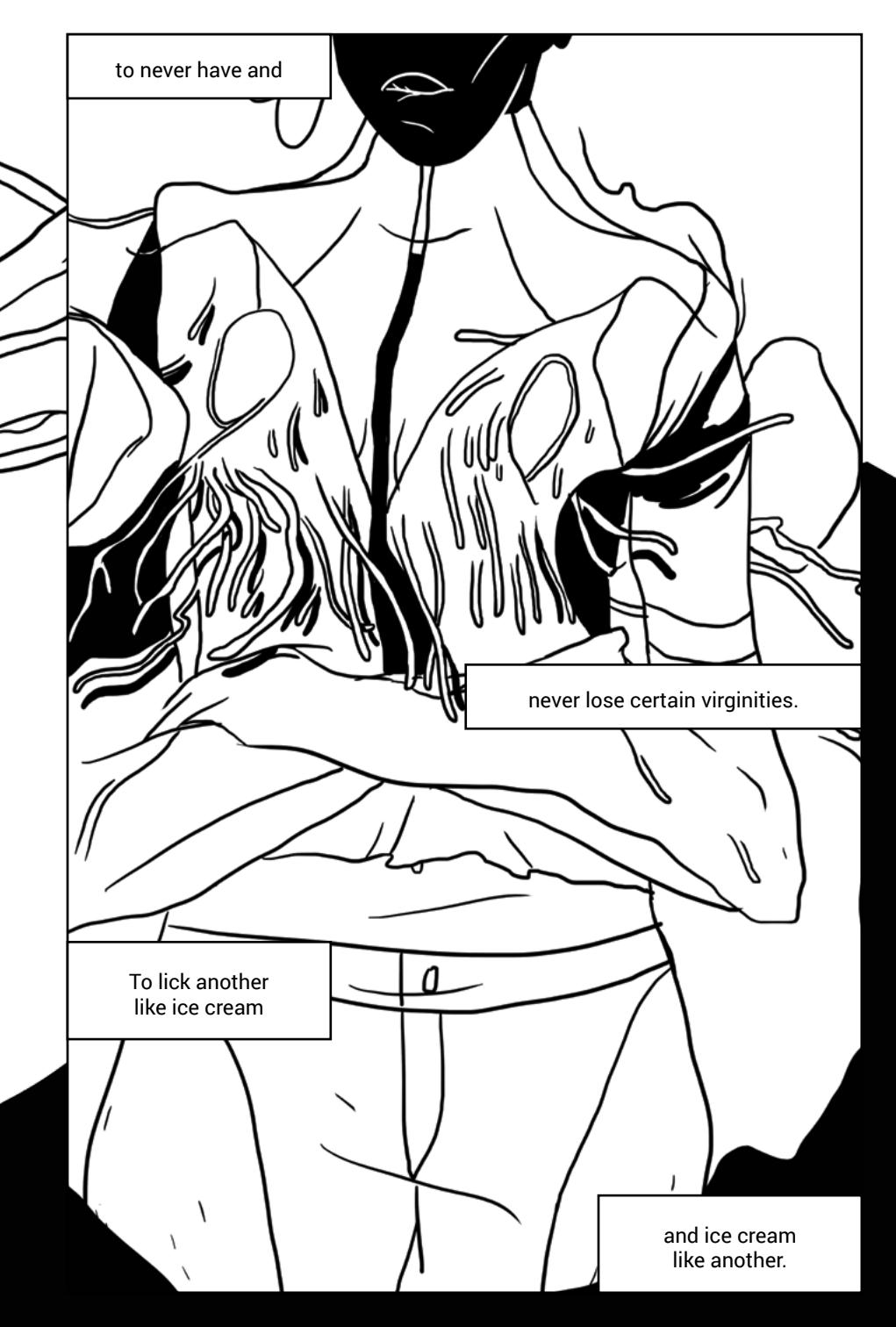


we call it chill

the ability to let go



and ease into a cuddle,



to never have and

never lose certain virginites.

To lick another
like ice cream

and ice cream
like another.

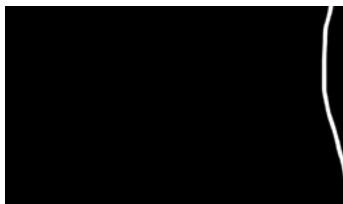
Thus, we managed

to distance ourselves

from the suffocating grips

and dry thrusts,

and keep only

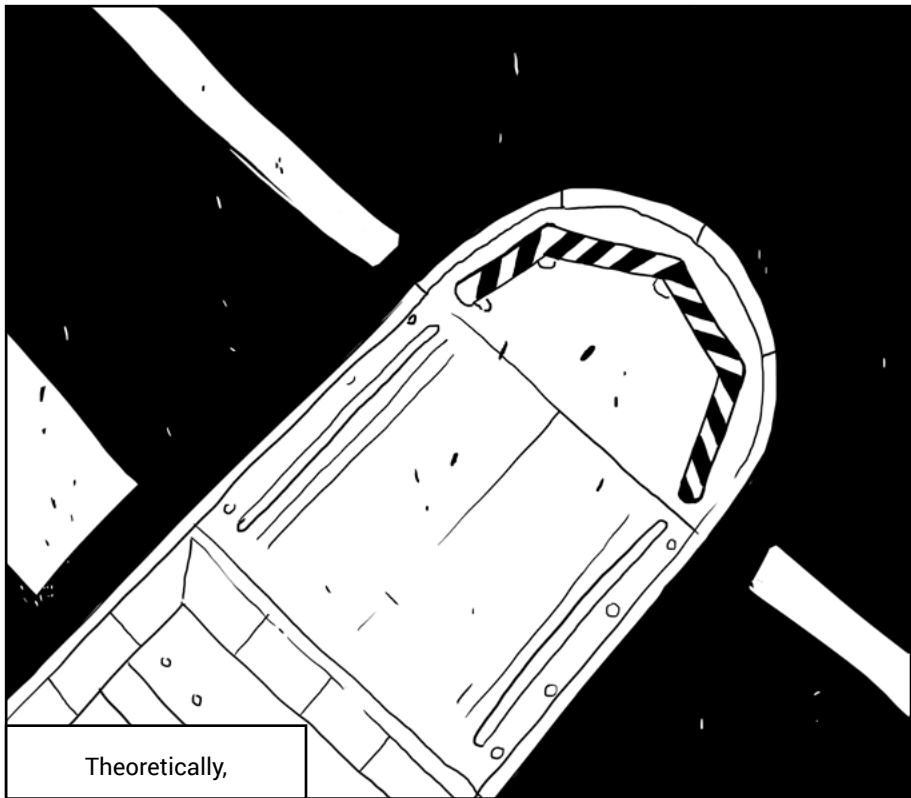


those bruises



that really

matter
to us.



Theoretically,



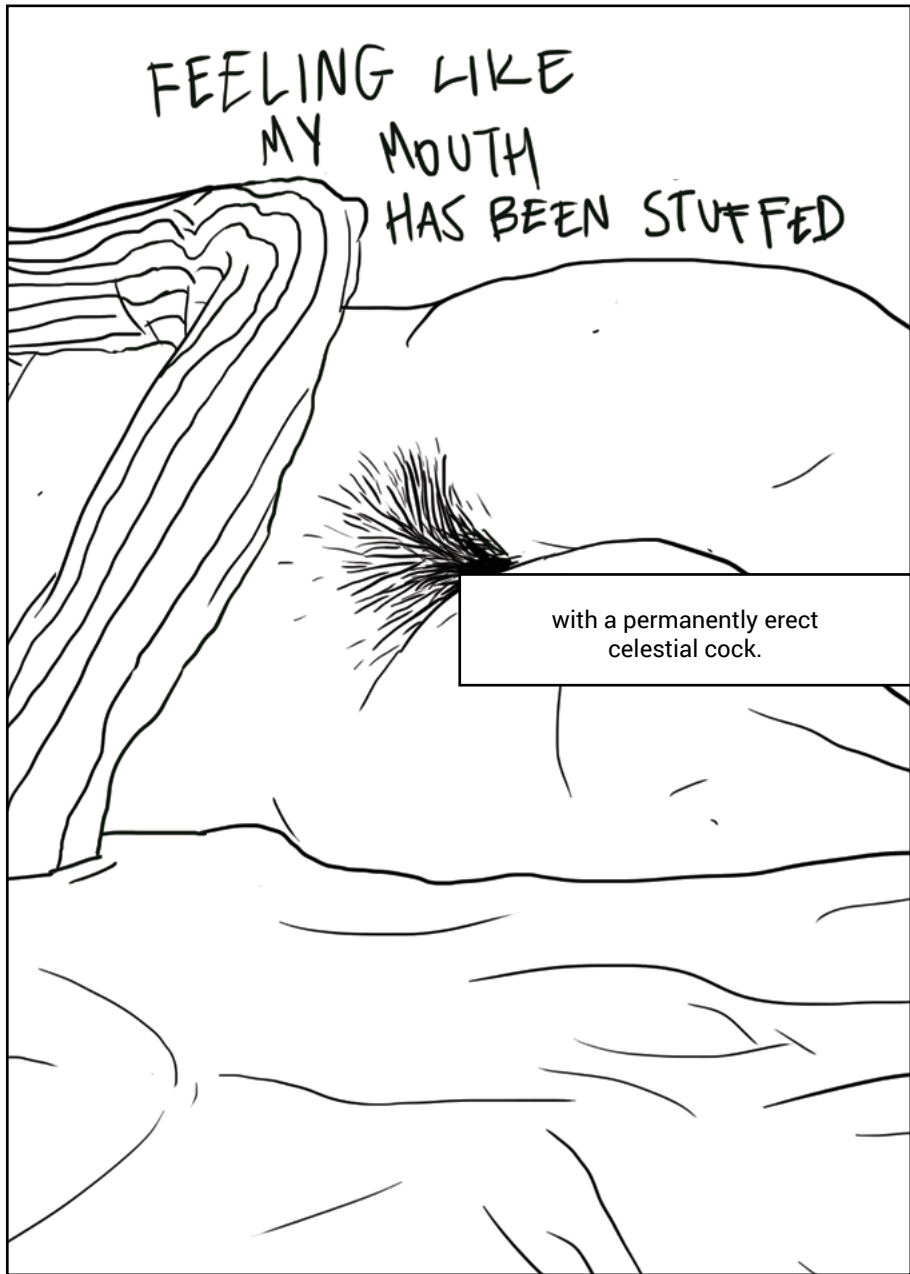
we evolved to coexist
and communicate.

