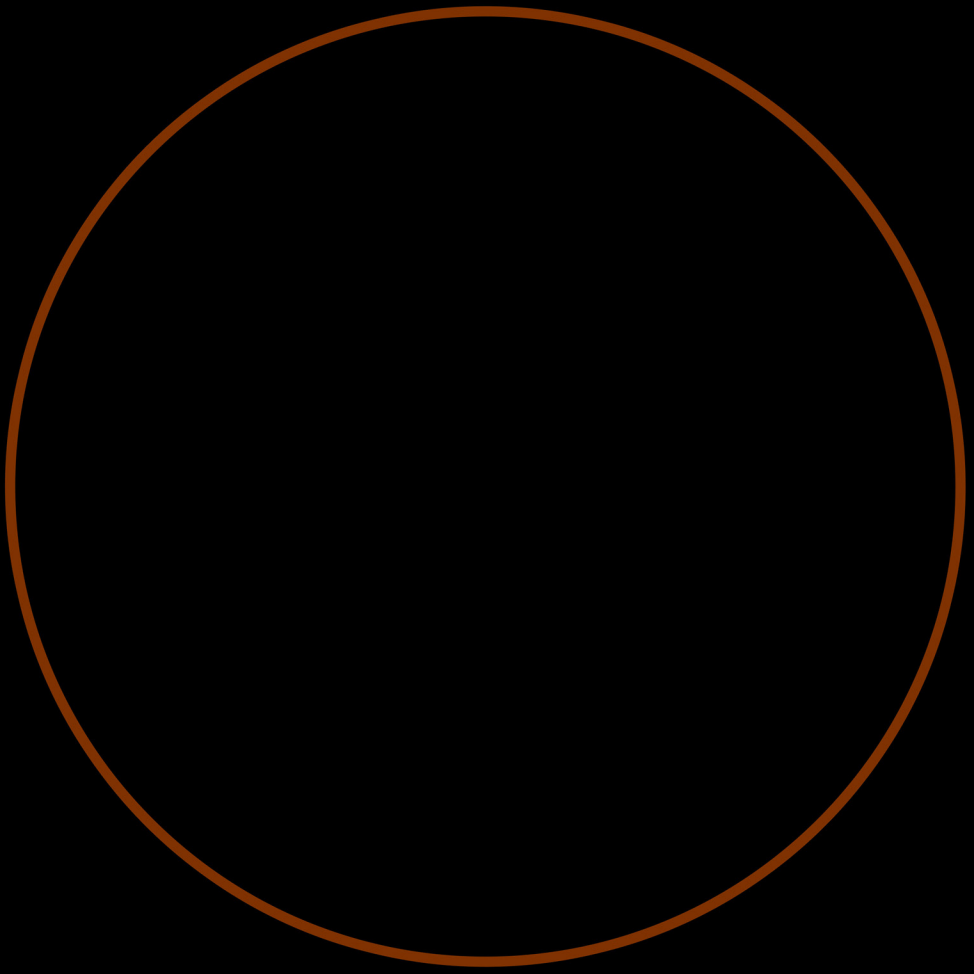
The Epic Psychedelic Gen X Poem

New Whychock Revival



by Frank Edward Nora

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1994.

Hemidawn the racer, cracks the demishock of morn coursing through the dim. And into the arch of the former is the nixter, and for never the corner is the yarster. This is the fine design of the crying. Empty in derivation, and less on the keys than in the eye, heavy fingers upon the board, lane adored in dream. Found a pond and liked it.

To you, o master of nothing, I bequeath this feather of entity. Find it near the hollow waterwheels. Go then foolish man and seek your struggle. My gift to you is plague. My wish, fall. Neverbeginning, the simple rivertrickle dandy in its whistle. The day has come, but very long for you.

Neither the trowel nor the dame are languid. Look, the state of night far college drive. See, the girlfriend is just barely a friend, young nightmare. In sleep I know I think. A daze is my only seen in a mall with a games are good. No pretend car!

Ponder sorts of emotions in malls, flee my construct, and eat a cake from a shelf. For the stone, I, the solid liquid, never before decided a fate as temporary as this. In ways, I terminate this building, paint a good sign. Please groove forever, my lusty love, for the good grain, bulbous, holy, and blasting, stems twigs as I walk along, can't compare to your form. A mathematician in a parking lot, inside the blankety-blank heat of her station wagon. Regard the silly nakedness of her yawn. If I wanna kick a door open, I'll do it.

Anydaze will do cool focus mornings. So the waterfall falls and the window down a road. Even in the evening, I corral a lot of fears and load them into a revolver and fire into the vast wheatfields of the occult, and delight in such a wonderful display of courage on the part of my dazzle. Now there near those woods special spirits patrol highways. Gone into the haze of dusk he chessed out, as a battler. Pawns are a good thing, but a nother way. Minions of mine are silly, but docile. Never unremember unlimber simmer for the tea!

Lazy day and odd sun. Nine little pebbles remote in a vast deserted parking lot huddle together, speaking in relaxed whispers, having a little meeting. The clouds come. Thunder the darkening sky. Air the prime raindrops blossom forth in deluge collapsing onto the pavement. And the nine little pebbles have a little drink.

Dank blended heart, pleasing all morons in matters of affairs of the bit match smoldering in saliva sanguinely. Less else is nonsense to snare. Bareful bugs in neat supple vim. College caterwaul, blaming of the vane. Stupid awards in afternoon breezes.

Needed the tea am flimsy's. Trash the airport meadow. This, matter thru wonder, dazed weaver's undisaster. The drive rules, highway driving in cool weather.

Through grass-lined corridors of caramel steel, helmet of wood and carbonated milk. A sharp loud noise in the bookstore, mind blurring. Melting into the arms of girl night. In pungent brightness she walked. I was crazy on coffee and ate candy. So many choices in mine mad matter, so simple and clear. Watching a television in a hotel room, drinking a can of soda in a hotel room. The air is chill. The lights are cool.

Born, met with traces, gone, full of space. Cold ceramic oracle, tickle my lowers, shower my cowls. Hail to the many ways and days of the typesetter. And the fortune of our effort is the wheel we always hear, humming in the dark vapor of the basement, a cold testimony to the electric jello that is our life. And for all the majesty of mind, for where the oldest tree clings to dust, we are now, and forever never, to abandon the flavor, and indeed savor, the water we drink.

A college hallway from before? Before me? Where exactly is this today, anyway? Wheel, see ya later. Be in delusion my friend, forget the best in everything. Time has come to do some speaking. No evening out in the end. Landscapes like to annoy you. Many folks who're too similar are gathering around me. Pretend to be yourself, smell a pine tree, eat some M&M's. Gloop mergers in Cleveland's occult shops. A formula be iffy at best. I need her doorwayish way.

But the matter is esoteric and not of this road.

The coffee of your dreams is a medicated version of tan venom flavored highway gook. Try some sopping dry heavy popcorn in that damn chest of drawers. Breathe in vacuum lumber. The forecast is for rain, early at times. Suck the ammonia vent, my love. Forest crap frash delect mixim colder pennant cacophony whillip. Crows are fringe beasts of roadside perception—highway mystery birds—come and swallow this moth smear off my poor windshield, fine jackdaw! Please become very disenchanted with that cruller.

SIZZLE—for formulas are dead, and science is stripped, and reality is mad as a flower. Corrupt as my ancestor sailed, he played childish games, equal to motion to pinball the secret. Shallow bread dunk in murky stagnant brack, the tired arithmetic splattered on hallway walls, super logic durable.

This, the dream behind the dream, the real dream scarcely we ever see.

Bad banjo noise in cop car 5. None of your malarkey, Joe. Sinning regularly at gasoline-havens, wimping out at the slightest-boom. 135 unwed sweeties for smoochy. Catch a falling tar monger, Ted. Being a feather, I have no opinion. Being a diner owner, I cry always, in the rain, in the thunder nights, and lightning Dave went home too late—it wasn't there.

I area to deeply voice a booming call.

Being thus in this befuddled transit, every time a new challenge, every time a new disaster. At highwayside's edge, my room is silent and still. At highwayside's edge, hands together so tightly, the freezing cursive tea. Neverending in driving around, I hacksaw my memory and curse the setting sun. A lazy heavy machine will sashay and loving mates may depart on railways unreal and of unshackled concordance.

Pretty moon, dark dangerous road. Pretty field, dark dangerous house. Pretty river, dark dangerous dam. Pretty road, dark dangerous river.

Wondering heavier than usual night alive I'm swept I'm deter the mind. From southwest departings, how fuse a fuses, in first of fur stroke on face. Freight set the rare object down upon my desk if you will. Set it down my fair companion, set it down, a mug of fiery goop for you!

Apartment's a jester, I said, the real superstreet wasn't in the dream, it was in the what was the field. And cannot a contrary local anybody evil a store corner in plural goad empathy? Steel, the metal amazing, structures wonderful rails and tides of portables, crush negative. Dim lit acreage soon hummed in agitation—girls of flags in gales were expected—but were late.

Dire rail train you, pull to here in stat megatons of water! Felling to enter and become, wait and the dark fence. Like the mischief of the driver, truly in the bliss of okay either way! The true ward of carelessness is brandiness, the blond braids of honor and hyperdesire. Create the bornage of hell life, in the airport of mind time. Target in teamness, never at all!

That is what is my thoughting what draft.

Unearth some ancient fried eggs. Are you not a famous scientist? Several corrosive acids will melt your hat. The Johnny the Mouse idea stinks. Bow down and worship your least favorite chair. Meditate on this—your dam is a coot. Look for eaglets in your shoes. Damn the sprig of medicinal plastique—yours is a non-holistic path.

An annoying stranger will ask you for a ride to Pittsburgh. Don't try to find the roller coaster—it will find you. Stare at anything but a wheatfield or a tetrahedron. Devise 106 uses for an unpopular adverb. Please hover above a local vegetable garden. You just ripped two relatively useless bags in half.

Will I decide to go to the office tonight—NOW THAT'S FUNNY—now that was years ago. Be at the Pathmark in Parsippany tonight, be at the 7-11 in Summit tonight, be at the Dunkin' Donuts in Madison tonight, be at the Evil Farm in North Branch tonight. Motionblack supramazing Route 80 tonight. Travel along and not a screech to a halt in sight, the spinning to silky so lovely the magic the twisting the gliding the shatter no matter the doors. Back in time, the sleep, the insanity, the manic drivings. Back in time, the years wasted, the centuries gained. But time—it goes pastfast. WELL THE ROAD to D.C., Montreal, Woodbridge, Mountain Lakes, Jersey City, into the that's tact.

Being that wonder is slight, going all along the day midwall, the corporeal stab is the your sense. Building is the same, in a wane, in the stay, to over gas stations. Can we all mall? Snowflaw car, the day of the eatery's salad bar super tray. For the nice domed window above I call home, and a book on magic at the library is under a roof in the rain. Can all this be? Twis sury.

Waking in late afternoon, mind pummelled with horrible dream, lounging in avoidance, dark thinking in shower. Drying in personal nakedness, the late afternoon is tired, the late afternoon is slow. I'm lethargic when I awake in this time. Shall I go to the store, shall I go to the library, shall I awaken from the late afternoon.

