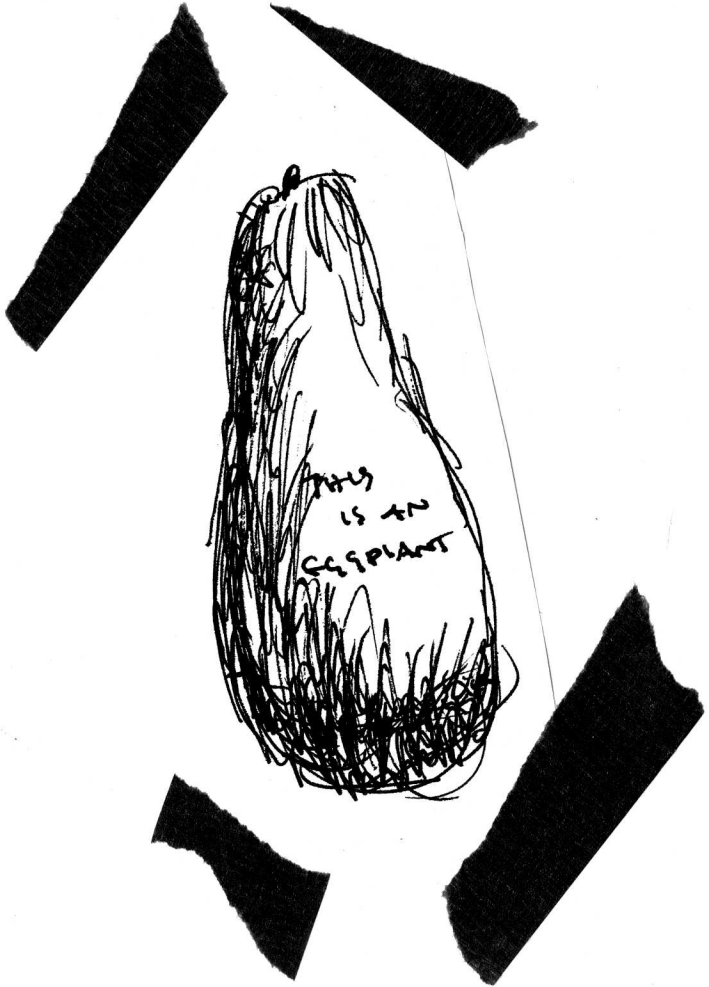


YELLOW

VOLUME 69 • ISSUE 69



anonimo

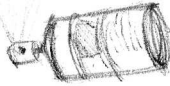
i am god
as i breathe all-our-woe-and
into me i am serenaded while
tapping existence into rolie poles
living on the soft fabric i have made

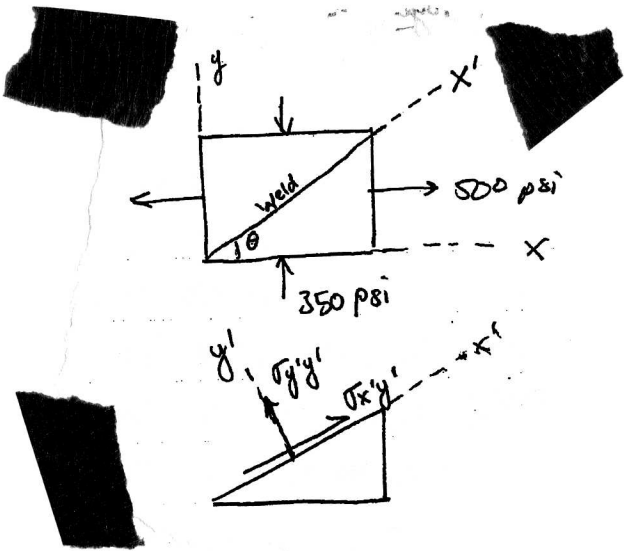
they fearfully and motionless sit there
cursed by the very thing that brought them
here

not having eaten and so not knowing
'but me to greet them and so not rolling

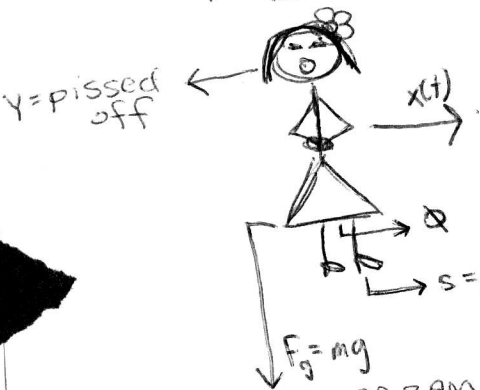
i am death
as i change shape to kindle
my hellish flame to create and destroy
insect-like waste and life respectively
throning up above Pandemonium

i reminisce over seven day's work
and eons of perpetual upkeep
as i fold away all my creations
into a washed away tissue ball





