

D, for now

D is a story for now
D hasn't given up on love songs quite yet
It is slippery like ice, the surface. Usually D wouldn't dare.
D might be a cow, she isn't quite sure yet. But for now, she is a she. D is both a day dream and a moon.
And she wants all of the attention. You see, the saucy sea,
D doesn't want to be the person who you couldn't see
Still
D stands for dancer dance circumstance

Curiosity is no curse. Everything becomes slightly softer when you write it cursive. Or is it crucified?
(Anyway) chaos is way too casual.
D stands for drama.

Shoulderblades, ass and the tip of the tongue, the tip of the tongue, ass and acid blades
atlas and atlantis. Both of them drowning. Into the slippery, or was it a saucy sea?

D looks over her shoulder, she is a part of the structure, yet she wants more.

D sounds like mickey mouse,
Mikey mouse is a creep
D is entertaining the dance
Well what can you do when you don't fall in love

D has very sensual needs.
snacking on odd realities
now, who is here for now?

D is not a dance to make anyone feel better
D is a tease she turns them on. She leaves them burning and then

D came to look for the prince. To kill him. D would've could've should've but she was so tired
Of disgusting dudes. D stands for disgusting. Sounds, creeping like babies in your lap. Or puppies taking a
nap. They are almost like shadows but actually they are the opposite of shadows, rays of light. They both
fight and flight

D is doing
It
with a big I
eye eye of the
captain
of the saucy see
you see

A written score, it is in light blue like the ceiling, for D and for whoever who feels like dancing

Today, D was 17 minutes (I like d. She seems nice.)

There is a game, there are WHALES, and there is storytelling. There is dirt, there are two cups or

are they eyes? There is an abject Seduction that I want to lick. Because I don't know what exists in here but I do know what it is. There are hold, hot eyes, there is no idea, there is sugardaddy, there are Poppy disgusting dudes, there is inability to sustain, there is sustainability, there is Soft pink rain like a song as in before we go to bed, there are floors here – never thought about

What more to add in the flesh of desires of the tiger? I think the Dolphin wants out - should we let it slide back to the ocean? Swimming, slamming, jumping. DOLPHINING – HIPPOING – ELEPHANTING

I guess it's there - The end

Screwing the bottle felt hilarious, but I didn't find it funny at all. I see D, scattered like the likes of dances that collect as dances do. When did forward become forward or to do it in present tense; when is forward becoming forward? Here, there, now and everywhere. Slippery illusions that hang in the space - strong and clear – but not touchable - touched by you

D is probably never at it but rather changes and blends references. Never settles into one stable entity, or perhaps sometimes, but rather as movement or direction. As a position flowing in between two sentences

The end

It is essential to D, to never use a dot to end the sentence.