

Skinned

Yes

When you hear the [echo](#) before you [hear](#) you're living, it could be that your backwards is the dark, When you hear the [dark](#) before you [hear](#) your echo, it could be that the hollow is your skin, and nothing but place rubs up against another, and it could be that your skin is the dark.

I remember down, I remember dropping, but that's just another Alice, argued one of the officers, Maj. Kareem P. Montague, 34.

I wonder and, for the sake of names, Olivia. One way to protect him, she suggested, would be not to vote for him.

No, Major Montague shot back, it was more complicated.

When you look through the [glass](#) before you [look through](#) your living, it could be that your backwards is the dark, When you look through the [dark](#) before you [look through](#) your skin, it could be that alive is your dropping, and nothing but oil rubs up against who was dead, who was another one.

The oil slurped at the war. In the war there was also a war. The war was a sound. Rung, tank, orange rubber, plastic ring. Black against the blaze of the closing, it could be that remembering is wrong. Watch, T-shirt, movie. Dark has no days, but to keep time going forwards, they held an imaginary sunrise. Dripping, dropping. That burned. So black so. Hard to keep. Out of it. Slug with a watch on its back.

He (the oil) heaved and sucked. He reared and plunged. Billows of cried then. Boats. His sobbing echoed like a hand waved. The last, the last.

Inside one another clenched him in arms.

Oyl, this isn't a story, is it? [Pink](#), implausible landscape. [Blue](#) mechanical sky. [Oil](#) skyless ocean. Hanged, fountained, banged under a hard . Real now up.

She's already been president before, Ms McClain, 881, a bus driver who was waiting to have her hair done at Ms. Clara's said approvingly. He was just the husband, that's all.

Cling stories, cling burns, Don't in the dark, listening.

Alivia rocking, backwards brother, brother brother brother.

Going terribly home, the hunger grew until it seemed bigger than black fingers, lips. Tasted like Olivia.

This is history here, she said, puckering up a client's hair. Either way, it's history. So let's see what history going to bring in.

In an interview with Gentleman's Quarterly magazine, Mr. Rumsfeld said, Um, no.

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scarscape

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