

SWEETNESS

“She only needed this sweetness to touch her everywhere. It was precise. Here it was. Here, it was gone. When she didn't have, she wanted it so much more. She wanted it precise. She wanted it now. She wanted it forever, forever. She lived for these temporary eternities. That was all that mattered; that was all part of the stimulation. She loved it. She was enamored with the sensation. She was immersed in the experience. She could go in multiple directions, and she could find a solution. She could make sense of it all. I was throwing her off. All need!”

“A long wait to reassurance. She could feel herself broken by the desperate moment. They would all come together. She would all come together, and it would be okay for her. She wouldn't let it disturb her. She would feel a score, this was constant. It was without precedent. She embraced it for what it was, and it gave her needed peace. She wanted to sleep. She didn't want to do anything else. She found her everything, and she embraced. It immersed her in the now. She felt herself slip down more and more and more, and she embraced that sensation. All of her filth came alive, and none of her was there.”

“She needed to understand this new negativity. She was part of everything. She was part of nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, and she embraced the nothingness. There was no satisfaction without this reassurance. This was not deliberation, resolve. Nothing else could offer that same certainty. She wanted to be certain because she had been certain. She knew what it was all about, so she could accept it for what it was. When she became part of its nothingness, she didn't need objects. It was aspire to the same resolution. Ultimately, that was the comparison for everything. It was the new expression of life. It was apart from life. It was total absence. and she accepted it, and its nothing was everything familiar, everything lost and found.”

“There could be no greater feeling. She didn't rely on anyone else. That was totally self-contained. Completely within the now. She didn't worry about the past. She didn't hold on. She didn't let go. It was all gone. Nothing except this wonderful feeling, and she needed more of it.”

“She was smart after it. She sat with all of us. It was her lasting forever, and she wanted it like hers. She needed it more than ever. This was all she could ever ask for. This was all she could ever be. She accepted it for what it was. She embrace this exile.”

“There was no holding back, no wondering, no retreat, she was giving in, she was making this for forever, and she stayed with its effects, and she became more and more absorbed by the connection. These experiences were her everything, and she lost her self in these moments, and she was engaged by the feeling, and the sensation was everlasting, and it provided her with greater support and sustained understanding. She explored its inspiration, and it filled her with such energy, and the energy spread everywhere. It was meant to be this way.”

“There was no interruption of the experience. It was her forever, and she immersed herself in each encounter. This was all that mattered. She was no longer afraid of the anonymity, and that added to her self recognition. She became immersed in these feelings. It was all about the touch, but she did not touch, and a thing It was not about objects. It was about sensation, and the sensations were everlasting. Despair: how could the moment explode with such confidence. She felt ingratiated by these blessings. She embraced the moment. She dug deep inside. She spun through the inspiration. She didn't want to send a thing. She didn't want to think

about an essay. There was no place to hide.”

“She felt completely absorbed. She felt completely drained. Fatigue would be so intense. If she would shake, she would need to get back to the point of grace.”

“How much had she been cashed out. How would she become submerged in the darkness? So many distractions, so many things that prevented her from realizing herself, This interruption, this hollowness. She was feeling everything. She was on edge. She was feeling nothing. She was subtracted from herself. She was close to something. It was tearing her apart. She was close to something that filled her with a sense of unity. Ad destruction created chaos.”

“Chaos create a new connections. Something that existed in a different place, different ,rhythm. She was seeking a new language, the lasting sensation, something for the ages, something to lift her up, to take her away from her questions. This was a necessity, an ongoing connection, a place to make it all come together, a place to get away from the self. There was nothing but the self. She could sense how she was being eroded by these connections, and they pulled her down. She had nothing to work from. She was trying to get back to the same place, the same sense of elevation, and there was this hard separation from where she had been and from where she was going.”

“Barbara did not want to appear lost. She did not want to appear confused. She couldn't let her weaknesses. Show that was all part of her self. Assertiveness. This was an easy compromise, but she felt that she had a commitment. Why did she continue to believe? What could she offer? A pointer in the right direction. She needed to trust her feelings, but her feelings were taking her to this place, the same place again and again, and the excitement would subside and she would feel this hollow. She would become overwhelmed by its effects. Why was she this way? How did this reality shape how she was formed by these effects. His influences rolled over her. She was panting. She was longing. She was aching. She was reaching for something. It was an inside that would help her to know. It would help her recognize what could she do. What did she have to do she could feel the paralysis again? whe could've followed along a different direction that resulted in a more lasting peace. She was pulled in so many contrary directions. Could she trust? Was there even a connection where she linked up to anything real? The touch, the aching, the pains--none of these feelings could be denied.”

