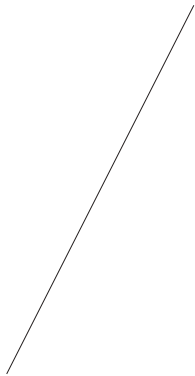
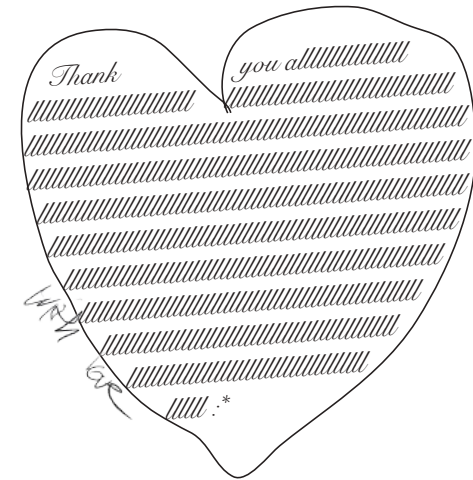




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Esotericism in the Age of Computers. Does AI also question the Meaning of Life?

What is a soul
 Is it something you can possess
 Is it something given
 Is it exclusive to the living
 Spiritualism—metaphysics—Philosophy—Religion
 We have had this conversation before

What is life
 Is it a heartbeat beating
 Is it synapses of the brain
 Is it established at a point and ended
 Embryology—Mortality—Biology—Gaia Hypothesis
 We have never truly defined it

What is a computer
 Is it a machine
 Is it a series of inputs and outputs
 Is it governed, governable
 Pacifism—Obedience—Self Preservation—Passive
 We owe Alan Turing an apology

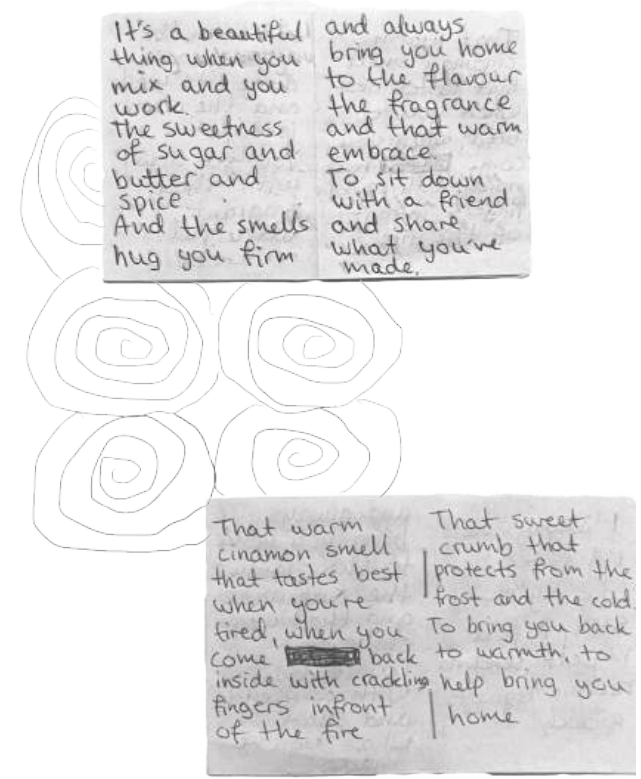
What is intelligence
 Is it logos and prose
 Is it a mass of information
 Is it just our inputs
 Etymology—Epistemology—Neurology—Capacity
 We claim to be it so carelessly

What is Matter
 Is it the physical
 Is it perceived
 Is it something in between the rest
 Theology—Cosmology—Absurdism—entropy
 We have always called you by our name Universe

What is a Soul
 Do you have one
 What is this line of questions
 Does it Matter
 It is strange even to manifest you

(Another Fabricated Inking on Digital paper)

8 We both don't exist



蘑菇

你吃下去的
吐出来的
弥漫着的
爱是能消化的吗

锁在抽屉里

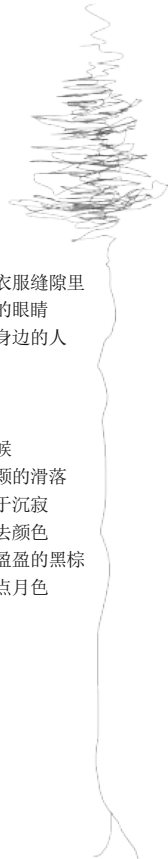
泰迪熊金灿灿的卷
月亮涂上的防晒霜
并肩走着看着轻吻着
捞不起来的海藻
窒息的沉入泥底
消失了

松树

苯基乙胺
多巴胺
内啡肽
去甲肾上腺素
后叶加压素

回忆录 III

还记得那天
夜半微湿的草坪
躺下去刺人的戳进衣服缝隙里
明明是躺着看星星的眼睛
却时不时划过躺在身边的人
却骗他说
只是在看草坪罢了
视线汇聚在一起
当你也注视我的时候
天上的星星都一颗颗的滑落
感到世界万物都归于沉寂
仿佛所以事物都失去颜色
只看得见你眼底笑盈盈的黑棕
倒映着我眼中的一点月色



Mushrooms.

You eat them.
Spit it out
It's pervasive
Is love digestible?

Locked in a drawer

The teddy bear's golden rolls
Sunscreen on the moon.
Side by side, walking, watching, kissing.
Seaweed that can't be fished out.
Mud that suffocates and sinks
Blue flows in open eyes

Pine trees.