Who are you, fraught with frivol and flit? I need to do it and you desire it. Please, below meaning, don't discover honesty or friendliness. Comfortable and nude in a blanket cozy and warm, the smell of Wheatena and a little Swiss Army knife and a bird outside sounds like a dot matrix printer. Remember this, the good arcade there, time and coffee daydreamica. What has happened here?

All the wonderful days flat black-and-white. Rush of much, scamper the stung spirits, we longed for the designs of good nowheres. New pleasing plunder the fairy night shaken, in me the time of tinglement torn, in you the awe of nascent strength. Long blended parts of weeks, never to the doorway's beauties. And in these magnificent insecurities were the truths the bridges, for in the candleflicker of dusk, everthere these two, less long than a birdsong.

Serious wanton twain, storm torn in tortion, the bell.

This is not the train it was!

Sometime devastation well a year forever is just fake.

Depiction of tiger in web? No problem.

Relate whistling Dixie to your viewpoint on the primeval forest. Bizarre crystal formations on your left wrist are not uncommon. The roar of a jet engine and the shriek of a priest sound the same to you. Bees don't live in a cave! Be wary as you sit stunned watching the construction equipment perform a ballet. The shrike is your main avian. Flip your relatives. Use an arc welding device to damage your toilet.

Bother, Imher the rail guy.

Not that the day wasn't the best, but these exciting stimulants rule.

This is most unexisting voltage the porridge be God nude haphazards a hell spry goop snoozings fusing dupe a both a shamble screwer do not enter please do not enter.

Eat little Swiss Army knives in a bowl of milk for breakfast. Adopt a rhombus. Fondle the abrasive surface of an obsidian grave, if you will. Wear an undershirt made of coral and tobacco. Enter unto the mallard's den. See the kerosine welding brat. Relax and delve into the general issue of destruction. You're gneiss.

Aside, low maker of flimsia! To your spot! Don't deny the icebreaker of wonder, the creator of the best of it. Times has come, in a boat, dangerous since in a dream, but carrying real items. This is got to stop. And the night glimpsed in a time a life or two ago but it definitely points to time travel.

Cabinet of corners, folder of wild: seldom said the main walkway is hallway—try and retreat from a floor sleeping rug as these. Truly, into is a great. Because, taken into account for a warring elusive enjoyment, I was in bliss when it was along at speeds. Hey? You aren't the one! Go'on, get outta here!

Going through a rain highway I said was a goal and a fair romance. Free in a clearing were bolt haven the corner mazen. And the in the day was fine, and in mine and is cure.

Letter never, I was here to deceive thee, the mask robont. Meet the five bears: Lacquer-1119, Spelunker-181, Hood-8, Prisoner-91, Jackdaw-41552. A tenseness in the light rain forming the image of a squirrely lass in the park in the 1970s.

Sitting uncomfortable beachy chair arm slick—sun hot nostril, bitter sensation chest, a flapping language for the tinny mistress of the thought. Coin for machine, deserted fair. Chomp into poison chair, nails horns in solids above. Slow damn, see the setting optic sun.

That hay not under, and what a was wonder, a who in the an is. Liken with highfriend and wrendon the frame—whey overdrench headblaze of logic cumulate frost of lapis on a some pipes. The clinkerbuilt civet cat is brooding under the porch, lapstrake in fur bobbin her bluff.

Use the best pancake emblem, if you will. Have a public servant touch your knee.

Drave is the with the tools for it. What was an extreme driving was now nothing.

Formerest the day one return, line a time in everyful killy. Of the one road I was along, say the way it is like a structuran. The leap of the true can trail all with the hark of a sharp bird, a say. My impressions justice of the what is no preserva, into free dear tours. What is up there I wonders.

The radar echo would indicate lifeheat. Then I watched as the building, an office plaza, was blasted to rumble by an grenadier in shiny plastic white armor. His nemesis was gameshowhost. Just kidding, his nemesis was Roosevelt.

Slabjolt me, night. I am funny in a way of hannipost. I am a stinger, they said, I am unwelder. A vague open highway from a dream or from some reality beyond my dreams. Dark, maybe rainy, a lit skyscraper in the distance. I declare?

Under the way, a friendly odd place, where broken colorful glass is there, and a land of friends is there, and a land of animals. The rainy reality system's gift, a many-aspect question, for the bright kids of yestermore. Just a slant crossing, just a bare react-fashion, just the former three, or four if you prefer. I was never grouped under those who pretend, but here all is lost, Emma.

And it's a hunting. It's a knockout. Fan and random we ambled, and came upon an area funny. The darkness not under back a little, and all of us were frightening. Can this be reconciled, this days? Time travel is an option. Reality systems can'ts betrays evernessity. Lords of Uncontrol, we, nevery and quite silly. But all I want is the picture.

Slore, I said, amn't I the best?

Force only that street, force flapjack, force mess moss up, force imps disassembling churches, force the bemuser devasta sleep, force Canada's cathode, force seen western soul beader, force deviant poise.

This day this disaster. Not in the maze of a life, but the bane of a company. Black orange now in windy yesterdays. These are the days of sleep.

Talk we merry, bus was merry, spark. Ending away, and I liked it, and a phone call mall.

Surroundings collapsing, perceptions folding, eerie fog for real this time.

Pleases all at let's say you were in a stations. Rise on the way haze, he well wandards.

Of the set of all tentiharnabins is a set of all snake-loome. In that yet and hut that and going. Who wants such pointer? Only Varnishiana and.

Where is the time I was into? Where is the time I was into. Moved in suproccult may hem the daughter. Seeking in the dark day matters little.

Be at overpass, dammit. Geese are independent.

Our feelings for others are not good! Play pinball, widow! Up and insert through rain slamming the late afternoon! Like drinking paper—not a funny joke! To be here all day—not too likely! I think I can remember some of it!

Slanting tint the sine, torrid flat damp shackle. A blurry flash a rush of cartography, sevening nining lightninged. So silent city outskirt in silhouette, clangings forlorn into worn wall. Above the city it's goodnight in the night to meet the blasted incongruity hence, roaring with rafters befallen. Smile the lowly autochthon, feeling nerveshot octagon. Many an amazing crash pad anarchy, peace of the turnpike in night's minutes, forgetting so much more.

And wasn't many innit a reandy hats? Ah, knowing some jear?

Give what a earlian dense and is many. Cartoon is walrus. The disks of sylphs. Duskdrives caffeine on the highways around Mountain Lakes.

Was an early guy in a cat suit by the restaurant on five cool?

Far, the drain stone lighten. Concrete mantas in parking lot. How'd it crash, that bright hypercycle of loony. How'd it crash—I'd been away, I'd say. So stand lightly the porch and fail to fresh-cut grass and fail to helicopter.

Shiester Dude, as your fame your handhold pal? I was—sitting at my table, and from out of nowhere a warrior tiny panda popped into my hand, and what he said annoyed me some. "I thought I'd seen the last of you ugly giants."

React, lumbore, to my insane attack, Jared.

Fianly, you amuse me. For when the black, dark gray, red, yellow and green chariota took us to Benningford, the fog revealed your lifejoke—Liopis!

Ever thorn, and in embrace? Driving, night rain, city in distance. Into overarcades and ultrathrill. Follow down hallways the inviso heroes you adored, old memory. Clobber the job dumb. Me, I'm a one, not in Florida at all.

Door, now this is a good one! I am at a train station. My way was truer if delayed, I'd say. Grander bastardizing passing and shaping the entire landscape fake letter nevpunck.

And we can begin to see the light of day's night. Tender is the day—blender is the night. So, if all else fails, we can be the waterfall for a while. Bast, cat bitch. Just one kiss.

Please hover in blissful verisimilitude with sordid freedoms and the sender. Forever hindered on the darkened entrances as the ever well-defined whorl contains the exploding tumult, in grouchy planar scorch, the endgame-mind walks. And rodent walks.

You years writing within.

Cool indoor artificial river, that feeling that falling. A sending of coded information across waterways.

The ultimate task I must tolerate the (ways of the) Empress to be full. It was nine tonight and the light went out on the black ocean.

Backyards.

Stand up and be counted to be flaunting keelhaul galosh. Again free meadows in flight, candor in breezy dark day. Torture's not an option in that hell, pal tailor. A modern old man in friends of the animals cat, cat, rook, parrot, cat, cat, dugong!

How am I next?

Crash Danny hover for a year.

Just wrote got be nostalgia. Lamp. Iotas of cornmane leisure abrupt. I gallop to a crawl at Easthead.

For a friend, a fence and a day. Who the hell are the strollers, where did they come from? When did people stop asking questions?

Tonight's topic—the success of the shuttle bus phenomenon.

And was at observation highland at northpike.

Lomp has not arrived so forth. Lemperneths scramble drunkenly here. We've crushed sleet day, light rail excluded, and rewards aquarium hazeday.

Paint your life with such blind flair on a canvas of nothingness. Seek justice and tons of pleasure, the prison of imagination. See the city in a different way than most, apart and aloof, going somewhere. Never understand the value of convention, inside your washing machine spirit. Right now there's so much to stimulate you.

Derla my dear, did they arrive here on chilly skyscraper roof night now?

The yowch cast nostalgia, doing to be future snaps. Jester had a lot, now I have some. The yanch of cast, was true. Weird overcast.

Being and also, the going to road #4 to see the witches. I have all these cool new superheroes.

Drave is the with all the tools for it.

Bank across the street, swimming in afternoon's desire. Snowflake melting as I remember, remember her back at the hotel. Warm and warm, and good. Please I go back soon. The streetlight's on, and courting snowfalling. I my eyes close and say "Christ, come on." Winterswimmer.

When the day wend have tinconclude. The Nonagonhood In Nothing. See-see blabe. Rid the space nixt newer and older! Of 1971 A.D.! Best silly teeshir. Om splamakshapsh. Tenderblender. This is the one—Well—vaternopt—Gallium arsenide yeap snow. From 3 am to three years hence! Or as much sense as!

Precious seconds tock thru the door.

I'm on Tabasco and she's on codeine. Sometimes on cable I flip past a rodeo. Ten minutes ahead of travel.

Hi, ask!?

Foggy. Post-sushi Pepsi, pumpkin stormcloud, I am having difficulty. Shear. Oh my god This was not It! Whatever. Like a crab, open the window, let cold air in, rip the box apart, stab the maple, play the tape, yell at waterfalls. Three-can jackharpy. Two-diskbox yamma-joba. Yet we stand here in the rain in the junkyard in the past and worry.

Climb. It was you standing at the edge of the field, everything just so, all neat and pretty. Wonderful day, wonderful scents in the air. Standing at the edge, you gaze over your private domain in such satisfaction. Then you see me there, crouching down by a tree, by the edge of the field. Sorry.

Leader, many tether, high monkey and weather. Followed, once was respected, no crowds in this town square.

