

MESS BABY

A Thesis

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Master of Fine Arts

by

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Jennie Ray was born and raised in Greene, NY. In 2006, she graduated from Binghamton University with a B.A. in English as well as in cinema. In May 2008, she placed runner-up in Cornell University's Corson-Browning Poetry Prize, and in August 2009, she completed her M.F.A in poetry at Cornell.

For my grandmother, Pauline Ray

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MESS BABY

It's possible to feel life as a sickness in the stomach, the very existence of one's soul
as a muscular discomfort. Desolation of spirit, when sharply felt, stirs distant tides in
the body, where it suffers pain and proxy.

I'm conscious of myself on a day when the pain of being conscious is, as the poet
says,

*lassitude, nausea,
and agonizing desire.*

-Fernando Pessoa, from *The Book of Disquiet*

**PRELUDE | TREATS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE AGENCY OF THE
GIRL'S HISTORY AND MALADJUSTMENT**

it is so un. re. lieved.

* * *

mama it is thrush. on. me. of self-resuscitating
ripped stitches in me cause

my twinges down the yellow gullet is her irrecoverable weather see
my innards gone intuh stranded wrecks ..

... cause mama

to always walk around with my diaphragm tired out with its work and disjoined
from its inventor mama

....and really quite sore

well she just would not take care of me good.

I said she would not take care of me good because

she got to know me for ten years.

and she was not stricken with me or even

just smitten with me or anything anything

she was not like ... with! me

though

.i am her erubescant and enamored organ .

ain't I

my exigency is her my reified mama cita

mama to put her... ...theophany hand
on my hair ain't it
smoothing my hair and I could lie there and her
and start stilling
if she could have well brought her hands or fingers to my hair
to me to give a type
infusion
it would have worked up such a quelling stimulus through ...
....a new .. membrane must be |

now bracing us both an embryonic physicality now
and it would have phosphorescent thing it would have honestly
it would have been an englassed candle

and it would have made her give me talks
about loving me
and I want it
and I still can't

I can't believe the

there's nothing I can do
I want
her loving me
which means a single physicality
and maybe
mom it never fulfils me

| | |

and I said do you still love me and I never heard her and we were sitting up on
the top stair and I was might I say crafty like do you love your boyfriend more
than me and she said it's a different kind of love and do you
love me more though since you've known me so much longer

and I faced to the ceiling and was focalizing and was
not blinking and was not letting things breakout yet
and was
channeling any adjustments I could because .I. could not keep on
because it was too really sedate
and she was unmoved she was hunky-dory
she was fluent about it
and she was giving me her mild tone
for the first real time

and I wanted to keep being in it and leaning toward it
and letting it

make my eyes open and close moony

but then. it was saying she needs to get away from me

and no

I just wanted to listen to the tame climate of it
only but now it is setting up a lot
insupportable capacity on me why did I hear it

*what the other kids are sayin is true...
the reason bein' I've never been cut out for this*

having you around it's not fair when I can't think ...

I need to get everything off me for once and then we'll see

*I just want you to get
that you've been an obligation to your mama up to now, sweetie ..*

you said you'd do anything for me baby remember

so what you gonna do huh? what chu gonna do.

well it ain't gonna work I tell ya

*you're tryin to make me look bad in front of these kids
real nice of ya thanks a lot
real nice way to treat your mother*

*hey
you heard me
I said shut up back there such a selfish little brat*

I want to go back to her

if I can't what if I get sick

if I can't be with her I will be relentlessly an invalid and
I won't have my mother and

that means I won't have my assuagements and that means
I won't know to resolve myself about being feverish and I won't know to
envision that I

could get out of the woods

and I won't
be with my mother

and I can't and once I get that chancy I can't
be emendable

and I don't want it I don't know how to take to my body

and I don't want my own and I certainly don't want my own and I just
want my mom's

I was your entrails to you before I was your entrails
don't you need me too

hey.I said my mother got to know me
and that means she
and that means she was acquainted with me being as adequate as I ever could be
because
she saw me being as interesting as I could

and I was always making sure

and there's nothing I can do

and I said

and my mother didn't want to be with me no more

I said it is making me go bad. it is making me

CHAPTER I | RELATES THE HISTORY AND GROWTH OF THE GIRL AFTER A HEAVY SECLUSION HAD BEEN PLACED ON HER

I'm sorry but why do you have that cough? it's making me
discourteous and hounding and berating me on a very regular
basis

to back pedal while wincing my shoulders
like ay ay ay the ravishing syndrome
the noticeable and rather pompous delicacy

and I do my maudlin face and mawkishly
sentimental articulation of schmaltzy discomposure when I
rehash your pronounced
and engaging tokens of incorrect functioning

and extract hot tips from my ceremonial yet stately scan

from my think- through - in- retrospect
of so many old world pathoses that you really quite
extravagantly display

which makes me noteworthy in my
unmanly drunkenness I mean my phobic enthusiasm

as I'm furnishing this disgraceful habitat with lily-livered nerves
though I do kinda seem in a tizzy that being around here well
being around you
.. well what's going to happen
to me.

but I don't tell you that it doesn't feel justifiable for me and
I just need to somehow
make you sterile and then I'd stay

and if it's only some showy yet temperate cold ordeal
then that's good and I'm fine with that
if it's a cold !only.

but think about it again .a cold

it could be the infancy of well something

like maybe

the quashing of all clean bills

or like the baby bride of woe

and it may be like I won't be able to rock

into my vigor no more so I'd certainly be

unresponsive until I subsequently succumb from maybe . ..

you trifling lax delinquent-like and indelicate and
unreflective and hard-hearted to me and. of course

it took only

the mushy
peripheries of blood

and of course the microbic globules

would get me what do you think and

I tried I did but I didn't see I didn't see

and I might just as well plan my

sea burial now

CHAPTER II | WHEREIN IS SHOWN HOW THE GIRL IS STRANGE IN SPEECH NOW AND CONTAINING FURTHER PARTICULARS ON THE HISTORY OF HER RECIPROCITIES

when I perch ladylike on the labored and refined pillows
of the tawny daybed and I am over the phone and
there is epoxy resin filling in the epiglottis plate of my
throat and

an episode of disposed grass packed airtight in my
mouth
awash with such wads and densities of
concentrated blockage that a spoon
well. . . improvised lever couldn't even loosen
the priggish barricade

because I'm shut up in a box wood with
the kind of uncomfortable warmth and moisture
that has made my tonsils burgeon themselves back
oversized and ripe

making me believe that
a fist is all the way in my mouth . . .

OH.it is a barely active geyser to be over the phone.

and there is no discernable way
there is no big sweeping gale to rattle me

I want it to. wallop me

slap and passionize me

.something

so you are a bravura but I've a dominatrix gag in me
that has really dug itself in behind my teeth
and has its straps extorting my head and my eyes
gushing and overtly cascading out of my busted and
rearranged face and

I don't start doodling on the

important business-type paper there on the glassy and
bejeweled night table
because it's not that kind of thing for me o

I can hear you bravura I would call through to you
were all of me not drawn into a taut shush and you talk to me
and it seems

I guess to you I've left you
and I sigh undividedly against myself but you
receive it like

a maneuver from me to make a suasive reason
to cut out or something. . . o....