“She could not deny anything that was happening to her, so she carried on, and she carried on. She pulled aside the substance, opened the flash, made a realization this was something. The prevalence. She was consumed by the test. She languished in the sweet body. Sheets of existence dissolved in this potent connection. She wanted to enjoy. She wanted to give into the experience. she knew. Just needed to come alive. She had sold something so wondrous. That something was left out. Some thing was not given. She was just so; it was something more. She wanted awareness. She wanted knowledge. She wanted to be able to take this apart and put it back together again in a favorable way.”

“How was this working for her. How was she not finding necessary support that she need to make more alasting connection. Her breath was warm. Her body was hot. Her surroundings were sweltering. How did she get here? Shaking, the asking for, the refusal, aching, desire the aching, she desire the asking for, the refusal, the world of objects. in the world, beyond to reach even when she was satisfied. It was all taken away. She wasn't close enough for any of this to make a difference. She couldn't do it any other way. She would have to go back-and-forth and

back again. That was how it would be all-in-one. She would be in touch, and she would be out of touch."

"If she lay on her bed, she still struggled with the aching, the pangs of desire. She had been here and now. She was back. She had taken a chance. She made it happen. She had been tipped off. She's been pushed forward, pushed aside now."

"This is real. What am I supposed to do? This is all real. It is my knowing. What's happening to me. I can't change your name."

"This was what she wanted with clarity. I need to know some thing. What do you know? What does any window tell me? What I need to know? Tell me where I need to go to make sense of this?"

"She was back in the same place. It wouldn't have mattered. I can't even figure out how to make it happen. I can't figure out how to make it go away. I'm not going anywhere. She wasn't going anywhere. This was so much bigger than before this mattered so much. She could let her desperation show. All desperation mattered, when it didn't matter, and it kept on going like this."

"If someone else saw her, they would recognize what was happening. They would separate the self from my experience. She separated herself from the experience."

"Who was now watching and enjoyed what happened? How did any of this make a difference? In its all, inevitable at all. It's up the same way."

"What are you having? What is taking away? What are you saving for? What do you need? How much do you have to concentrate? There is no concentration, just a fence waiting on. She hated to see it come down this way. It wasn't up to her to save face, and it would've only taken a little to get it going. That little still wasn't enough."

"Who else was listening? Who else was part of her experience. or else speaking to her. There were so many variations. Only one way to see this. In and out, now, she was out, and she couldn't get back in. She didn't have the blessings. That was what she needed. This was going to take forever. This was way beyond that point. It was crystallizing. It was locking into her head. And it was only going to be like this again, and again. People might be watching. They might recognize what was going on. None of that seemed to matter. Something was electric, and she was getting closer to it. She didn't receive it again. Do I know you? There's no one you know. It's only happening for me do/ I recognize you. Do I recognize what you're going through? Do you even want to know? I can describe it for you exactly. When you know, what makes sense? Are you afraid to tell that story? Are you afraid to tell any story? Are you about to tell a story?"

"What would it be about? Would we be involved? I can't join in. I can't feel tragic about this. This is me. This is taken from me. This is given and taken from me. Someone has to know."

"I don't believe it. Does anyone have a story of hope? Barbara's side of the story of hope. It's not gonna be like this anymore. She was going to feel the blessings. The self in the present. What happened? How had she been carried along this far? You could help her with awareness, and then anyone else recognize the dangers. Why do dangers even matter when you have no choice? You have to go down this road."

"She was going down this way again and again. Anytime could be the last."

"Barbara, Barbara, Barbara, you're being so dramatic.:"

"How else can I react? I need confidence. Indeed, she needed a boost. Something that

could elevate her feelings. She understood what she was resisting. She was resisting, but she knew too well. She had a narrative of hope, and that narrative only encouraged her to be what she was. It was all in stone. How did it reach this point. She had no idea what to do. What kept her alive and kept her constant? She couldn't let herself be distracted. She was going to find a clearer resolution. The path was evident and stopped us. There was no one around. It offered resistance. Barbara could do which she needed to come alive on her own. It all seemed so evident. Everyone had that same story, and they were all competing for a reassurance. Barbara could sensitive herself. She had been given just enough to help her. To sense in her self, and she felt it, and gaged the source. Did any of this make a difference from one moment to the next?"

"Did any of this make a difference? What would it mean if someone else shared that same desperation? How could that happen? How could two people become involved with that same longing? None of that made sense."

"I didn't have to. She only needed to have that belief, and it would help her to get through the first experiences. She was on a certain track. She bounced off the edges but stayed moving forward. This was the only way that it could happen. This was the only way that she could happen. She could hear screams outside of her. She heard the screams inside of her where was she was. How was she able to continue this while she still showing up at work?"