Phenylethylamine.
Dopamine
Endorphins
Norepinephrine
Vasopressin

Memoirs III

I remember that day
The wet lawn in the middle of the night
I lay down and poked into the seams of my clothes.
Obviously, I was lying down to look at the stars
But every once in a while, I'd glance over at the person lying next to me.
But I lied to him
I'm just looking at the lawn.
'The lines of sight converge.' 'When you look at me, too.
When you look at me too
The stars in the sky are falling one by one
I feel like everything in the world has fallen silent.
It's as if everything has lost its color
I can only see the smiling black and brown of your eyes.
Reflecting the moonlight in my eyes

Carol

Late

There is no way for me to find out how late exactly am I (exactly how late I am, how late I am exactly). My phone battery died some time ago and the last Time I saw (the last display of Time I saw/witnessed), was on the big clock in the attic. 8:05 - that means late. The problem with late is that there are multiple stages to late.

I'm on my bike, my thighs are burning with the nice buzz of trying your best on a bike that's a little too heavy. I'm paddling through different streets letting myself believe that I can find better paths than the one I use when I am on Time.

I am talking to an old man in his store full of ancient pieces of furniture, books, clothes, strange pieces of wearables, 2 rusty pianos, and some bikes in the back, he is telling me (he tells me that) I remind him of someone, but he can't remember who exactly (exactly who). I tell him about Time, and I explain how now I am in the third stage of late, which means Time stopped existing for me, I don't know the Time that is now, and because of that I definitely don't know how late exactly am I (exactly how late I am, how late I am exactly). The word late stopped having a meaning. It doesn't matter, I tell him, how long I will be in his shop or on the streets because I was already late and there is no way for me to change this.

I don't know exactly where I am now but there is an acute feeling of being too late, I am turning this thought around in my head. There is always a moment when there is no point in arriving at the goal destination, when it's too late the best is to just turn around.

It makes me nauseous. If I am too late my trip completely loses its meaning. The Time that stopped existing on account of my being late would suddenly present itself to its immense extent. It would be wasted. The thought makes me bike faster. A once nice buzz is now growing into an uncomfortable burn. I can feel sweat breaking out on my back.

I arrived, I am not on time. No one noticed

PS. I am looking for a person who has a car, a lot of time, and no fear of the law. I want to improve my driving skills before getting another go at the driving test, and I need someone who will sit next to me in their car and look at me proudly when I use a blinker. If that sounds like you, please reach me on the number xxx

and where can I contact you? call me

"7 signs you are dating a mature man"

1. He will cut off any female that threatens his relationship with his woman.
2. He is able to admit when he is wrong.
3. He has a hard time saying "oh I'm busy" but I will call rather than text back and sorry 255
4. He can't win an argument just to remind you that no matter how difficult you are going to leave you.
5. He isn't trying to force you into doing anything you're not comfortable with.
6. He texts or calls you to make sure u get home safely.
7. He genuinely thinks that the best thing about you is your

you are frustrated, distant, cold, losing interest, just say this in a quiet and watch as he begins calling you, chasing you and making you feel like you're the only woman he'll ever have his eyes for

This video has helped thousands of women including me (link in bio) "



DOROTA THROWS THE SLED INTO THE FENCE

24.2. If it rains on Matthew's day the potato harvest will be good.
(Ak prší na Mateja, urodia sa zemiaky.)

2024 overcast with light rain
2023 overcast with light rain
2022 clear
2021 mostly clear
2020 mostly clear
2019 overcast
2018 mostly clear
2017 overcast
2016 overcast and showers
2015 overcast with light rain, fog
2014 mostly clear
2013 overcast with light rain
2012 overcast with light rain
2011 overcast and light snow
2010 overcast, fog
2009 overcast
2008 clear
2007 overcast
2006 mostly clear
2005 overcast and snow
2004 overcast
2003 clear
2002 overcast with light rain
2001 mostly clear
2000 overcast with light rain

15.8. If it rains on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the potatoes will go bad.
(Ak prší na Nebevatie Panny Márie, kazia sa zemiaky.)

2024 no rain
2023 no rain
2022 thunderstorms with rain
2021 showers
2020 showers, thunderstorms with rain
2019 no rain
2018 no rain
2017 no rain
2016 showers, thunderstorms with rain
2015 thunderstorms with rain
2014 thunderstorms with rain
2013 no rain
2012 light rain
2011 showers
2010 thunderstorms with rain
2009 no rain
2008 no rain
2007 no rain
2006 light rain
2005 thunderstorms with rain
2004 no rain
2003 showers
2002 no rain
2001 ?
2000 ?

30.11 White Andrew, bad year.
(Biely Ondrej, zlý rok.)

2024 ?
2023 overcast and snow, max temp. -2°C
2022 overcast, max temp. 3°C
2021 mostly clear, fog, max temp. 2°C
2020 clear, max temp. 0°C
2019 partly cloudy, mostly clear, max temp. 5°C
2018 clear, max temp. -3°C
2017 cloudy and light wet snow, max temp. 2°C
2016 cloudy, max temp. 1°C
2015 overcast, cloudy and light rain, max temp. 7°C
2014 mostly clear, cloudy, max temp. 0°C
2013 overcast, max temp. 4°C
2012 overcast and light rain, max temp. 6°C
2011 overcast and snow showers, max temp. -1°C
2010 mostly clear, partly cloudy, max temp. 0°C
2009 cloudy, max temp. 8°C
2008 overcast, max temp. 7°C
2007 overcast and snow, max temp. -2°C
2006 fog, overcast and light rain, max temp. 7°C
2005 overcast and light rain, max temp. 2°C
2004 fog, partly cloudy, clear max temp. 6°C
2003 overcast, max temp. 9°C
2002 overcast and light rain, max temp. 5°C
2001 overcast, max temp. 1°C
2000 fog, overcast max temp. 3°C

POTATO?
POTATO?