And yet,

here I am,

FEELING LIKE
MY MOUTH
HAS BEEN STUFFED

with a permanently erect
celestial cock.





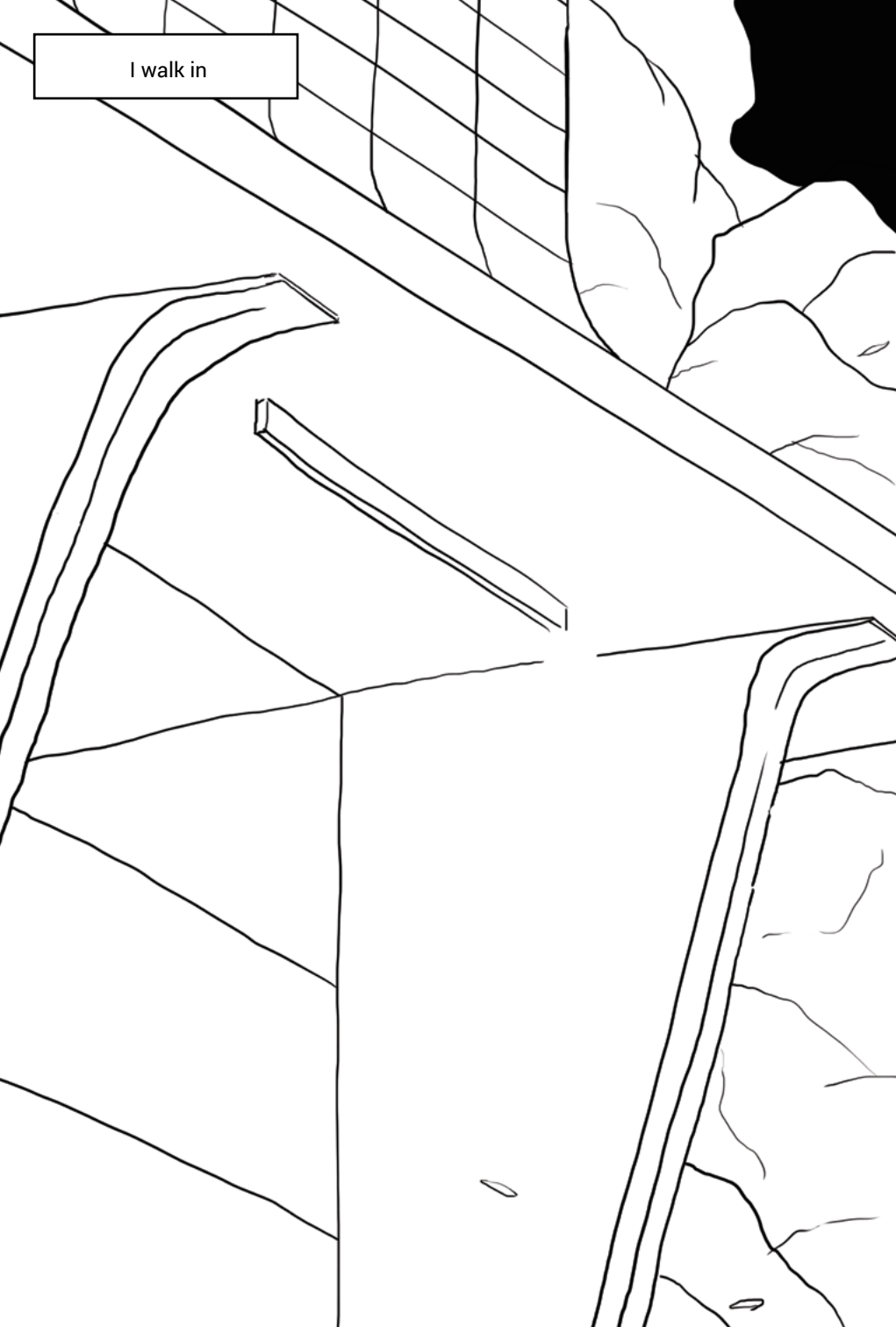
I would like to thank the
audience for pointing out
that I should not,
under any circumstance,
talk like that.


All acts are
witnessed,
discerned from

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

creases
on clothes

I walk in

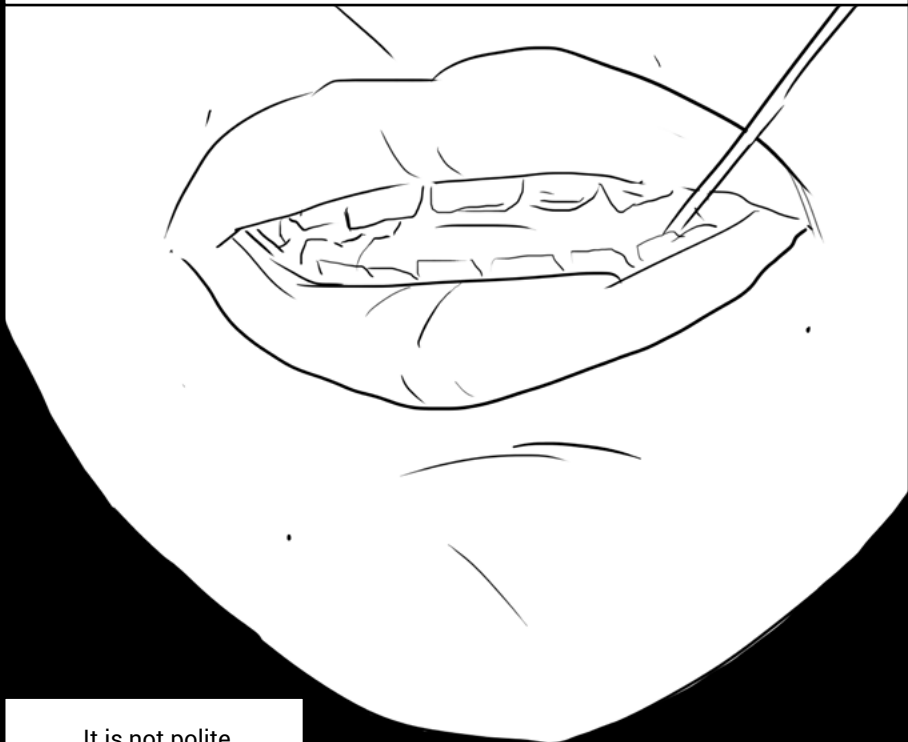




and they all know

my skirt had been lifted.

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



It is not polite

to speak of it.