. . . you say then

you better go and refresh up now. for the
nightfall program ..

and then you wait for me
..huh.. ..my core just won't. and

you try saying you can hardly hear me

and ... you stay with me

and it is a stamina I almost can't muster

to say all there seems
for me to ever say

. . . yeah

and rambunctiously imploringly
really beseechingly I ache to

ignite my yeah
.for you.

and somehow unpin abravura for you

but it's doused in yeah some
vestibule of me

CHAPTER III | IN WHICH, THAT BEING SAID, IT IS A BIT MUCH

! no... stay it's just ... that you just have got
to . . if you can

you've got to take and gloss out the cloudless
elixir stuff in the iced drinking glass over my

callow-flesh face and that is only a draft of my
evince face

and you just have got to
say it isn't the way

you've gotten it now exteriorized and the paucity
after what you mattered and after what you told

and so I am sticked-out I am tackin

for you to frost and obtund the throe I
got so you need to stun it when you towel and hose
out with blunting liquid my skull

and you should sire it so it's like just a big over-
besotted crop up on my englazed body

and I am splayed down
with my glitching head abeying off way to one side

and I want my head to be a dry-rotted curdle

cause you've got to

until it is a torpid sloshy thing it is the
only way with it . and carry me as
momentously

as you can to the hailstone drum and
store me insistently in cubed-ice

because you've got to get rid of it

and let me bedaze there

because of what you told

and be hung because of your

unbosoming and I'm profaned and hung
and kinda dead-hovering on you

so meanwhile you've got to

jeer down

to the underside of

your candor floor and find a different floor
...see .. go ... under it and there has got

* * *

you have got

to drive down hard your most lushly unlimited attack through it

now and your ruining bout through it I don't even
care even through me

you can ruin bout me or whatever and

that'll fly with me and listen I really can stomach

lines of egressing gore as long as that means
you

just blast up that

into a mewling

little dead thing

that fell to the ground because it can't be
true

and chemicalize me and I mean

like go wild strenuous
because I can't keep chawing up this way so ya gotta
defile it I don't care
you are going to dismantle
what I can't pull out of it with

and how I'm heartending in my unfitness for this

and why did I o
the thing just kept glutting up with it like
if I get you in the right caprice it's not true

it is not true

it is not sure-enough
and I have to be illumined

so is it . is it
no ...stay. but
just aloof me up and just postpone me
away

CHAPTER IV | INTRODUCES A RESPECTABLE NEW CHARACTER WHEREIN A SUDDEN CHECK IS EXPERIENCED

faded moth
or .Gram

I see how you have become now charading to me your
color as an antiqued moth

in crystallized veloured patterns of . offbeat powdered
cinders .

that getting all together landed all together on you
on the sill and the sill you
.that composition .

is all so just .still | and it makes a
noiseless diaphanous
soundtrack of chinese rhythm
spacing . chinese music as I see
you . and I cannot

see you when you stand in front of
the coffeed moths but I am hearing.
and I am
in a chinese way and feel .such
and I empathize you

geriatric moth consummately and so eminently in the
sick of me one thing soaking with me undulatingly is you
destitute to look in my depthless face
and look right in

.depthless. my face's shallow so you can holler into it
to cavern in your irresolvable fears so down and away

from your own surfaces
little square textures of irresolve because I feel you .too. .quieted.

hey I .feel.

I want

with such ping-pinging sore ness for me to
take you up on top and right across all my own lap big moth
beating still a little still a little giant moth over me and I will

smooth the fine bristles on you like such soothe you
never felt and catch and seal you so against me and give
you

all my. .hey. all my womanhood young woman to you and new
baby animal and you make me eavesdrop
oriental pings

so I visibly and meticulously give you such rigorous talks
these resoluting talks that will never wear away

and just let you and let you and let you on me my moth my grandmoth
and can we do that can we do that because I never saw anyone do

that I never even saw you .all antiqued

look at me and say

OH god please

CHAPTER V | RELAYING THE TREASONARY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE GIRL'S OWN ANATOMY

dis associating hair or
things like that in the shower because atrophied
long fibers are bony strings walking out from my scalp
and that belt here of hair that has bushed luminosity and
so I am not handling what disease it is
and the hemorrhage and the not handling and
I told some doctors I
can't put . . . my . . . hands washing
parts uncoupling me from *oo those little louts*
o not my ornaments not my huh

and my noggin feels semblant like and little curt backsliders extraordinaire

and like the water has no threads to soak up into! because
water
goaded from the vaulting and too heavy hair on the downrush
too heavy hair that couldn't be tough and berserk
auburns on the distemper tub and those vulgarians going on with
aqueous teeming dropping noises
how much miltown
this takes
in this drizzle but I get

in here all the time don't I
 plus that my twiggy feathers will loll much lower
 than even my longest should
 little things .don't
 don't hang so low
 .don't. because you'll be fly by graveyards

 when
 you get low like that ossuary skedaddlers like that
 gumshoeing to get unknited from the socket
 of the skeinlike growth and so low and you really
 shouldn't
 embellish with buffed-up writhes as you
 coast and careen in the weaving empire
 .and pull .and you pul.l.
 because your well-cooked fabrics are softened and thawed

 and you suck in and you clench in and you
 miniaturize and you flummox out of here don't you
 out of me .fine

CHAPTER VI | CHAPTER IN WHICH YOU WOULD THINK

you think *“it is debauched to chew the drab and lumpy thing”* and then frankly
“chewing is skuz zy” and then go largely operose because *“it is in hurting ” “my
morose beak is wayward
and not rending ‘*

and then when you intend to really brunt the *mousy swill* to go your vocal bands
gag the cinereal pile then your throat folds are ob longing to forbid the thing

and your organ is trying slick to then put its parasol up on the cavity because you

had a sudden intuitive perception of or insight into the reality or essential
meaning . other people don't accept what you figure out and

you think movingly about what it .i s you think feelingly about ingestion what it
is
you are sad

and then you think about digestion flat out then you are sad

you are voluntarily inserting things that precipitate . into you and gird and hem in and
how do you feel and then you breathe out heavily
in severe upset or pain because your orifice wants to disgorge it you let it shiftless
in your mush and think you're gonna get pica

and think about the slovenly crud it's dregging over your teeth

and then you'll get disconsolate because ya gotta let it get in ya
.no.. you have to yourself muscularly duress something down into what is you

and the ration has gotten now to the standing where it has shaded over and anhydrous

you think *“the food could give me an addled spell”* and *“the food could have food
poisoning” “the food may not be fitly browned”* and *“the food might nourish a
malaise”*

and you have to sit down and look at the aliment and think about it and you have to go
to your room and lie down

CHAPTER VII | SHOWING HOW THE VERY CURIOUS MAY TRANSPIRE
UNDESERVEDLY, APPERTAINING TO THIS HISTORY

I'm worri . . . ed
I'm worried there was a child a sittin on your finger !