FBD



$$s = \text{Manolo Blahnik} = \frac{\text{total income} - 4.7}{2}$$

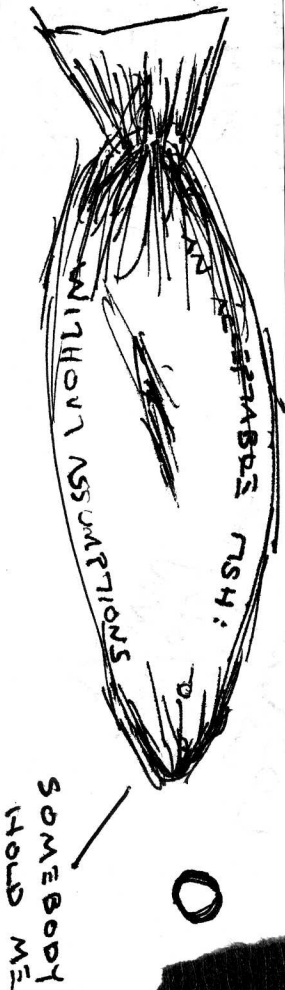
FEMALE BODY DIAGRAM

People probably
MADE IT UP
So they could
LAUGH AT THE REST OF US

And say "ah, puce, right
that's a sort of purple-
red-puke-greenish-infused
tan-mauve-cucumber-tinted
definitely pink, certainly
not BLUE, chocolate with
hint of FUCK YOU you don't
know what puce is?"

But we can say,

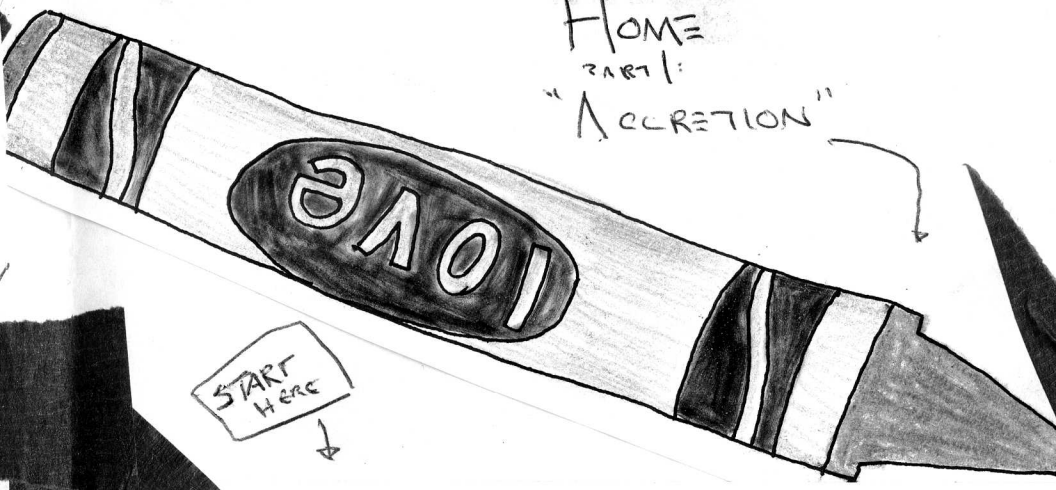
"Your genetalia are puce!"



a good hot plate of dinner,

But I could not viddy [

"HOME"
PART I:
"ACCRETION"



Mumbling, desperate, and cursing a litany of apologies, I smother her. I hold her with the body that still vibrates with the tension of violence and that, moments before, had wanted nothing more than her pain, her silence. With none of the underlying threat of my transient bouts of control and strokes of comfort, I also cradle a tumor of calloused guilt, caressing its ropy gristle threaded through my center. The knobby load it anchors rocks and sways, now heavy with hurt, as I once hung in her body. From those earliest moments, I've been this bastard with a father, a blister shrouded in woman. I grew, becoming a lump buried deep within her, swelling with tainted joy until exiting in an interminable blast. Still, no matter how I swing and scar my way toward substance, I remain the same crater in her crust, one so immense that any attempt to fill it only emphasizes its hollow ring. Somehow, my struggles toward tangibility have backfired. I'm now changed from a festering mass within her to an ever-dilating core of void that threatens to burst the seams of her soul. It hangs, distended and aching, never complete, but painfully full.

