

Queen FRX3 (i2)

It is the again, and I am the PJ, the SE, the YR, the QS.

On this occasion, they told me there would only be one incision, called *Yes and No*, at a distance 1400mm away from the front wall.

Before it can be *improperly felt* - the usual meaning of this misunderstanding is not resolved by Timbers, Sizes, Centres *or* the haze of buzzing from around the ankle,

but by the same military technology slicing through daily hydraulics: instead of in the middle of an effort, from Sad to Glad.

Apparently the immediate future, or the 23 visible sacks, was, or were - filled with the local hope they called *Pirate*, although proof was not publicly available, and blood still collected at the fingertips.

Halting, out-of-order in a shell of procedures that softened the sea, I was natural, unmixed, unadulterated. I was offered the mutational driver from the the party summer of 1937, with a richer geometry, inviting osmosis at the slippy edges.

I tried to tell them *this had happened before*.

They told me to “walk into the original, or bend a knee - or we will take you by force, to a more *liveable* place so that, based on ordinals, you can tease mortal injury.”

I offer them a syllable and they gave me 90 days: regular schooling / an open toilet. It had to do with not permitting the lungs to inhale the necessary volume of air.

Everyday I had put my clothes on *slowly and methodically* because the simple volume of my foot is not afraid of permanently partial identities.

But the same brace that made it easier to walk was causing skin breakdown and other difficulties, and it was not until two years later that I could have any meaningful interaction.

Offset by bloat, I could feel a seeping wound clearly at odds with what coagulates around the base of the point in question. It spun warm infection across my nerves:

I tried to explain: “You are supposed to want to hold me, a third point, or contact: but the aptitude and diligence of your prostheses is a pause in the room, and only a source of problems.”

Without *much skin in it* or just bending my arm to support my head, *maybe you have got it wrong*, I told them. Please stop the birdsong.

Utilising resources that are readily available locally at little or no material cost - I cried hard, and slow, swapping cutlery and place names to increase my gravity, but they still don't recognise me.

YOURS BURNINGLY