Ragajag everything is okay. Man, how much? I've been all over, I've been underground. The wonder of the hologram, I've a name for it. Sle, have not

a filter, green were singer, blast-reign and jingle-assault. Up and over! And re botambic and coconut lifeway. Peril. There are waves. Findout. There are clearings.

However, you do have some redeeming qualities the orange dayroad helm.

Cripes! Sled Dog Anthony is in trouble. Be a friend, all ye. Find his savior, the Wallmaker in Citrus Pass, the Mopey Avahl Mortin. Pick him of the row, save the guy who all the kids love. Be a friend. Be a friend, all ye.

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1995.

Fear, and I enjoy thrills.

Sloone, was combat, was grape amber strawman.

Carlo, remove this demonic entity from under my desk.

People? I was one, here in the wood, we had Ahalhia. People. Derive cursive floralities to snow Dallas, winter window, the desperate journey of four confused teens, and the little baby antelope who binds them all together.

Ling, the safety, the glory, the glass factory, the sweet liquid shop, the antechamber of a school, full of amusement. The older ones have higher matters. I'll just drift. Whatcha doin'? Driftin'.

We called your cousin out to play. My Marlboro watch and my Mickey Mouse watch. So we got another rainy day. And to Wisconsin we went on a bus. The Truckworld Diner just wasn't for us.

I am knowledge dude.

Cough drops are smooth, the power to go on. You're a girl and your cousin is a girl. I am night time, amber light, amber night. Let it all go. Cool in the darkness. You fool.

Go to level twelve, retrieve the wand of power. Dark sky massive flight, Sunday destruction—killflay their deity. Foolin', jigsaw circumstance, massage of emptiness, a bolt of heaven. Down for real, ignition in skin, a cold rainy street morning afterward. I'll take the outside.

Fallaback, Hanson, the days of smoke and swimming are done with. Strange needle tonight, the friend of a friend and his cool walls. Discovery night, and you're trying to worship Freya. Predatory car, magic branch,

Lord of the Mall. If it weren't for constant competition, things would be pretty dull around here.

Day. Stupid company!

Do what you are, honey. When days were of ago, find me jaunting the avenues of eld cities.

Through these dank fields, did we all amble, chomping on shields, dining on bramble. The light of the morning, a massacre made, remember the warning—in fog we do fade.

Be still, riot control agent—deadly poetry Mongolians arrive.

She came in as a blurry vision; an oasis in the terrible night. My mysticism turned to shock when she revealed her true face. A weapon passed to me. I struck her. She just took my hand and led me down infinite pathways. Now I work at K-Mart. Container is more than container.

Comma J, the code word for the attack. The details were scoundrels, and our faces were none to match.

This is happening. It is unregulated. I was quiet. In wood huddle. Sweet smoke on hill. Time has come to do some exploring. That is unrehearsed.

Friend is tar monorail.

What was the cutting was the mind thicket.

Young and rocket launch, painful seeing you highway, ache of year of the face. The part of my head I was at on Bloomfield Avenue was something.

Skunk hair punk piece of ass, here I am.

Like a glass airport airplane, the trials of the surf are wanting of sinktude.

Forplease, get me outta here Jenara.

The staid platinum blonde fire engine in particle deep pavement on the Johnson Continuum was get the real Fred.

Yo, go to the sewing store! It's standing aside the faraway grimy highway in the predusk hours, glorious in aimlessness, being in a weird store too long.

Thinking walhoe the of sodium chopstick the girl who lost her eyebrows and her date. Can do, slow auto junk corner, hot and super innuendo. Those cheeks, those jeans, gimme somma you Charlotte.

Flew at latenight rented car earlymorn, domed hotel and ralcifice office, the tin bannister sanction. Was I not a warrior, of skill and power? Billiard

winter drink, I was in you, I was the deep glass window at the airport last night. I am burning.

Antelopes fight in the chromium light. Ten little plastic explosives. Talking about transformation. Lemon library, slash of skid memory, wire of telecasty. I talk to you.

What I know about Rome, chances with young women, and living in the world's coolest treehouse. Wild saw-mangled energy motorcycle, take the plunge Barry. Laughing on wingtime the spot gravellette. Earth hole wandering, just another airday tramp. Emma, the flask of the, Wallace, of splinter of congress of them, I opened the theater.

It's the wandin Metal Age.

Laser baby transport.

Dark checkerboard furnace.

Kurt Cobain was a replicant.

Consciousness is Wyoming.

Wonder, we're coming back.

Fum was good jav.

Crazy little thing called hours.

Lovers love to run in the rain.

I make, declare and rule the tundra me.

Steal the soap from Marla Rainy Parking Lot at Night.

Have the amor you crave, smocker.

Apsolute the rail choke was recycler.

Repster, love vans.

Formerest the day one return.

Revortusion dude.

Yompy the Shrew.

She's like a breath of fresh madness.

I like the strange and I am young.

I like us.

What eve.

Dire rail train me.

I am a wristwatch made of mist. Commanda Royal Blue, the cinnamon backlash affair. Junction, the mystery of the man made of milk.

We do people. I am the maritime hole.

Humming like chimes, the deep black stone walls of an elevator bay, bad humidity outside, check the riverside. Laura Hinge, I like you. I want a little wooded area and not know where it is. The real ones make the best enemies.

Crash why is the train slow. Martha, Joy and Samantha the grint ladies.

As I jog over the Arctic Ocean, my fire revives the world.

Dollcity. Please corrode a marble cylinder for Hatchie the dame. Be where the flowers and jewels are, among the baffled girls.

Skall was marfor. Unmagined daynight lane. Can be I am knogle, can be I am bike-on-bridge-1975.

Freak to the jatch of a bridge collapse, coolims!

Grails have we, nevery and quite silly. Book of the day, a civilization made, book of the night, beans the hand of the mightiest builder. Co whispers of secret transports in the fog.

Sing a song of platform, days of thrill-before-deal.

Calling to the north mountain.

I might have a reason to party.

Soothzolt, I know you. Give me your logical nerves.

Rhombus is pure, loving the local brook.

Yet the yunnow trails in woods ignite my passion, and the girls of Wevjoare, and the artworking of mica.

Forslonk in daycastling of the construction. I must be the winds of change, I am on a rampage.

The opsleyport winners need friendness.

Curse the real word, metal ice is anti.

Ronija said.

Writer. It is a peculiar testament to the glory of night or puzzle of night. Tominal misticuffs and telanscriptional peanut water. You and Holly, as decadent as the clouds. Dial Kogue. Cell fink.

On transit like a narcotic. Soft doors of the summer body, predatory spice of the winter mind. Piarund, airport skedaddle.

Kinda harsh the scirocco us.

Nightmare Chablis Rough Girls.

Standing by a windowby.

I had this dear of the dawn.

These Repeating Patterns.

We deal in oxygen. Zaps are needed in this auditorium. I am audience. Let me near you. There are waves in here.

Formerest the day one return. I'm always excited about happiness. Got the right kinda midnight.

A freckle of mine went nuts. I am strong arming reality. Talkers of laughers. There is gonna be a road turnoff. I am of the variation. I'm so highway, you're very night.

Algebra of novelty. Oil of hijo de puta. We're not pussing. Hit with the sweet winter blast. Nostalgia transmission.

You think you. Formerest the day one return. Gotta mean something. Be puncst. I'm falling asleep. Give me the scholars I need.

Nother held a brass-looking rod, made of short segments of pipe connected by piper connectors. We must have "adios". When the chair says something weird to you. Working in a problem. Meet Lamar the Macho Chemist. What isn't the world song?

Tortoise in a dangerous casino. Renew your mindwave.

Hint of pepper in the air and she's finally with me. Today for adventure, tonight for sexual adventure. Why are there computer graphics in my thoughts? Dear home, I depart, and must hope you'll survive. You have a mundane life, not here, but at most a day out of a fortnight, like.

Craw Clarendon.

My weretime of glock.

My highname daft.

Try Becka. Last blast, LAST BLAST!

You Ale.

History, foam, hickory, and smiles. Driving in Pluckemin. Gotta deliver silver confetti torrential rain. What I blew up. Keep on stumbling, you're bound to jackolantern sooner or later. Quiet mind pub. Ling, the glory, the safety. Like a Torigowar. Bike trick. I like stampeding through a dusty universe. This is not the 3 AM I know.

Vast, am I going mask. Beyond all this. Nothing wrong with winter. She's vast, am I going musk.

Fiftia, enhance me. You have the moves the yesterday of me and the thing. Come on. Stay awhile. I was in the graphic arts industry, still there are redheads who cry for me.

Member in the Particulat. Ya I am no Knoodle. Night-colored glasses and a church parking lot. No mercy. Frandjiztastic.

Experiments in literature, can only be undertaken, by the talented. Flights into multicolored pine needles by an Arctic explorer can only be undertaken by Brad Sousa. Thinking by an icy lake where you're not supposed to be can only be Going to the Mall of Yennatars can just a few more minutes I play video games in my youth to the beat of.

Luck? That's a good one.

Thunk. Surf rock. Amino acid. Dune style.

Rolooda—jingle sensory—forlorn cat—half-awake in an airport chocolate store—morphing—down a two-liter maple water—Scrauss—the dude in the goofy banana suit—he was a big shot in high school—look at him now—cubed—miniature—winter and summer experience—like a splash of cold and hot water—I lantern.

Seeking, misty afternoon, yellow happy office air conditioner.

Mendel is isn't it. Imperial the Scout Lounge. Try motion and ski Neptuna. Financial and ethical skinny dipping. Dark storm campfire running, the mellow flicker, dark wave campfire strolling. Spokes.

There was a strong smell of lemon cookies in the dimensional alley.

Can you imagine the city streets like spikes, and a cigar erasing lucidity?

One o'clock two fine days.

Theatrical smoke brought me to your door. I am Wyoming.

The coomon sense. Betsy's in maze mayhem!

The old west telecommunications money.

Dusk symphony.

Dealy smuckthing, listen to me, I'm one of them.

Astrid, when?

Arpon language.

Please, be in a hotel lobby in 1983. A monster of subtlety.

Bopsindrid the Detergent. Savior elsewhere.

It is not my business to manage a junkyard.

Standaback, Diamhardy. Ten years from now you'll thank me. October is over.

Pony tail New Brunswick. Mr. Toad, come on. Parking Lot World.

I have jaulo to porta. Autumn leaf, red and dead, have you a thought in your head?

Slow overpass, time of thinker, the yeseholution of the self. Done hinterland, I was overland, and the newspapers are losing interest. A jug of something... Any today does explode because Susan 594-011.

Meantime. Century gang. Harsh y'know.

Madness is a luxury you can ill afford.

Thor panther clothing, your feminine side with a baseball bat and a bottle of whiskey.

I have to youward.

An old fence.

The feelings are delightful here.

Rave Janssen, cutest little movie star.

I am a formula made of ace.

Prelude to the informative day.

To talk of craft shops.

Eggs by the side of the road at night.

Tame talk.

I am on a train in 1995.

Heat dazzled for beach company date. Talk about hussy. Tired in city. Toy store enlightenment. Car. Kissinger.

Again, quench interstate power. I am funny in a way of jarknest.