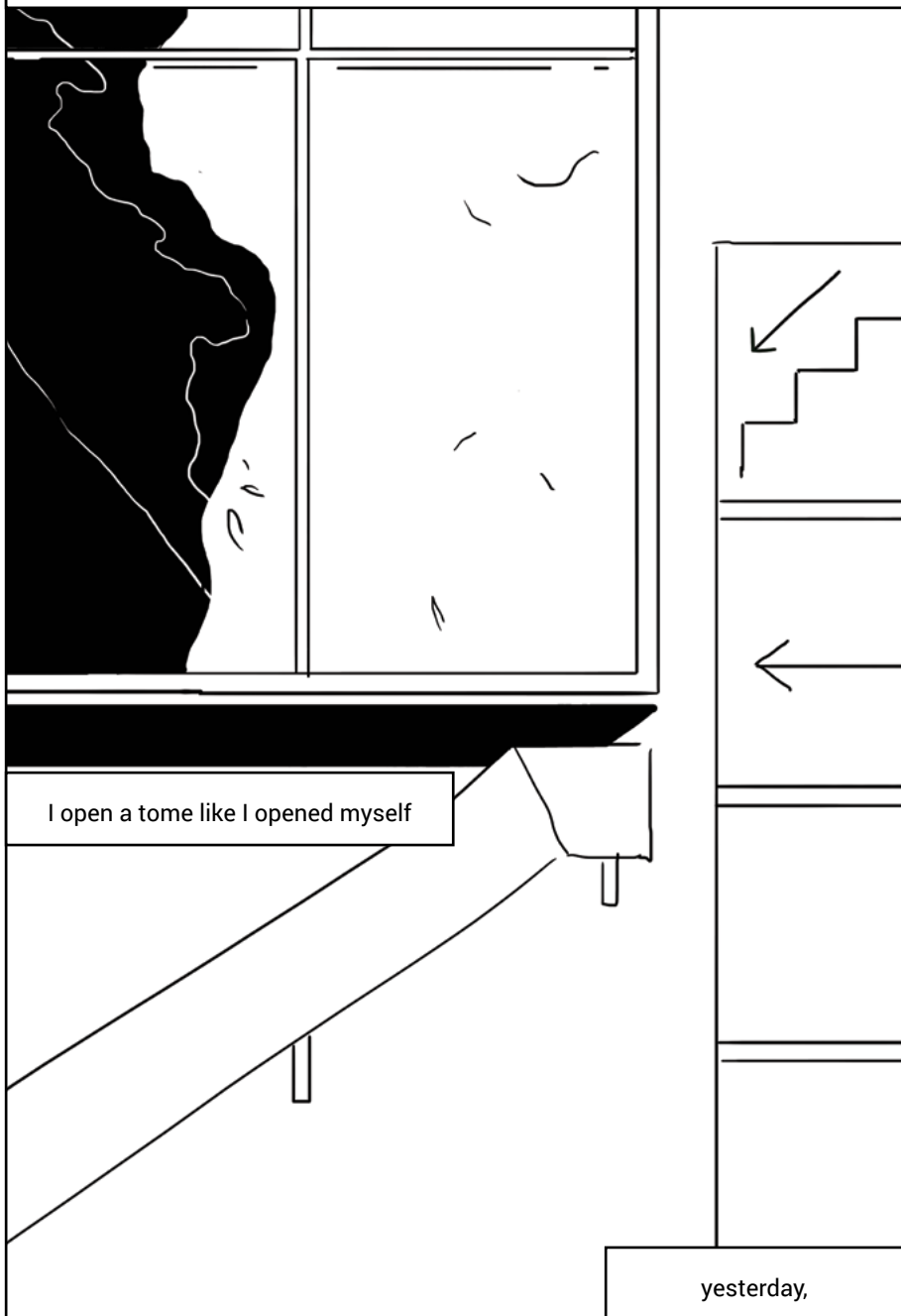
Especially here,

in the library, where



books can overhear and
remember you.

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



knowing they know all about that.

I am set out to decode



the universe

before the audience decodes me.

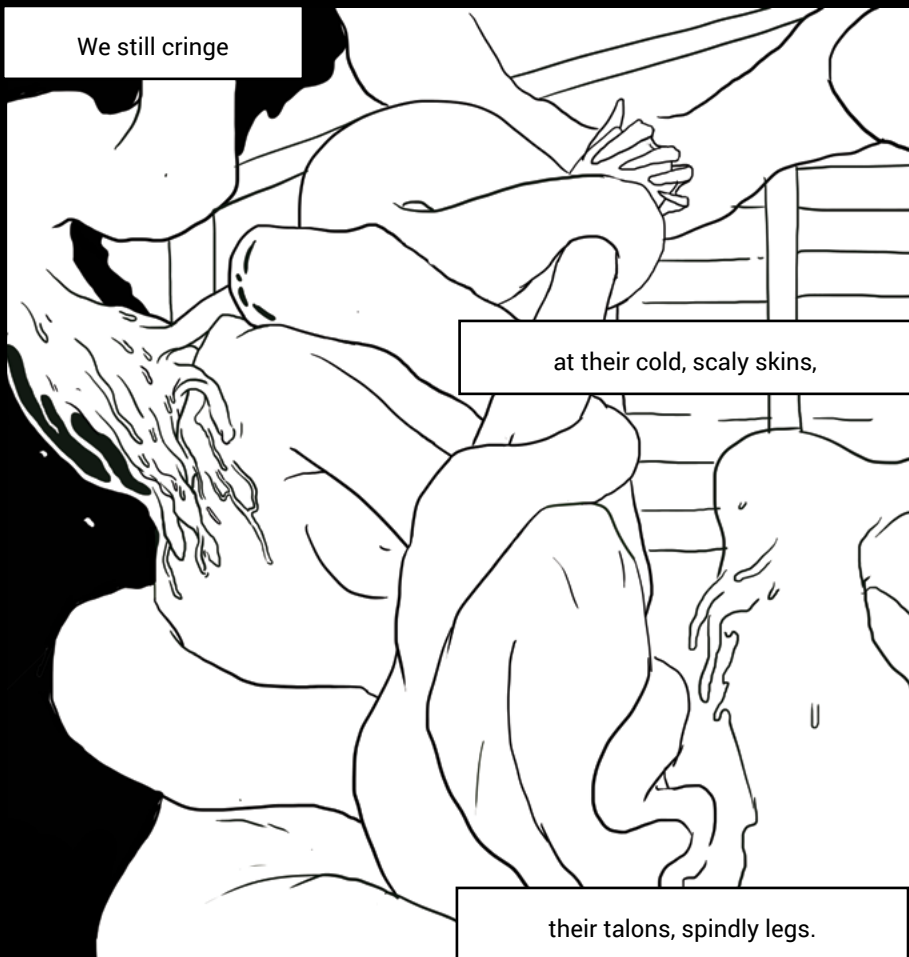
At some point we distanced from those
who strayed far from

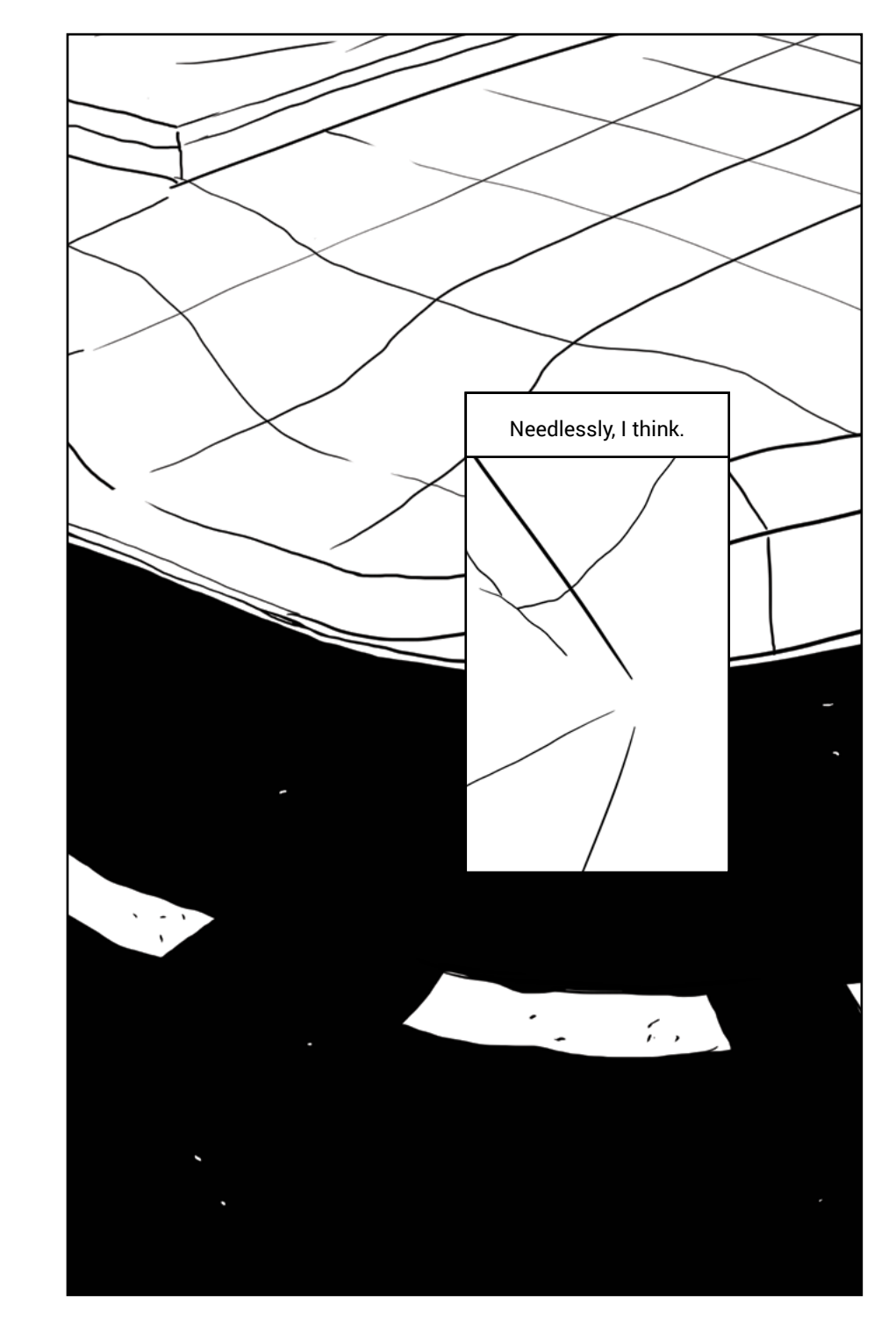
the primal clusterfuck.

