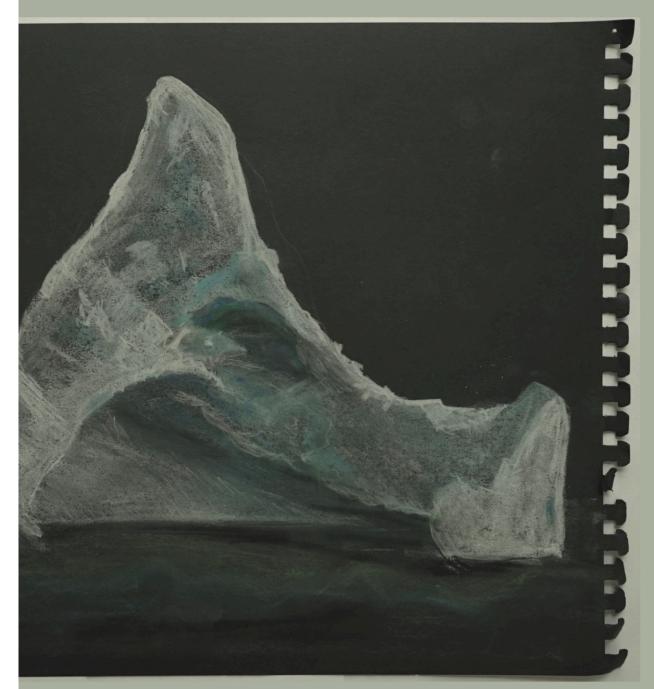
# **Fence**

36 WINTER EARLY 2020





## JAMIE THOMSON

## Bently

Sometimes people stop me & say is this some kind of joke?
But I am not a joke I am an ok person trying
I like this tired morning
All the time we're burning thru together not caring just cruising
Yet I've decided henceforth that I will be like grass
I will grow all over everything
Until they can't look anywhere without saying Jamie Jamie Jamie Jamie Jamie I am done with casual acts
There's the rest of death for that
So long as we stay up all night write great poems I don't care what else
I said, stars are holes in the perfect sheet of it
I said, such vastitude whelms
Everyone wept
I am a genius
Here have a fact I can't stop thinking about you haha

### Ritual Candor

If my body & to it they call darling shall I step out? No way. I fucking hate them. Tho crave they feel me like new pangs. It's all so central. I tried to forget my life, these lame thoughts life consists of. Then awoke from a dream in which I'd throttled all dickheads, convinced I was divine. It was a day. Hurray! I put on some cloaking I mean clothing. Everything collapsing / in flames when I looked up.

### Herein Lies the Crux

I do whatever

Until it hurts

Make haha

Unto etc.

& no one watching

(Shit.)

Drink beer

Etc.

Again & unto

Until it hurts

Haha

& so I wonder

Or whatever

Beer x beer

Unto what wonder?

Beware!

I etc. hurt

Am worthy

Of way more praise

Am > haha

Etc.