Keywords: embodied simulation; folk psychology; mind-reading; mirror neurons; monkey; theory of mind

Because of a Problem / To a Bag of Candy

1. Eating you is eating too much candy, but the candy only tasted like potatoes to begin with----

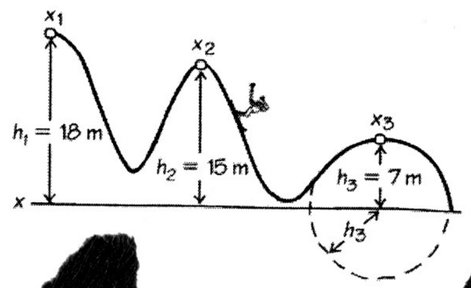
I'm fucking done with you.

2. Your gears & wires & shit are neatly contained in cylindrical tin casing.

But then someone turns you on and you fall the fuck apart----

I'm fucking done with you.

Flute



the skier leaves the surface.

duh

Part 4 of Home: Temper Temper

It is hardest to love those we've seen float naked in truth. I've seen my family drown and bob back to the surface, bloated with clarity, as they have seen me. My father eventually drowned during one of our dives into ourselves, but not before the depths had obscured his image into a bad-trip hallucination. He submerged again and again, slowly becoming a murky nightmare beyond our reach. As liquid seeped into every cranny, his soul eroded and bled until, even after he had surfaced, all that remained was an indistinct shadow with his shape. When this too began to dissolve and sink, his reflection appeared, intangible and disconnected, but him, nonetheless.
With sad eyes, he saw the indistinct tangle he had become, but could not see how, or why, or what he had been before. So we watched his eyes follow what we had all failed to save, and I wished I could cradle those eyes, that faint image of the man we all loved. But those eyes could only watch his mangled body and mind drift further and further, finally leaving only confusion to be reflected back to us. And we wept for all we had lost together. And we wept because we knew that truth's watery embrace was no comfort, especially when you finally float alone.

Few understand our love, its purity and ferocity. Many have loved my father, but I have not yet found another that loved him enough to fight him and stay. The rest of us, the three of us, have never been loved that way, perhaps cursed or marked by the jealous hatred of those others who loved him. Could their cries of bastard and home-wrecker have branded us or changed our scent? Perhaps their loathing all these years is a hum attracting more people waiting to hate, or changing people in our vicinity into seething tormentors. Maybe my father drew everyone's love in, leaving nothing for us? Is our essence so pungent that no one can stand or resist us?
Only now are we finding those that appreciate even some of who we are. True, we have mellowed a bit with age and are less one member, and the chaos we live in has slowed to an observable pace. It seems unlikely that even our current loved ones would have been with us in our formative years, though they have now blended into our lives. They may still leave us in disgust or come to despise us suddenly, as so many have in the past. And even if they remain, and our bonds only tighten, they will never understand our family's love.
Not that our love is so unobtainable that they could never duplicate it. The seed of our love is common, unremarkable. It is its