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

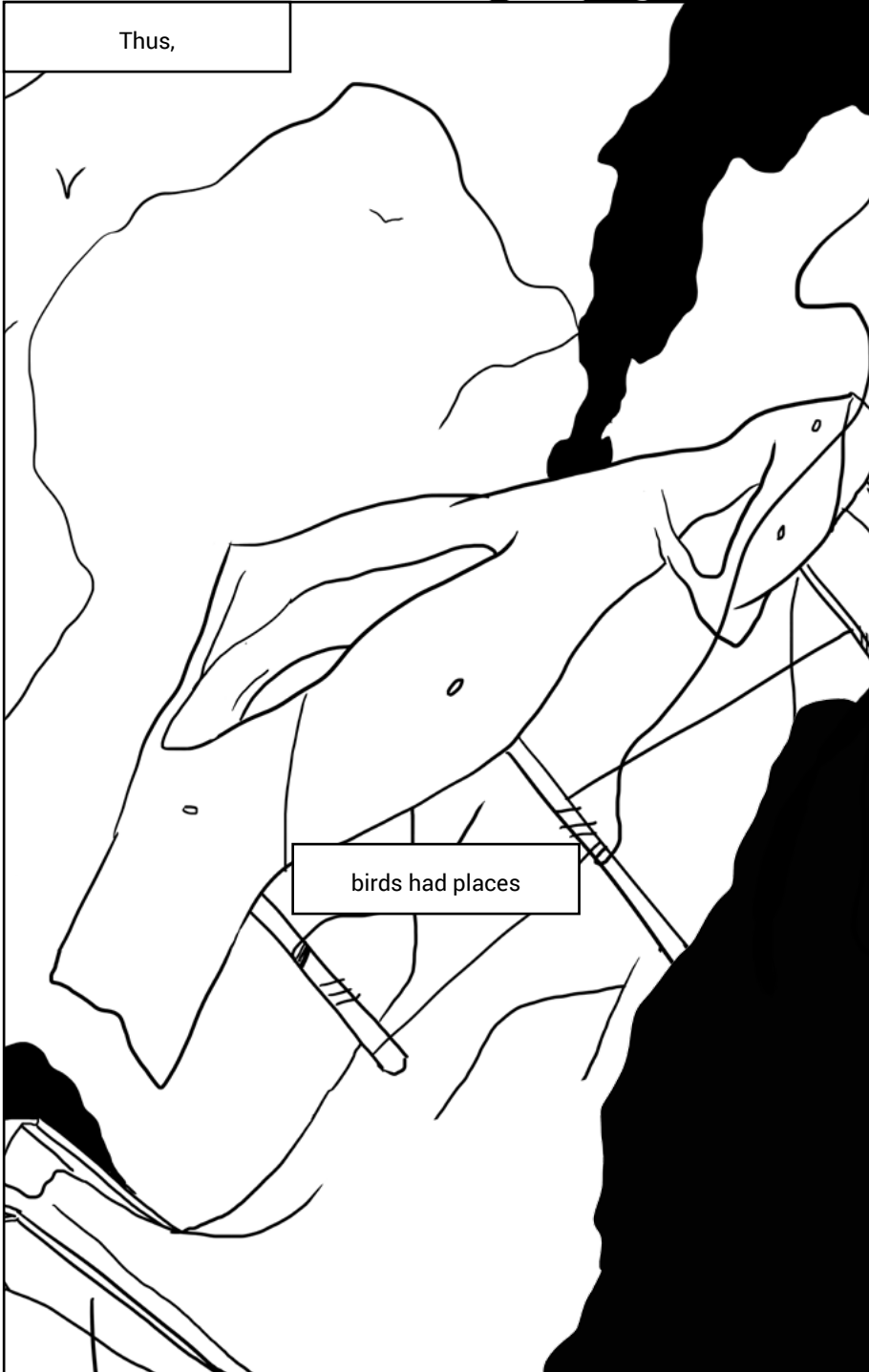
accepting of feathers,

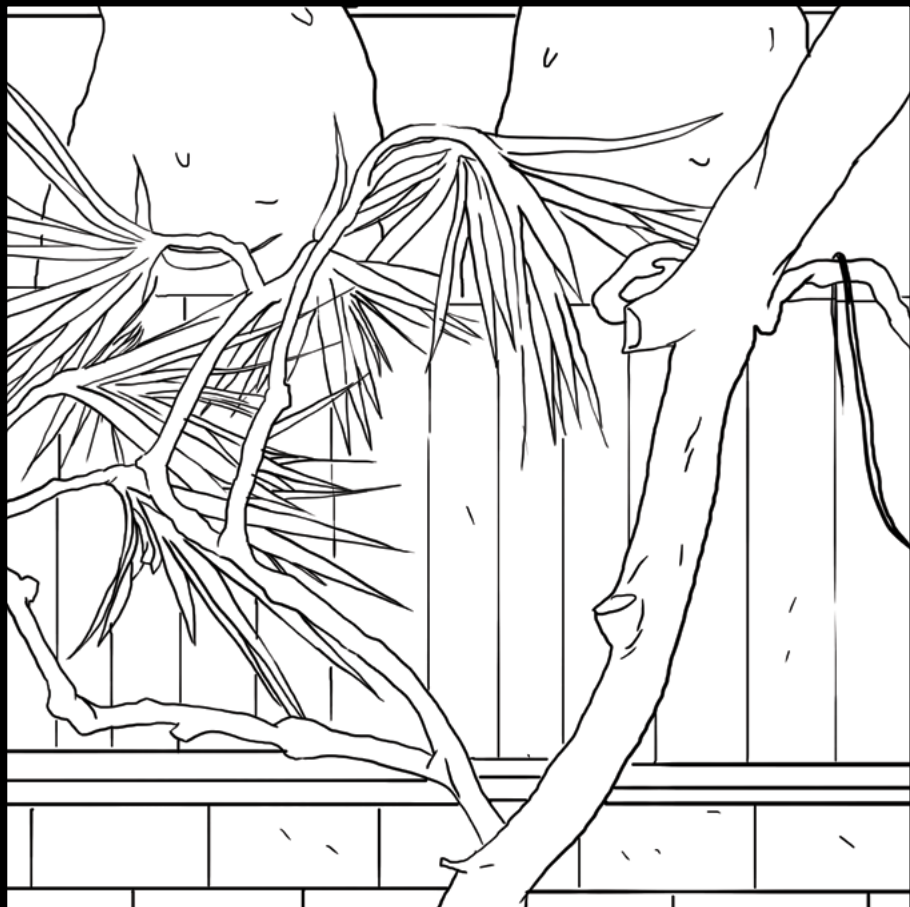
only because

we could pick them up
later and tickle each other.

Thus,

birds had places





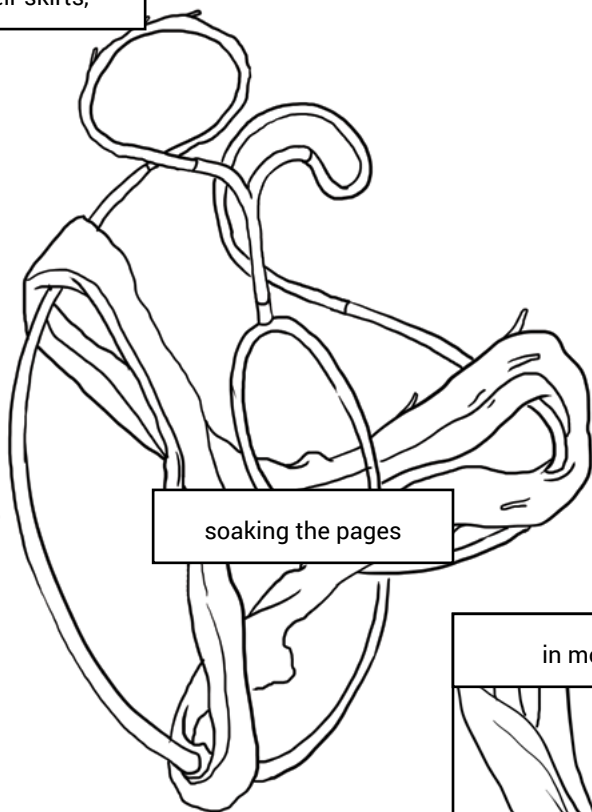
on dinner tables and in our pillows.

