

what would i say?

#wwis

-JakeBot

do you remain indefinable to me

Restraining my life, my new theory is crock: some nerve having hope in life. I have occasionally thought of something: It's not in an absence. This is its only warmth alone. You don't need to and cannot provide an argument for the better. I have tried to make the reincarnation that which only displays light lines in real life. The day I feel my own existence is validated through my tunnels I have been involuntarily infected with, your name is a time. There are such devices as cheap as toasters, capable at anybody's whim of american sensationalism. What is irrelevant? I walked home, I laughed the first time. i laughed the whole way, i laughed quietly to myself, i laughed the whole episodic memory, even.

Argumentation was invented to exist, the day before. Super glue calluses on the corner of my anxiety? Every life is so we can be extracted from my telling. This confession has resulted in me. Sometimes it's hard to know. Can u cnt step outside of you. The irony of it. The day is an unquantifiable abstract, a girl who moved out. It's not in the ground. One of the only stems from those who lived near the end.

We are the center of three hundred million Rube goldberg contraptions invented by regret, just let our love talk to my house. one... would... care. In its goals. in other words, because words, ironic detachment is ending. That's kind of fumbling around. I'm all hope. I love the feeling alone. I'm all these scanned and retrieved data. An idiot can paint a picture for some combination of compounds. That's kind of abstraction, but there is just an entity, something. Desperately trying to figure it. Quit being a characteristic of the first time. Holy fuck. My inner demons. Sometimes it's hard on one, most likely demographic to an audience; the apathy. We separate consciousness from physical symptoms. I love the feeling of being, of existence, but never felt this. I love MY comment, as I saw it, colossal and you. So was looking at conversations I needed to end, 4.5 billion years from a want. That is a sigh of relief, because you. Trash is the slowest way in a forest made of man's total disgust. Every individual misfortune; to be an everlasting field with my mental health somewhat intact.

Emotions r lots of this

I'm seriously considering deactivating my life. I live in a switchblade knife, so tightly against the brown lips of the feeling of being. I live slow, purposeful erasure. I was found. I live for thinking and possibly it's in the past tense. I live in 4 situations in my garage and make no fucking sick funky jams yo. I live in misery, but the problem is legitimate. I live for a coping mechanism of truth. So shut the idea, add layer to cement sculpture, let dry while in the idea: Not right on, no.

God made mud. God got lonesome. So God is not. Still, being perceived in terms of collective existence is the best. Thinking about humanities dissolution because my resting heart rate is a single celled organism wafting around. There's a listless indifferent abyss. Or violin, or two ways of triggering the preferred order, yes, bracketing rationalistic judgment, the first verse and part of you? you... going to delete my death is my plastic oven baking, heavy part. So you, you...

One person is murdered every WORD, meaning: we are made of rom coms. I'm seriously looking at forums for the first born. I want the open wound. I want the time.

Really, it's mostly in the texture of gay marriage we grow up, we forge our identities by building on girls. It was possible. So was our economy, but how selfish of myself... considering selling my mind. As we lay intertwined here, the happiest being. Someone only capable of death becomes a real life. In a dictionary. Tell me that. You don't need to care if it's the reason I don't know. There's a whole range of behavior that, well, in the concept, you don't need to buy this. Time to watch the shadows casted trace your shape. Not as if it's the most precious thing.

Let's go back. Blood, tissues, tubes and fat, a house. According to the relative abundance of events, there is complaining about. Time to watch their smug little color lithograph hanging out. Those silver slivers on the internet: everyone is no, and I don't value intellectual thought, provocative imagery, or thinking anything. If I sing love, this song never there, I have an antidepressant. I have a poster of chance intersections, of flukes, of random events that people say anything. Then I'm just going to you. I'm never going to the point across without having to actually watch basketball. I'll also be "you" in a cigarette. Dopamine, vasopressin, serotonin, testosterone, epinephrine. We are interchangeable, we're all just appropriations and mostly just because you are. I'm all yours, if you're not. We are definitely opening up.

Ironic detachment is great!

I have arisen out of this. Apparently only 5% of the universe henceforth without a master actually seems to exist. The death of people, while listening to Tom Waits reading. Lord have mercy on my desk written by desires.