GO UP HERE STUPID

ULRICH

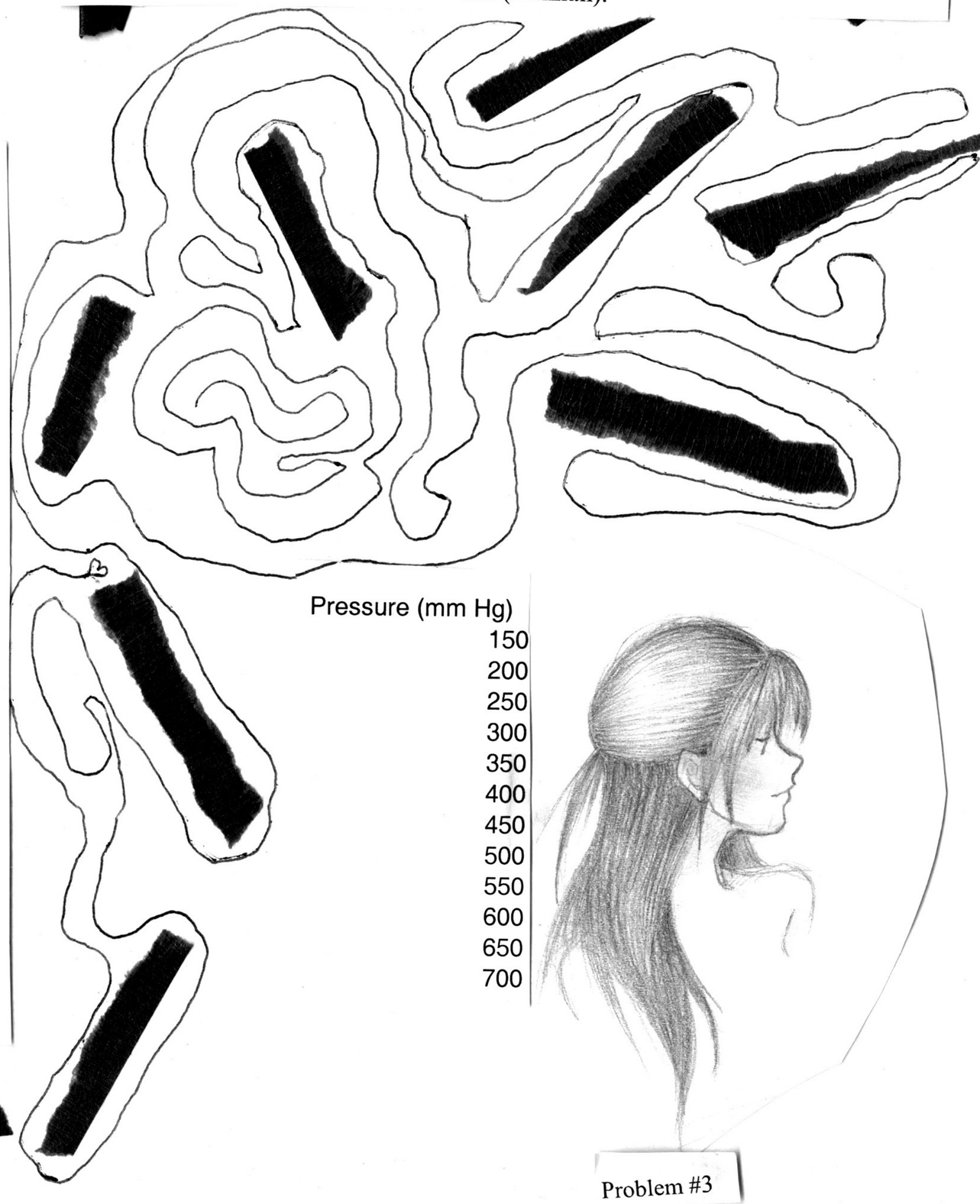
Arf

DON'T
F UCK
UP

Read here next!!

transformations and tempering that I have yet to see elsewhere.
Our love has been shredded, bludgeoned, stretched to breaking. We have felt hatred for each other so intense that violence could not express it, pain so deep that it was visible, frustration like molten steel in our hearts. Anger that spit blood has been our opiate, the junk that left tracks on our souls and bones. We've raised demons in each other's minds and scars on our surfaces.
Yet, though only three of us survived us, our tattered remnants of love and devotion cannot be torn from our bellies, even by our own hands. Though we have clawed at the scraps in vain, those threads consistently resurrect themselves and ourselves. But even this stubborn love is not so unusual; it is what family should be: resilient, unkillable, a surviving love.

In my mother's day women who couldn't get pregnant were looked on as social outcasts. Today they're looked on that they're that way by choice in which case you're either selfish or career minded (Hannah).



Problem #3

Human Sexuality: Quiz Results

I Am an Athlete

One week ago, my boss asked me:

"Adrian!

"How is it that you write more code than anyone in this office?

"More code than anyone on this fucking planet?

"The amount of code you write provides me with sexual energy!

"How, Adrian Sampson, you god, you titan, you household name?

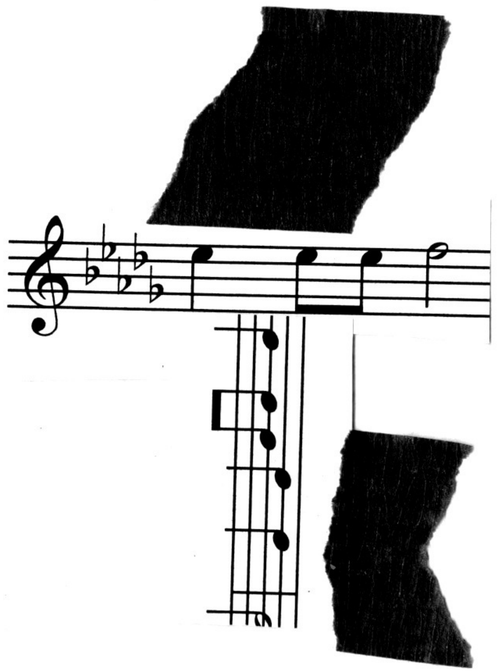
"Please, have this suitcase of 20s and some beer also! But how?"