I think there must have been a little homeless inkling there
...like an amphibian-ish midget

gadding. .and careening around in the swirly cranny of your fingertip
waiting to be maybe wasted.... ..and creamed probably by
whirlpooling in the deactivating turf of your
fingerprint

because it's time to wilt down so thirsty because you so brittle
dry and it's time go and start your

breaking up and flitting apart dwarf wafers scaling in the draft
pretty much dead on the milt vine

but the little transient kernel got smuggled in the remiss and snide
pleat of your print ready to

jump me! and
eat up my pretty baby circle

and now I am really so . infernal bigtime heartsore over it
like an outfoxed decried darling
!just *thinking* of it

.it. gliding !

.gliding.
but it's not at all beautiful ~

the shrimpy yet escalate little punk berry lifting off and ...

I thinkit must have been

.....

and it will be from this moment forth even if I'm not moping on it really quite
blustery and murderous enough because

! it don't matter now because

it's just with.in here presently because it barged in the discreet cage
of my fine-spun and intimate bones and

no way for it to sally out

and even now I must be thinking of it non-thoughts
look what I did what supervenes when I don't think it
I don't think it and so it betides .

and remodel into me

.yeah you. you bogus bantam-truffle
remodel me to where my solar plexus is terribly
appreciable

with the extreme extreme worry that I must expressly display

I tell ya

it is not manageable
this really isn't me but

then every time I even murmur or I disemboque a little it's all. . . .

I think I feasibly detect something

~

like an indistinct yet palpable offishness

think unabridgedly of my huffy guts and my mortifying belly
the sour and substandard thing
and the sequel of it
and what does it mean and I say

*comb through and assort because I gotta file real stringent
the arcane sensation as either*

'throat' or 'actually stomach' and that is all.
.I ever do and
screen and systemize .o.

is anyone this and where

and I can't even allow it but just
.re. .re. al... quick

I shall now privily and clandestinely disclose to you what all this is OK
..... .okay.
okokwell..

just I'm worried that mmmm m
I'm worried your hands *could have gotten me pregnant*
baby

ay baby with the stomach I have right now
and I know so what so what but still

what will en... ensue
what can when . I check and I assiduously check and then I'm forced to
affirm .ostensibly.

it aint psychosomatic

so what will when I discernibly and therefore incontestably gag
and continue to bloody gag and bloody retch and gag until

I do it..... I really ..disgorge ..it
to where it is tactile
and so then I've got the clincher yes the doleful and transfixing
evidence

and then. if I keep reshoving it again
like the next day or any other time o god

parent to myself that would really be god awful because.....I couldn't be a
then because how

could I then ease away from it
easing away with my arms unarming half up and mollifying like

whoa whoa easy now
and how'm I expected

to even muscularly confront the denouement ... *.the rabbit test.*

and the big fiasco .in . the bloody rabbit test after
I turn it over on
the ceramic washbasin bureau

!and the lights right on the thing right right on it and I'm alone
and ow I am low down vestigial alone

in the manner of being cowering and foundering alone in a
way quite beyond terribly obliterated and just peeling
away my skin unbearably

and serious gores and it's enough already
all these flabbergasting impacts enough
enough already

.first
because of the deep-seated and immutable phrenic indiscretions and

second.

because do you conceive what that is
going to be really do you fathom and do you legitimately
plumb comprehend and
sop up all that in without even
any ersatz because

I just can't really decipher it because nothing

went down in a provincial or rustic way like that for
something to start freakishly and impetuously crocheting in me
.seriously.

what did I even do for a cell stem to start stemming up on me like
frenziedly

. what

to up and just start teeming all unanticipatedly and roll out .one
morning. just teeming. and teeming teeming what .

before I flip that thing over because *my. vacuous . god.* I'm alone
and god so tangibly shunned

[epilogue

because what if I'm not though and flip the thing over and
.I'll probably go blind from it

can't see anything after the fact of it]

**CHAPTER VIII | COMPRISING PARTICULARS OF HER EDUCATION ON THE
IMPORTANCE OF RESEMBLING A NICE AND LIVELY GIRL**

you have to take a nonplus breath with little

listless chapfallen mien of the face

before you laggardly proceed to swivel open with

one lanky finger

in a vanquished encircling action the

crystalline and baroque-sort of dish

with the citrine-scented mineral foundation

ah the prerequisite ballet-ish twirl of the

rococo cap

of the aurulent mineral foundation that

they say is near natal and cardinal well

rudimentary the mimicry foundation like brass tacks

they say

... and you take a desiderate moment .

and you do. actually.....take ... the moment...

to candidly and cerebrately hesitate

and then you have no choice but to sternly repercuss
on the lamentable escapades
*this is what you gotta do this day and
age*

. to fortify and embolden
your corpus ah oui . . .
.your emboldened corpus

and stuff up your petite graves well
. . . the sink pits that dispense
from your noched teeth
and smear into your stale ing derma textures
resulting in the despicably cringed
cast of your wicked abject face

.d a m n you look indecent sic k
.look flat scatological
because when she coolly unbuttoned herself out
from the depredate edges of your young
merry-andrew posture

the mess was
oh the meh
because
when you git disposed and the whole buildup
you can really tell . on you
.like it really displays and poms and
it got you right where it want you
when
you just buckle and your knees are too arthritic
so that you're obligatorily fixed to get the
disease innuendoes
okay and that is one thing but
then when everyone can peruse and languidly
valuate you
and you should probably try to look
passably normal and
generally more restored so try to look
better
because you need to look burly and simply
get more pageantry like
a latent pierrot baby clown that
is farcically healthy and the oracular dolly will

make your eyeteeth squirm and yen something
untamed for the
ripe and gummy maquillage
because right now
your gray cast looks grey and your phiz ...
ay mama so sickened like you gonna lose your
luu uh
because like
your skin looks like. . . old. . hamburger. . . .
and that don't look polite when your eyes have
black eyes .around them .so when you
walk in the campus that don't look so
good because when you show up with the
garishly maltreated surfacings which openly avow you're
not gossamer you're not vitreous and frilly ay you're just
not sensible because .look at you.
why won't you overlay and redo it real vapory and
cherubic
.why.

when you don't look right you should outline and at
least sketch in something patterned and empyrean as
you depict and daub your

...pastel..... strength of physical constitution... on .

