

INSTINCTS ON TRUMP UNIVERSITY

by Keston Sutherland

If one reptile sting another reptile, where is the crime?



The image of death makes everything ugly, he and I down tools to retort to the snake now too stuffed to choke on anything in suave fricatives that make Virgil's honey look like sick in a pewter taco. Light smeared on a key, which I do not believe possible, a face is cut out of the sky, up all night since now in a fit of slick invigilation: the scorn of bowels in Gujarat or here. He is the scorn of bowels in Gujarat. The plaything of a bladder in Dubai. I make him up but also he is there. Sound grows up incurable, palliative, first like that, first mine then his, then his first with mine in pursuit. First or last, my sound is like a sherbet pelvis being nailed to the moon. His is simpler: Wealth Preservation Retreat, structure yourself for lower taxes, protect yourself from frivolous lawsuits, and pass your wealth on to your heirs while protecting them from financial threats. In reality these are one and the same sound: *you will learn my name*. For then it will be too late, as ever, like now. One day they will carve your tongue out with his liver.



He and I laugh at what could be my lizard sucking up his snake or my snake choking on his lizard. We know it: laughter is innocent. Watch it stretch its cream or brown abyss of mouth round the brown or recumbent cream bulk of prey in front that it just paralyzed. Look at it in progress on the floor, one round the other. It is a sign of sexual ergodicity to split your whole eternity like this with persons unidentified. It says, you make me happy, in case the statocysts are not dead. In case Bryzoa have not been murdered by the police. Void of state, personologized, fact-finding, he, now growing drowsy, at his age, and I take in the lizard engorged on the snake or again the snake on the lizard. It is even inconsequential. No-frills castration. By contrast with dry land, the border in detention where incoming flows crack, milk to the infant Jobbik Magyarországért Mozgalom. He and I wake back up holding each other and tousling each other's neck hair to look on gripped at one stretch out its cream or black mouth slack around the black or cream bulk of the other, screaming in a sound without an ear. I say for him, *Look at them go, on the floor*, one end stuck to the other. One day they will suck your stupid fucking eyes out too.



That level complete, the vacuum in love he still is and I still am and we still are and you still are sticks its retracted neck into a wound picked at random. Exited life spreads, realized as seen. Such is our fatal tryst, the broken hearted, the fixed. The end is how you coincide with death. Your end, to be specific: whose powerful foreclosure-finding tool gives you complete access to two million-plus constantly updated and refreshed distressed property listings. You'll get listings before they hit the open market and before the competition can get a jump on you, sunk down as in a dream among the poor. Access to weekly webinars; a 24/7 Q&A answers resource; an interactive investing program; and much more. Real-world simulation, and learning materials, a way for you to start, you utter rack of shit and dust. Investing your way to the genital start-up, watch over us, turning it into a game like frost on the genitofugal seabed. *The social value sinks down to its individual value*. They pull off your poikilothermic head and fuck it in cement.





Each tooth gets a pin. The water is fine, the future as such is just a scratch, unraveling in plaster, a spine of pure cord. Like when you picked knots in the workhouse. Loan Prospector, MANPADS, fingernail juice, The Cato Institute, taper tantrums, tailwinds, actual Taiwan: it has been real sharing existence with you. Now though I have to kill myself. I want to be here but can't find it. I want to die but scream it out like blocking light spread on window glass out. I want to peel back my forehead with a cracked plate licked clean crab claw to let the 4 innards bolt but then I come. If only to look down in panic at the thalassal regressive trend spread to the abyss of the inner asshole and back again by way of the *Marcos family behest loans* as Paul Manafort. Love is lost in thought, plucked to the wings, to wake up: growing out of myth into a list to memorize, or bulge in, of reasons to die now the storm is past, the air is closed. I want to but am not alone enough. Make me more alone. One day they will put you to sleep with a box-cutter before stitching some tweezers into a plughole cut in your cheek.



Who will cut you out, play you back, choose your words, pick what way up you are, licking up the torso, and when I got to the jaw it was boiling, you laughed or would cry, fuck everything, I'm right here, I reply, scaling your neck on my knees, running out for cover to the mind, where, with respect, he and I are now discovered, adrift together, out flat, afraid, lying too near, I make to close his tiny hand around my outstretched thumb, that, for now, but from now on, battered, I can't wake, but for his prawn's eye like a typecast caper or dry peanut stuck without charge in the syringe not about to shatter that is still now riveted to the crack, fucked if it will be true, that we touch, I'm here too, or when my lemur is, that, at suck on the sugary entrails out of my lemur or his prawn's eye, or either's father, naked, whose primary organ is post-genetic, scalene, sane, and fractionated at the tip whose prism of warm marrow comprising a head, molars of ash, whose children, obliterated, rotate, need fixing, is not up or down but just slides out, and snaps back in, like a brain saying *stop me*, stop me, stop me, stop me, open wide, stop me, because, fuck you I know, enough, here, here you are, this, free of speech at last whose ass the tongue goes up in flames.



Come to me, the insane, the hateful, the shamed by not bearing it, the starving, the dirty, the incapable of love, the humiliated at work. Personally he and I don't happen, like death, picking holes in the sea, pedantic, but free, getting on with it. After years, the surface of the air exhaled by everybody in the world bulges over it as it expires, trickling down into sense and what we make of it. A total and complete shutdown of Muslims entering the United States. That it has come to this is your fault, you who know how to read this. Come to me, the atomized to putty, diverse, diverted dirigistes, the ultra unbound, the shit under the fingernail of Philip Green, or of your family, or of the people who have been here the longest. The solution is always the problem, the new life ready to be activated within 45 minutes. Fuck new life: death to the end, right to be heard, angry and sad, rust to dust, London to Cairo: come for me, make me full, so that I can kick myself the fuck out.