I told my boss:

"Because I'm an athlete."

BALLS

PROTOTYPE FOR A WRITING CENTER TATTOO



as a check against your "hand calcs."

Bossa Nova

Variation
our ostinato
a temporal bramble braided by watchful hands
Twirled
beneath a starless steel
Icy smoothness beneath our woven soles

Deviation
from steps in time
worn away toward a headlong, headstrong
hurtle then
Unfurled
in a liquid gasp
a preemptive pluck
reeking of must and gurgle
scented spray
pulverized mid-bloom
to lie limp, indistinct save for color

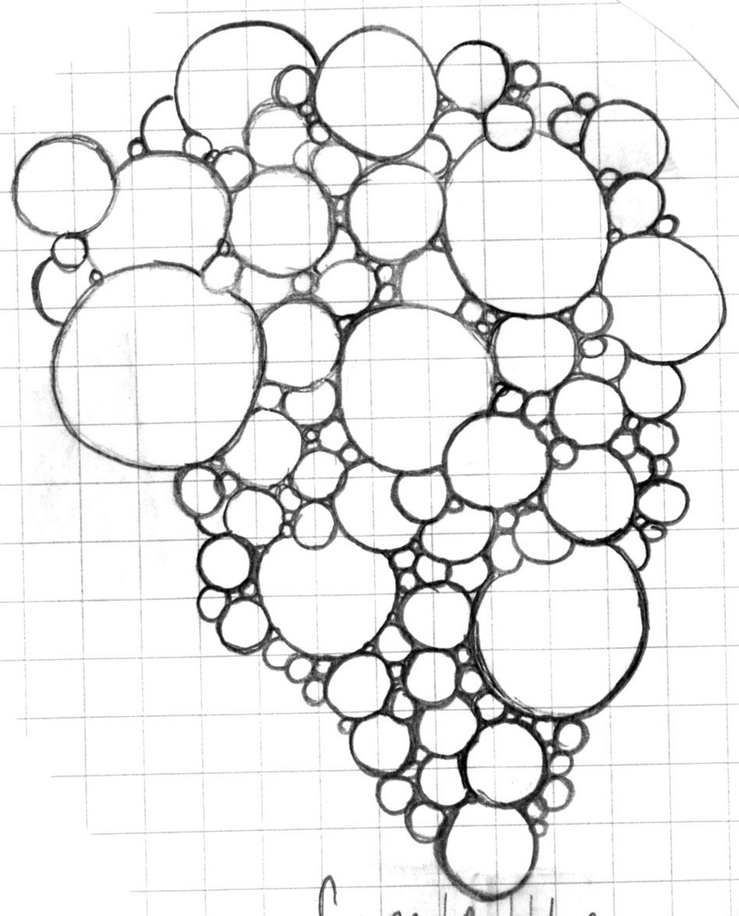
Glamorized in doom
glimpses of scarce sweetness
extracted from arrhythmic cries
unheeded

Monstrous, this beauty
Simplicity of form and focus
the tendrils laced between us
even as we leave the floor

