

# Artichokeeeeeeeee

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*Abstract*— 海風

*Index Terms*— 記得，窗戶

Thinking about the inevitable CLANG of metal.

Crazy, absurd amounts of cum. Dream drip condom  
phosphorescence and big ouchie static shock sparks from the  
metal coils on the trampoline and we

Fucked on the trampoline to the howl of coyotes and  
shooting stars and the owl and the

metal CLANG.

Lola says the clang might be from the water tower. All of a  
sudden it gets all BOOM and then the metal warps like a  
portal opening. The lonely old man walks through it, never  
to be seen again.

Can't I admit that sometimes I've been feeling miserably  
distant from the things I want to be feeling? And what's on  
the other side of this membrane? I push through with my  
hand and it gets all gooped up and fucking sticky. I web  
slime between my fingertips. I watch the entire wash cycle.

They said Nigel went to the flower bed to die. I remember  
that one book about huge flowers from when I was a kid.

We are rainbows at 7am and I wish I hold you like this  
forever. I make room for the spiders and move my plant to  
the porch. I pick it clean. Someone asks "what have u been  
up to?" And I want to say: falling in love.

Has the blood on my neck dried yet ? You kiss over it and  
my scar becomes a pearl in a red-blue oyster. I talk with the  
mockingbird on my front porch.