



<https://creativewriting.eku.edu/jelly-bucket>



birthday pelts seen so tutu and that her blanches mainges may rot
in birthday suit: naked it tutti i sensi: in full sense
leprous off her whatever winking maggis I'll bet by your cut
Isolde Blanche mains (Isolde of the white ballet skirt
you go fleurting after with all the glass on her and the jumps
in her stomewhere! Haha! I suspected she was! Sink her! May
they fire her for a barren ewe! So she says: Tay for thee? Well, I
saith: Angst so mush: and desired she might not take it amiss if I
esteemed her but an odd. If I did ate thought I'm not a mishy-
missy. Of course I know, pettest, you're so learningful and
considerate in yourself, so friend of vegetables, you long cold cat
you! Please by acquiesce to meek my acquaintance! Codling,
snakelet, iciclist! My diaper has more life to it! Who drowned
with the following sentence: menstrual and tears, would not do. I will try to express my love for you in some made of
past the gates of your pride? My tread on the clover, sweetness? that I will try to express my love for you in some made of
Yes, the buttercups told me, hug me, damn it all, and I'll kiss
you back to life, my peachest. I mean to make you suffer, like or art defense, my love for you in some made of
1344, and first printed in 15 fig-leaf holly as I can, using
meddler, and I don't care this fig for contempt of courting,
When it's decayed chide cheat cunning." Portraits I don't
That I chid you, sweet sir? You know I'm tender by my eye.

Can't you read by dazzling ones through me true? Bite my

laughters, drink my tears. Pore into me, volumes, spell me stark
and spill me swooning. I just don't care what my thwarts
think. Transname me loveliness, now and here me for all times!
I'd risk a policeman passing by, Magrath or even that beggar of
the flame passed from poet to poet: and brilliant Achilles
a boots at the Post. The flame? O, pardon! That was what?
Oh! Pardon me, more poses from Shakespeare drove than that
Ah, did you spend stuff? More poestries from Chickspeer's
Gregorian Choral, an ejaculation poetry pastries Garden of the
with gleechoral music or a jaculation from the garden of the Soul: a 1775
Du, of: w Ger. Leib: flesh jaculation: hurling move prayer bookking
soul. Of I be leib in the immoralities? O, you mean the strangle plague through the opening of the
hether believe in immortality the struggle for life and translation through the opening of the
for love and the sowivell of the prettest? Yep, we open hap the the opening of the
ed by her Fr. causeries: discussions survival of the fittest The Iliad of the
coseries in the home. And once upon a week improve on myself "Muse, let the memories near by..."
I'm so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside, I'm will was wounded, what divine
Sl. tickle: arouse masturbate, drink, etc. surprise SPELL hurt made the queen of
always as tickled as can be over Man in a Surplus by the Lady
HSW: woman who pays HSW would have a Pious SPILLE many spirals of Man into a
who Pays the Rates. But I'm as pie as is possible. Let's root
the publishing rates helped JJ pay the rent brimstone: hell Angel so many chance to
out Brimstoker and give him the thrall of our lives. It's Dracula's Song, B, really great, labour's
For Christ's sake don't make such a fuss! "Bid me to live and the side can't it
nightout. For creepsake don't make a flush! Draw the shades, to be: or I will live in the
curse you curfew keepsake sl. son of a bac give/Alaying heart me live by heaven
curfe you, and I'll bear any sonnamonk to love. Holy bug, how
my elevated after action! helor: a bastard Solomon sl. have a Slavon: As in the heart of
in two halves sl. run one's tail: work as a prostitute a door
man in two when I'd run my burning torchlight through (to adore