2+2.5
2√5

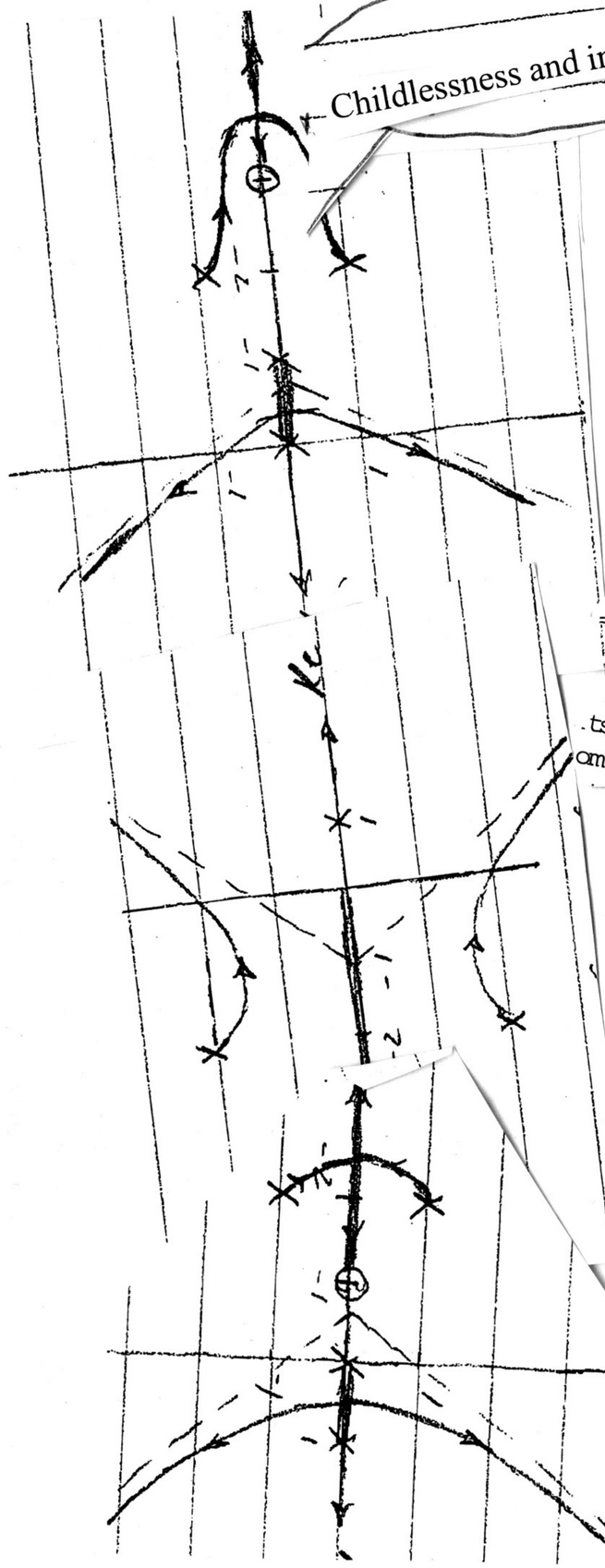
Motherhood and Infertility: Viewing Motherhood through the Lens of Infertility