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

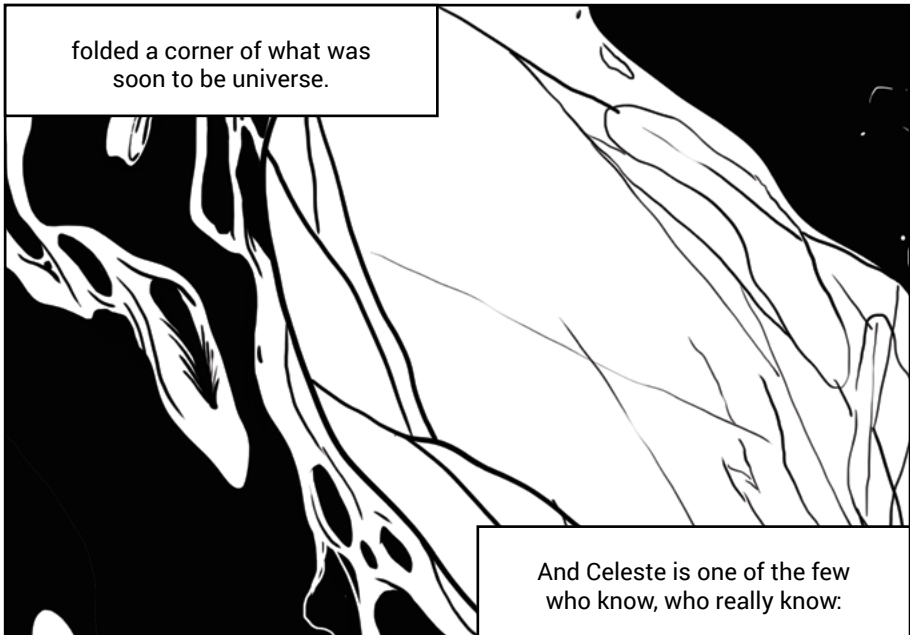
bleeding out disparate letters during the unspeakable time of the month.



The great clusterfuck imploded after all

the writhing legs and slippery juices


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.



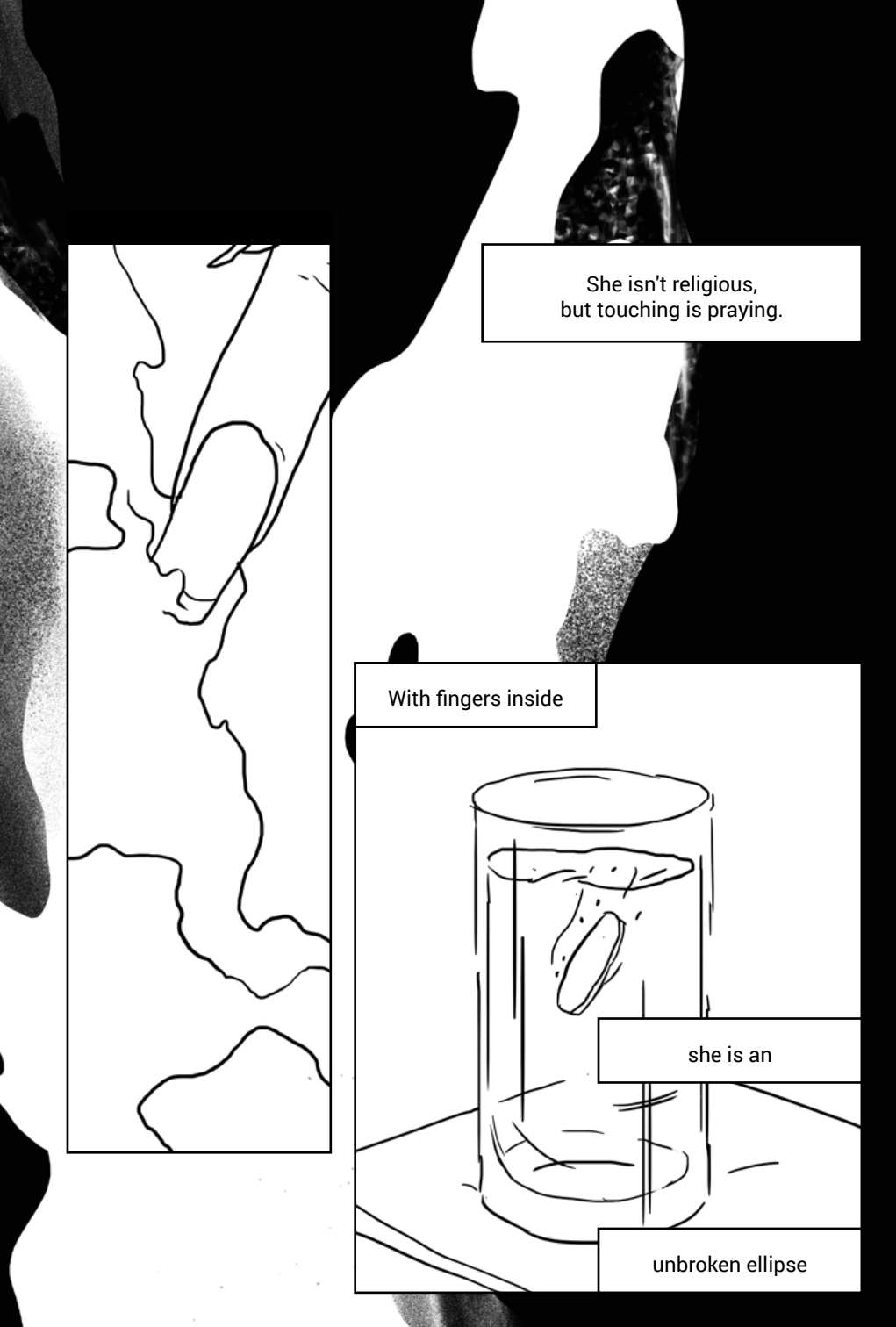
She still keeps some hope on her nightstand,

looking for a call that never comes

when she wants it

and a spot that gives
her a shortcut to

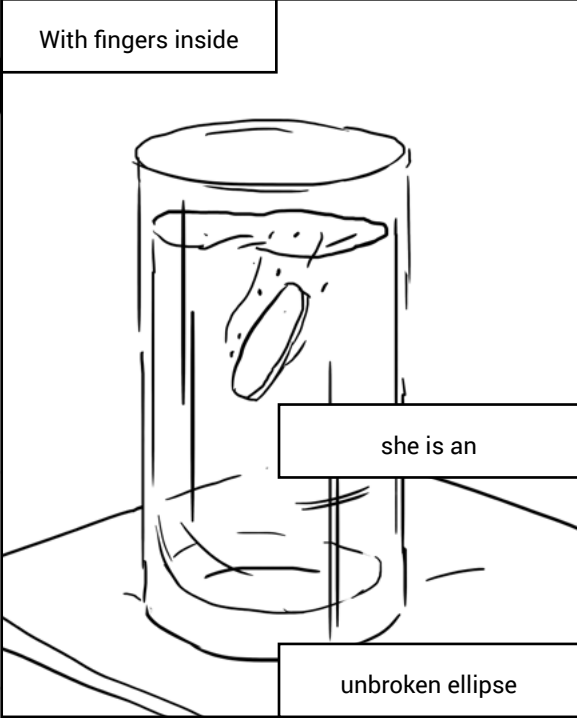
the essence of clusterfuck.



She isn't religious,
but touching is praying.



With fingers inside



she is an

unbroken ellipse

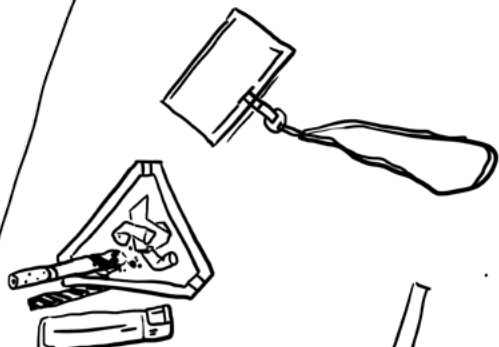
she can whisper

her energies,



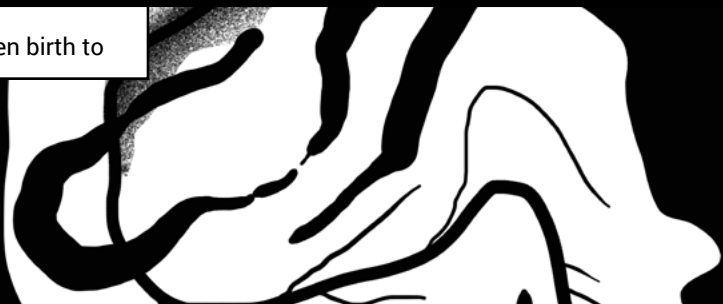
and those will

0



answer someday.