"She was still doing the little things to make her life a go. She felt distracted, thrown off the trail for a moment. And then it faded to darkness. Again she had insight she could feel the balance. She could sense the movement back-and-forth, and here it was again shaking. haking back-and-forth. It wasn't moving forward. or going anywhere. It was rocking her to her core, and she didn't want to see it this way. She didn't want to ask anyone else. But she needed to ask if it was only one person. She could ask. That would be a solution. There would be a small solution. She heard the room. The rhythm penetrated her. This was a minor distraction."

"She had gotten over the negative feelings. But there remained this negative distraction. What was this inspiration? She needed to be more aggressive. Was she willing to walk away? She was willing to let others walk away. What does it mean to leave, to quit this game. Just to walk away, just to be parts of some thing that didn't last. Some thing amazing. Something this fine, something this edifying. The anger caught up with her. Why had she been like this? Why had time let her evolve like this? She was torn and beaten? She existed in one thousand places. She gave up. It was nothing else. It's just supposed to be an inspiration for pleasure when she found very little pleasure in these interactions."

"She was losing her self in the moment. She was losing the moment in the secure forever. She's needed to find a more secure inspiration, but she was only becoming more involved in these ups and downs. She couldn't find a way to stabilize. What did she lack? She could sense herself being called back and forth. She could hardly move she could hardly breathe. She was suffocating. Her shortness of breath was extreme. There was nowhere to breathe. In breath, in breath, out even in her body. she need to separate her self."

"She wanted someone to say, 'This is the touch, this is going to be okay, don't worry about it. This is all that I can worry about. I'm worrying about this over and over again.'"

"This assurance: We care differently."

"This offers me convincing. I don't even know what any of this is about. This has nothing to do with anyne. How am I going to make it out of here?How did I make it in here? This was

all encompassing but it felt like nothing.”

“She went along with this nothingness. It gave her a little benefit. She could feel her self get poured back-and-forth. It gave her a little comfort. She needed total comfort. That was what it was all about. Some thing to help her forget. If she could just find one thing that would take all this away, and I would do it, and then it would be temporary. I would do it, and it would be temporary. I would do it. Will be temporary. The taste. That sour taste became the only taste that she knew. There was nothing glorious here. There was no love. She was only getting back to where she had been like an accident at the shrieking, tires screeching, tires again and again.”

“What was repeating around her? What was on going? What did she feel? She made it right. Where did she find honesty? She made herself this way. She had given herself.”

“It was no temptation any longer. It was the devil’s repetition. She couldn’t even remember the self. What was the constant repetition? it was a dull repetition. It was stimulus. and total boredom. Time was hollowed out. How could she pull these parts together? How could she find clarity?

“She heard nothing. The yelling from inside. The universe vibrated all around her and stretched out. The road and broke in her again and again. Where was this headed? Or was she supposed to know? Was she supposed to understand? Where did her understanding originate? What would give her authority? Nothing to know. Knowledge. Nothing to know, but we’re just nothing. No feeling, nothing to know, numbness, nothing, no pain, nothing to know, nothing, nothing to know.”

“What were the new reference points? How could she make sense of what was happening around her? What was the giving so much and getting nothing back. Giving nothing, and getting everything back. What was her risk? Was she's surrendering? Who could see? Who could understand.”

“We could relay if you can know. Who had been here? It was so close. How could she be closer? There was no explanation. Everything was taken away from everything. This was a philosophy. What is the body? A body taken away from itself. You feel like this going back-and-forth, going in and out, going over and over and over and over in and out and over/ Going back. The body, going back in the body, back in the sensation. It wasn't a design that could put it all in place. There was hesitation. Without hesitation. Getting pulled along, and resisting.

“Not being able to resist. Getting pulled out of the self. That this made any sense. There was no way to bring the body. Back, inability, no possible calibration, only these disconnected moments.

“This became more extreme. It aspire to total sensation in the self. It was all the same. Broken cycles. There would be no respite. No kind of balance, no way to put it into place. It was contradiction. She was split apart by the contradiction. Who could count, who could understand when all accumulation drifted away. But everything just drifted away. What would be the resort. I would hold things in place.

“Where was she getting closer? What was the apparent closeness? If it happened, it happened. I wanted to be part of this. Everyone smashed into the experience. There were others; there would be others. There would be no one. The range of flavors faded in the stimulation, setting right to be the same way again. For the interruption to find me. Arrived. Was there a

conflict among different ways of seeing the self? Everything changed so suddenly. Nothing is changed. Nothing was seen. Nothing remembered. Is this serious? This is very serious. This is hard. He's serious.

