

Internal Memorandum



To: [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

CC: [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

RE: ten

Date: July 6, 2007 – Friday

hitting send merely shot nitroglycerine into the hatchback's plastic cabin, steering to avoid barriers in rear of the fear – the strong signal igniting nothing & the wrong pediatrician burning terminal. It's the gadget's guts, not the bark or ribbed bit that changes the Jacuzzi torrents between you & the you we've been taught to follow. Mouth opens like a torn shirt. The human condition never changes, but the human experience Decepticons by the microsecond – we've downloaded paper walls whose compositions, when slide into a sheath of flesh, glow through that material like messages from the bottom of a pool. Swim with me then, as sound travels faster at the bottom of this well, a cistern no brothers or sisters could ever throw you into