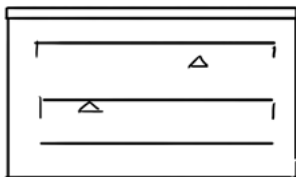
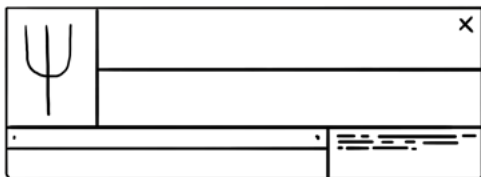
I have given birth to



an unimaginable number

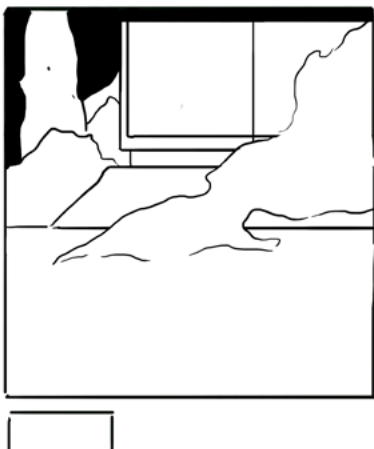
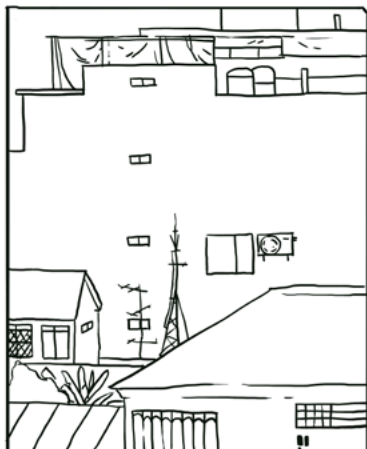
of knots.

That is



X


all I can manage.



I talk to others, and they all agree it seems to be a natural result of a sexual act.



Just like babies used to be.



Each of those knots represents
a different complication:

a stiff neck,

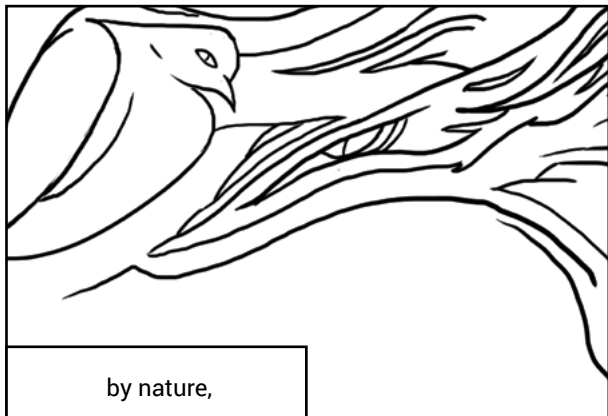
a small bad decision,

a sudden temporary
financial collapse.

We really underestimate
clumsiness, I tell ya.



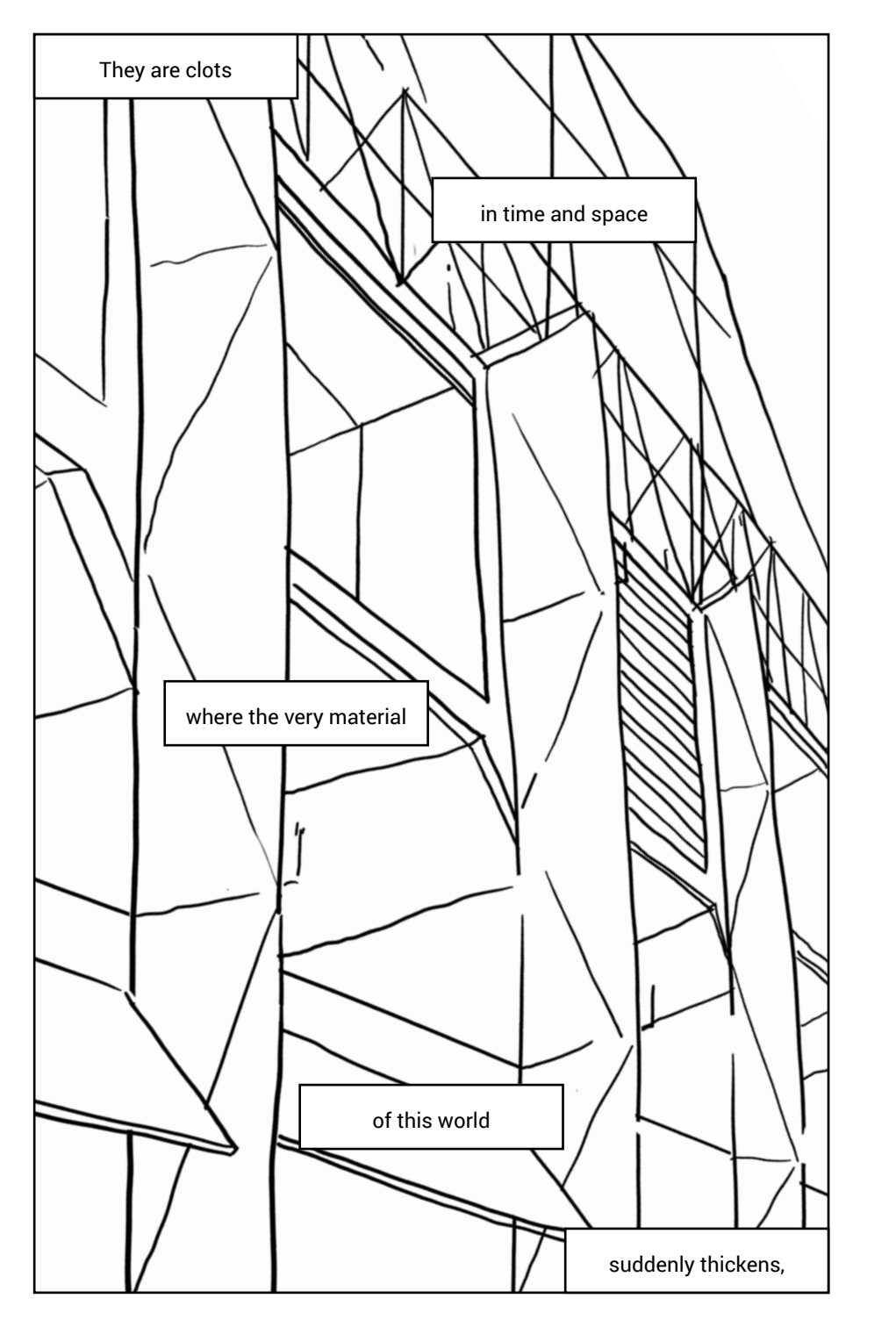
Complications,



by nature,



aren't necessarily bad.

An abstract line drawing composed of various geometric shapes, primarily triangles and quadrilaterals, some of which are shaded with diagonal lines. The drawing is framed by a black border. Five white rectangular text boxes with black borders are overlaid on the drawing, containing the following text: "They are clots" (top left), "in time and space" (top right), "where the very material" (middle left), "of this world" (bottom center), and "suddenly thickens," (bottom right).

They are clots

in time and space

where the very material

of this world

suddenly thickens,



making itself



tangible for you



to touch,

bump against and

trip on.



It allows us to experience the universe.