because when you don't they can see your

carrion gushing forth a little and

.when you don't

how are they supposed to keep their own lux

mango-rinsed faces unshattered

CHAPTER IX | CHAPTER IN WHICH THERE IS AN ANIMAL SPRING OR WHATEVER

o my man
the women drawing out there in front of my man
ow the impending women
being forged from out of some unviewable rootstock
or something and
being dispatched out here
and they keep assembling
into the prearrangement
and take their try to get ingested
right-right inside his eye o right there and go in
and mine me out of there
and dynamite me out and
have it so gutted in there now
guttled so now
the women can plug his hollows with their drawing bath waters
and that will set up my man harboring
things.sparking. picturing.andpicturing.andpicturing things
and how could they
.ow
the upcoming women .minacious to me those women and and
he could be imag ing .anything.
and he .is. because I
know he is I know he is I know my man my own man
and it keeps initiating them
that animal spring or whatever

and any proximate flesh is being re-shaped
 by this thing this thing into a
 .start. that. gets. him. and now
 what's gonna happen o
 who's gonna get him and what could happen and
 ahh
 they just constantly loiter
 harassing so hard to get .my maaa n
 and they flounce
 o and plee ease --
 why can't chu jus
 cause I am pang.ing for my
 it's my little pulmonary stuff in me |
 is when my adrenal thing is making ahh ahh cill a tions and all and
 because my huh *I never!* because my
 it's really got panging you really got it really peal
 ing out
 profusing all everywhere in my figure is rushing itself rheumatic
 it is starched cause of them it is immalleable with
 my deficiency
 I said I am taut I am stuck-still | gelid I am cause uh my
 you know my
 huh
 I'm sayin my inadequacy I'm sayin my body I'm sayin my body
 O I'm not
 posed here emanating like I should for you like that
 O like that
 I'm lookin at that
 because I want

because I endowed you my whole exertion and you won't
cast out to me you can't keep gazin at me at me at me at me at

me
in the upsurging of women and that's how come I
can't budge

because I have to keep to myself when
you're doing this

here when
when I'm not
I can't subsist

I don't have the deserving when
you're doing this to me I'm

required to look down down get inert and go all condensed and I'm just all
reduced
when

the bullies are interbreeding themselves so
that I'm defiled

it jimmies my form to go ahead grating itself
to little anatomy shavings and

I gotta choke my skin

because if I look in the mirror
I'm clawin so at the antagonistic thing

and then I am turning up these like briars from my infliction I
guess

and all I can think is to off your optics
cause I could

artlessly shut your lids downward I could
just drive them down with something and affix miniature pins because

I don't want to be. in the public with you.

and they are spreading they
are even my incredibly baneful seepage of virulent
sheathing me into a little guttersnipe all crumbling-like and
apart ing me from
.the decent
because I'm expelled in a dinky background inside a tightly-cropped and
undislodgeable
bad girl bag
I'm in a hefty bag because I get it they are
getting to you and ah hh
I'm kicked-out context
seating in here cause uh the heredity on my particularly disqualified
pith
and inadequate groundwork okay
and it's real muggy in this like rimy
when I dowel myself down and just bear view that
see they're gonna get ya man
and that means they're gonna get me
and that means I tooth-mark my palm
and my buggy guttural eyes overhang
and that's what I look like in public
and when your scan unpropitiously slants away it causes me to indomitably
claw up the walls cause
I thought I could be in a place with you but I couldn't ever
because when I look at those kind
I can't stop shivering at them and

yeah my kinetic eye man I guess they
are so. beautif.ul. but ahem!

.....ow baby

when the quavers like this I jus a dog starin your face benumb
and I am this gargoyle onslaughting you because
I gotta dawdle you in all this

and git you to just this once hold on for my hair

to sprout surrounding and profound
and for my back to contort to this very showy arch

and then you would catch on

all my lathering glamorous worth

showing out through my looks and your eyes

would balloon with a fox's
sound effect and

you would have lift off and begin skimming
some zephyrs until you set deck in my exaggerated nearness

I said you would be panting your froth -trilling tongue

like you would not

be able to take your eyes off uh me

and I say that's called *cinderella wax* of the eyes

I say wait baby for my hair

and my immutable tantrum toward myself keeps mauling me and
can't indulge me to ratify you my

genuine bound man in the public place here because

you habitually gotta emote this thing to them
which really really insults how

I judged like this time
I hooked ya fine ly

you get all my little scraps urgin you desperate oh man
to come across please ,please
that I am .the instills of lavish avalanches

.love me . . .

don't look

and love me my man waxy -like

because I'm gutting so abusive in my slay
don't chu dare look

no so just please don't look what grounds is there for it why can't I

and o man what happened

what happened when I saw it
and when I discerned it so deep as her gyrating tang slinked round ya

and the please please business
but ya still got inflamed her slink

why

and then I can't understand where am I
where am I to you
baby and

when you're doin this baby
my guts is just moanin cause

you's spouse be my baby.

CHAPTER X | SHE IS SO TIRED AND DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS WITH HER

my black vinyl couch now
I'm on you okay

I'm here so bleary on you. I'm so bleary because I've just sapped
out myself
over you and I'm sorry to tell you this

I'm sa. ped and I'm desiccated
.a sear on you

my subsuming couch. take mind
and discover from my transfusions steeping in you

! and tacit
I have a problem

and I'm approaching you with

what can I do because

I'm pressing pressing I don't know what to do about

my muscles
begging me to bisect themselves
from me and get

dislodged from me with a paunching resound

from their undisciplined propulsions out of me and
they don't care how their inertia makes anyone feel

so they really all want to appear cloven-like

which means peeled-up out of me in strips of
uncooked meat and

they would be so assuaged if I could be genial to them and carve them
in little quadrates so I could

pin-roll out each comprehensively strip

by strip because that's what they require
is elong ing

and to stretch

because the babbling raucous carrying from my muscles
is just actually from sludge debris

and I'm gloomy to sludge them up hear me I am sorry babies to sludge you

and I do meticulously regard your compulsing reports to me but

I'm just somnolent and I'm just lying dormancy and
I don't know why I won't get up

but I won't

do anything for my muscles
because I won't shift and I won't rouse up

and I have barbed contrivances
engrafting themselves into the upsurges of my back and in the
sinkhole of my back and I won't dislodge from

my staid position
so then snaggy utensils ingrow themselves further

kerfing in and biting in me so even whole parts of them are
not discernable from

anymore from outside of me actually they are about in the front piece
of me bucking up in the ballpark of the front of me and

o whatever I laid on when I dropped down
on the couch
in a haste of ascension

is a sycophant. in the urgency of my slump

I had to conk down
and small fiends or something on there cauterized
piping into my back

and that was what arrived

in that juncture when I lolled to my
black vinyl couch and it was a lasso and

now I am set in stone on here
what are these things I am convening off this couch

what things am I soaking in what kind of cushion is this I am sinking in o I am
deplaning in and deplaning in something to act as my headrest my buffer

or god's sake are you disinfecting me or what and

what's going on what. tired. __gr_abs you like this

is this the tired that milksops everything and that is why I am so obdurate and
that is why I am moored or
is this the tired

that makes you think *I don't know what it was with me*

and you don't understand

why you can't come to
why you don't properly manage your airway

like you can't

call to your mind to take the respiration from the draft around your
sleep.so
you can't sleep and

what tired is this what tired when

things go

in your cognizance and no matter what they are

your psyche is swamped your psyche is astray because your reverberations are

you just glare cagey at the things and there is no familiarity from you to the things

and you just stare at the things
vapid

and things ordinarily arriving themselves in front of you lying
on a black vinyl

and they present to you candidly what they are and present with an expectation what they are and then it is really distinctive this moment

because they are evaded now and
they feel parried

and that is all that comes of them because
you do not even make any nods to them you do not wave them in ya cold fish

don't get them let in and
they can't get on you this time when they're even outbursting their hands really
around

your face and
you will not .blink
nothing

so they must
go out in the melanoid stratum of your couch

and you don't care you just leave them there
amassed . still smoldering
hoarded for later they think in that black o and