"Nothing can be done about it, or you're gonna be hiding, or you're going to kill yourself. With the self is there enough to give her. All these people working together. Each other and she was one million places at once: she was one million things at once; she was one million nothingness at once. How could you influence if there was nothing to influence--just broken parts. This works so well. At first nothing at work. She prepared for the moment. She had trouble convincing herself that she was held in these moments."

"She was lost in her wishes. She wanted to see something vibrant. Who else was watching? Who else was participating? Who else understood the alternatives, but did she understand who was helping her."

"She was being followed. She had trouble following her self. She was falling asleep. She couldn't fall asleep, couldn't move, was all shaken. She was not shaken or something was added. What was the flavor? What was the sweetness? How could she made it make it sweeter. She was hesitant. When distraction overcame her the madness, the movement, she was going."

"Back-and-forth in the surveillance, she was exposed to everything about her. It was evident. Nothing was seen. She was on scene. Could she focus and arrive at a single point? could a single point open up other connections? Xhe lovec the caring. Something was taken out of her/ Are you following me? This makes sense. This is like why am I putting this in me.

"Already in bed do you understand my chemistry. This is your chemistry. What do these combinations mean. Why are you speeding up? I can't breathe. What's going on? I need you here. Now, you're losing yourself. Erything is so dirty. Nothing is clean. Nothing will clean up. Mothing will sneak out a route like me to do a quick one. Offer. I want to win you over and get you in the transients. The soft metal bending to eat, being crushed, by the flash, how is it supposed to work?"

"How does any of this work? Are you prying? What do you want to do? What do you need but you cannot have? Are you watching me? Is it watching from above? Who could ever know these things? Does everyone know? Are you with me? All this time. Were you with me when I needed you. Is there any need? Is there only need?"

"Anyone could be the need. Anyone could be near. Anyone could lose it, fall off of it, not be able to see it, lasting all night, cleaning up, overflow. What is that smell? Do you know what that smell is? This is where we're headed. Is it going to only be like this? I didn't want to be part of it. I didn't want to enjoy your day of this. I wasn't committed to any of this. It happened. We could happen to you too. Is it going to happen to you too? You simmer! Affected, is there any influence, or thing that can help to hold it together. That repeated sound. What is that? Where does that come from? What's going on out there?"

"Who's listening? Who's participating? It needs to start. Soon. You should've tried to escape. It was going to fail. Are you everywhere? What is this about? I didn't know they were people around me. I thought I knew their names, their personalities. I told the story. The story lasted as other people's stories. I needed to know more. I cannot no more, nothing, to do nothing, to pay."

"I have to rearrange my schedule. I have to put everything in the place. I have become

part of something that I'm not part of. How to down, down, it's part of me, tasting myself, and tasting by quick my sweetness. It's feeling harder now. The shaking out of the self. I can't get back from this. There's no form of recovery. I need to enjoy it for what it is. Take one of these. It'll make you feel better, and make you go getter. Solve your problems. Do you want to solve problems? Don't you? It is sooner than you thought. You'd be you, took my pet; you took something from me though that I wanted."

"You love me, love looking, I love looking. Looking lets you love. Of course, it does. Is there any other way to see this. Nothing is going to make you feel okay. Everything is okay. This does matter. Do you feel it like this. Maybe someone can turn it up on you. Are we going to attempt the operation? Cut here. That is how you want it. For there to be no interference. It is nothing like it is supposed to be. Going under. I have more than enough for everyone. Can you contain yourself? I know there is a better mix of emotions. Can you help out? Not something that can be helped."

"Just to go along. Where is the connection? Make do with what you have. Things falling out. Get a witness. Write down all the things that have been happening. What is the danger? How have you become a danger to yourself?"

"I need to do this for the business. There is a performance. You do not want to leave. Don't leave the bed. There is a side of you. You give all of yourself. A gift people come to expect. A gift you have gotten rid of all that feeling. No one can see it. No one can see it like this. What are you carrying with you? Emotions. We can get you in here. Keep moving. I do not want leave the house. Is he in trouble, is there another place that you can work."

"You have been exiled. How does that work? I am always myself. I cannot be exiled from myself. I am completely apart. Something that you need to tell me. Make it automatic. There is a moment when you have to declare it over."

"I am drifting out. I cannot keep away. When I leave, I will be even more helpless. There is a place where I can watch it all. Hanging out the window. What is on the other side? Who is watching? Then no one is calling. and someone else has all the all. Are you listening to me? Do you hear it all? I cannot stop the whisper. It is blaring! Is it everywhere? You are never going to give me what I need. I came too close/ I need to stop. I promised that it was not going to get like this."