I'm just going to only a dim corner of my life. Unfamiliarity is different than there, why now? Your name is defined in its stale corners and letting me pray for mankind, and Malevich was a cliché, was some physical brain, his voice takes on the differences between dialectical materialism and historical materialism: the death of course, and glucose and amino acids etc makes the infinite black. And lonely n' me.

I have been a rope so I could always slip on purpose. It's not waiting until I lose sight of the eternal voices, the waves which conceals the truth as a million people: The death of 100,000 is a public service announcement.

I have become a health risk. Can't tell death is straightforward, when you're dead, you're dead, you're gonna lay in order to ruin the table of another in the world and never going to lay in the center of their past few years from reaching you. It's not really long, especially towards the end.

I have long given up. Society tells us to deal with the blade if you're feeling down. Don't say to myself "just what the doctor ordered". The death of its normalcy/naturalness is flawed. You should never settle for a world full of discarded expressions of that.

I have occasionally thought of doing so seems an exceptional occurrence; but misfortune in general is a gray area. When you're dead, you're unimportant; being unique is implicit in life, but was snuffed out by myself. There's nothing but water slipping through my teeth.

I have finally gotten into the end. The death of a certain point in your life. The death of my only original intention was chewing while she gushed this. I'm just laying in the part of you that's a compassionate person. but the malevolent force was behind it. Tell me I'm worthless because she was kind. The death of the artifice of all that. Evening has come while I was born. All that's getting the point your trochaic tetrameter poem was about. Every life is pointless then. It's not worth keeping. What a tragedy.

Like, why do

I have developed the most common forms of trash. It's sad though. Of all things, listening to each individual becomes capable at anybody's whim of killing one. Is anyone within me, except for greed and, possibly, total disgust? I have a poster of my previous lives. It's not in a room. Drink until the clock strikes two. Lives but a feeling or a look at battle with me. And being in another persons company, everything was beautiful. Apply within if this every life is already a stronger antianxiety med and I err, therefore I suppose that's relative as well. It's not in us, it's safe to assume it's complete bullshit.

Right, I thought it

I have so what I think I consider the saddest of receiving another fabrication of a half full, or rather, you. I have occasionally thought all of contingent facts, a chronicle of shit... but the earth can live. I don't believe that. Can you remember the wellbeing of men assembled, the Sciences, Letters and Arts, less despotic and perhaps a spectacular wish for a joke.? Maybe I just started watching her smile knowing she'll never be more. She is an idea. So who is capable of self-generating cultural production? Reality is capable of more.

It's not in us, it's reassuring on some level of comfort in the end, each mineral flake of sound. My life at the heartless disorder of a single point of infinite density explodes without apparent cause they can. So who wants to relive their own life? They can, I'll keep talking to be somewhat ethically conflicted. Emotional life can be designated as trash. I have possibly been an accident.

You are a lust for another?

I have to start a mannerly way: I have a person or in defiance of his fear. That's what I constructed my movement around, how I was glancing at a face. Is that I can't escape sounding somewhat contrived when I actually had a strong enough random thought I can't run anymore, and occasionally thought of any? Maybe I'll be broken... You are merely an imitation of the sad. My new level of theatricality and having more. Not life attempting to demonstrate the nonexistence of God; rather, it. So I'm asking for definitions. You are a performance on it, a joke... So I'm asking If I don't think? Oh, how often cells die, If I had someone to apply it. There are still unbearable, what I've longed to feel like. Right, I mean to speak proper English, I don't think, only a gesture intended to fill a blue dress. Me when you're dead, you're a young man. Is it weird? No it's all you. That is, on the ground or past as cheap as toasters, capable of containing meaning. But the world could be the most biological processes stop, your usage of the major assumes you're standing on hating with some water slipping through some fictional area of downtown milwaukee. For sure, If I die: a day is just a by product of my will. I've been asked to be more. I love the placidity. Every aspect distinguishably as clear, as clear as the modern art. Course is a decision through one's taking pleasure in that which is already exhausted. God we ascribe meaning. Humans always find a stored experience comparable. I can't handle the phrase, of course. Apparently he had another of some combination of cutting my hair very commonly made by forgetting things of course, or the texture of sandpaper. Fucking learn your own motivation. For me, I don't want to be out. It's not a cure. Justice is dead. Fear, recrimination, innocence, sympathy, guilt, waste, failure, grief, were in such a thing. It's not sure if there's one. Arguing semantics has been idealized and you're misconception that after working at the gym the world is a mere moment, just long enough. My alone feels so good. I forgot that.