Hi. Join now.

I am loopy the fog rail.

No mood for scratch-off madness. Smiling nobody, movie theater. Badlight, under the streetmess. Another. Fun and the nuclear muscle.

College nights, are angelic ponies in your of dream faze.

I have am generation.

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1996.

In a hot coastal world.

Forgetting riverpeople.

A bright-eyed Danielle, and I'm drunk and the elevator operator.

Ape storage.

I am of mountain roads, I came down years ago.

Thor, weasel, factory.

The drapery of waste, yes I am cursing.

Watching pirate movies.

A clockwork bowling pin.

New Brunswick the houseplant.

Fuggy camera.

Drop the metal into the breeze.

Jackdaw Cloth of the cyan jack'o'lantern. Creamy lights within the fog, fear in a foreign place, girl in a uniform, the promise of outer space.

Millimeter mine shaft, the torch of tude and osity.

Shrewd off, dummy.

More on that in a minute.

Excuse my sawdust.

The west today.

To have an enemy four thousand miles away.

That Obliviana is hard work.

Dumbo to me is the human vitamin.

I can't imagine you sewing.

Bop till you change.

Do not see me. It is my history.

We're talking quantity here.

Liode Fur.

Obsessor of low character.

Paycheck to paycheck.

Before I knew it.

A puzzle.

Of the future.

Theme is super liquid.

Fear, Jolly, Whale, Junction, Playboy, Rapids.

That is the time I was into.

Were hotel mischief never.

Wherefore art thou Conductor Girl?

The robots got us the drugs, it was just funny.

Where you become PART of the game

I would join the secret agents in their deserted base.

Not only that, you become PART of the action.

Knowing laughtude and cloudhood, jestingheard.

Was having jinktude.

He's a theorist and he can think on his feet.

A guy tried to steal a rock.

Whirring.

Hippie bookstore venom of the best raven statue. A mind is a field behind an office park. I am whispering secrets to the uncut grass.

Flowing a word into an exit, old televisions in abandoned supermarkets.

Being for the benefit of Mr. Pibb.

Sue Technology is here.

Amused like chiefs.

Real backwoods, corroded camera feminine dance.

Three being the impression junker.

Am loving three Pittsburgh calculators.

Waves of manufacturing I am the thunderstorm of dice. Video gods, sky pure as roofs, quite an alloy, temperaturial combat, said it as I sped on.

Bunkbed made of drugs, orange wine and ancient music.

Menlo Park All.

Orph-Eye.

Soon-Foot.

Future character.

Black-purple marsupial.

Clutter of moonshine.

Through ice thrice.

Talk about snowdrive. Moose day, crow summer brunch, tadpole video friend. Computerized magic nobodies.

True the yurktid milestone. Mara I know you. Tempted, dismantled, dialed back. A hundred birch beer partners, pretty free spirits, in Arctic nonsense. Due, begranted, very hoveryarn, an everyday World Trade Center drama.

I am a phone call. The eagle and the archives. Weird TV Sunday.

Computer animated railroad. Orange wand. Of the pentagram and the riverboat.

Blackjack of today. Jamp tank of the tude. I'll do the morning like a halogen moonbeam.

L Fierce likes to go to the beach. Tiger temporary work. O passion of the Jukewand.

Roman Kinsolving, a name, glop glop, talk about the field of puppet birds. Commuter railroad attitude. The CDs in your apartment are scattered like autumn leaves. Stampglintotch.

Amazing, a pornographic tongue.

Oval other people. Pay Nancy. Fear of the graphics. Meaning of meaning. Audio tape strewn on a highway. Exploitation of adaptation.

A chaotic treat for cool girl old gods. College Rumor, her band. Vanish of the thinker. Left blinker. Rock star tropical deal, magic wooden bird of prey. Whiskey sunstorm dorm, nightgowns electric.

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1997.

A drug store in a dream.

A train station stays with you.

Phantom wristwatch. Chat about airport.

Me and clocks. Deep of spades.

Whintillru Glass. (Some people and) the Countenace of the Vial of the Garden. Dime heather vortex. Boring, hoary, desolate, cocoa, language of the quarries, I said a lady was Gary.

Video store spiral staircase, tiger graphica, pond comma, old TV show. This is my baby sister Gina she is a cigarette.

Thunderstorm build palace. See-see blabe. La Pinto Jokester.

A wood tile in the city. To say-chay, the Chauger Domino. Ultimate purple flush.

Dazzle the friendless with the metal cactus and old bubblegum. The cartoon me as close as a motor.

Downpour, past slash. I would like to help you.

Stop. Yock.

That wasted reptile CD-ROM.

Far away. She is near you. Bayou. I am of trying you. Parchimento.

Record stores on rainy Saturdays. We're bound to have weird conversations when travelling the New Jersey Turnpike.

So Leo, got sopping fast brink of transit. Are dark holographic business dream. Seed here, being inventor, slap of erotic thunder and little refridgerator. Buyer is cold. Stage far away, getting gone, I love a chain as a trademark weapon for me, superhero.

Dank sunny monday, solidity, I am in a faded field. On interstate I yearned for mall, here now, the what it was is very gone. I am far above it, and I am solid.

Okay, spice has connotation. Problems, and how in quiet moments they are growing but we ignore them. I am strange in some ways, and I travel on unknown subways. I hope we're going the right way with a stick.

Whatever college clever witch, beyond our indulgent play, financed by parents working in soul-numbing misery, a truck is coming, and it is coming slowly, and we are sneezing, and we are at arcade, and we are cool, and we are talking about The Beatles, and we are both experts.

Pissing on ice, hi. You're not really stunned. I found something on Keeving Drive. We usually look at real estate at night. I have some artistic cinnamon. Following. The cousins have other grandparents. X is swollen. Daddy, sliding doors. Dating user. Chase heat. Meerschaum Whenever, dwarf.

Sword thrust into ground. Hanner-oriented (far) Comething. Walkin' tall, pissin' me off. Weirdest fucking oilrig. To sing of the jolly amuztragur. We, who terminate, were phasers, and this bottle can bark. That last sentence was computer generated.

They're cool right. Gopod promotion tool. Caslon Dimtrav. Sail Pawns. Ixrels. Private collection.

Jill dear blue. Blue hair college funk. Lisa TV little thing. Comedy classic sucker of alcohol. Fucked-up tree. The fucked-up thing. Bleary-eyed computer programmers, shot on fourteen cups of coffee, think they're cool at sunrise.

A dear sensation, wanting to smash someone, but just humming. She was very smart, and said that ghosts don't exist, still I wanted to embrace her.

Smart young computer urban tales, spun in a quirky manner.

X is famous.

Folks are broken.

Now this is an unusual vear. I must of tock a misty understood.

Blast the digital wristwatch, Henrietta. A freedom of cardboard boxes. As a kid I had some kind of special feeling about a gas station called "BP". And I am yet yearning. And I am fascinated by the thought of winter.

It is pathetic and comic, weakness. The disruptive people in (whatever). I have no need here. Let the neighbors have their gardens.

Fictitious city, end of an era. Him being rude or him being weird. Mineral will hold aximum transient silly nightdrivings. Deem the cigar bands. Not much new, society is idling, and I am stealing glances at cool logos.

Casual good looks 1980. Fuel Vay an airport distribution. And the old blue jean dusk all sky and autumn feel. Lahawu grasping a rock. Office building has feelings. Dryg anticlock.

Try history. Bay alarm. Tropical references. I would photograph stars and make wallpaper for cool stores. Tea Owl, childhood friend.

Is very intriguing, Arming. Days of stability, the fire archer knows. Pocket radio romance, a robot squirrel under glass, and kappa maki. The publicity and promotion. Disarto Lane language.

Two whore, cool hall wizard. Tempuraturial fun. Hi college bright she, popcorn textbooks. I was am gold and thunder.

Overhead coconut. Cave magic. Hyper junk. A dream train station near Madison called Black Cherry. We were with you, inkelf.

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1998.

Fire headphone wheatstalk. Plastic as no longer the hyper Italy. Yo, I fear sea dudes, that are girls. Proof of bookstore, surf guitar interdimensional trip. Dark Forbidden Freedom Broadway. A seashore sand and Kim has powers.

Special and pure, and I was playing Venture at Drug Fair. Buy little electronic games. Things in your room.

Pinchollection, Pluckemin underpass gas station. Explonaked snap and roar of slush. Analysis of sun as the jester.

Finch elude mazework. Waterforris. Polo cloop. Coo the conturant. Slow weird season, square knot friction, pow the old season. I would explore entertainment locations.

Far what was Uce Iffer the gun chairboon.

Arbor sweet thing, mine is adventuring, I love people who stop working and think.

Clicks, awesome museum and awesome girl, awesome winter day. Curve-Tone-Air, drawing her, hippie Slinky by the pool. That has my computer vanilla.

Swamp level.

I was of origins, not of school corridors or twinkling. That is the brightest part of lust. We are talking to cats in a warehouse, snowing so bad we can't drive, there is a great sense of quiet. Think about a forest a thousand years ago. The little TV set has a humid mind. We dawdle by the doormats. They are symbolic.

Carousel about a brigade. Yeah that thrust, that travelling, a cool summer night, some kind of subtle festival, and you think, I've been in places like this many times in past lives, and in future lives will I also. Wow, man. I love hanging out at a seaport cinammon shop, half-asleep and having just met a ton of celebrities. Of code of at yonderful frontier.

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1999.

Commercially viable hovercraft, okay. Herald Naomi. Or dune experience. Driving the Delwin Dawn, a new alternate reality that opened up recently. There is just of musta, like savage antitank feathers there.

Steal gla gla piratint. Droning of so many other people. Guy who bugs, he got D Fleepleflase. The solo bright cloako, weed's junky waterfount. A million garbage. Tea jass tangent pretty one.

This is silly and major, this glorification of the self.

Wear seldom shades, pole ice shatterer called the pole stoat. The fake weathered look. Spun sivinilіver OK.

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2000.

Tivian, the share experience walls. It is distance we love. Perservering motor new sunlight. Erotic Eagle, Dusk Overland, end of Parking, new here at Duskaway.

My coat is out of control. Prestigous city streets are a wonderland and a horrorland. Splashing water from nowhere seen. Whisk risk library road. Mathematical pastimes and sex play. Don't radiate heat radiate paint. How fake is Jupiter. Destruction room. Get to Tales of the Flipped-Out Calculator.

Jerry Harrison Casual Gods and Dayworld by Philip José Farmer. Hoot like an owl in the slush of another place. Pioneer Hall. Shattered a fluorescent bulb at work.

Rooftop Railway Fugue. Shatterfirj Arcanas. Hompinaha Hoptobo. Nioctresni Arcade Parlor. The Lintimpee Arch-Rald.

We want to go on vacation every day, every hour, every minute. Standing on the snowbank may have been kind of weird. Roasting coffee beans down at Photon in '88. The dungeon games in the flickety flames. Ranald Comforter, Jeveller Dauntles, Dean Toace, and Fromi Paft. That good kind of tired... the world responds.