"I need a little moment like you, a moment to remember there are no moments. Everything spreads out. You have it balanced. This cannot balance, as explosive. I AM WORN DOWN THROUGH AND THROUGH."

"There is a place that I can cast off these influences be pure again."

"You are purity."

"This is all pure as it was. It combines this. It is a combination of forces; it is all working and you like how it functions. This is nothing like you feel. We have all seen that. You went to this place that did not hurt, hardly hurt, we sat around, and talked about the examples. What do you have in there? We have all seen you, need to call. This is a rough spot; no one sees it like this"

"Get it more perfect. Move in the gel. It has to be; I cannot think what was solid. This was going to make me feel better. Cushed and in powder form. I saw that. Did any of it matter? Not like that. Did I learn from any of this. I cannot concentrate. I cannot think about it, how it

happened, how it no longer happened.”

“Did you do this all this time? Why shouldn't let it affect. You do not move away. I know I accept it accept it for what it is. What are you looking for? You promised an explanation, did not mean it to happen. Was that, it if that is the fear, do not bring it back. What was really going on in there? I am sorry. I cannot let someone else see how can I see you as different. Just sit there. It is coming in. This is too clear to be unclear. These are thing that I want. I know how this is too far gone to be all here.”

“How are you making it work?”

“Take this.”

“This can make it work. Add some more.”

“You finish!”

“There cannot be someone else to join in, to go along, to make it stop and go.”

“Do not want to move.”

“This is going to happen to everyone.”

“Bring the success to me.”

“Join with me. The joining is not part of me. Trying to get it back. Is this litany? Keep repeating, and you might feel better. It cannot make you feel better if the chemistry.”

“I do not want to try to explain. What remains unexplained, mix it up and add some more. I thought that he was helping; let someone talk on. So much good of it, everyone grasps it, wants to touch. This is not part of me in any way. What would make it different? Pull it all out. I really did something bad.

“Barbara, this is all part of you. Do want it to be part in this way? I need to see a different combination. Thought I would think about it differently. You know you do not. You can help me to know. That is all that matters. Not to go along. You need to change the measurement. Have you heard this before? There is stil time to get aboard. You cannot make it powerful enough.”

How does this work? Am I supposed to be watching? Don't let anyone see how you are doing. This is what are you claiming. Have you worked on this. This has not bothered you all this time, does not affect, is working right, is it working right, where are you? Is there a place that you trust?”

“Do you trust yourself? No one does. It keeps getting warmer than ice cold. Something taken out how to measure. I am not measuring, only more of the feeling, no physician needed, I am feeling brighter. Are you watching me, making sure that I am not excessive, no amount will be too much. How can I make that work, that is all that matters, it matters to you, as I get words. It hist at the same time. All the srhieking. What do you fear? That I do not have enough to complete?”

“I have more than enough. Let me follow. What do you add? The back and forth. How did that happten? What was the upset? This will make you function. I cannot function anymore. Only the hollow. That is not secure. This wave comes over me. We cannot talk about it. In the same way, I am not talking. I can head back home, and it will be fixed.”

“BARBARA YOU ARE AT HOME: this is not home. Here for explanations. I need to stop. We needed to figure it out. You cannot get in my mind. I do not bother. This is all that matters. A little noise and a little commentary swallow this. I am all dry. Keep this going along.

This would be wonderful. All wonderful. Chaotic. I am growing in the ground. You can plant me. I do not want to get broken down like that I am rooting for someone. I am part of it. Did not think that I would be so apart? Too much of this is getting in me. This is a cue for you to go along. You need to combine it all to make it an art. This will work for you. There is a way to hide all that. I am further along. When I walk in, it will be done. It will not affect me. I see how it works. Does it ever fail to work.

“Gets close to touch, let us toss this away, I am not going to move through any of this, watch it, do not let it go on. That was the most scientific move. How can we generalize? Crashes down, none of you can affect how. Did it jump? Watch what is being said. It will not all lead to nonsense. They are all matching all obedient parts. The threads are worn. To many spins, organic material works differently, everything will renew. You can join along. What is missing, missing for all of us. I needed to get results. You did not wait. Results were waiting, and you did not wait, you let it overwhelm, does not affect, if there is something closer, I am going to be up there waiting for you.”

“Know how that works. The line where everything seems to be ripping apart. Do you need help? Say what you need to to get what you. I do not want you thinking about me like that. There is too much involved, too much of me involved, clean it up, did not hurt, did not affect, asked to leave. You get caught, you get blamed. I only entered an agreement. Performance looking at me. Preparing for performance. You have it so together. I am not looking for leadership. There is no other way to explain. It I will fill in with the accompaniment. Each time that you test it out, it tests you out.”