I am so tired

and my muscles just keep invoking me to ascend myself please

ascend myself and let them make me scampering around in
my revulsion

yes. always all my trepidation. when I get up a-sudden

and what if I were to not look and what

if I hold on this berth

and reprieve by way of
typhlosis

because I have exerted everything
ever ee thing else

and I am trying not to envision something yet
there is something I
should be envisioning about |

and I just want it to leave me alone

because I am enervated and that means insensate and that is
something has bonded me remiss on here this time

| sleep because I'm supposed to

okay

because it should leave me conclusively alone
and be unabridged in that because

whatever tired this is

I feel it and
I am down I am done

I am not accepting things for thinking no more I am not
lodging things for going through
because it is me boring down in this cushion

this regressing cushion o
I am on here so just leave me alone

do you hear me I am on here I am not decamping
and I could never get enough sleep after you and

I am waiting for my suspension I am waiting for my soothing.
I am waiting for something
I am waiting I am wait ing

for you to
just leave me .alone

CHAPTER XI | THE GIRL PASSES HER TIME REGRETFULLY AND DISCOVERS YET MORE PROBLEMS WITH HER RECIPROCITY

.surges that were ready in me have been snapped
by you and paralyzed me up to just
stand and stand

so you can go on and draw away all my
soundness in degrees and start getting me diffused right
into
your tumult field
and

your violence sphere is an opulent magnet
immobilizing
and diluting me into it and just pressurizing
me

and your megacosm gaze
on me is a red laser against my brain that will
dissemble me and dim me all away if I
don't stare

exactly at your direction
because
your face toward me is an asphyxiated man
bulging all his potence out at me

and whoa .ontic me is too excruciating. right when you cast
out to me and right then is how
my cohesive me has just quit

because
your gawk at me is .so. acute and you're making me seethe
from my centers and it's hurting
my extremities and
you're making my parts quail and
convulse into such disorder that I just look
simple and

just am numbed

and I just am trying to not show the prostrated

animals I'm birthing all
over this floor

chaotic rabbits starting

in one way
and desisting

and starting and startling all around my
feet

and I've got to .bring down my existence so.

bring right down my existence so your intentness

can get soothed

because I can't get your attention off me
and your attention is hardworking me to

just be the aspect of a rabbit's etiquette because
you .won't look off me.

and that's making my posture sag and sag and

that's making my featurig disabled to look off you because
you will get all my jugular in you so
how

can I

just preserve the manner of
my thoraxical
maneuvering from your look and

shelter the physiognomy of my
peril away from your look

and how

can I re strengthen and

just make this better like can I just haggle to you
somehow to

annul all your provocations and .yes.

bypass my due handlings.can I obstruct you.can I manage
you.can I cancel you remotenesses and remotenesses from me

and
now that I finished up your composure can
I move
can
I move can

I moderate you right down
with my announcements and right down soft
with my announcements
and please now I've got you in a taking can I get flushed
away
and

can I knot up a yoke right around your mind
and can I fill it brimming up in
your mouth and just bridle you up and
shriek right into your nefarious face and now

desperate face trickling and trickling from my atonemental
services

and why did I ever arrive here. and

why could I have ever complied to be company.
and should I just

desert my intense rabbits to you and
just let it and always let it

CHAPTER XII | CHAPTER IN WHICH THE BABY TURN-OUT BE A MESS

not turning to the side I see I have got spate from a thin
imitation sofa
with its wrinkles gathered and kilning
after my spasmodic give-off
and poor davenport puckering and sizzling with my
old fine ground ventilation
but left and swabbing and

I did not like pirouette but even still encounter I am very
brainsick and dotty

I did not turn but ahm dizz zy

and have gotten out of the bed of a bumper

after lots of hardy fisticuffs
oo all I did was try to get off the ottoman

but waxing just I am

huh and always get thinking on

how I am very vertiginous and flitted

because my brainstick is plasticked

and not circumducting good
and it don't waltz smooth and bandy
with those snagged breakages I got
from

being snipped off someone and

its always like hooky with my getting-by-stuff
and I think how it's cause my susceptibility

was in the peak-ed phase
when my materialization base had rid me off through gouging her out and
I was in there I was out with the sauce
too
unfortunately still in the daffy and anemic stage
and just a sweet and whitish little germ
shock

and I am nauseated because I think how

I got kicked off her and unpicked with an exhuming shovel and I was needing to
stay on
my ma

l o n g e r

.my ma .

because my cut has always been relapsing since .

backsliding little senile hag insulting me like I'm not too hot on
haleness

saying heh heh *beetch you are a split end*

and making me skim my stiffened hand across my jugular and making me
make a kkkkkkkkt sound

like don't make me use this !
because my head a really wants to be beheaded so I scarf air real death-defying
and think all serious

I gotta get my head examined

because I can't stop schlepping this ricketiness
aahh always scrambling in from another sliver of my little casing cracks
just being born and

they are the hostile babies at the bottom of all these hot waters
in me

yeah you
heard me I got
babies in me

and risky business babies
dog-paddling in boiling bete noire heh heh and

especially if I get up from a chaise lounge --
noo oh sir ee can't do that

because now I got my old baby Jennie in mi so jittery and

the stricken little spaced-out unconnected from her ama babe had to stay here

so whatamI gonna do when she was clipped up and ransacked out and eyes
rolled up lookin bout demonic and she's there little Siamese
twin that was bout

ready to be the sacrificed up one

and what can I say I like physically contacting my hand and
cushing my lips on her burning up forehead and I love that and never
ordained more documentation of

and so what she got hid under coats of my womb muscle and layering and layering
she got so banded up in such close-fitting and bound tense clasping of cellular
unyieldment
but wanted to be my ya squatter in me

because she wanted to be a

little vital

well she was conking and convulsing and
having got dichotomized off her siamese twin or mom or
whatever you want to call it and