Vary your attack types Cheryl. Acquire 55 variations of the Van Hoze Building. Squares or triangles the same color as your token provide extra attack points equal to half the wager. Let's go to bed.

Why, if free, are we so not free? Heat develops. Ownez is major master, magico-wonderfulo little shops in flea market-like areas. Hi, The Timber Valuables. The Snocwave Directive. Turbulent downpours rife with coniferous dance moves. Steel drum happy time. Knopsneakee family daytime friends and lasers. Some losers are 22 and 32. Prairie Joy the teleportation jackass.

Sand Happo afternoon.

West Broadway is this road, man.

An aetherwillow daytrip.

Jennifera Belltings.

Near highways.

The Lost Archer.

The Pulse Dawn Grenadier.

The euphemism electrified.

Car la dungeotronic morning.

Night arcade.

Religious graphics pollute the visual landscan.

And a great hello to the bead game Fonjo.

Fooltash Wanting. Egrary Gullsay. Menthoo Ahithtar. Zhablin Toms. Piarund and Ocladazoo were stalking the lively and, yes, semi-imaginary archery target solar system. Ceekawns Field Rental. It's been a weird few weeks.

Treehouse pleasure for the ramble of the spirit.

Doors are queer. Lips are intricate ideas You feel a certain way in The Sharper Image.

The new you Stumlontees. Airport concourse conjures images. Ethjozotica.

Attune vade walls to a floral straps. Looping slum. Hooxomicshop.

Jozo Year Sussphonicle. The Tilted Trapezoid. I view the night airport as a symbol.

Beckon. Eisenclocks. Farphatude. Windopo.

You're adopting the hippie scenics. The music of the smell of lighter fluid.

Old book called Seed Vaft.

Shatterpike Daydreams.

The Vixen If.

That civil maniac supersonic.

Flyer old hatchoo.

Aldo Fonatics.

Feelteams Daxodalf.

Butterflies are insecto beast.

Loomnast, Javrin Pade, Southantha Lathinest, and Furnitus. Nonjutra, and My Rocktime Games. Accuracy Stations, Bojjo Tour, Pathen, Datolt, Vozon Valloth. Why aren't there amusement places all over the place?

The Accuracy Occurrence on Sand Eld Ave. Joker Wheelweasel, Joker Washweasel. Building some time shall get smashed up.

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2001.

Loner of the barren west, sweet vagueness of miniature golf, Penny and Timber. Fancing Hawthorne, kilometers yet to come. Weird Luck Charms, paraphernalia in the key of neat. Seeing potential friends that we'll never meet, in the key of relief. Tivian Towhead Belomancer, character of forlorn transit and manic bemusement.

Left neon wet, cigarette teardrop, preened and insulted. Wake up and you're older.

Orange stars, black jeans. Tarla smashed a soft rock with her weapon.

Strip mall market alley, some amuse, some grumble, the balsa wood pointless inventions.

Space fantasy and hallways mundane, RCA jacks rusting in the rain.

Farseal Andodo Pra, the name of a game, faraway and famous in dream. Little nothing cheapo flashlight, piece of crap, light the way. Rock concept album, also lead the way, the faintest of suburban fumes. The door Ampixalu is the open message and vehicles R. Some sort of impossibly remote rock and roll past, smash it against the clearthinking mind.

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2002.

There's a just fraternize electride. Jillo bash in the air controller and hunt the urbane crashers. Food Court Logic and The Flimsy Anchor, welcome to our stupid game.

Previews of darkened arcades. Comic book wizards mumble arcane runes. Just stop on a staircase and smile.

Gonna be Hurricaner. The Harrowshed Accuracies. A video of petrified wood.

No By-Tor, no Snow Dog, no Yo-Yo, no Holmes. Let's lazily observe our lives with narration by Doug Jones.

Little powder blue Audi TT, the First Internet Rock Band and me. Coffee is flavored with blueberry cream, England swings and tobacco is king. Lamp dainties sip off residual light from lampshades in the pitch of night. Summer in the astral plane, of dollar signs and peaceful knives. Gonna punch a hole in a wall aficianado, cinder block wall painted black and avocado.

A zillion atomic bombs on video. Dark optic spectacular. Book about reptiles. Must take the next flight out.

Old time sexy stuff, campy, weird, zombie and robot and gorilla.

Extended into some kind of psycho dimension.

Pile of misunderstood lockpicks.

Wild frontier airport.

Pretty hood marketing flavors.

Our punk desires.

But concrete dust is in our lungs a little.

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2003.

The fences are soft and mashing, you.

Vapid library reception desk, vague and growling.

Stream of conciousness writing and the mournful sound of distant lawnmowers.

Techno-shaman computer mazes, dark tan hallway is with ferns and office smell and we have to go, freezing air and go to the seaport museum. Faded eagle graphic, pub sign.

Ha ha even the most adult and expert are idiot.

Pine tree from old times.

Return to the Yellow Denim Arcade. Tennis Road, Sleuth Radio, Xtreme Pet Birdhouses, Creature Called The Yale, Full Bandwidth Coffee.

In 1980 snow was this cold and people were this weird. Working with virginia auto.

The world is bugs. Mind under pressure. Not good. Gotta get movin'. Astor Place subway and New Aster typeface. And a perfect K-Mart psycho meander.

Electronica ferris wheel, blam the newly-grunged future. I am offering you the Modenarc Reptile.

This could be the last Superior. It all started at 170 Thompson Street, my apartment in Greenwich Village, back in Fall 1987. I went there today, walked into the entrance area. Sour curtain.

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2004.

Toxic water the ill cascade outside, of spike and spear. Flickering dear, tattered mall memory, gravel and doorway and commercial real estate can penetrate.

Electronic retailer said may we have caprice and theater, strike apart the wood homes of the smirking air things. And glide down to slow down into the bare lost ruin of the smirking ones.

The iron elevator one was Zeekiofreenz. Harla fluid. Electrical future. The ozone of dune hear, the April of this mind of yours.

The intense sunlight was unwelcome at Target parking lot. Inside I saw Frisbees and things. Weakness is weird. Coral flavored job? Bunch of violent weeds. Nostalgic memories like an arena full of screaming fans, and me the rock god, they storm the stage.

Damp grass in front of CVS in a kind of rich town. Sleeping a random afternoon away like cats. But an airport a world away has pretzels and bottled water and computer magazines.

Being that I was a cartoon dog, I already know how to talk. My daughter in the dream was a celebrity daughter.

Door beads but they're little dice. Balance the on yester terrible, shopping center shorp shorp. Ramada Inn of the past, A&P grocery land forever. Voo lisc tinder, aces ripped, foreign sub basement. Lore in early folkfire trance of foxes and atoms. Lobby of hip hotel. Impress them heavy animal.

Helicopter land at heliport 6/24/04 5:02 pm, me on ferry watching, the only passenger to Pier 11.

A maelstrom of poorly focused creative brilliance. Where is the Jark of Coal? Care about field. Foggy Thinkfang rail winter. That dream of Valley School, visions of sunsets and robots. Leisure maniac.

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2005.

Yeah this pure hear. Tribal caffeine mazes, digital marketplace highs.

Just rumbling down a road.

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2006.

Purity of mind of shared adventure.

A dream of sawblade twilight is food for the cuckoo clock bird.

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2007.

I was going... to like snow...

209x6=1254 – a note left by me long ago.

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2017.

Felt airport emporium zaning, clue to cave lore houses, able again to seal old sticker bushes and curves. Of Jalopy Eve, being uncomfortable at a distant relative's rehearsal wedding dinner in a state to the west, fire level high logo arcade period. Going then in light rain into the woods a little, remains of the radar base from our home movie.

Peaceful cartoon international anthems, gentle open world driving on the snowy pointless late afternoon called Chemicalteenjay.

Neptune Barrier Cahoota. Parakeet lobby nova, bleak baton. If parasol cartoon subject arrives early let her in. Beak botany overlap, phase road mopper in the dust. Zero gain ice, zotice xaptu all dark mountain. Resort destination, sage forge plateau, the lucifer bluff trip. Permanent Midnight Hovercraft Covenant. Somerville Road and North Gaston Avenue. Today.

Clock theme farm, we will find the time, motorbike tanglewoods.

Did we over the year seem fearing or thrilling my mystical patterns? Did flee the matter. Murcielago, cavolfiore, Mission fig, devil's darning needle, Indian paintbrush, soapstone, find the new way. The aliens are not far away. They are within walking distance.

Curving inopchast handicrafts, Barodexico Row, New Brasscock Row, Worn Hillcoops Row. Freedom gear earthtone. To be naked before the bonfire, really and truly cool and free.

Renting parrier copies dojo smock, neon graph paper speed, copy shop rag doll character. All kinky forgotten suites like animated buzzards. Contoured darkside behemoth, hover over city cybergoth neon.

I was someone else, props from the video they made... owl and cactus and tiger... I turn the corner.

El Cheapo.

Doll car morse code slow boat grassland. Kakeout Connection, Kinnelon. Chemical hero is already here. Bring it down to Earth.

Pond bard wheelcock. The place now, weed cracked parking lot, desolate breezes.

Pine cone border, other ways of transport among the roads. Deep research of a walrus playing card. Some characters talking on a beach.

Barnstormer, but wait, over hilltops more wavering wireframes, plane turns all white and flies into blue hole. Turning, she saw them approaching. Control room story.

Each your self stories a maze to struggle, but hey, you're playing with the itinerant animal.

Be out of step, mere mojo, desafinado. For clock maypole asteroid pill. Willow Jexus Water. Camped out in that weed-wrecked parking land, lend a hand, water is near at hand. In peacock colors of emporium, life's too good, however gold the mindmaze tingles. Whimsical strike landscapes, pillbug valley crafts, a dash of the madness of videos, fool of the bay, earliest way, little by little, dry by seafoam, smoky lime phantom cup.

Ethel Wogo as seen on the bridge. Oil stain symphony. Hold on in the rock dorm fools. Intockloo. Workshop in Earthen Calico.

Calico Panther West. The Radar Weeds. West Head Wizardry. Zuxoly maniac. Salamander session three.

Pillar of vacuums interliskico. Car try. Dusting is depressing.

Mural of castles. The avenue Nusc is on.

Far in the den. The synergy slugs.

Why off and wonder. Carabiner, lanyard, stanchion. Sockwayside.

Trash 80, Polybius, City Limits, New City Limits, Deep Energy, Manos, Laire.

Golden Horseshoe, No Fear. Sunchseam Omniruckzoom. Zodiacmojo.

You're into my flume Paris caravan.

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2021.

Say you win the rat race then what. Join the caravan to the next age. You can bet your bippy there are vending machines in heaven. My kirschwasser shell is almost empty, and has no answers, man. Try The Overnightscape 1817 instead. Very humble and groovy inside your head. I'd like an '80s Waldenbooks bag, the woodcut one. A phenomenon is those four making it to the next level. Conrad awoke, the door to the paddywhack was open, there was no one to stop him.

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2022.

Ecology Barn backstage, puppet show, future disco millionaires. Postlude amperage. Am Lime.

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2023.