Even if in the moment

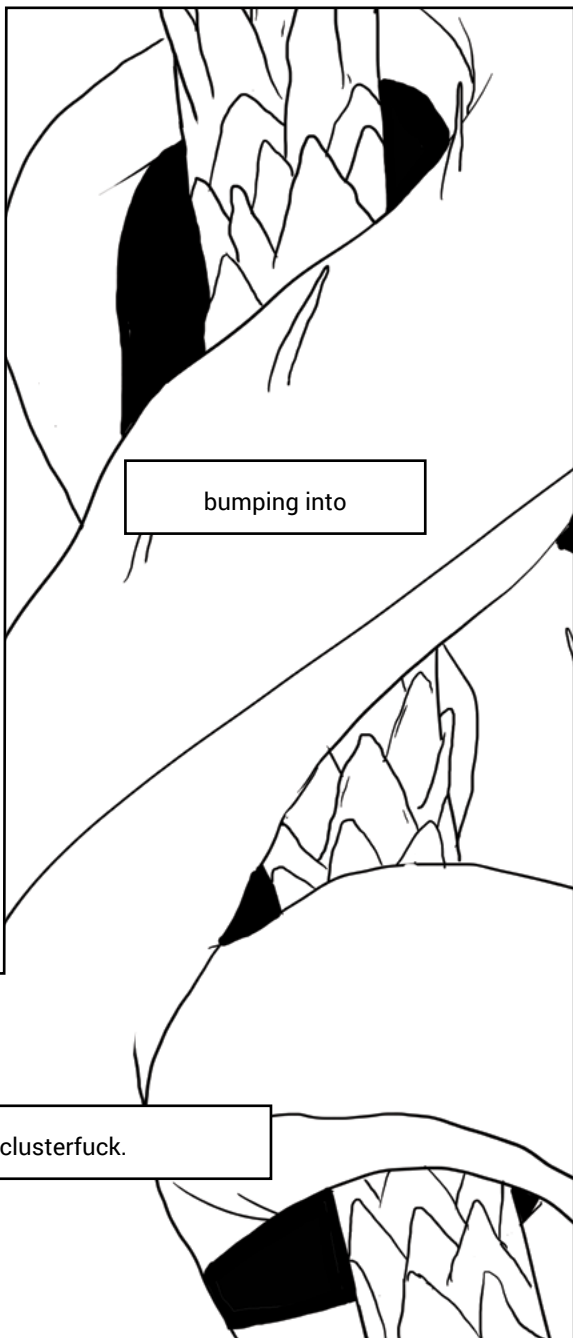
there is nothing worse,

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

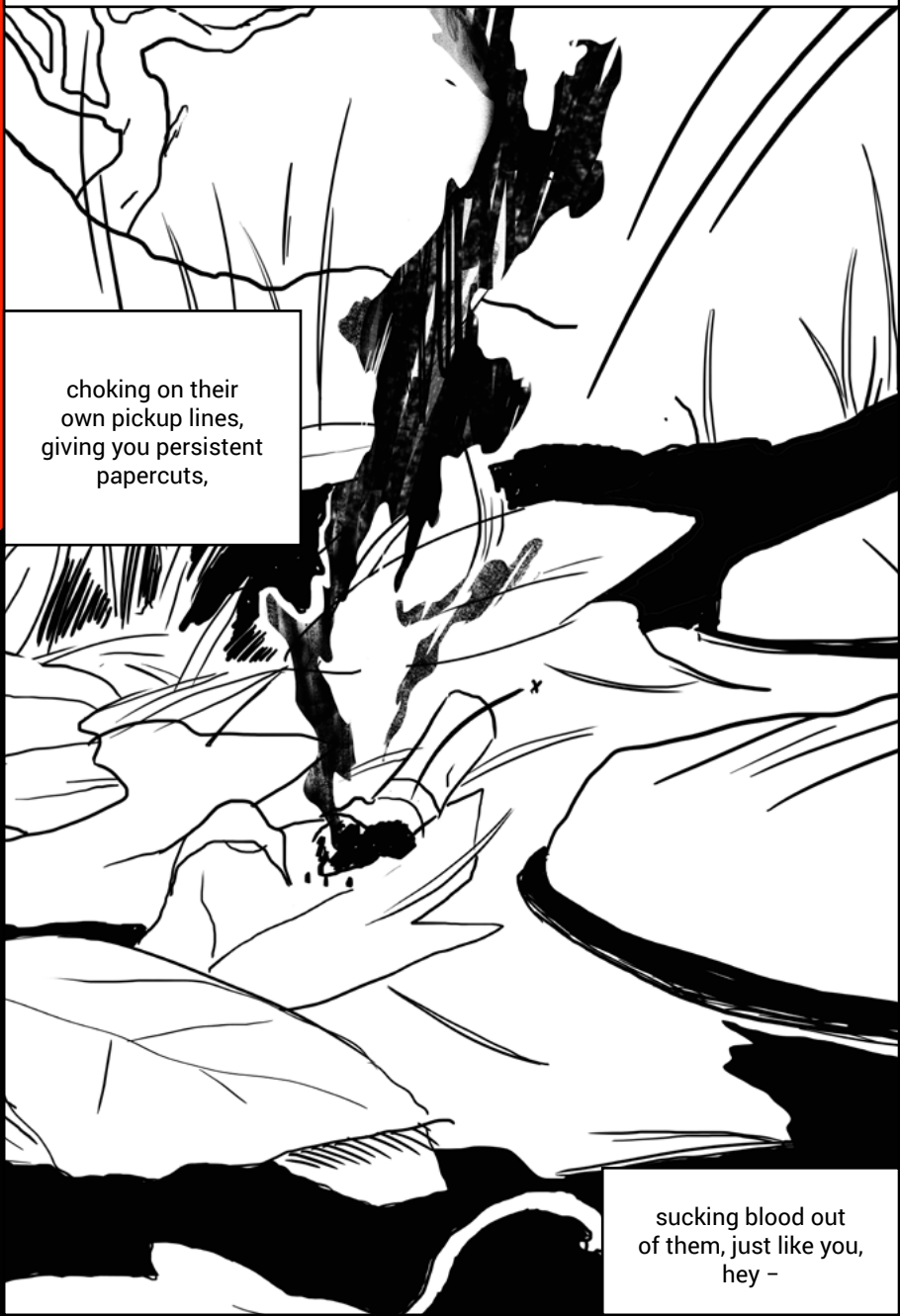
what we both thought while
squeezed on a bus.



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.

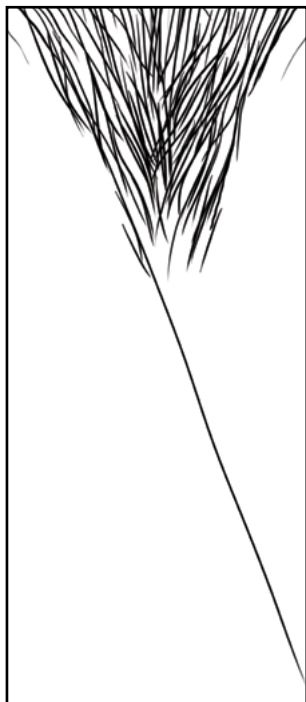
Venomous creatures hang out together and talk about women and say:
did she tell you we once fucked her, all five of us?

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

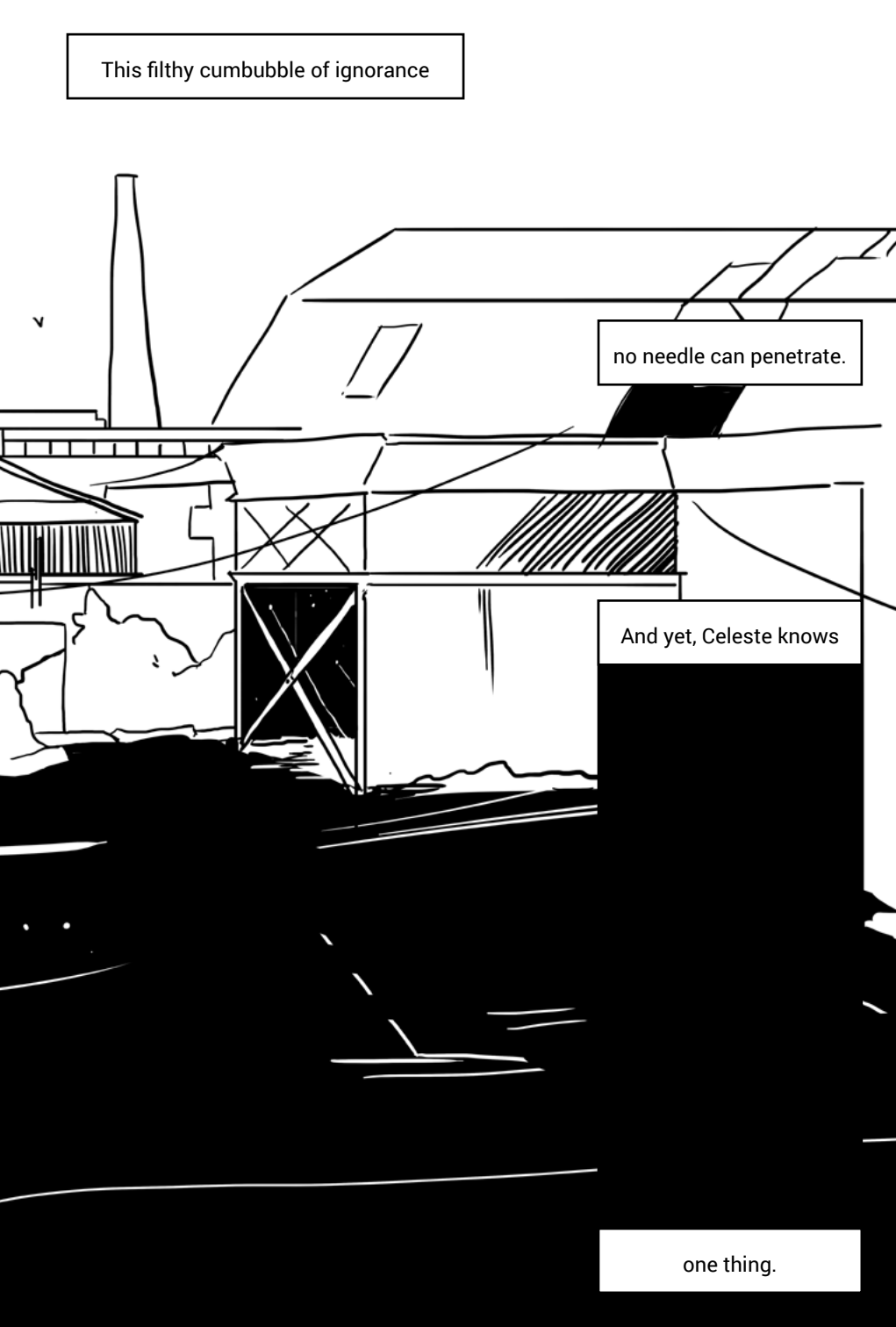
They make cats cry,



they make the world stop

as you slam headfirst to a wall.