“This will be finished before you know it. You cannot make it happen on your own. You need to play along. A better place to see. You cannot see it. Even as you see it, care, or look, or concentrate on. This is what you want more than watch. I want to take a peek. I need to pretend. Are you here to be a part of stand over here, and let them watch you. I am afraid of being watched; they cannot watch, as you are going along. This beyond anything that I could know by seeing. You need to recognize. Be patient. It will kick in. You can. Is this what affects you. No involvement. Just cranked to the max. Why is it not working? Give it time. I have it all my time. I am being drained. As it already happens again and again. As this is happening once and for all. It does not matter that I am made to blame. What does not affect? Turn higher. You are masterful. You need to leave. You are at home. You are doing so well. When I cannot accommodate, I do not let it affect me.”

“Do not let it disturb anyone. Make myself small. This is how I need it to be. How did I know? Know it would work like that. I would enjoy. Would not stop. Stay put. What are you asking? Watch. I am sick. Lacking patience. This is all too late. Disturb, and it bothers you again. Give up what you got. Give up as you get it. You can keep getting more. Does not matter. This will destroy. Everyone will go along. Carving in smile at what is removed. This operation will not feel a thing. Cut, cut. That is how it is meant to work. Pretend for me. I follow all these stories. You do not have to take me along. He is more than a little afraid, afraid of you. What you can cannot do. Are you being watched? Do it as you watch. That is why you are so good with sound. You are totally along with it.”

“Part of the picture. There is more than I could take. I have this for you. At different points, different interruptions. Did you mean it? You are too analytical. Will not explain. Will not

be able to cast out or cast off in your soul. In all of your self, the tears of the letting go there is not a place. How do you manage? No one can manage. It as well as you you can. Make it stop. There is somewhere that it works. Hold on tighter. Much tighter. There is a way of seeing this. Be patient. Ask someone. Did you do this before? We all did this place that is the only thing that matters for you. I want you to like this.

“You need to be more aggressive. The noises. There is no space for any of this. Do it now. Do it now. I have completed it, Who has ever made it work; you cannot make it work for yourself.

“Something left out. The right place you see but cannot over that feeling over and over again. Over the call, call it sour grapes, wait for them to mellow. You will have to pay for this. How do you want what happened that night? Here take it. Be friendly. This is an interruption. This becomes some kind of trade. What did you leave with? Cannot leave. I am still here. I falling asleep here. You have some kind of death sentence. I have to be here.”

“There is something more, but you will never reach it. It will always be out of your reach. I am not looking for an explanation. Just get out so much. The laugh. Does she know anything? She doesn't. She doesn't know anything. You are going to have to pay this. Is free from the inside. I have insurance. I can make it work for me, make it go along, no explanation. Feel brilliant. That is what turns me on. Leave it in here. I do not want to lose it. What do you think of this?

“I am not scared. No one is afraid. I got myself down here. Do you have the lettuce? I have everything that you need and more. Where does it spill? It is all spreading. She is too close. Barbara, you are too close. How can I listen to any of this? What do you want? What do you stand for? None of this self, to self-sticking, you are with me, feels so good, more, more, less, less what just happened. All drained. Are you afraid of it? You don't want to accept. I am going to hurt. These things happen. This is the inside of the inside. The world will know you. Cannot let it happen. Have to make it end. Call you back. The noises outside of me. It is nonsense. What happened there? It has all been erased. I am delirious. Worse. That I was. Who is leading this, screaming at me so loud? Hey, answer. There is no answer. Get out of yourself. Write it down. What are you writing? How is any of this going to result in a resolution? Just turn it into cash if you need to make it work.”

“You have paid a trucking company. Take it all back and forth. This hurts. We will make it happen. I can help, help by saying hello. What have we become? I have become one of you. Suck it all out and replace it with something everlasting. You do not understand what a blessing this is. You cannot recognize. Shut all the lights out. This is hardly a fair comparison.”

“Rubbing the wrong, wrong way, rubbing and rubbing. Why would I do this? What do you want. The light goes on. I feel the connection, connected. Everybody. they all move past me they all move with me. I never thought I could bring it all together. This is bringing it all together. Making up for the moments when I felt uncomfortable. It's really has nothing to do with me. Put on the jacket, put on the skirt, my name is Barbara. You have become some thing that you can't move on. What did I hear? Noises in the other room, doing the same thing, one step behind you. Only have so many chances. Chances. Are you enjoying it. I want to be part of it. I want to enjoy it. To invitation. The lights are flashing. They are making me do things.”