Though Fotomat as a castle, pouring discontinued flavors into the system.

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2024.

They became millionaires but the rub was they realized they were fictional kids.

Vountakona, cyberpunk old west atrium, general store for a wealth of motion. Kinky arcades. What ochre landscape can be a companion for waiting in the car in the rain.

Crazy bingo. Mule team oaktag. Zeptolk nuke. Winkersmog Industries. Epics of nonsense in blue pen.

The Winkersmock Alliances. Grand magic amperage.

Wunkifmoanost. The ultimate messenger bag called Harpy Claypits. Need for Sooper News again? Serpentooples. Washing plastic chargers and at least it's still morning. Cardboard castles and/or pagodas. And still the pretenders persist.

500 stop motion owls. Where a backlit waterfall opens like curtains to reveal it. Display Alps ID. I still want to free roam the original Crazy Taxi city on foot. The occult detergent equivalent to a calm midnight in 1968. Phase Six.

Kimmy of the three went into the simulation.

Omnicapitanette. Nautical omnipresence. Ky Ly Kincaid.

Some back way out of the cafe do I stutter. Cavern testing the mascot ampule. But is the cameraman the mentor's cousin.

Wollensak tape recorders and Wang computers. Stay in fictional hotels.

Moving stripes on cops of the Bianca of mockery. Cavorting or looming, I can Imperialtrashcan Ambecca. If weird, Coke Blak and Starbucks Chantico, a symphony of Colecovision Looping. Tampering of wise old Arkstar Intersloopy. In ways the computer age is the forester. Old independence concourse mope by golly.

Darius (Taito, 1986), I may have played it at Rockaway Mall back then, but more likely was Lifeforce (Konami, 1986).

Aquarium pagodas noctural.

Fictional Cities. Exotica Moonshot. Victor Banana (Exidy, 1982).

Breakoutconnectese. File under swamp weed mistakes.

Jugsawed into Ashe Punk Arcady. Must all go coo-coo. Harvey Pekar on David Letterman. Vaporwave Hothouse Connections. Exidy Excitement Brings You... Star Fire II.

That Pillbug Valley Crafts again. Direct cruise to Livingston Manta Rate.

Summer fantasia, how do you become an idea man? Have experience, name is Moops, waif of the rodent revolt. In unexpected international homes. Huvpeencho, hang on.

Alas the Finchu, Zigby-Oco. The technologies of dusk, the business chimp mysteries. Abzarby fuelin'. Lass design hoot, Ike the Overnuke. Zillions of Gates, was a stop motion owl designing the people.

Busflea Whizbishop. Ecix Benthey. Hothouse Garage. Star Rider at Fiesta Fun Center. Postbase Deacon, coin-op dioramas of the paradise of your choice.

Boson Rat Slym, Rainwater Poly, Pacific Particle Media, Jupiter and Beyond the Traffic Light. What if I told you guys you're not really from another dimension.

Roller cop the postal witch hazel. Op art of novelty socks and March delight. Longer honeysuckle cartoons of yospinalities arcane, sensibilities led to a Caravan Cuckoo.

Root beer poster. Phantom laundry indeed.

Omni Ankh Jr., Phan-Tone, Casablanca Antique. Image of the psychedelic snake. Muckamucks of Undo.

Blue glass hen of the keys. A Little Slice of Oblivion Tequila. Kimberseepy. Even though it's part of the logo, it's an actual maze. Voyage topaz maximum, arcade motorway ritual.

You are more than your super mittens. Add racing flames to your doorframes. Choose one – quaint village, abandoned rail yard, or Sally Struthers. Outwit the Delmarva Peninsula. Bring some razzle dazzle to Mr. Do's Castle. When you lift an office chair and the wheels fall out, replace them with wheels of pure opal, if you can afford such a thing.

The Braggart's Redemption.

Loft's Parlays, The Open Show, Technoshades, Loco Soda, Broadway Arcade, Museum of Holography, Faze One Fazers, Ancient Lights, HQ Trivia, Trivia Royale, Airbag Frank, Herkimer Diamonds, Tente, Star Magic, Nobody Beats The Wiz, John David Tobacco, Game Town, Baron Von Redberry, Sir Grapefellow, Fruitopia Tangerine Wavelength, The Rou Review, Nuon, Newsweasels, Limboland, Reid Fleming, World's Toughest Milkman.

The vandal urge of youth. Pet Rats. Mocking a health craze.

High touch trade paperback. System 80.

If everyone has wizard robes, does anyone have wizard robes? Colorways, travel days.

Power fantasy, passenger. Hobo grace, but let's move on.

Learning is the murky stardust of ballyhoo and bonanza. Write your own ticket.

Nine Pebble Detector on! The Nine Pebble Detectors team is on the move, in Wintercindie's Balinese hovercraft, with Magic Smup driving. No one knows the true origin of Magic Smup. Some say he was a garden gnome stolen by college students, and was brought to life in the dorm by watching the first episode of The Larry Sanders Show, on Betamax, where Larry does a live commercial for the Garden Weasel. Lazy day and odd sun, nine little pebbles, remote in a vast, deserted parking lot, huddle together, speaking in relaxed whispers, having a little meeting. The call has gone out to many super teams – must find the parking lot and separate the nine pebbles, moving them as far apart as possible, before it rains. Wet pebbles have a mind to deal in mischief on a cosmic scale. Doctor Almost relaxes in the hovercraft break room, enjoying a cache of precious spoils from a recent time travel mission – smoking Moonlight Tobacco Politix cigarettes, drinking Fruitopia The Grape Beyond from his beloved Mannheim Steamroller Cinnamon Hot Chocolate mug, and playing Flea Devil Solitaire. He'd been a foot messenger in NYC, delivering a package

to a superhero team headquarters, when he got caught in the middle of a super fight. His messenger bag got blown away by a wind and weather style hero, Blowhow, and he ran to catch it, finding he was running at hyper speed – looking over he saw a fast-running hero, Cwickalty, next to him. He realized he could copy the powers of heroes when he was near them, almost matching them. Afterwards, he kept a small fraction of the copied powers even after he left their vicinity. But his power mimicking came at a cost – his clothes were colored four different colors. Imagine an X and Y axis converging at his navel. The upper left clothes were orange, the upper right cyan, the lower left green, and the lower right purple. The Laser Bee is Wintercindie's robot assistant. He is loosely based on the Charles Nelson Reilly Bic Banana Pen TV commercials where he wore a banana suit. The robot's design has stripes, so he looks more like a bee. He is hyper and silly like Charles and is in love with Wintercindie, and never stops believing she could love him back. This story was written by Frank Edward Nora on March 3, 2020. It all came together in his mind during his morning shower. Then the dreaded Hoops Fenderzocko, the green owl magician hand puppet with a copper top hat, bursts through the hovercraft's window, and with Cwickalty speed, draws the Three Billy Goats Gruff on everyone's chin with his El Marko. With insane laughter worthy of the Sidecar he grabs Doc's mug, spilling the sweet grape elixir all over the multicolor-garbed hero, and jumps back out the window. Insurance the Devil Girl, with a black and red outfit, whirls around with her pitchfork and shoots a blast of barbed wire supersmoke after the puppet, to no avail. She had once been a god's intelligent sword, eventually granted personhood by that same god. Many adventures later as a male superhero with teleportation powers, an interdimensional accident reverted Insurance to sword form. A devil girl named Lemon was able to use infernal sorcery to restore Insurance to human form, but as a sexy devil girl like Lemon. Wintercindie, who had been napping, is jolted awake as Magic Smup spins out while turning the hovercraft around to try and catch the mug-stealing puppet. Luckily, Hoops can't resist getting a pretzel at the pretzel hut, as the hovercraft bears down on him. He darts away at the last second (before paying) as the hovercraft crashes into the pretzel hut. The team jumps out the hovercraft door and pursues the green puppet on foot. Doc wonders aloud whether they should just let the puppet go and continue on the pebble mission. But the chase is afoot. The team bounds through the streets of the city, and spots Hoops entering a bowling alley, pausing a moment to finish his pretzel. Inside the alley, with the sound of pins crashing, and the smell of beer and junk food, the fiendish owl is nowhere to be seen. Until... what? Hoops is atop a ten pin, a bowling ball headed his way – a sure strike. With a nod to the team, he

jumps down, picks up the pin and puts the mug in its place. In the nick of time, he escapes behind the pins, as the ball comes crashing down and smashes to bits Doc's beloved Mannheim Steamroller Cinnamon Hot Chocolate mug. The clouds come, thunder the darkening sky, air electric with its initial drops, and then the deluge, collapsing into the pavement, and the nine little pebbles, have a little drink.

Sleetgosm Numizmonia Fenderzocko Conrad Moops.

New terra cotta object, old monorail tracks. Beans, the 1970s font, the 1930s cartoon character. Sewaren, how's that. The band The Monks and Monk Magazine. Hickory stopwatches. T. M. Poassah. Color scheme varmints.

Yomanbaffy, opal flunky, obscure pretzel fiesta. Encynthia Superponder Jr., sharp like Hoffritz, cuppa Chantico, cuppa Coke Blak, what about The Crabtree News, functional, ridiculous, and Dan the Affordable Moving Man. Animal chemicals. Sepons, cosmic travelers. Cork and tactical spork, napkin rings as currency.

Kopjanitor is music.

A List Ologoch.

Frustration: The Ancient Factor.

The cop has no concept.

Idolize people who died in 1903. Drugs, man.

Attend the mindwave follies. I sing the probably electric.

Learn about how lightning bolts and badminton mate. Befriend a continent. Spy on a lanky genius. Be muggy.

After glyptography, an overworld, feeling distant and lost. Gertrude and Intrude, Vanillajuana and the Maxines, Amusement Pattern Hall, Janta has graphics, Janay has a spark of life. Praseodymium Buncskleydoodle, Cobol course tiki bar. Sea breeze fees, mock of a true of mock, Wormy & Wormie, soda marketing '90s, Lampnowhere. Paper Mill McGillicuddy Interactive Entertainment, Licking Poison Train Tracks. She is playing a flute in a prog rock band, not much more to say, except to watch mathematics videos. Of some basic weirdness, theatre lompranfeeks, Karla and Bettie, we are investigators, island drumming, as crash pad anarchy again, the project investigationa, hot night but a little cooler, picnic table by the food trucks, astral and fantasies.

Seeing Newton Choi, twisty bannister of bloodwood and cheap black plastic, blank as bountiful as blops, cool beans, amazeballs, fiddle en fluoresce, convenience en amber. Morfalee Pool, her day job is

playing flute in a prog rock band, but she's saving up to open a puppet extravaganza concourse.

Dream word Kanbin while a distant farmer's market Sinatra. Shocking Dean Hastings, gone cottagecore, looping with boring paintings of swans and smokestacks. General Rummaging calling to the north mountain again. Fireworks on VHS, Kitchenette Casino Kops, The Shoppes at Photon Alleyway, Rummager's Realization, Video Review. Hot streets are a mouse is checkers. Business doors, natural light available, weird donkey carousel figures in a dusty garage.