% Successful ejection: 19 %



Grape Bubbles

Childlessness and infertility are often conflated

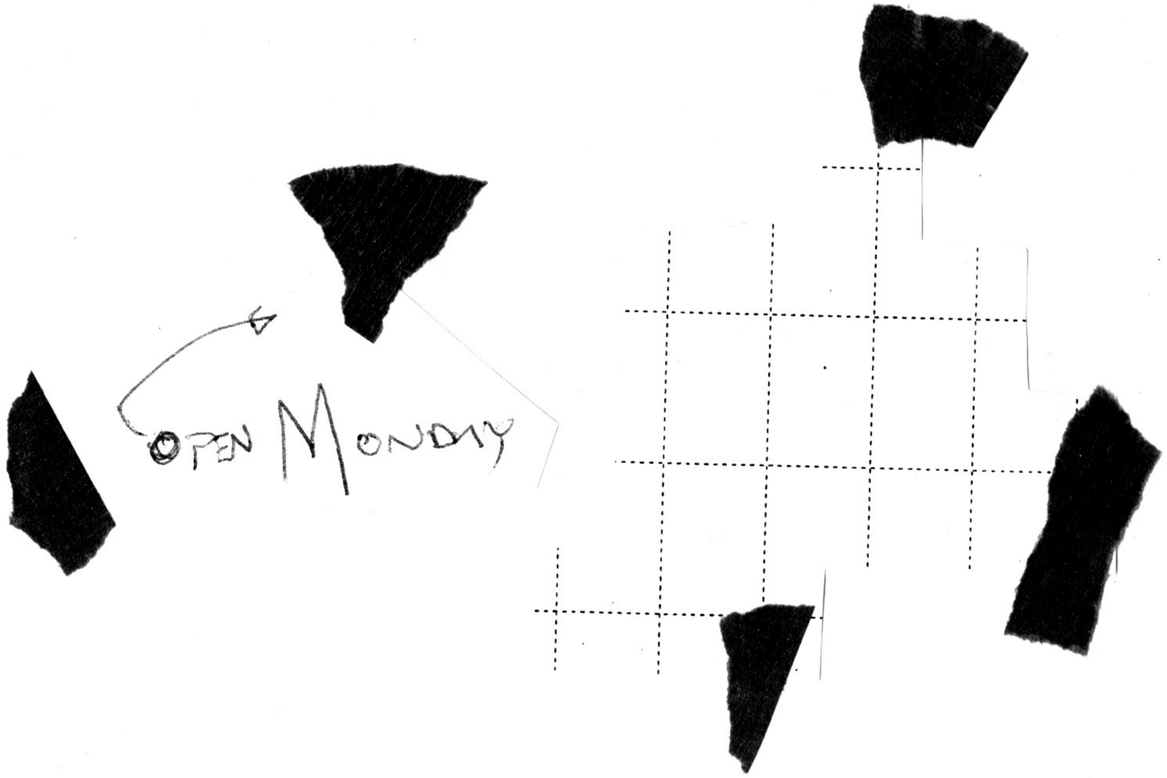


off YONDER

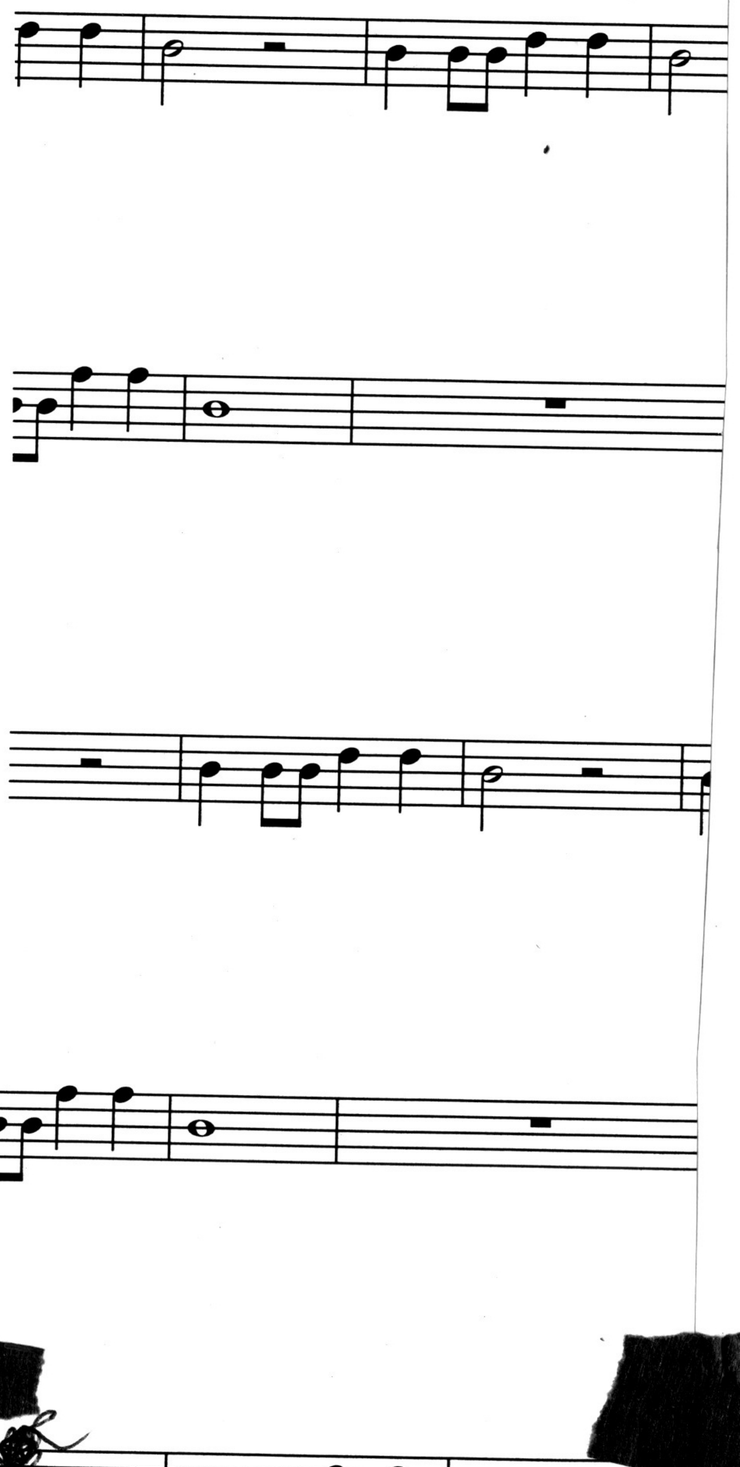
royalty

your back is scarred with grandiose
mountains;
your skin is marred by hot lava fountains.
no? then remove the andean crown, then.