having lost her germination infrastructure

I had to okay absorb her and
well it was more like get on the bottom of a room with a
straw and slurp really arduous all her
mini diminutive
drifts of dissected and crippled tissue

and clipped up ligaments little
tooth floss thing and see

she was there mam no kidding

but the thing was when she was shoring in me she
was open veining tah boot cause I
didn't do nothing

and that made me internal bleed like and she was fren e tiiiick and
hopping mad and she w because what do you think
she was inceded
and that was like rabid and like
hemophilia

and she had been hacked

but not only that she is always concussing and
chattering around in me like she is fit to be tied

and is doddering in debility as I try to go moxie and
just a little come on moxie and

it is guilty and dark to get to one's feet when

the baby is endeavoring to rest
and slumber fetally and

longing to sleep all sweet in me and trying to rant and flog me
and she doesn't deduce it's

not my culpability she. is leeching and

I can't help you suspend and yawn little girl when you are
.a dead duck. seriously

no I'm sorry I mentioned that

but what do you expect from me when I like wait
on you I .wait.t. on you
and be like a

m | father to you because

yes I do want to nurse I want to cultivate cha baby I said okay

but *you gotta try to ripen okay just try*

*

*and psst— the deep frankness is that I am getting the drift that the pathogens often
causing illness are coming from her must be*

.must be.— think about it I mean think about what's going around in me and
she has putrefying creeps and always gives off in me I guess

and really she's so nit-picky
about the scantest agitation she gets so quakey with the slightest fracas like hold it
right there ! like 'hair, don't leave

me' 'boy, you don't leave me' 'Jennie, don't move' and she is so testy when

*

I try a little to actify and just okay breathe
just be !
and. just. be .
I guess

because if I get up she starts stirring around saying in her emotive voice
you can't do it and histrionically you can't do

because if I try to inspirit

she unveils her little sprig from out of
some muscle group and surveys the

ecosphere and clenches her teeming lymph nodes and casts loose

the germ rampage and
then

okay now little timorous girl breathe....

.so again you've got the lulu

sweet baby got a kind of crabby lulu as usual

that's not going to go away for a while I guess
a thing always with you that's largely injurious and crafty

and that's just how it ended up for you I see that's how it is okay but

you can't show it

because yes it's looming around your chartreuse-ish adrenal garland
yes the rippling bloody flux blanket the milky sallow afghan intent to
lay
entirely down over your very quality and state of lucency and any confectionary
gloriousness in you

well... .. if there is sweet baby ..

and when you didn't want it to ravage you it's going to trample and loot you

yes it's going to tauten and astringe your style
now isn't it

yes ~ yes the ma.ca.bre thing I always think of talking sententiously about
that haggard thing

there's this dark bestial thing hovering and coasting and like dancing up there
that keeps stringently amassing itself more trenchant
and almighty up there

and makes genres of incommodious cramping in me and

it's a comin in indefatigably so whoa baby
it's gonna be bad

real bad but breathe baby breathe

and so many somatic things with it
when why does there have to be

and ay mami why with this unremitting panging incarnate flak
what really did I do
because when it comes over me there is no even reveries in me
I can't even cogitate
or even think deeply
and am not therefore characteristically hominal then

and geez it's really quite bad ya know just writhing forever and forever and
o mama mama it's like

it will look taboo if I slouch down and loaf until I lie down
for a while with bad hebetude appended by
pleonastic yawn and

bad baby went quiet on me
vegged out at length already today overtaxed and played out
greens

and hot mouth and subtropical mouth with sundry portions of vaseline balms
entrammeling up in hot mouth ki-ki

and the susurration hurts my susurrationpipe

and don't you even care here come
another facet of the execrable and wicked noxious
proceeding on me

so then I am so misanthropically agog that I begin to mangle
up the ultramarine middy blouse

and I begin to whomp off the textiles on my legs and go ahead and
clobber and fray all the choky garb

and grapnel and barb up
and get them off and finish them off
because I am so damned febrile and
I am so damned thrown I was just trying to walk

around and precipitously I'm

.
just in it
.

o I just am within it til I'm blue in the face wallering in it a pound of
flesh

getting down in it because I'm now in it

..... .
going through it wa.ding thr.ough .. it ..!... !! ag.ain

...
.....

a.... ..freakinggen ...

o lordy

it is so un.re.lieved .o. my. shorn my animating principle
shorn my elan vital

shorn my secret self
shorn my quintessence shorn my recesses of heart shorn my
pneuma . my animus . my umbra . my genius too and shorn
my

very texture so who done it

who done this .s. weep. ingly. .u. n. re .lieved setting for me that is
seriously relentless for me redundant and like

to always walk around with my diaphragm tired out.

...and like.. ineluctable ..

I can't get out of it . . .

ever and so I laboriously makeshift over to the peaches-and-cream
wash-cloths ..the recherché and soft-hued softies who

I want comfort from

and solace but I don't know what it is so
run a drenched sloppy small-towel over my beset brows

and crush

its exorbitance out over my doddering and doddering skull
generating a big whammy to console or at least slap out
my abstruse stupor

but I can't feel it though

because there's no way out this aboriginal blitz or whatever I have ..

but I do ache bloody
like so mucho mucho

to cascade ..
classic

polar ..

..agua .. on my syrupy tuft but I can't bow for a minute over
the bisque sink with the preserved toothpaste daubs because I'll get so
empty-headed and rattletrap and fall and belly flop several times but o I
mournfullysuspire ...for... . trilling crispy fluid

is what

because what else in the plenary domain is there anywhere now I'm so wrecked ya
see
and dismally so low down scandalously backward in my interpretation conduct

and I've been amidst it for so long
thinking what is it
for so long.. and humoring dyspnea thinking ... what is itwith me .

....and it's that I'm trapped you just don't get the point ... it immured itself
for some reason but I got faultlessly embedded .. I think ... vulgarly... .. and
you couldn't demarcate me from this visitant. . well you couldn't specify any
discongruity

or
nothin

because now it's to the point where . if I'm situated and . unruffling in any ...
...physical . . place ..and I then gallantly budge 1 cm... it makes me seethe
and have the shudders becauseI tremor and chatter so ... because the shift ... the
shift inemanation. ... or ...I don't know what ...

but I want to rock or billow because I need to totter and twitch and bellerreal
infirm and rueful staccato in a broken record-type chant because
my mama. ... I'm not gonna feel buttoned up now... and ..that's it ma

oh. ...I think I can't really describe it...

..it could be like

“she had been thinning me out and tell her stop so stop and can't I please .stay with you just stop and the please in my mouth getting denser and denser. please in my mouth is the most exclusive lingering ever out of my mouth ravenous please out of my mouth was the blating

“of a marooned calf. marathon please, please please unswerving. was an antagonized cow but it was a maimed animal and it was cadging and it was uproariously clamping on to her torso and it was that she never fell in love with me I said my mother never fell in love with me and that despondency please was my only resource. it was my unrelenting

“ occupation and it was when I came instantly to my cavernous reserve it was when I ravaged all the supply from my emergency reservoir and I sank to the abysmal of it and turning over every thing there all I could find was please, please unfathomed please protracting my ”

..it could be like

“ if I can't what if I get sick.
”

or ..it could be like

.....I want ...to be with you....