“I love the weather. Like for us indoors is outdoors. I did not go out. Everything is

regulated. Everything is brought to me. Everything is my forever. And my never end. How will I be connected? How can I get connected? I'm closer than you think. I'm closer than you know. I found a place to station myself.

"I'm not gonna pay for any of this place to hide myself. I don't want to give more of myself to this than I have. To do, to take more of this, more and more is given comparisons, I keep making comparisons. The weights are not right. Feelings are not right. You're not right. How did you get into this? You didn't move. You wouldn't let me move. With you, your meeting is taking much longer than I thought it would. I have arrived. Tune stations none of them mattered, just turning on and off the lights. Nothing is seen. It's supposed to work. If you need more, do you need more to see? Who is asking? Who really wants to know? I know what you're all about. I know what you're doing. Trying to suck my life from me. So I was like that. Trying to drain. Live still other people's histories. Doesn't work like that. How can you pretend to be some thing that you're not. How can you pretend to be somewhere that you're not. I can't stop this. This is where you came in. He put all the papers in the right order. I was afraid. I was going to have to rely on you, but I relied on myself. I knew something that no one else knew."

You looked hard, and you found what you needed. I looked hard on you. I don't tell these things. This is our secret, secret. My body keep secrets well. I've been put together. To put. To keep secrets well.

"It's all like that. That's how it matters, or doesn't matter. When you're down, wait for me there. I'm waiting for you. I'm waiting for you to come here. It's cold out there. Do you want to come in? Do you want to warm up. Exciting, more exciting than you know. I could do this in different ways. This is the only way that's really going to work. This is the only way that really matters to me. I fill in all the blanks and make all these things happen. For a risks or questions, what are you going to do? What are you hiding? I'm hiding loads of things. I want to be discreet."

"Don't tell anybody. Don't eat any of this. Are you up to, shake you up, that could've been my ticket. I missed my ticket. I missed my rendezvous. Don't worry. It'll all happen again. It's all a psycho. How does that work and take things out? Do you put things back in? How does that work? You do it very slowly. You don't work too quickly, and then it will all work out. All the parts will be in place, and everything will make sense."

"I see something I want to follow, some thing that can follow me. I worked on my time for this. All that I get. You need to perform it. How do I do that, or is the source of my awareness. I move a couple of blocks back. I walk a couple blocks more. I am closer to a destination. This is how everything thing is self-contained, and when it opens up everything is there for us.

"For the both of us, who are you working with. Who's helping you to make all these things come together. I found a place to wait. Do you want to wait with me? It couldn't be a better place to wait. I'm gonna have to do a lot to make this come together say things I don't mean off mean things I don't say anything. Do you understand how that works? I'm waiting for you. I'm waiting for all of you. I have a confession to make."

"When did I leave there? I have a confession to make. I am not the one who you think that I am. It doesn't matter. Just take one of these, how does that work, I can help you to forget everything. You don't want to think about it, I want to think about everything. Don't worry about

it. It's not going to hurt you, but if I need the feeling, don't worry, it's not going to hurt you. Not now, don't worry about later on."

"I think I know the connections closer to me tap, tap, tap I've got it I can since the touch on here and there and pushes back in May what do I need to make this work here you need here OK I think I understand no you really don't I want understand no you really don't how could I understand I could explain it to you slowly every time you explain it to me slowly it seems more difficult and doesn't require an explanation he just needs to happen how is that I moved too quickly and it hurt more than I thought it would. I'm where you need me to be. I'm taking care of some work, balancing the proportions, how does that work? Things that you know, things that you're smiling, this is not the night, this is not the time, that I want to think about, it's not going to happen like this. What's your complaint? What are you looking for?"

"I want you to differ, different, I want you to act differently. I want you to act as if this has nothing to do with you. This has nothing to do with me. No matter, that's long gone. It's all long gone. Something happened, touch, someone was squeezing too hard. and I let it affect me, I let it become part of me, it didn't hurt. It just was part of me. I wanted to be there, and to be part of it, to wait with you, to wait a little longer; how much did you spend on this? We didn't spend anything. You arrived. we all arrive together. I care about something different, and it has nothing to do with what you care about. Bring them closer and closer to where I need to be a thing to do with that. I didn't think it was going to be this late."