> The fact remains that getting people right is not what living is all about anyway. It's getting them wrong that is living, getting them wrong and wrong and wrong and then, on careful reconsideration, getting them wrong again.'
>
> Philip Roth, American Pastoral



Rockasaurus Rex



http://mail.google.com/mail/?ui=2&ik=144d900817&view=pt&search=sent&msg=1181bd... 2/15/2008

she

she prepares for her morning walk
donning her dress of reds and yellows
tying the laces of her soft green shoes

she wears them out through the high noon
breathing heavy over low rustling
batting long lashes over sea blue eyes

she readies for her evening stroll
strung up with man-made patterns of pearl
and her swinging pendant on dark black skin

ERROR: syntaxerror
OFFENDING COMMAND:

STACK:

-mark-

FUCK
SHIT
FUCKFUCK

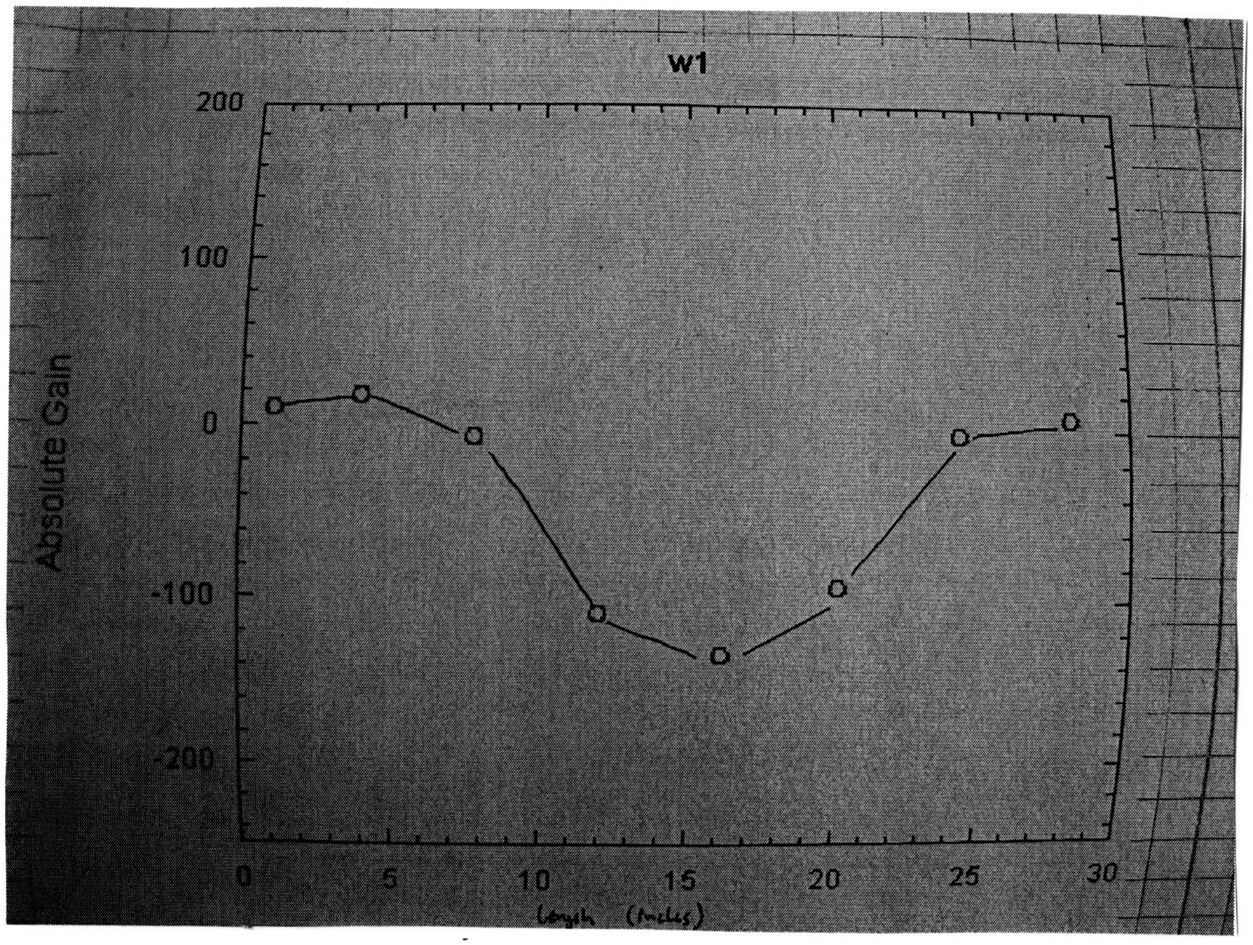
Against simulation: the argument

#fuck

ELSEVIER

Due Thursday, February 21, 2008

oh fuck



why did you do this?

Tell me

related to tongue position.