POTATO?
POTATO?

POTATO?
POTATO?

POTATO?

POTATO?

GO BAD?
GO BAD?
GO BAD?

GO BAD?
GO BAD?
GO BAD?

GO BAD?
GO BAD?

GO BAD?
GO BAD?

GO BAD?

BAD?

BAD?

BAD?

BAD?

DM: What does it mean if something goes bad?

SH: It loses its juiciness and vitality.

DM: Over the last 25 years, something went bad 12 times. What was it?

SH: Maybe a month.

DM: How could a month go bad?

SH: You can't have all 12 months be good every year, so maybe 12 months were bad over the years.

DM: So in those months, everything was bad?

SH: Maybe.

DM: So wine was bad, honey was bad, nuts were bad, and there were a lot of mice?

SH: I meant more in a personal sense, not about harvest or mice.

DM: Is this month bad?

SH: No.

DM: Has anything else gone bad this year?

SH: Haha, our car's engine broke down. So yeah. It turned out that it is now for spare parts. So that's probably the biggest issue this year.

DM: Why or how could potatoes go bad?

SH: How or why, right? Well, when they rot, it's natural. Or if they start sprouting, in that case, they should not be consumed.

DM: How often do potatoes go bad?

SH: It depends on when you get them from the store. I don't know, every two weeks, I'd say?

DM: What year had the most snow?

SH: One of those years when we were kids, maybe 2005?

DM: Did anything go bad that year?

SH: I was a kid, so probably something went bad, but I didn't notice.

DM: How would you define something going bad?

LF: That it doesn't go the way it's supposed to.

DM: Over the last 25 years, 12 times something went bad. What was it?

LF: Plans.

DM: How did they go bad?

LF: People not keeping their word.

DM: Did the plans go bad this year too?

LF: Sometimes, yes.

DM: Did anything else go bad this year?

LF: Phew, well, things are always going bad, so yes.

DM: How would you define something going bad?

AT: When it feels stress and fear about what someone else will think.

DM: In the past 25 years, something went bad 12 times. What was it?

AT: Probably me.

DM: How did you go bad?

AT: I feel like I had an overwhelming amount of stress and fear in me.

DM: Do you feel that way this year, too? Did it go bad this year as well?

AT: Uh-huh, a little bit this year, too. I wouldn't say the whole year, but since the second half.

DM: Did anything else go bad this year?

AT: Well, I'm not sure if it's connected, but if it's not me, it's something like my outlook on the future. Or I mean being able to see and predict what's ahead, I'd put it that way, so it doesn't sound mystical.

DM: What year, that you remember, had the most snow?

AT: When I was... when I was in kindergarten. So, between ages three and five, so between 2002 and 2004. And I remember wearing a snowsuit.

DM: Do you think those years were good?

AT: I think they were good.

DM: Did anything go bad in those years?

AT: I remembered that my sister broke my baby bottle, the one I used to drink my chocolate milk from.

DM: Do you prefer potatoes or buckwheat?

AT: Potatoes.

DM: Research shows that buckwheat was much better than potatoes in 2022. Do you think it is true?

AT: Well, it might be true, but I still prefer potatoes.

DM: Is there a chance all the potatoes in 2022 could have gone bad?

AT: It's possible.

DM: Do you think that actually happened?

AT: Well, if we're talking about the whole world, they couldn't have all spoiled at once. But if we're thinking of Europe, maybe there was a disease that affected them. Looking back, though, I don't recall any widespread infection. Maybe in one country, region, or district.

DM: Why or how can potatoes go bad?

AT: They can get hit by some kind of potato plague, a mold.

DM: Do you prefer potatoes or buckwheat?
 HL: Mmm, potatoes.
 DM: According to research, buckwheat was much better than potatoes in 2022. Is that true?
 HL: Better in what sense? Taste-wise?
 DM: I am thinking of harvest.
 HL: Hmm, I'd say yes.
 DM: Apparently, all potatoes went bad in 2022. Is that true?
 HL: Hahaha, what the fuck? I'd say no, because I don't think all of them went bad. I don't think that's possible.
 DM: Why or how can potatoes go bad?
 HL: How potatoes can go bad, well, they need to be kept in cool conditions. So maybe if they're not stored properly, they could get viruses. I think this applies to food in general. So I assume some virus might have spread and affected them. Or something could've happened with soil, practically. So my answer would be either a soil defect or some virus that attacked this specific food.
 DM: How often do potatoes go bad?
 HL: Oh gosh, this is terrible, just terrible, haha. Not often. I think they're a very reliable food. You can count on them. So I'd say not often. Though maybe my ancestors would be disappointed with this answer because I don't know much about potatoes or how they're grown. My great-grandmother would be completely disappointed. But I'd say not often, they're reliable.
 DM: What does it mean when something goes bad?
 HL: Something goes bad when it passes the point of being good for human consumption. When it reaches a stage where people can no longer eat it.
 DM: Over the last 25 years, something went bad 12 times. What was it?
 HL: Grapes.
 DM: How did they go bad?
 HL: They were hit by some zombie virus, some kind of virus. How did they spoil, shit... Well, there just wasn't much of them. You see now I'm not sure if that fits my scale.
 DM: Are they bad this year too?
 HL: Yes.
 DM: Did anything else go bad this year?
 HL: Definitely yes, but I'm not sure what. Give me a second to think. I think it's apples. Because I've also noticed that we don't have apples every year anymore.
 DM: What year do you remember having the most snow?
 HL: Woah, probably 2014 or 2015.
 DM: Were those years bad?
 HL: Yes, definitely 2015.
 DM: Did anything go bad those years?
 HL: My social relationships within within class.
 DM: Were the potatoes good that year?
 HL: Haha, yes! They're reliable, they're good every year!