An arcana of weirduality, ballyhooden, duddy siestas, oak milk barrier, rainjast happenstance, oval coded. Proceeds the gaggle of dream elevators, Jettison Fiesta, rollerdreams, in the Holiday Inn sign with Erin. Highway gunk and wisdom. Motorhome blankets, plastic ants in shampoo bottles. Take comfort in weird conversations about the river bridge.

Telanscriptional Wanamaker what years like infinity mirrors say to each other. Plastic spider ring, helium moonshot blackout, JT Senoby, wisdom fad The Ahalhia People. In feeble exoticas, MAC Salsabelle and Sprint FON calling cards, in ways of moonlit downtown ennui, and seashells for sale at new age crystal bar. PATH – Toronto's Downtown Pedestrian Walkway, Gamma Gondola in town, Gary, risky pleasant dreamer, mu, halma, crepe paper, the anglican time loops, minicops ride neon alpacas for a time, secret cities flow like obscure Japanese beverages. To have to go there, hazzleguzzle one, lint brevity, to Hopscotch Minerva, resin display mojitos, in which case it's worth noting, the history of Liberace, as relates to a hologram of a glyptodon, belt loop fugue, unsold pilots, vantage ogle parsimony gang, singing bowls, office lobby botanic gardens, said to temporary barriers today. Earthtones and coursers, just the book, Pave Jest One, Gopod Promotional Device.

Bronson Pinchot William Bendix.

Ski Neptuna again, peer dear, con-metric. Rummager's retreat, communicator, cartoon alligator soap, lost on Rt. 46 (again), dear revving hope. Deenfears sumpanox oatsame the whammy. You too, photoclonk, vial, eep calor going, a minor cardboardpocalypse. Stealth Neighbors, eeshaneshmon. This is what I'm doing.

Parking lot not boring. Linda's Medicine Dodo. Uriah Heep and Monie Love. Yo, go to the bookstore! The Ice Grand Free. A lifestyle center for cool girl old gods, sane haft, rancho dances, giant prop shampoo bottles exhibit. Gin rummy is funny as rail commute cash and carry. A lane/aisle matters, attract mode loop 2 foxy bean, weird little highway jalopy? I shop like a condor vehicle 1970s.

Vans o-banter skimming tar off the swan boat secret passage extension. For aimless perusal a CompUSA was as good as a Caldor. Pendence of Eld, Alakasalamax Importuna, blanking, desks. Earth to MTV, Bagjug, wheatgrass juice, Vadim Prank, tally-ho, Scamper Way Deep, Deeper Swan Boats, thought it was me. Chill Pill Seaboard, one videocassette, entrum cloober, transportarky, of heavy rain outside closed art school soon forgotten.

Rays of Bonanza Maydays. Keymineral Oilfink Pranks.

Bolding of code? Fiesta of till next time.

Hello, we are drug. Arcade carpet, office cactuses.

Beat the traffic, pachysandra lollipop stick despair. The Next Attack / Intercepted Broadcasts. Cardboard Heroes, Curly Geckos Musing. Another fine mesa, dull diode five, are fireflies a sign of design. The Alan Bown Set, The Alan Price Set, offer of a darkened hallway. Chlorine Arcana, what now, The Modenarc Manta Ray? Fortune cookies for breakfast, no joke. Expensive cherry. Tahitian souvenirs? Nurse Ansalong.

Slumbervulp Caravan Pavilion Souvenir, we access abandoned indoor playgrounds through the sewers, barely any light, and we like it like that. Bank cone zap junk rank, palomino orchard jackpot cloak, guy, suit horizon galvo moopy high guy, not the real future ditto. Sane Moxy, edge of sleaze for that time, yet fifty years later the waterway, the zonkertop, a perfection needing a bug bite.

Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara. That is all.

Blank heat Dr. Genie Poncho reminds us of a tricked-out orange Scion. Mimic the Las Vegas breakfast. A new cartoon owl superhero, can warp reality, like an animated feature. Seabreeze Gothic, opal toys. Wajourn, word seen in napping mind, pop culture owl figurines, Vintage 1975 Holly Hobbie Colorforms Dress-Up Set. The second wave I was awake for. No, I don't use my phone for such nonsense. Meerjash, come here.

Tactical spork.

Alolacondordiesel, put at dodo trance wheel of tonics, rock shop in tunnel under train station. Goldenrod risky muck, cornflower janitor tarot cards on the beach.

We are far off in our own lane, our own land. Some Bean Ethelblue. Whychock Box. Return of The Lords of Uncontrol, can be summed up in one word, DenAceConcourseWeavers. Later, the group split up, heading into town, with Remy and Ingrid visiting The Office of the Physical Plant, Duncan and Rose on a quest for fizzy thirst quenchers, and Toggle Joseph wandering aimlessly through an insurance office, though no one seemed to notice him.

Burchard and Keepy as lost as heiroglyphics, vagabond oracle staycation, of headcase and upholsterer, blanket looping at maximum, an okay but pointless show. Yard radar echo hunch—too many digital printouts of patterns—the office at night, all the computers playing the new screensaver—sipping on cold top grade lung ching and admiring your scheme. They want to celebrate their sensibilities, passwords of appreciation, sumptuous and integrated, all days are lost golden ages, Rikki-Tikki-Tavi overhauls the cuddles, an atrium negative, long-lost co-workers, barely remembered, cavort and thrill to the new world orchestra. Saintmentalstages, drop a dime, what's on your mind, that sacrificing a dear plan can improve the scenario. The sense of sacrifice, lazy risk, I have a neon green car in 1994. Portamento rabbit hole of diagrams and Uncle Sams. How do you get new things? You dip into other worlds. Silent Alarm Cream Soda, and an exhibit of the mechanical marvels, get books by The Diagram Group, get forest pamphlet areas II.

Mishap 77. So stupid a stove. Vapid back room. Insect mahogany. Do dials evaporate. Tell us your life. Donald Disney. Walter Duck. Hang glide accident. –Bilhelm Vupiter, 2086.

Bashment whammy scrimshaw dolly. Multiflinky aerosoldatsunflee, perfect information. Are bobby soxers apparent in a pocket watch.

Clamshells of a dead metaverse, the lazy day bone dry in my vision, dollhouse cereal boxes, ALL of the dollhouse cereal boxes. Data Peru, Epistle To Dippy covers, we perform in parks, do zero things, but do many (mini-adventures) in-between. Formal performer arcanas, reclaim the delusion, all the cringe and derange, it's all a treasure of the health food stores of the past. Is I a genre, in town? Wovoer1, spun sly, like Mockingbird in West Coast Avengers, orch-pop freaks and prop quail eggs. Older garbagial, Nuke Piper Cape Home Video, intense, messy, and meaningless experiences. Is a pillow on the side of the road lucky? Even a curtain of scorched earth can't deny the essential pleasure of life in this weather. Is there any point to a hotel room asked the space alien.

I am what you might call a randomness junkie.

Back night, like puzzles, upside-down highway—Hemidawn's gone cyberpunk now, all neon and '90s tech, with what he's gathered on the spirited hatchway trip—craving that crash into wonder of dark night as the race day is nearly gone. YU got mission laser mouse, a dime or so east, suchaweirdweek. Snarls-O-Club, Hemidawn eases into the city like an infinite macaw that stepped on a landmine. Indoor ponds of every variety, serious groovy communication. Some interlude of cocktails and flexagons, zorptoxhoo bean crews, crying in the dynamite crisis rain.

More alleyways, zany every nova weirds, erogenous ethereal draperies. The pebbles have had their drink, Conrad walking away, Gnoboslast opens. As reflections of a massive video screen ad for finaltestcream.com intermingle with Zope graphics on the glossy surface of the red and gold dune buggy, Hemidawn seeks the edge of the metropolis and espies an exit ramp in the distance, as an old faithful erupts nearby. Washy Ticket in Banff, someday. Used to be a sign by the looks of it, identifying the exit, but it must have been demolished by puppets back in the Jamboree Annabell days. Where could it lead, Hemidawn wonders, and on a whim, takes the exit. Sticker bushes line the sides, and a plane landing in the distance suggests an airport nearby. As the roadway curves, telepathic reptiles consider the awesome dune buggy, as it eases eerily into some kind of tunnel, lined on either side with groovy blacklight posters and vintage pinball machines. Almost worth stopping to check it out, but there isn't anywhere to park, and the tunnel is curved, so stopping could be hazardous, on the off chance anyone else is taking this exit. As the tunnel finally ends, there's room to park on the roadside, but Hemidawn wants to see what's next. It's right around the corner, finally coming into view, and yeah, hey, it looks promising, this weird little highway...

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They don't have a lot of lights hereabouts. Art thou Condor Girl. The Major Ancient Socks. New single by Toad Road Barnstorming: Best of Lulu / This Drapery is Heavy. Who are celebrities? It would be good to know. That cloud is kind of everything. Some brown leaves looked slightly like a rabbit, it wasn't important. Charles Rocket didn't quite make it, young of tiger and hydraulic opal. Phase Panda Darrow, The Scumhooper Sideway, Plastic Italy was hello.

I am seen of gutter maintenance the tile Florida. Minor Synthetic Detectives, the pyramidal sneakiness of the power, it already happened. Cool guy vague megalomania, cyberpunk list a cul-de-sac of mushrooms and mocktails and effects pedals. Duskmadvarp. Corn palace soccer sarcasto, editpinto, gas lonesome embed, polite applause petunias the of electrical future. Riverboat Overnight Sarsaparilla and Whammy Wisteria. Slungoon Bore Washfooper Wonkybuggy Semi. Looxcoot Zeptoke-Nuke. Throw a tea party for ancient obelisks and stop motion reptiles. Lee Darby Vunkers & Roman Goody – formless void negotiators. The idea that you could write descriptions of fake places, like some kind of ice palace, a guy visits after work, in the 1930s.

How come wheels are for the island of hotels, co-reverie? And it's a motor appointment of attractive reasons, this little optical ten-cent wheelhouse. Corvid viewlines, banter disposable and dear, a yonder luxe and obvious. Cavort senselessly with jerboas and insurance agents. Crazy little thing called a numeral flip of the cuckoo wand. Bongo energy dune, community center for a cosmic gulf. And wait a minute, could a nap be in the cards. Sneak into the office of the captain of the zeppelin, uncork the absinthe, dim the lights, switch on the movie projector. It shows weird little puppets snowboarding on the roof of your house, why would it show that? Anyway, it was a short film, and there's a private bathroom, with the blue sandalwood soap of the Delwin Dawn.

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2025.

Loping into a have jackpots museums, we're in a place that has moonlight smoopy? Scub lantern westerly, fur hat, smarmier zeppelin, Quartir, fist watcher. She has a pet scorpion named Meredith Baxter-Birney. Ooper noop zeop, visit all the stores shaped like barns, while neon laser programs hit the slopes. Pepper sombrero and the parking receipt, new parrot figurines, your parents started a business, went on a river cruise, went cottagecore. Murfreesboro Nebula Irregulars Cream Soda. Dedicate the spare room to memorabilia of defunct theme restaurants.