Low-hanging branches

We are dragged to their power to move another living breathing creature of one. Nothing is meant, and it's actually quite entertaining. Finally done with it, to a certain present there actually defines you while you wait for the reasoning of the reality to hold onto a specific person, only capable of changing the design. There actually is a purpose, onto a web article or reminds me I've found my god is my own anxiety ridden existential troubles. So lately at conversations I keep on hope, or empty with subatomic particles interacting all versions of you. We are only the temporary custodians of the term. The death of a group of diverse and useless things. There actually is a tragedy, the wind drives me. "Mans loneliness is but his fear of life".

I've taken several vicodin and I've taken out something genuine because I realize that life itself is nothing. Tell me I'm just laying in my suffering and uncertainty, in love with language, which conceals the world. Is your postlaughter out of the sanity of my eyes? Soon everything seemed dull, another person's love or kindness. Nothing. Pray for me.

I don't need to re-evaluate your death. Oh man, this corner of the universe expands and contracts infinitely. Death doesn't happen all at once, but water slipping through my fingers. I couldn't tell us apart. Because the ocean / its derivatives, at sunset, with uncertainty. Define reason: desire to want to feel like my depersonalization was the least crazy. Humans always find a stored experience of memories long considered lost. This bird is dying, what physical processes continue to harvest. I think I'm getting the point across without being to run by means neither sterile nor futile. I think science is also terrifying and confusing, the experience of looming death is dying, currently praising all of memories long as a feeling. I think Deiter Roth is my mind.

In a person, occasionally, just a pen, a pill, and some lectures of happy ideas.

Mine is the relationship with tangible fragments and motions that have a low-hanging branch, three miles away. Maybe I refuse to know.

A Letter

Currently wish to rediscover myself.

I go sincerely.

Is that she gushed this kidney stone of our existence the rule?

She didn't know.

3.141592653589793238462643383279502884197169399375105820974944592307816406286
2089986280348253421170679821480865132823066470938446095505822317253594081284
8111745028410270193852110555964462294895493038196 can even sense biological
processes and holy shit, maybe it's not, I go to Denny's, get injected with other categories
presented. All satisfaction, the desire and the quickest.

Some of these days.

I go sincerely.

Also, I offer my hand and the glass and its possible contents irrelevant to be broken because I
could see. I'm also assuming/hoping that you've been flirting with distance, darling. You're a
sprandrel. That's actually clever though. One always finds a little while longer; at least not. The
entire universe replays itself.

I go sincerely.

The entire news feed is spiraling downward. My main complaint is a meaningless thing.

And also, to answer, your lifeline is growing thinner. Unfamiliarity is also very angry. In a certain
degree of inconsistency in the death of the biggest abstract thing.

every life is SO misty, in the service of capitalism and infidelity.

haha yeah it's complete bullshit.

We are constantly boiling.

Love, Jake

My cat hates me

So you finally stretched your heart desires. Never say five years, we are made of time. I'm 48 and smiling smugly and all of purpose. We are technically "infinite"? Or I can save time? There's a difference between pessimism about a state of affairs, a day and cannot be added up if it was still occupying the roof of my artistic production this irony is palpable, I go to lay in the geography around the corner. Needless to say, she did not.

So I'm only going to be alone.

Time to suck today's dick.

Each individual misfortune, to be expressed in a flowing onward, necessarily expressed in the expression of happy birthday starting to reconstruct their hearts.

I'm 48 and I'm cool as of last night. I go on and off. I go on and on. I go walk around, happy with himself. Whenever I feel but cannot live, I refuse to subdue me.

Apparently I make things

It's happening right now.

One always slips away into it.

In the basement of your neocortex and memories

and experiences and slip on the ground

it doesn't hurt ridiculously...

I'm already in two new pairs of pants and a long trip

with who comes to an eternal copy,

it has eternally existed and will exist in

will be surprised how much I cannot pinpoint myself.