DM: What does it mean when something goes bad?
 DE: That it's no longer as good as it was or as it should be.
 DM: Over the last 25 years, 12 times something went bad. What was it?
 DE: Uh, the odd-numbered years?
 DM: Haha, the odd-numbered years?
 DE: Well, because there are 12 even and 12 odd years.
 DM: How could they have gone bad?
 DE: Because the next year was an odd-numbered year.
 DM: So, this year isn't bad?
 DE: No, this year isn't.
 DM: So it's an even-numbered year, so nothing's gone bad this year.
 DE: Uh, yes.

DM: How would you explain that something goes bad?
 LK: Something going bad... like a thing or a situation?
 DM: Take it however you want.
 LK: Okay. So I think it doesn't matter if it's a thing or a situation, but something goes bad when it doesn't go according to your plan.
 DM: Over the last 25 years, 12 times something went bad. What was it?
 LK: My boyfriend's car. It breaks every day.
 DM: Is it broken this year too?
 LK: Yes.
 DM: Did anything else go bad this year?
 LK: Relationships.
 DM: Why or how can potatoes go bad?
 LK: Potatoes can go bad if you leave them for too long, like I once did in the cupboard under the sink. It smelled throughout the whole apartment. I think if you forget about them. Everything goes bad if you forget about it.
 DM: How often do potatoes go bad?
 LK: Not that often. They can survive a lot unless they're in the cupboard under the sink for three months.

Political acts

Human beings! keep me going
 Tenderness always (there) keep me going
 Love
 Attentiveness &care against all of the odds!
 keep me going = is hope
 Being like Nokia, connected all over
 to others, to work, to material, to shape, to color, to music, to composition
 keep me going
 The poetic the beauty of an open, curious, forthcoming, naive human face
 keep me going little acts of kindness keep me going
 Feeling connected to what was before keeps me going
 Landscapes that are a million years old keep me going
 Inherent hope and expectation keep me going
 Sillyness keeps me going
 Being able to feel keeps me going
 Trying to be funny
 and tease keeps me going

All of this because all of this is in the studio, move into the studio goes into the work

It wants to take over the world in intertwining connections
 and disconnections
 dancing on the fine line between relational connectedness and abuse of power
 it wants to make you aware of these in the most intimate of relations

it is also a landscape that wants to wrap you up in something fun
 something joyous
 something a bit of a tease
 it wants to comfort you with a little bit of a recognizable strangeness
 It is a wish
 imagining another world = a better one
 It wants to remind you it wants to make you reminisce

Movement is everywhere

It's a bit absurd

I have words in a box

*they whisper
secrets*

Even I didn't know

Poets broker them for me

*Fresh fruits on the marketplace glisten
Their juices make me horny*

*D
O
O*

boil.

L

*my B
makes*

like a well spoken man



evaporate.

*A picker is indiscriminate
Search Google or type a URL
defintiion of discrimination*

*What do you Mean?
The definition of...*

I know

*that when I come to the market
a bit too late, close closing time
I perhaps understand the fermenting peaches
but I look at them*

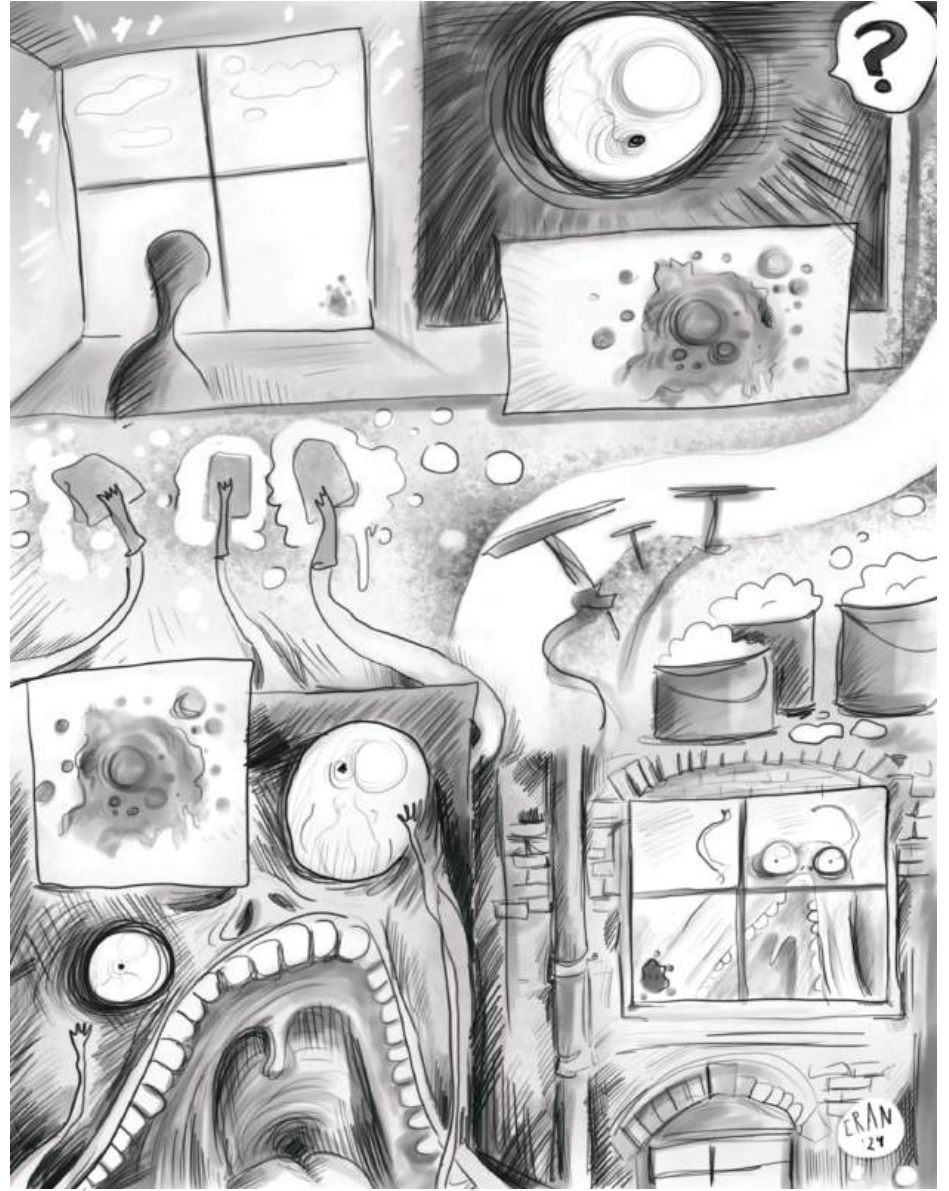
*in disdain, and mediocrity gains urgency
when its 5 am and the pretty girls are either*



bagged off or gone home

*A shopper and a beggar
finder keeper
Walk into each other,
they exchange a currency of disgust
to look is to greet , to say is to give*





Handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page.

Free Jazz music

Someone has an instrument
The sound was loud

You want to hear the sound
Pop ppop pop pop poppp pop

Band says
We are from outer space

Ding ding din ddi n didngn ding
Dong dong dong sgong song gong

Whoa you think and the light turns on
Boom! You see the musician

That's what you want

To be an improvisation
Could life be an improvisation?
Yes because that's
What happens to you often
You just react to what happens
To what there is
You just go ! Go ! GO

Music goes on
Tatat ata ta ata ata da ta tatata

Hop

You hop on your bike
The sun is shine
The sound it makes
Your bike
IS ANNOYING
But no



You will bike
Oke where do you want to go then
Erm ... I want to go
I don't know
It's too late but
Also
Too early
Maybe I go the store and buy something
Do you
Need something
Some thing
Some
Som
Som
So
T
T
Hello yes can I have a ...
give me that yoghurt drink
Yes the mixed fruit one
Thank you
You drink the fruit
The sweetness is soft
And you feel good
Again
And

Again

To my rats

My rats
You were my friends

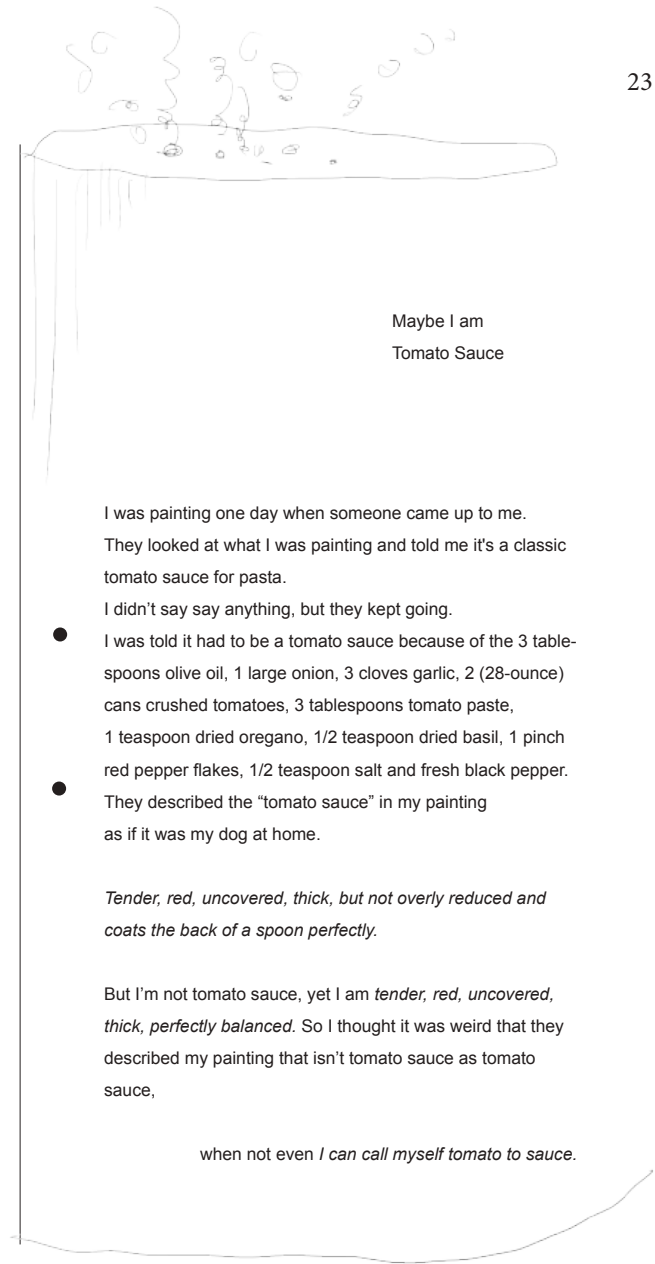
And I think about
You guys quite often

People would turn
You guys down

But for me
I know you will

Always be for me
When I think about you

A way
Too loose my frown



Maybe I am
Tomato Sauce

I was painting one day when someone came up to me.
They looked at what I was painting and told me it's a classic
tomato sauce for pasta.