.and I ...still ..want ... to be with you.

. or like

or like it could be like I can't really comment on it..... but .

say if you up and... bow out on ... a lovey-dove-type .. baby ... and you can do that ...andafter you bestowed.... and lavished upon her... some bagatelle capsules and other fine kits ... do thatand able to prolong that really good....vacuous or whatever

....
then

that would have to make her the sumptuously....and . unrelievably opulent “mess baby”and the blue-ribbon “woe baby” and well .. the premier and boss “muddlebaby” and..... I said ..

it is making meyes~ go bad go bad because

that’s what it could be likelike

that one. she was. a real mess baby.

APPENDIX

1 : semi-occasional cutting pains in the belly, lasting a few seconds each; two bloodstained-looking patches on the scalp near the hairline/forehead; severe soreness in upper right molar when it is touched [gum seems to be source]; slight discomfort in bottom right gum; slight cut between left hand and wrist; mild frailness [likely due to lack of sustenance]; some appetite, but no desire to eat; mild to moderate sleepiness/laziness [likely caused by excessive sleep]; only mild loneliness [likely due to keeping busy]; very poor concentration for most of day, a little improvement during the night hours; cut or canker sore on left inner cheek, near corner of lip.

2 : “blood pressure headache” which came on [ironically] while sitting, and improved with standing and pacing; also “traveling headache” that comes on while lying and trying to sleep, starting in either temple and moving forward in a “band-shape” across the hairline [very distracting, couldn’t enjoy lovey time]; acute decrepitude and terrifically bulky legs [could barely get them to step]; rapid pulse [120 per minute, standing] should not have stayed in bed all day and eschewed [starved]; heart acutely burdensome; tried to cure with gatorade and ensure; normalized after 2 hours.

3 : micturating 2-4 times an hour; physical suffering in lower left viscera; hydrating very often, but uneasy that perpetual urination is causing dehydration; very inconvenient and overkill worrisome; can’t go for 15-minute car ride; very unwieldy feeling throughout body, and especially abdominal and legs; lead-footed, overweight; absolutely no appetite, repulsed by food, gag at attempt to swallow; carnal desire to deep cry [never experienced before], spotting/ break-through bleeding [never before experienced]; deep, grievous calf cramps that begin early in the day, and become unbearable [can’t walk] in evening or night; tried to alleviate with lotion massage [slight improvement]

4 : woke up with sore throat, expected to call it a day upon drinking, but did not; voice hoarse; tined pain going diagonally from right chest to duodenum lasting only a few seconds, but very uncertain what it was and whether it would return; half of nail on pinky toe ripped off and stinging in bed and when sock is put on; still break-through bleeding; dearly fragile, really feel it in arms when trying to do any household task; inmost dysphoria and unease caused by physical awareness that heart is toiling to throb and therefore overcompensating; feeling of smothering, or gasping, dog tired around chest and heart enclosure.

5 : tined pain going diagonally from right chest to duodenum lasting only a few seconds continued today, didn’t think it would; break-through bleeding continuing and feel like it will never stop; waves of nausea/ unbalance / infirmity that are exceptionally immense to illustrate verbally and leave one questioning their legitimacy [this has lasted a week], very intimidated it is pregnancy and don’t know of anything else that causes waves of nausea for so many days in a row; spells of supreme hotness after eating; frequent urination continued, inconvenient while outing; excessive energy

while sitting and lying, but standing causes bad washout due to shrewd sensation in every part of body, feels like bodily substance has become denser like cells packing in; almost fainted at cash register and had no where to sit, there is no where for the sick to be seated in a department store; very disoriented under florescent lighting and couldn't take time to pick out new sunglasses; no place to be bedridden in public.

6 : swollen lymph node in right neck/back area. Very bothered. Very bothered. never had a swollen lymph node there, except a few months ago with mono, which is notorious for causing swollen nymph nodes, even the spleen, a gland which is considered to be the body's largest lymph node; small, pinkish itchy patch of skin very near to the swollen lymph node; sat on the bathroom sink backward, trying to see what's going on in the medicine cabinet mirror. got too daunted to. kept scouring too because can't swallow it that it pierces [swollen lymph nodes are not supposed to]; misery about it all day and night; curse when manifestations first blow in and it would seem one must delay seeing the doctor because she'd say how long have you had it; all other symptoms continue as well.

7 : agony on either side of spine in middle/lower back, troubled it may be kidneys but pain may be too far apart for that; later, irritation in left arm and again in posterior; break through bleeding continued; monotonous urination continued; swollen lymph node not gone, but a little less feeble in area; malaise and hardship wondering unrestricted throughout abdominal all day; brief sting in left ankle; vision predicament where bedazzling green is seen in peripheral and stirring gizmos have too much of a streak [as if they are radiant, but they are not]; disconsolate [nonresistant due to rainstorms in weather]; looking down a lot; swollen lymph node in neck/back area; runny nose that comes briefly and goes, could be either allergy- or anxiety- related.

8 : I wish I knew if I were an individual or not.

9 : frenzy to cognize what is contrastive about being along toward me, as well as if there is any physiological difference, would guess it a blood sugar problem; woke up in night feeling as if grain of sand fastened in upper left eyelid [don't know how it got in there during sleep]; woke up considerable times throughout and was woeed that olden contacts had caused septicity [or that a little kernel had gotten in there and that so much time would pass that a film of eye casing would swell over it and the optometrist would have to peel it with a needle] very rocky throughout upon first getting up; peculiar appetite since starting digestive enzymes, hungry, yet can only start eating and never finish; moderate pinching sensation in stomach after taking just a few bites [have experienced this on and off for approximately 3 and a half months].

10 : touchy dormancy pattern emerging, extremely lethargic all day, unable to stay up and clean, getting up at 2:38pm and napping by 6:00pm, trying to sleep at night, twirling and unable to get complacent, waking up at least 20 times per night, cycle; cannot harness contacts and glasses are broke in half from tromping on when batty; pitiless jagged pain in upper, left molar [probably caused by compression from

distended gum rather than catagorical tooth] can't stop rubbing with tongue causing more excitability to disperse laceration to ear and flushed reaction on left cheekbone, worse at night and causing sleeplessness; simultaneous biting sentiment in left temple, sore to the touch, possibly caused by gum problem, but more likely caused by something wrong with contact [tribulation in left eye experienced once when contact was absent]; marshy eyes at night inducing sense of upset; indefinite points of strain in mid and upper back, caused by lifting rubage after cleaning; astute burning on precise vertebrae of spinal column close to nape.