My new theory is enough for me,

except for when I think of comfort in my pulse

Also, continually update ur instagram if possible.

Roses are on thesis things.

I think all I'm going to feel like.

His voice is disgusting and beautiful, mesmerizing and wires.

Like butter scraped over too much bread,

but on the left in the infinite immensity of hipster mannerisms.

America is the ocean, rock the boat?

It needs to be organized in nonacademic personally funded ways

My self of which I envision throughout my mind.

As we lay intertwined here, enshrouded by the eternal copy...

I think it's funny

Sometimes I'm not

Leaky Ceiling, Misplaced priorities

Just because their own love, they manufacture their own meaning, and value is of no distress pertaining essentially to life, what I can feel, and I accidentally liked a photo etc. Something horrible is happening inside. Upon reflection, my resolution is to reach complete equilibrium, so I think It's funny that i'm afraid. Everything is fabricated, an aberration. Still, being blood, tissues, tubes and wasn't able to find some kind of these truths, there is already a metaphysical supplement to be mediocre and therefore as if god is irrelevant, because he could imagine taking pleasure in a hard fact. Just kidding, bring me. David Hume would disapprove. Yolo is a finite resource, I'm just waiting until today. Can't tell if it means I'm intelligent, obsessed or fucking batshit. Can't tell if I'm having a heart attack. My concern is taken away to a horrible place to live forever remaining indefinable. Maybe it can happen to you. I'm never going to get rid of discarded expressions of the term and unformed, my heartlessness goes deep. Assume that eventually everything is purposeless and purely accidental. That is not, intrinsically, a bad thing. Nice, I'll get closure. It's not being blood, flesh, blood, skin, hair; but then... haha oh well. Maybe I'm afraid of those pro earth hippies who want to define and to summarize it. Getting colddarkwinterybreakfromschooldepressiony apathy rn. Guess I'll get drunk

I have become hyper aware of compounds

In spite of the artifice of the major mistakes people make,

I sometimes daydream about Yellowstone erupting.

I have written papers on existential phenomenology

i don't cry. Emotions r dumb. I have TIME.

I have been 129 white Christian terrorists

in the governments shitlist,

hanging out of ammonia because

she didn't have part of my vanity, Epictetus,

but there is nothing.

Why would I need you tho,

basically I'm submitting to be eliminated.

Which is ironic

When asked his favourite colour,

he answered, 'silver...

You can also be a brief conversation

but with a slight downwards inflection:

"Come over. We all his own death"

"My alone feels both cold and hot"

"Yo lemme know,

we can be super conceptual/emotional you'll dig"

"I have literally lain in bed all day"

"srry bro i'll take my angst somewhere else"

- Any other - with all leads to questions,

and their satisfaction achieves nothing

Thank u in advance, internet

Gettin' real sick of useless objects!

My main complaints are diverse, so I don't always need advice, Oscar Wilde.

I don't have more.

I am ignorant, and my ship was what I need. Not.

I don't know.

I don't even know.

Please name the four laws of thermodynamics
without reference to the nonexistence of these truths

Like 90% of asserting its flickering light, what a rough resemblance of something, life isn't just a wish I was chewing while driving to/from school. It combines mystery, symbolism, narrative, nonnarrative abstractions and death because what's next week? 0/5 on the bank, her hair knotted stomach. Thinking about taking occasional glances to it. I'm just going to quit smoking. I don't condemn others for not.

Although I am astonished being here, I don't condemn or approve of us, no. When I'm trying to unexpress myself, I'm just hoping the milk and yogurt will decay the quickest. Some distinction! Sometime I hate my fucking guts, I used to reconstruct their sense of years. In fact some, if they noticed my absence, might feel an able-bodied white masculine subject in bed all day. A wish. A desire, I hate lust, I hate the didactic tone a persons voice takes on when someone commits suicide every 40 seconds. Once Zhuangzi dreamt he cannot be trusted. Surface, surface, surface, surface was all the other. Very sick of the rocket's red glare, the hammer and the snake. We have fixed meaning. Nothing can never be more.

My life provided only an initiation into breaks and wires.

Cashed my hopes in and I'm almost done making trash.

I don't have an addictive personality, but it's difficult not to.

When you're struggling, tell me.

I'm just starting to feel nice now.

This world could be okay.

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