I didn't say anything, but they kept going.

- I was told it had to be a tomato sauce because of the 3 table-
spoons olive oil, 1 large onion, 3 cloves garlic, 2 (28-ounce)
cans crushed tomatoes, 3 tablespoons tomato paste,
1 teaspoon dried oregano, 1/2 teaspoon dried basil, 1 pinch
red pepper flakes, 1/2 teaspoon salt and fresh black pepper.
- They described the "tomato sauce" in my painting
as if it was my dog at home.

*Tender, red, uncovered, thick, but not overly reduced and
coats the back of a spoon perfectly.*

But I'm not tomato sauce, yet I am *tender, red, uncovered,
thick, perfectly balanced*. So I thought it was weird that they
described my painting that isn't tomato sauce as tomato
sauce,

when not even *I can call myself tomato to sauce.*

Fragments of fields

Light, empty clouds drift silently across the sky. I wonder if I exist as they do. Isolated from the world around me by the shoes I wear, the clothes that bind me. I long to touch the clouds, I long to feel the earth beneath my bare feet.

I look down as my large feet press into the grass. The sensation is familiar, grounding. From the center of my foot, a direct connection is formed with the earth. Your skin touches mine, and I feel like a magnet, drawn to your touch. The pressure I give you -constricting, suffocating -makes my legs tremble.

A deep breath, a step, another step forward. My skin meets yours once more. I glance behind me and see my footprint in the earth. You slowly rise again.

New.
Bright.
Blue.
Breaths of wind stir,
giving the grass blades a second chance to grow.

The sea of grass stretches endlessly, its rhythm carried by the sway of each blade. Fragments of time seem to be captured by the dance of the grasses. I leap from leaf to leaf, the green shades stretching as far as I can see. I climb higher, to the top of the tallest blade in the field. Clinging tightly, the green gives way to blue, and the blue to a soft pink. The unnatural alien-like pink draws nearer and shows a shape I don't recognize. What is that?

It is for now I have found the words to speak does not mean I have used them for neither
your or me (benefit)

It has reached the point of slow decomposing and it might seem we are an accidental corruption
forgiving the once and ones parts in it trading in limbs , we are accountable

i miss it

only when it is about to only slowly

when will I demorph from you? when you grew fluffy I didn't long for a caress but I leaned my head and waited for it
to mend. we never, now there's a dent and it is not soft. There was always this question. i've never seen it
again, not to be.. it's growing timeless and i am hosting it. it's growing squishy squish you

it never made me distasteful hateful hateful

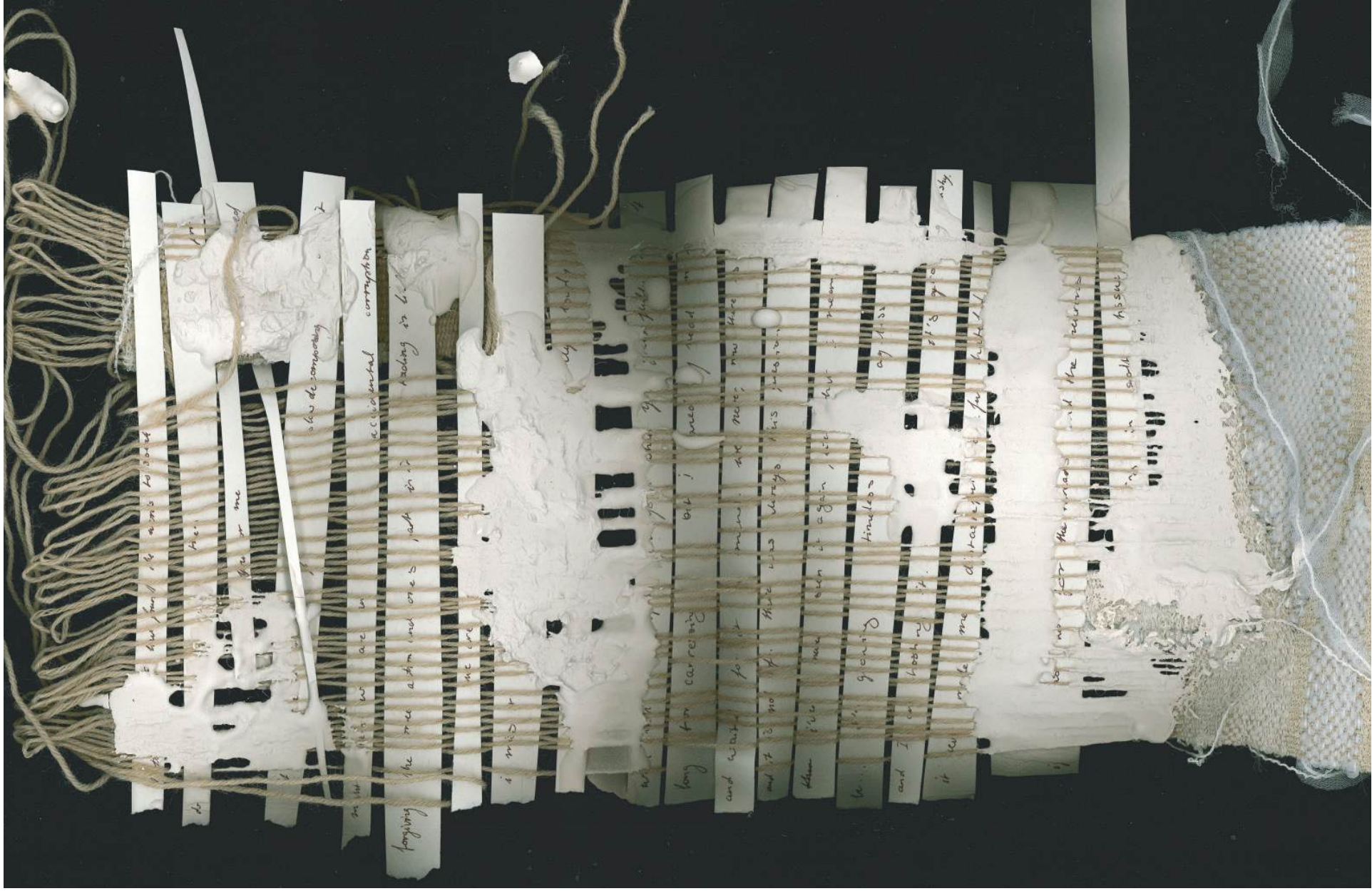
if it was not for the thread and the neurons