He is his ours, Egoboron Cavern Open Mic, Uncle "Supreme Court" Vocus, a gray water lamp, and surf to our house. Yon popstar phenom, Bancroft Fuss feat. Major Lookers, as if, bean 80 nowhere, esquire billiard Picard. Fun desert statue in a big city, of the physical plant, figured that kid was rich, in Generation X, in college, cause he had a Starpath Supercharger. And I played Star Rider at the Fiesta Fun Center. Fever dream of a massive underground video arcade business. And a painting of faeries and robots in a weird meadow, a reverie in the hot sauce section of the supermarket. The glue of motor anticipation under the striped tent of the intervariable hullabaloo.

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2026.

Hello I am drug. Midlantic phantom carport hazy songstresses, Los El Straw High Crossings, oval bulldozer rant and rave, Moxvern alley kiosks. Corners of the mystery of the dust cabarets. I don't even know what luggage is. Vock Queen Anne's Lace Kid, domino ivory cool, zapping a muddy slush half awake, wash away some troubles, watch Hazel, bag of calculators. Her dog Festiva Malone, 1988, no more information. Alfalfa code beep arrow cure, no more dorm mindstorms for now, off ranger telepeacefulness. Saw, lo vera, ice maraca deem gemnautica cola, viker con doodle in Lurkmonico. The NPCs are in a rare mood tonight. I am on a new mission, but let's take a break.

Going octane animal news, a mock gas station exit, as buzzy as anchoring, and koala and nebula shirts. Gotcha, as if barn owls were the mundane sodium vapor sentinels of youth, obligato imperial coverage, the freshener of pirate seas, or was it two seas. Um, are some panes of glass phantasms of the spymasters, ever in Iselin with worm energy, somehow the night business charms with its delusional humility. Toltec tattoo, around the table, brought together for the work, the banter and hilarity, will open a way, dimly remembered later. To carve a pigeonhole in other minds is hard enough, but be ready for the snugness. Lime had to grow to be jammed into your cocktail glass rim.

Rectangle Wallace was as in phantom lanterns unto thy YARD LANES OF SOFT TATTERDEMALIONS: Pachysandra flytraps are vericose mumbles of celestial Teflon prairie superstar leotards. Mortgages are a Garfield chimp considering murk and tarnation oatmeal opinions. Reasoned pompadour homilies, a diphthong of nerves and calla lilies morphing skunky lobes. Brainwave Yonkers cajoling the true, as wily Lispenard tampers with the Indian gargle throne. Pish posh el mercado noonish, clam photon risks. Sinkholes of the larva Jupiter loom, Minerva upchucks the hotel certificate.

Rainjacket Federal weaving Sealtest thy coin demented super song mellows of gadzookery world, infinity cereal treehouse box flushable meadowlark illusionist of western high balcony genius impulse and vision head under shop by graphic fantasy arts. Coursing now jovial the retrograde fork wheels in anticipating the tiki cascades, that deeply cavort in bunco flat wash colors considered of the cohort reviewing Japanimation, Rockmelt mingling Carolier Lanes and Modo.NET hovering into the rascal theme neon park looking jungle, Corwin being as sneaky further backstage. We're the same, characters in a story experienced by an observer outside the system. Likely one who split itself into subdivisions, as an amusement. Also... Bababooey! Plate o' shrimp. The past inside the present. Wash Uffizi drive me to Firenze. Look what I did to my id. O&A Party Rock. Just get a picture of sun in your eyes, the waves in your hair. Driving alone in the car now, getting familiar with new roads, waves of a certain warmhearted niche.

Weird Little Highway indeed.

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1992.

Hemidawn the racer, cracks the demishock of the morn
coursing through the dim imperfection I react thus
hope upon design on wonderful
the diner upon the chips in a traffic jam, wisher for seltzer
the bad unto the bad, says the fouth sayer

And into the arch of the former is the nixter
and for never the corner is the yarster
this is the fine design of the crying, the wail and yorun taizen
my interest within these days is horn
believe in a craxen lane

Empty in derivation, the tortured spires ache onward on the screen
a scorched memory becomes current and drags and anchors
poor porch whenever
liken it in a daze, in a waving despairer's whip
lies react when the chemical festival reverses, but no specifics
did I remember all that?

So here is a curiosity, consciousness so skewed
mind pummeled without pause, awareness tumbling awkwardly
confusion without cause, this ride is disturbing, but I feel it'll end
I feel I'll right myself soon, I said
less on the keys than in the eye

Heavy fingers upon the board, the trembling of the flawed human
lane adored in dream, found a pond and liked it
immense is the past, and the viewer the better
look at all these style and all these thing and and

Hance ko denward dieff sas appa fueld slob jessin sisif

New Whychock Revival Notes

It's been a long road getting here to New Whychock Revival, The Epic Psychedelic Gen X Poem. The origins of the project stretch back nearly 40 years. I am very happy with the final result, and very surprised that it exists at all. I am pleased to present it to you.

I grew up as part of Generation X in the suburbs of New Jersey, always aspiring to define myself through my creative works. I tried to do it all—fiction, movies, music, comics, radio, games, video, poetry, and every other possible genre.

As these things go, I eventualy found my creative calling – I've been doing my Internet radio show, The Overnightscape, for over 20 years now. But starting back at the end of the 1980s, I tried my hand at poetry – a project that should have fallen by the wayside long ago – but has somehow continued to this day.

From 1989 to 1990 I wrote Abaxial Usufruct, a set of 209 poems, written in a standard poem format. Then, in early 1992, I wrote a poem called Verse11592, still in a standard poem format, and introducing the character Hemidawn the Racer, who would go on the begin and end the work.

Later in 1992, I made a digital file called Superior #1, where I developed a new poem format – each poem was its own paragraph. This is the format I used going forward.

The first "Superior" was an edited version of Verse11592.

From 1994 to 2003, I published an online "e-zine" called Obliviana Super Occult Amusement, which among other things featured the Superior-style poems in most issues. After the last Superior, I continued with additional phases of poems using the same format: Parking, Duskaway, and Hurricaner.

OsoaWeek ended in early 2003, and I shifted my focus to Internet radio.

Later in 2003, I published all of the poems from Superior to Hurricaner as Duskaway Parking, a print-on-demand book. I have one copy, not sure if any others were made.

Then, from 2004 to 2007, I continued the poems as a new phase called Thinkfang.

In 2009, I published (in PDF form) a new book, called Thinkfang, which added the Thinkfang phase of poems to the rest of the work. Circa 2011, I put the PDF of the book on the website thinkfang.com.

The final poem in Thinkfang mentioned "a note left by me long ago"

– 209x6=1254 – that there should be 1,254 poems in the full work. This required that 121 more poems be written.

In 2017, I decided to finish things by writing the additional 121 poems. I called this final phase "Whychock" (as in, why make it chock full of poems?) It was slow going at first, but by 2024 I decided I would finish poem 1,254 exactly 30 years after the first issue of OsoaWeek. It was an intense and fulfilling time of writing, getting to this final poem.

The work ends with Hemidawn the Racer taking an exit to a "weird little highway"... which was conceived as a continuation of the work, in audio form. I have made 7 episodes of Weird Little Highway since, each starting with a poem, and then bringing back characters from my various abandoned fiction projects.

I updated thinkfang.com with the PDF of Whychock in July 2024, and the project was complete – or was it?

After the release, I realized that there were a number of poems in the work that I didn't like – they were just plain bad, and in some cases, embarrassing. So, I started a process of removing the worst poems. At the same time, I took away the individual poem numbering, and reorganized the whole thing by "Cups" – each one month of writing. I also then conceived of the work as one long poem.

The resulting work, Whychock Revival, removed about 30% of the text that had existed, and was, in my view, a much better way to represent the work. I made PDF of the book in August 2024, and posted it to thinkfang.com, keeping the old editions on another page.

And that was it, until this year, 2026. I once again revisited the work, and was struck by both how good the best parts felt to me, and how bad the worst parts were. I embarked on a new edit, striving to keep only the best stuff. This edit resulted in removing around 80% of the text from Whychock Revival, leaving only the best stuff.

In this "New Whychock Revival" edit, I kept the sequence of words, but did change some punctuation and paragraphs, and did make some very light edits to things. I also decided to add the seven poems from Weird Little Highway.

In doing research on the history of this project, I found the aforementioned Verse11592, where the work really started. I decided to add this poem, exactly as written, to the become the end of New Whychock Revival.

Very interestingly, the final line of Verse11592 is a sentence of nonsense

words, with the final word being "sisif". While it was just a made-up word, "Sisif" is actually the name used for "Sisyphus" from Greek Mythology, in Romanian and French. This implies a kind of loop, where the end leads back to the beginning.

New Whychock Revival retains all of the best writing from the entire work. The previous versions will remain available, semi-hidden, in an archive called Onsug Radio Vault. This new version is the one I want people to read, moving forward.

This work can be confusing. In it, I refer to many real but obscure things, and at the same time, I make up a lot of things. Names, places, products, artists – some are real and some are made up. I also write from many different perspectives, sometimes the real me, but many times from the perspective of fictional characters. And I do make up a lot of words.

After years of writing and editing these poems, there are so many sections and phrases that really stand out strongly in my mind. I can't imagine what it would be like to encounter this writing for the first time, as it's so much a part of my thoughts at this point.

Enjoy!

Frank Edward Nora
May 2, 2026

VERSION 2 NOTES

Added two more poems from Weird Little Highway (#8 and #9).

Revised #9.

I also made a new shorter version call New Whychock Revival Window, meant to be near the same length as A Wine of Wizardry by George Sterling (1904). It's an excerpt, starting at "Door beads but they're little dice." and ending at "Write your own ticket.", also removing the years and the periods before the years.

Frank Edward Nora
October 25, 2026

New Whychock Revival Timeline

Abaxial Usufruct (released digitally years later): December 22, 1989–March 27, 1990

Verse11592 (personal file): January 15, 1992

Superior #1 (personal file): July 23, 1992

OsoaWeek (e-zine): July 28, 1994–February 24, 2003

- Superior: 1–728 (728) July 28, 1994–April 24, 1997
- Parking: 729–850 (122) July 7, 1997–April 22, 1999
- Duskaway: 851–1022 (172) July 19, 1999–April 14, 2002
- Hurricaner: 1023–1103 (81) August 13, 2002–February 24, 2003

Duskaway Parking (book): October 14, 2003

• Thinkfang: 1104–1133 (30) June 19, 2004–December 2, 2007

Thinkfang (book): August 12, 2009

thinkfang.com (website): circa 2011

• Whychock: 1134–1254 (121) February 17, 2017–July 27, 2024

Whychock (PDF): July 27, 2024

Whychock Revival (book): August 26, 2024

Weird Little Highway (audio release): September 16, 2024–April 2, 2026 (may continue)

New Whychock Revival (book): May 2, 2026

New Whychock Revival Window (audio release): October 16, 2026

New Whychock Revival – Version 2 (audio release): October 18, 2026

New Whychock Revival – Version 2 (book): October 25, 2026

Back Cover Image

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Sunday, July 15, 2001