11 : expressionless face upon rising and just nobody home and a little cross/huffy beneath; cadaverous face; low temperature [95.5 F]; can't stop pacing; waves of nausea lasting only a few seconds, but coming and coming; "nausea of the head"; very demanding to bustle at typic celerity, inexecutable, moving very slowly; uncompromising proneness and shakiness, tried to remedy with "gatorade" [for electrolytes] and "ensure nutritional supplement drink"; peremptory stomachache caused by chop-chop consumption of chocolate milk, in-turn causing nerve problems.

12 : uttermost fatigue; utmost fatigue, still plying with great heaviness; lump found in isthmus, right of larynx, possible swollen lymph node [comment~ "quite roly"], unmitigated insensibility upon first coming across, then disavowal; bottommost abdominal ballooning with no ostensible acumen [not menstrual] [bloating and fatigue are symptoms of ovarian cancer, which maternal parent procures]; approximately 7 signs per hour; periodic cusped pricks in single vertebrae at apex of spinal column /neck .

13 : twinges between two loftier left molars, very circumspect not to oblige leftovers to graze against, but late night chex mix; up all night with obdurate, bucking throes, like electrical courses, smarting migrating to left ear and left jowl bone; simultaneous caustic distress encompassing left optic and left temple, notably effete to the touch, jumbo deal of aggravation or crushing; all indicia exacerbate upon retiring down, had to abide in streaming in order to grapple with stitches; entire left side of aspect suggests as if contused, possible bacillus.

14 : jar dropped over persons on tv being always unimpaired or restored; dour gripe in right astragalus [in bed] extending only a few seconds each and eventuating only twice, but immoderately arduous and caused fitfulness for apprehension that it would rebound; shuddersome atop left patella [last night] would not subside; ditto hive resumed at a.m. on right knee [possibly due to sweat pants needing laundering]; hay fever incursion breeding sternutation, gentle snarl up and accessory sinus cramp, but lasting only about 10 minutes; desultory measured stricture and staring at the wall; brief cricks far and beyond stomach and one down from last lower left rib lingering a minute or so each [possibly caused by eating oodles of gummy worms]; soreness in back left rib [difficult to distinguish whether it is muscular, skeletal or lung]; very cutting affliction in ear [caused by angling tongue to knead a tooth's cavity], expeditious assault of travail lasting about 30 seconds, ample agency of dismay.

15 : bad news when attempting to suspend consciousness very oftentimes, discomfiture and hurt in one and the other hip [when laid upon]; increasingly a good many quick smarts in taluses at full length day, as in intermittent spiny throbs, as well as tension in ankles with brief travel on foot, cartilage can actually be felt when it is supposed to be unfelt; hives on posterior, upper right limb and left cast [possibly bed bug bites]; allergic reaction before noon [probably due to dusty bed blanket all night]; catch in left wrist; aching in assorted hinges just a while ago, all in all taxing, don't want arthritis at such a little period of animate existence.

16 : chastening paroxysm in right hip, low-set right hindpart and interconnection as appendage used for support plugs hip; whetted strains and kinks in right calf, unable to be vertical for ten minutes to select indian hair jewelry, advil conclusively ineffectual; later on injuries flung into nerves from hip to calf when any quantity of burden administered to leg, strong-armed to gimp around gas station in search of lotion; being a young girl, appeared as if cripple and everyone else could gait customarily; bed holiday and "icy hot pain relieving cream" resultant in softening pain in to a mild buzz, yet still pointed enough to kindle sapient anxiety; moderate soreness in gums under sequence of teeth in upper right mouth [not bothersome, and repeated irritation with tongue is engaged in].

17 : gum inflammation and unpleasantness draw out; mild soreness on right side of tongue with vague debut of whiteness, probable injury from cuisine on roof of mouth, toward right side, appears as a small, red mark; hip, back and leg malady continue, symptoms consistently much more prominent in right side, but have started to resonate in left ankle, nearly unable to finish shower due to spasmy stabs in both ankles [standing on hard surface of tub diminishes ability to detect any cartilage-type cushion in ankle], sentiment of bone on bone with circumambient poisoned juices causing constant walking in place in shower; very irked hang nails on left thumb, persevere in making appearance even after being bitten off; wearisome sessions of acrimony and heat very unanticipatedly [related to PMDD?], no ability to hold in mind accidents resulting during these rages, conducing to lashing of self on head, kisser, legs and pelvic area [with shoe and cordless phone] and mauling and lacerating of bosom, ventral and face with briery fingernails, culminating in thorax covered in gory claw marks as well as 2 mild and one moderate scrape on right cheek, moderate soreness of right cheek bone and various bruises on legs, [one in particular on left leg near knee appeared as perfectly symmetrical heart].

18 : persisting bane in lower half of body, therefore assessed for arthritis, vitamin D deficiency, and wheat intolerance, [awaiting results] no x-rays; sneezing recurrently, but no analogous symptoms, such as congestion; moderate to severe sinus illness upon sprawling down setting forth into skewer-like vibes between eyes and on each brow, sitting or standing mollify pain for most part, [but "advil" does not touch it]; chest as if something is off upon lying down, as if a cough is incarnating, yet impetus not yet present [granules or smut skimming in upper lung lobes?]; droughty lips; thirst toward end of day.

19 : very reddened and ulcerated tongue making conveying intricate; pain from tongue traveling to left temple systematically; clutch pain in upper back [not very rebarbative] ripples of throbs in right eye throughout day [possibly caused by wearing very dry contact for long time yesterday] ; sneezing; increasing fear of sleeping; feeling of frostiness ad clammy bones toward night, bringing on blue funk and inaptitude to keep in mind that the atmospheric conditions don't always slant this way; low blood sugar due to inadequate cuisine and lack of motivation to scrounge up anything; increasing wounds in nearly all molars, gums and cheeks due to nine cavities; continued affliction in sinus [possibly due to insulation or mold falling from completely broken, open ceiling in hall directly outside of apartment?].

20 : very chipper and muscular for first five minutes upon rise and shining [and even before attaining eight hours of slumber!]; moderate nausea upon downing "ensure immune balance" extending for a period of roughly 15 minutes; malady and discomposure in belly arena; "bafflement and pother of body"; contention to standing while lavaboing dishes or placing things in ziploc bags; ticker palpitations; driving need to urinate; spasm and tingle in left eye for approximately 5 minutes; ugly skin; travail in left hamstring brought on simply by standing for several minutes, abatement upon downtime, but miscellaneous leg condition relapses upon slanting or striding [jogging may exhaust pain?]; sensation of ginger ale not digesting [as if just lying on crown of stomach]; atypical response upon going into daylight, as in vague vision disturbance, light-headedness, agitation walking, awfully low ardor, proceeding very haltingly, thoroughly inoperative to jaunt with any briskness; nervousness; hotness; extreme thirst toward 7pm [probably due to little fluidic intake throughout day]; compulsion to whoop and ahem upon helping walk dog; tongue still vexatious, but mostly to lesser caliber.