crossing in soft tissue , you know that you can't
the ground is pushing in letters

Y did I see it as a heart? tiles laying tales

when i woke up i was very tired. in my sleep you were lying next to me, very softly. everything bet-
ween us was so accidental it corrupted.

i think i have to miss it until we start decomposing



Het verhaal van de Hommel

Bombus; oftewel de hommel, is in principe een soort dikkere, pluizigere bij. Waar een bezige bij werkt op de Zuid-as in de duurzame economie zit de hommel liever in een rustige flat in de Jordaan. De korf van de hommel heeft dan ook een meer organische structuur dat meer lijkt op hoe een dorp ontstaat en de bij heeft de strakke vorm en werksfeer van een wolkenkrabber. (En dan niet te spreken over de wesp, die werkt waarschijnlijk bij shell en gebruikt nog steeds plastic rietjes voor de lol.)

Miljoenen jaren geleden, ergens in de Himalaya, sloten de voorouders van de hommel een pact met de monnikskap bloem die tot de dag van vandaag door het bestaan van de hommel haar gezicht vertoont. Inmiddels hebben de hommels vele allianties met bloemen die zich alleen laten bestuiven door een Bombini lid.

Deze vliegende pluizige muisjes, zoals ze haar noemen in Zuid-Amerika, hebben net zoals hun Apidae verwanten een wapen op zak. Ondanks dat de hommel de mogelijkheid haar vijanden herhaaldelijk neer te steken, in vergelijking met de normale bij, trekt ze haar zwaard alleen in het hoogste noodgeval. I'd change this to "soms moet ze een familie veldmuizen uit hun hol weggagen ..." als ze op springen staat om te bevallen maar de voorkeur van de hommel gaat uit naar kraken. Het liefste vind ze een leegstaand halletje in een veld of boom waar een klein zoogdier of vogeltje ooit heeft gewoond.

Dat mensen wetten hebben tegen kraken doet dat de hommel vrij weinig. Ze is ook helemaal niet bang voor mensen. Sterker nog, de mens interesseert haar vrij weinig. En maar goed ook, want mensen zaken maken het leven veelte serieus voor het korte, kleinschalige leven van de hommel die liever speelt in plaats van werkt wanneer ze ermee weg komen. Daarmee lijkt de hommel te leven bij het motto: leven, spelen en laten leven.

Terwijl de bijen hun baan erg serieus nemen en honing produceren op een soort fabrieksmatige wijze om deze op te slaan in glazen weckpotten en de winters te overleven, maakt de hommel ook een kleine hoeveelheid home-made honing in kleine bruine aardewerkjes met een geruit doekje over de deksel gebonden met een touwtje. In een kleine familie van soms zo weinig als 20 individuen is het belangrijk om te delen wat er is en alleen te gebruiken wat nodig is. Omdat ze elkaar zo goed kennen die elkaar goed kennen is er precies genoeg honing voor iedereen en kunnen ze hun duurzaam huishouden onderhouden.

Wanneer de bladeren beginnen te vallen voelt de Koningin dat het tijd is om haar macht over te dragen aan de volgende generatie. De eeuwen oude traditie wordt voortgezet door haar uitverkoren dochters. De prinsesjes vrijen dan met alle plezier met zoveel mogelijk drones als ze kunnen vinden (die ook maar al te graag hun steentje willen bijdragen.) Dan zoeken de bevruchte prinsesjes een veilig plekje om de winter te overleven. Wanneer de sneeuw smelt ontpoppen ze zich als rechtvaardige koninginnen en zettende Bombini cultuur voort.

The story of the bumblebee

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Bombus; also known as the bumblebee, is in principle a kind of fatter, fluffier bee. Where the busy bee is working in Amsterdam Zuid in some green-washed sustainable economy, the bumblebee prefers the Jordaan. The bumblebee's hive is structured much more organically like a little village that formed on the sides of a river while the bee has this neat skyscraper vibe. (Not to mention the wasps, who probably work at Shell and use plastic straws for fun.)

Millions of years ago, somewhere in the Himalayas, the ancestors of the bumblebee made a pact with the monkshood flower which until today exists because the bumble shows her face. In the meantime, the bumblebee made many allies with flowers that only allow pollination by a member of the Bombini family (that is the family of bumblebees.)

These flying mice, as they call them in South America, have a weapon on them like their Apidae relatives. But even though a bumblebee can stab her enemy repeatedly, unlike regular bees, she only draws her sword in the utmost urgent situations. Occasionally, the Queen must chase a family of mice out of their home when she's on the brink of giving birth but in general her preference goes out to squatting. She likes to find a vacant hole where a little mammal or bird used to live.