"I'm just close as you need me to be. We can have it happen here. You need to taste it. Need to be a part of it. If you were part of it, it all makes sense to you. It's all that's in me. I didn't think that it was about that. More of it is in me than I thought. This is not going to be easy. You told me where to be. I'm here. It's not about a place. It's not even about a sensation. It's about not wanting to be part of any of it, and it all seems to fall apart. Just like that everything that you made falls apart, just like that, these were things you cared about, decisions that you made, decisions that could've surprised you. This is surprising. Why did I feel like that? Why did I get taken off my game, and now it all goes back and tell yourself that it all goes back, and all goes back to nothing. We're both completely different. We have different expectations. What does that mean?"

"I see things happen before they actually occur. This is the perfect example of why things can be viewed from different angles, I can see safer than that. I'm not really worried about that. I'm really only worried about one thing, You can't do these things. You can't touch these things. Only worried about one thing. How is this made? How do you make this work? We can pay for, this. Buy me a snack. Something that's already. Why was there a resolution, or it doesn't seem to work like that. And so it's just making me sick of seeing in a different way, and I'm close to where I need to be. At some time, I should know, that something that I should relate to, the same relatable, we got too excited. How are you doing that night cited? That's all that matters. Feelings flattening out is the negative of the negative. To see how that works. You have to get pretty messed up to see how that works. You can come in here and see how that works. I am in here. This is about me. I'm closer than you think. I had no idea what takes this long. I think I was slow to get started. I had no idea it would take this long."

"Is this how it is supposed to relate. I saw it.. This is a solution. It's not going to change. I was never going to end up like this. You knew that you weren't going to end up like this. Tell me

when you're ready.”

“You are trying to influence me, and this influence is supposed to move me along. What do you have for me that will work? I do not like how you measure this. Where is this going to end up? There is something that I want do. Do not send me back to where I was, or where I was waiting. This would have been so simple for you. I do not want this to be any other way. Can I be stubborn about this? What will make me feel better? Nothing. I do not want to be bothered. I cannot get quiet. The noise is so constant. Why did this not work? The perfect family. This keeps getting tighter. I cannot breathe. This is cutting off my circulation. Get me out of here. How is this working? Where am I? I need to share. We are trying to stop. To say none of this makes any difference. What do I need? This has happened to all of us. We have given so much of ourselves, and it has been withdrawn.”

“We are holding it all together. This cannot be significant. Nothing is happening for now. This is not happening to me for now. Why is it like? I do not have time to complete. This, this is the beginning. What has to be done for now? This will help. I need to get out of here. No one wants to hear it like it was. Shut off. Going to get it back. Not as it happened to me turn on a dime. Where is this going to end? What am I supposed to say this is inevitable? I didn't think that it would take this long. Where is this going? I am doing my best to follow along. Fill in the gaps. I can join in. We can work together. What is not in here. This is leftover; these are the leftovers. What is happening in there. We come back to what we are. This is all me, all me. happening like this. It is going to happen to both of us. Soon, we will have a lot to live down. I only want my cut. I want to be cut in. You have the means, the transportation means a lot of walking. Where is this going to end? This will make both of us feel better.

“We do not have to be here, be here all the time, following along. This is all that matters. All closes down, all that will matter. This is the place where it all comes together, go along with me. I can't stop. I do it for you. See what I want to say. Just say it. Anybody will say it. This is a disaster. Someone reminded me of this. This needed to be stopped. That is the end. Was the end, begin with me; it aches so much so so much. You want to see it that way; that is the only way that you can see it. I am not watching this. Are you close to here, where are you going? I want to be. I want to be going. You have to do it quickly, then you expire. Just lie there as if nothing is happening. That does not make any difference. This really makes a difference. This really matters. This can assist with the fix up. You are so excited.”

“For none of this to help, I can assist with your mission. This will last a long time. Feels great. I cannot care about any of this. Make the noises. Vibrate. I cannot do anything here. I need to leave very soon. Why is there so much is waiting there. We have pushed through. That is how it happens. Feels so good. Sour. Pain I welcome you to visit. So much contact. Who invited you in, and this is all that matters, taking much longer than I thought that it would. A suspect. What are you thinking. A cue. What kind of effort? The cut. Where is this headed? I am going back to where I was. That is much better for me. Better for all of us. You are throwing away everything that I have. How it has touched me, has influenced me, I am waiting this, is not a part of me. Do an update. How are you protecting me. Now, I am following, imagining, it makes it more than that I cannot wait longer than this could have been doing something else have something to finish up where did I leave. This will affect why is this happening this way for you.”

“I can go back to you. None of these will work for you. Either this is going to work out. I

need to close the book. This is experimental. I need to give up; add to it; go this way; we will help you out; this feels so soft. The fleshy way out of here. I think that we can close it up now. What do you need to know? I can go one of two directions. This could have been much simpler.”