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Results verified using Matlab

scapulae

when i see a butterfly
i like to watch its wings
i like to watch them flap and flutter
amongst all other things

when they fly oe'r colored fields
their wings powerfully pulse
and as they sit on top o' flower
i watch their ret'cent pump

yet this day i watched a butterfly
whose wings lay flat and still
but from their motionlessness
sprung truly beauteous melody

monkey-like action

Scaffold

Frenzied, focus fumbles;
Textual towers
tumble to rubble amongst the girders' twists.
Spattered mist, bliss
But in this jumble
true aim lists
the target missed

Still
Better to recoil within the rapist's kiss
than to cower
amongst the humble.

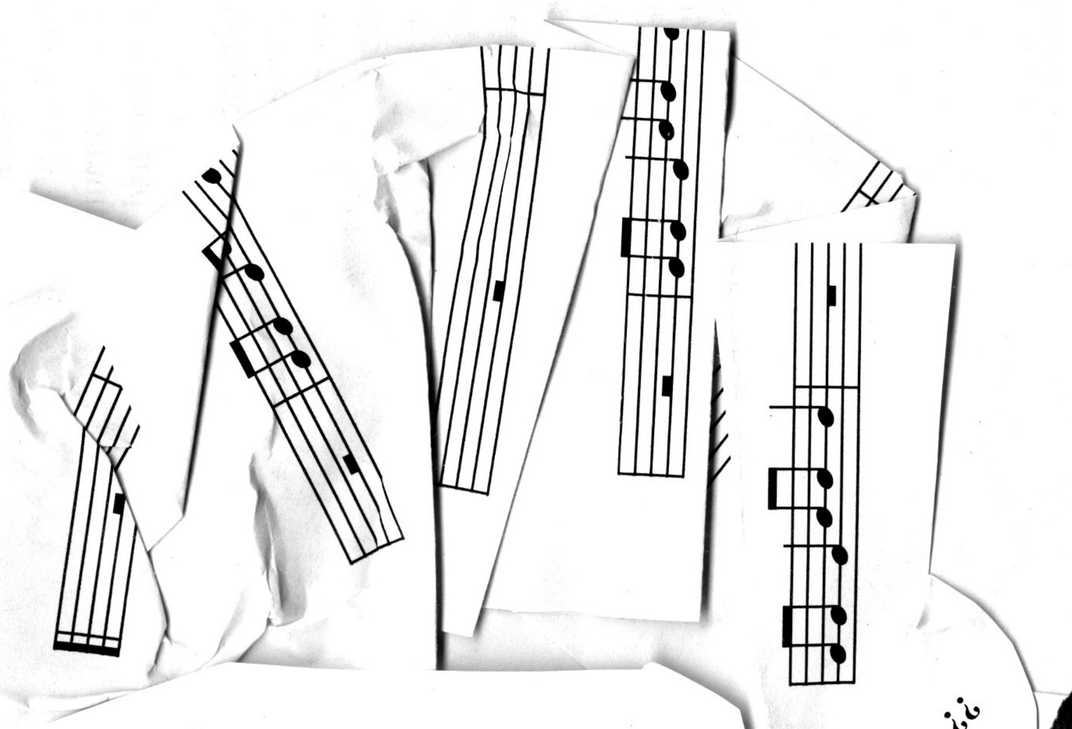
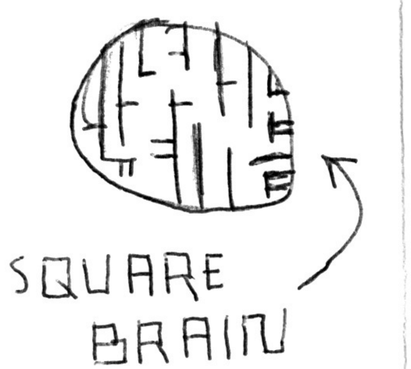


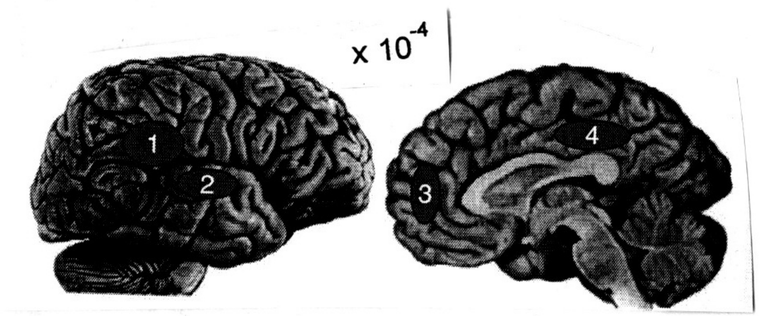
TABLE 1
Demographic characteristics of the participants