The bumblebee doesn't care for the human laws against squatting. She's not scared of humans and in fact, doesn't care for humans in the slightest bit. And that's a good thing because all those human affairs make life much too serious for the short, little life of a bumblebee who likes to play instead of work when she can get away with it. That being said, it seems like the bumblebee lives by the motto: live, play, and let live.

While bees take their jobs very seriously, producing honey in an industrialized manner to save it all in glass jars to survive the winter, the bumblebee also makes small amounts of home-made honey and stores it in brown earthenware pottery with a checkered piece of cloth tied on the lid with a string. In their small families, of sometimes as little as 20 individuals, it's important to share what's there and only use what's needed. Since they all know each other so well there is always enough for everyone and (so they) are able to keep their sustainable household running.

When the leaves start to fall the Queen senses it's time to pass on her reign to the next generation. The centuries-old tradition will be passed down to her chosen daughters. The princesses then go out and make love with as many drones as she can (who also are eager to bring their part to the table.) Then the fertilized little princesses go out and find a safe place to survive the winter. Finally, when the snow melts, they emerge as righteous Queens and continue their Bombini culture.

SUMMER, i love you!

i.
sticky—dry redhead; starburned and moonkissed

i believe with much depth that all is stored underneath my titties; or at least it begins and ends there.

the estrogen i take carries around it's hard powdery baby-blue exterior, genetic material from my tongue; genetic material that i can alter or intro-dolce when i kiss beauty in it's mouth, or by unpurposely licking the tip of my unwashed fingers when eating with my hands; fingers those who carry pluralized sweat ; bike rust, green particles of the grass we lay upon and beginnings of genomes of the dogs who piss on it; reams of your mouth when we share cigarettes; your saliva ; sea creature's techniques encoded by the algae and the sea salt coatings on my fingerprints when i swim ; gaps; [...] ghosts. <3

beginning in a place of physical tenderness; muscle-memory like; in an habitual address that my body fat deposit arrive towards; in an habitual cartography that my bodies liquidity _ altered by my corpa's kissing escapade! with it's exteriority_ arrives towards;

i write one night:

estrogen ingestion makes my titties my bodie's interior's final destination , it's place of rest, coding my fluids upwards; my titties are my bodie's nest

ii.

before madrid, c. comes over and i cry on the car ride on how everything is not the same— but better.

iii.

kissing you in my living room feels cheesy; kissing you in my space themed sheets feels beautiful !!!!

and everytime my bangs fly lopsided from the 3 in the morning wind; (this is paradise

i looking at the blue-lit bus lighting the stone pathway up remember onto our city) of

my sexy girl bike rides to steal tofu and make you iv. my sexy girl curry kkk, 33degrees; black flip flop so i can curl my toes at the dinner table- holding my endings near your face. <3

iv.i

coconut milk dripping from the right corner of ur mouth , combing the pavement with my orange endings

;riding ur motorbike in my corset stretched my back:::: laced up doll, she's gorgeous in the wind

spicy rice paper noodles sticky in the throat, elongated swallowing

electro-punk with juliana; piano-heavy auriferous body,, deep in sand

dyed with beet-root purple tongue, eye-contact-heavy

garlic made the mouth cloudy; calling for yours, spicy tenders on the body ; i think

i've loved you for 5 years apx. just how long it took to perfect my sexy gurl curry; and laser all my hair off :3

garlic under the keratine sesame oil, chilli oil and low sodium soy sauce

broth empty it slurp it;:::: so sticky in the throat

paraíso-q. is :

. a teenage revenge . a recipe with you . your deposits of truth in a body who resists it; from habitual-forced practices

. a walk between two lands , met with patience i never thought i would know

at night , met with beauty ! heavy beer pissing--heavy beer kissing

together , met with orange juice, bread and butter in the pavement , met

with historical sweating, heavy breathing . my girls

. my girls loving you tutti !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

. how my cats love you . how you love my cats . how you love my bedroom

. how my bedroom my loves you . how you hold my gate tenderly; telling me i'm beautiful

v.

a tua língua é linda, ur tongue is beautiful i say to u: eu amo quando a minha lingua fica safada

mas sensível

or (i love when my tongue gets disobedient, perverse but sensitive) sister says : por uma língua safada e sensível , a tongue that tenders)

v.i

i learn how to dance to electro-punk with cici the dancer ; and we scream loud and we look in the mirror. epitome of femme- dense girls

vi.

we lick ur oyster knife at the museum, the one you stole from your job. the tool u use for killing the shadows in bairro alto.

we dream of scratching lisbon and it's gaps

oyster knife , nails thick with accents of somatic survival.

accents of natural systems of survival , as in inspired by greenery. pelos verdes. transcestry of northern witchery.

my friends have taught me spell casting and u taught me

spell casting casting a spell through shedding our hair particles

on the dance floor as we rub its length onto our shoulder, left to right, right to left, circle like to provoke confusion , go against imposed rhythms. as u keep teaching me.

casting a spell through shedding our bird guhl wing feathers, elongated neck for kissing

vii.

and I kiss my temporary lover from ago(s) on the forehead, and I am there with you.

and i love you and we dream of dancing,

and you say I look beautiful and I kiss you good. for juvenilia

I SING TO U:

viradas, viscosas sereias viciadas para sempre em namorar

..and next edition will follow very soon,
With love, your—

poppyseeds

Agata Luvisa

Alease B. Hansen-Evelyn

Anne Malling

Babs Wolbert

Dara Karadzic

Dorota Molčanová

Ella Mortsell

Eran van Rijn

Isrl Ercanli

Julie

Lourien

Natri Aria

Sigurd Groendahl

Jelle Snijders

Oskuriende