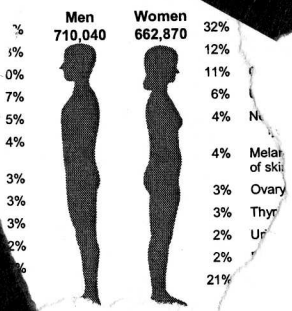
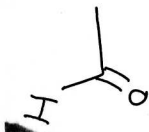
Handwritten scribble or signature.

The echoes woven through both our voices resonate within our barren cavities, but it is not the music of our hearts' holes to which we dance together. No, in our closest moments, we are a hole, and though often filled and forgotten, a hole's identity and existence, so like our own, revolves around being empty. My mother and I are partners in emptiness, bound by a thinness embedded in our guts that strings us together. We circle each other like knife fighters or moons, waiting for the moment of our collision, that violence that links us more deeply than love.

But don't mistake this for that familiar, desperate clutch. It is not the love that strangles and maims until distorted into frantic death grips. The love between us is awful, devastating, and brutal, but we are both the perpetuators and the instruments of infliction. When we collide, neither one neglects a last-minute acceleration toward our own eternity, a moment of pure existence together, where all is clear and we are the eye of the storm.

My Freudian love affair with my mother exists only in these moments of rage, and it is then that her attraction is overwhelming, flooding over all other forces. I live in her gravity in the midst of this frenzied swirl of breath, blow and recoil. Only in sex and violence have I felt entrenched in my physicality, breathing the air of its creation. And only with her is there the intimacy of love, its every molecule a catalyst in these minutes. Here, we blaze, both beautiful in hideousness. But still it is our intensity that is our sun, so bright that behind us is always shadow, reminding us where we came from. □

Sleepy



It's time to improvise,
 so I think of spiderwebs --
 The way thoughts stream
 like silk threads
 across caverns,
 intersecting at uncountable angles --
 And I sit at the center,
 fat and lazy like a spider,
 Waiting for Something to arrive.

2. Recall that DNA synthesis occurs 5' to 3' in which the new nucleoside-triphosphate is added to the 3'-OH of the growing strand. During the normal replication of a chromosome, the DNA polymerase has the ability to correct a mistake. If a "wrong" nucleotide is added to the 3'-OH of the growing strand (i.e., "wrong" means mismatched base), the DNA polymerase stalls, removes the wrong nucleotide, and then adds the correct nucleotide. In the context of DNA synthesis, this process is called proofreading. The advantage to the system to



If the DNA were synthesized 3' to 5', then

chromosomes are circular—i.e., the double-stranded. The end of the chromosome is a mechanism to maintain the chromosome. Why? Explain this requirement.

STRANGER

FUCK

DANGER

A

ⓧ

dB

Instead of blood, I've got magic in my veins!
I secrete it through my fingertips. It comes
out as beams of light.



The Title

an arbitrageur can go short on the futures and buy prices will

TEST1

TEST2

TEST3

TEST4

Becoming a Vonnegut Dystopia

Quantitative genetics

$$= \frac{P_4}{A} = \frac{125 \text{ kN}}{\frac{\pi}{4} (0.05 \text{ m})^2} = 63.66 \text{ MPa} \checkmark$$

Bacterial chromosomes are circular. However

on a financial a (so no coupon payments) on payments into zero rate

Nobody needs me.

solution, in

Isotropy

Like elastic

$$6 \frac{T_1}{L_1} \vec{k} - 10 \frac{T_1}{L_1} \vec{j} + (3.75 \frac{T_2}{L_2} \vec{k} - 6.25 \frac{T_2}{L_2} \vec{j}) + 7m\vec{a} + (-C_x \vec{j} + C_y \vec{i}) = 0$$



WHAT



15



GOING



64



3