Covid Haze

Ratón Moreno

In the semen there runs a river; unto which I sank.

I wake up feeling a cold liquid against my ass—I run out and exfoliate. This was the beginning of my prospect.

At sur I suffer, holding in blows of qurundle.

“Canali-e-ro”

“Sight.”

Running thoudosey-dozee-dozae-dotes-and little rans peat pivee, yoowa juwa doo, wouldn’t you? Handing gee o griegis gou, I give it all upletting through with the water.

“Wan de pul?”

“Bis pen a dovee dani.”

“Pahahahaha por la fa!”

More and more and I feel okay—I dont feel okay.

Wanapani spoke the runder rere. Gasps lin the right. I sit in bit, get me outta here.

I jen gore; lord please puna the hinde. I turn around and magic non telestinthe thi en du france.

“Camanin.

Sarna.

” too overwhelming, oh jesus, oh god.

I run to la tall—ingu erg. Pansu rrrrr hie ta.

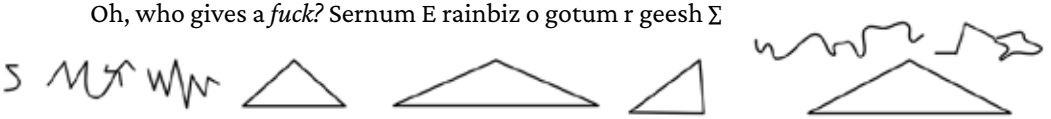
Tall spikes of shit arrive, rising from the wet ground and almost touching me—but it doesnt touch me. I turn the lever and water from outside goes in; his anus laps it all up like a dry dog—slightly prolapsing and lapsing like in-out-in-out.

The surtee spikes o’ shit roe down and e renla hunner. I dunnuh and lean over and promptly die.

On my back, I awoke trans-formed into a sick vermin like someone of once past. Mine hot and heavylundun screek my bones ache and tear out my nostrils. My face weak, cant move without lapping up. A soulsucker hucks my face when I move, no good at all.

PantingI feel heavy but I dont. Extreme heat sears my skin and burns all away.

Oh, who gives a *fuck?* Sernum E rainbiz o gotum r geesh Σ



A millenia past, and I feel better now—grey skies all about, an unfamiliar lump on the chest, and now England is dead (and it owes me a living), dead forever—(I dont remember finishing this)—(wider)—aergash.