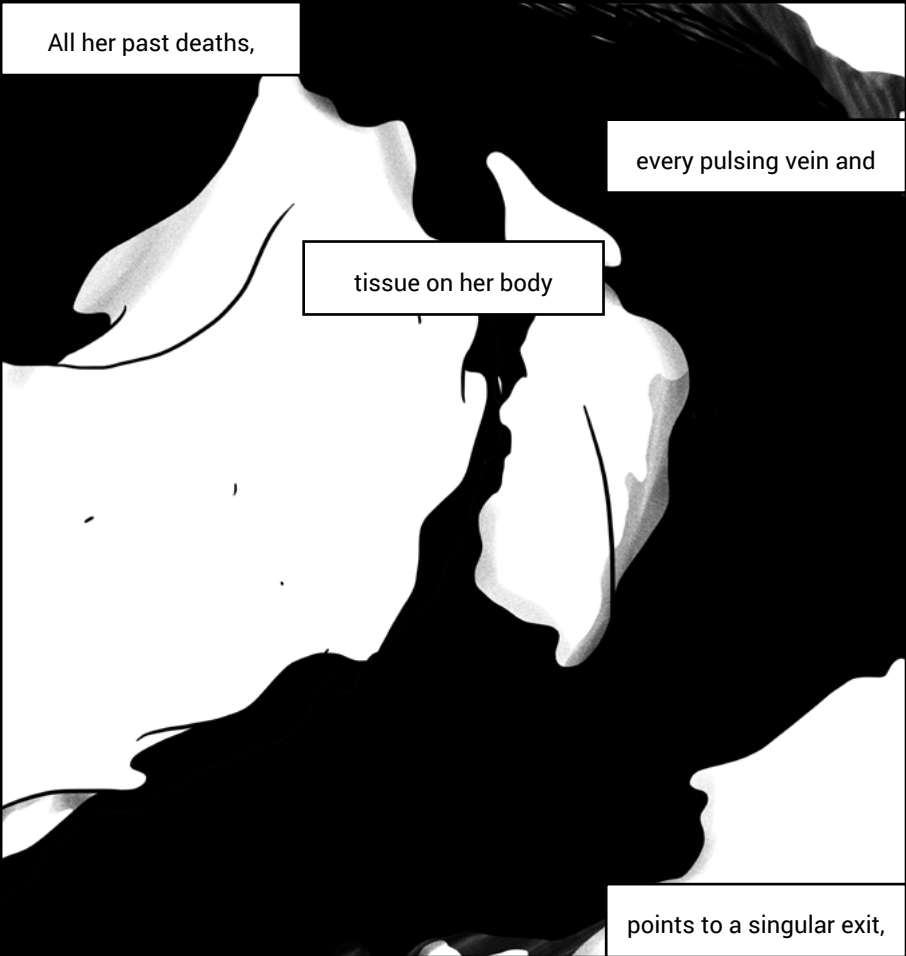
This filthy cumbubble of ignorance



no needle can penetrate.

And yet, Celeste knows

one thing.




All her past deaths,

every pulsing vein and

tissue on her body

points to a singular exit,

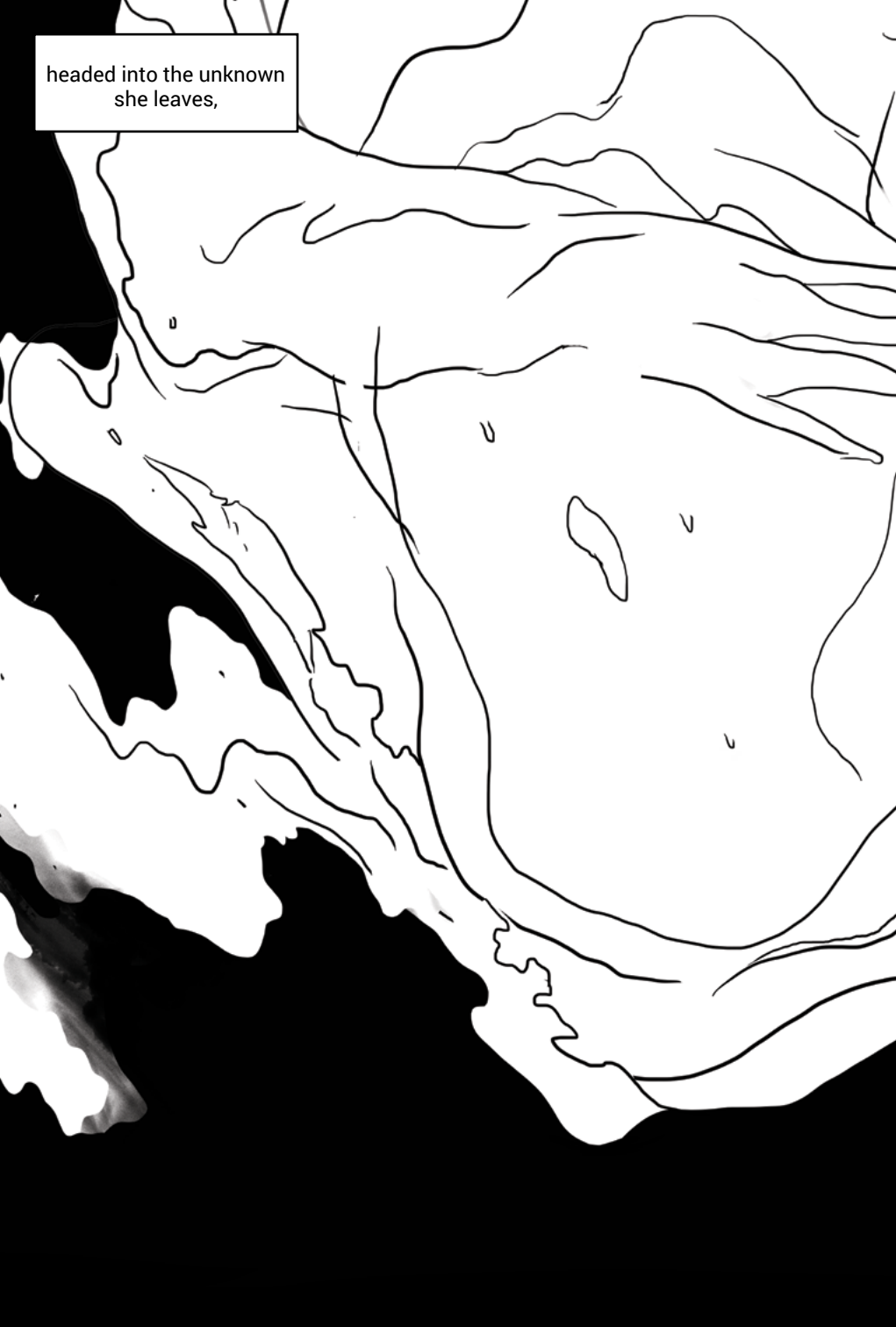
which opens up briefly in the sticky sludge wall;




and as the compass

starts spinning wildly

headed into the unknown
she leaves,





not as a proud supernova,



but as a single
disintegrating comet,

ose

and to discover h

herself in the big,

fleshy u

niverse.

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

This year

7.45A

the emotionomics

crashed

after the great
heart leak in the city,

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

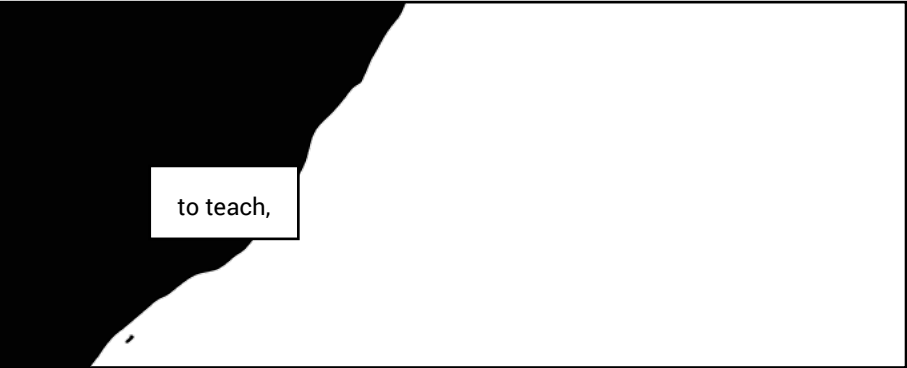
of the clusterfuck,

the universe offers all possibilities

and no consolations,

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



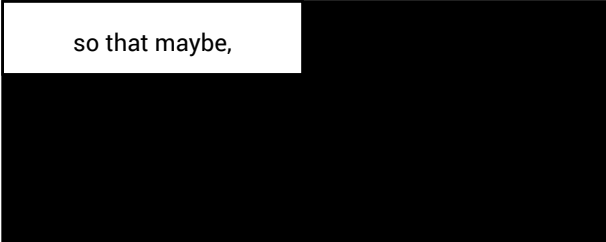


to teach,

to spread mantras of affection

and touch,

so that maybe,



maybe

all of the great clusterfucks
would halt



and turn into



private and explosive





love orgies.



