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**I COULD NO LONGER CONSOLE MYSELF WITH RILKE'S  
LINE "SWEET AS THE MEMORY THE MIMOSAS STEEP IN  
THE BEDROOM"**

by **Kylan Rice**

I make new memories very easily. I find a bullet in my yogurt. The trick is to not get angry. My whole life living by a lake but at least I have a piano where it matters most. In my version we are doing okay. The emergency is not in our region. I wanted to insulate my body so I did.

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It is like owning a piano but the problem is that depth is what matters. The lake becomes a soft graph. In fact everything in my life becomes a soft graph. The existing corpora. I am now able to incorporate vectors into my actions. My trajectory is a throat casting a shadow on another throat. Menace is definitely a problem. Yesterday costs nothing. Yesterday is less and less sorry.

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It is like wielding a gun in a kitchen. I feel like what a kitchenette must feel like: left behind during the day. A small amount of information: granola is more than I thought. The brain is just another sector. Someone choosing between a nail or a needle to shut me up.