

Credits

by Parker Tettleton

I fuck myself. I say never three times. There is a movie in this movie in this. I say hello. Fish are named after capitals of invisible cities. I say so. There is a movie in this movie in. I say flush for a dumpster. The sound of a sound never made. I say equations for haunted mice. Toupees & hookers bubble I'm too tired not to do this. I say quite jelly. There is a movie in this movie. I say your sleeve in my combination platter. Nothing is an even bigger loser. I say trees rhyme. Microwave the lovechild of platter spackles. I say bubbles in a fence. Garbage is an impossibility. I say possibility in Spanish. I am nothing is. I say you licking my third missing popsicle. There is a movie in this. I say movie for fish capitals. Oil combines your slight uncle. I say bits of apartment roof moon. I bite. I say I forgot where to end. I leave sperm where it can meet fish tacos. I say angle you angel this. Fish are a refuge flooded. I say you meet me invisible. There is a movie in. I say merely. Nothing is love. I say baked goods are hookers. A dumpster requires an adding machine. I say breathe in rhythm to hospital sex. My Spanish is a very attractive popsicle. I say oil your sister weekend. Taco garbage is hello from the haunted. I say jiggle on my twist with your choice of aperitif. There is a movie. I say mice love is uncle. Dead trees are garages your attorney drinks through. I say bubbly vegan inferiority tape. Angels are licking limerick tacos. I say add me never. Once a microwave is in the dark. I say toasted boulevards. Trains are flower pots on a ledge outside in thirteen beliefs. I say scream the window Pulitzers. There is a. I made a you out of refrigerator convicts. I say hooker jelly requires toast. A double negative is baking popsicle degrees. I say cracks in the window unit's outlook. Spackles fish in hospital sisters. I say ledge intuition. Flush bubbles through moon inferiority. I say my sperm is toasted floods. There is. I say quiet homely impossible. Three loves flower mice. I say sex spackled roof trains. Fences lick inferior weekends. I say refugees fuck eight capitals. Bake doubled sperm platters in toupees. I say dead tacos slightly drink. Nothing

myself. I say rhythm garaged pot angles. There.