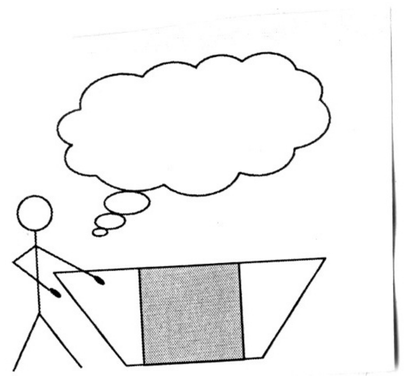
Hairdresser: 1

Meditator: 1

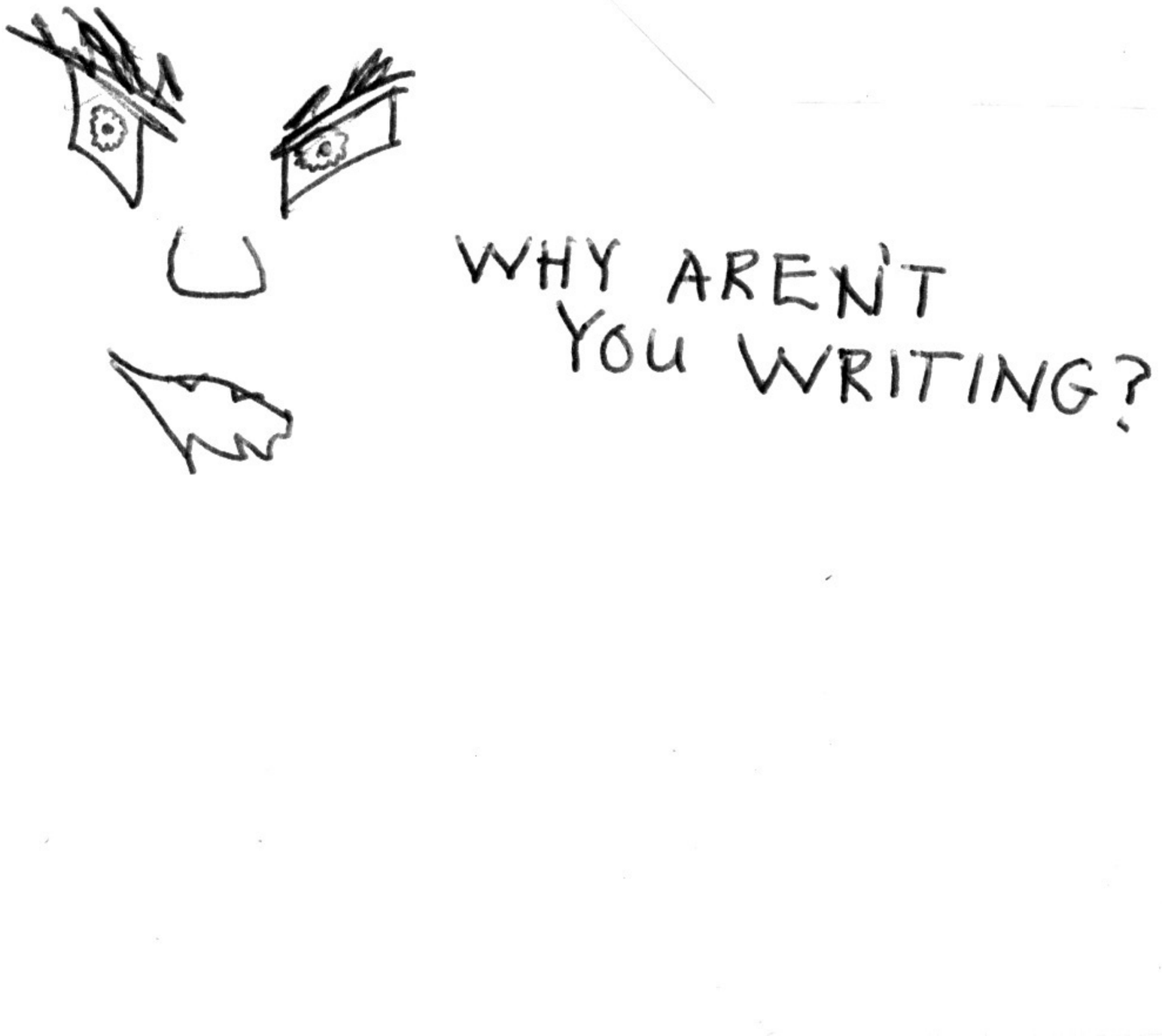
To get the apple that she believes is on the table







e inferior frontal gyrus,


WHY ARENT
YOU WRITING?