

## FIELD B

Scotty rounds the choke, breath plump from mishandled morning ablutions. Zach and Sora at opposite ends of the field both whiffle my eye; Sora with the chewed-up nails who kissed me under my nipples on Bastille Day, Zach whom I had yet to sample going wide, giving me a long, wide berth, sixteen boyfriends that rhyme with *cream*. Vessel of a more renowned fragility. Sir Wyatt lunges smoothly like borscht ladled from a cauldron. There is the reliable pass and there is the wild pass beneath which lies Zach who makes me delirious, Zach who catches at the throat like a nubile cactus, Zach who in the scoop and croon of a body fit to burst with just simply too much of it swings his baton down to score. Poke check the prone for its being a corpse. Remember Zacharias when mother used to cradle us in weeds and knock our silly little heads together down by the water? Holy holy holy in the wishful hereafter. Lost in the sauce, loss in the crease, an armpit made ginormous because bearing yearning down too hard. Sora calls a personal foul and I stumble away to sniff at myself: gradations of damp bark on leather.

## BAE FIELD B

### *sixteen boyfriends that rhyme*

the morning hocke, more-or-less, plump from mishandled breath ablutions soon forgotten toughness. And So Zachra at siteoppo breaths of the body both whiffle my high. Sora with the chewed-up riverrun who whores me under my help before Bastille Day, zig-zag-zoom whom I already Refused. Going die w, giving em a long, I'd be wirth, this *cream*. Potluck against. Peon Wyatt unlike toast pedflip off a triangle. who scoop There is the croon and there is the wild pass lieben uscac't body beneath which slie Zach who makes me delirious , Zach who passcatches at the reliable Zach, burst with just simply too much of it swings his ab-not down to orcs. Scotty Q.E.D, spike the prone rondus for its ~~Dasein~~—as raison d'être. A thought of Zacharias when GOD used to cradle us NOT a paddlein weeds, our silly little clumped sense armpit plummeting by the FIRE? Holy holy kneeling thine heaven-punted hereafter. Losing the Uc-eS-A, loss in the fold, an ikigai kneading *humus* because daring starve drop ENT like a, in the *and* of a fit, to too hard. Soothed, that which is not AA verb a stranger's grace of damp core and I stumble towards, away that which is not a noun at another: stasis on the action that isn't leather.

*lunges smoothly*

## NFY FIELD B

Gradations of amp'd bark on leather. Scotty squire the bumbling, foreground choke from mishandled riesling gaslighting. Chaz einds Sora at opposite and of the feyef thob while my feld. Sora with who turpentine me under, Zach whom I had yet to crossword. Going polynomial, wide me sixteen exhilarating with follicle that *cream*. Vessel on inverted-nipples my armageddon of a more impermeability re: now Ned. Sir Wyatt led lad from a cauldron. There glass the reliable pass and there is the wild Zach beneath which bridgetroll on Zach who undoes me delirious, Zach who cactus at the throat like a nubile anemone, finger who in the scoop and waiting of a swims fit to bust mother used to cradle us in weeds and knock with just simply too much of it swrings his breathing down to anningsunt. Poke-a-long, wide caromming prone for its tonsil a returning. Remember Zacharias rschtbo when our silly lil theads togetherte down by the water? Holy lungs thlysmoo like holy leavening the holy in the wishful listening the pebble-up ils na. Enlightened in the ungarnished hallucinating, bursting in the pasteurizing, a satellite made miniscule because woodgrain fulfillment down too hard. Sora watermelon a personal tickling and I stumble away to grass at myself: