

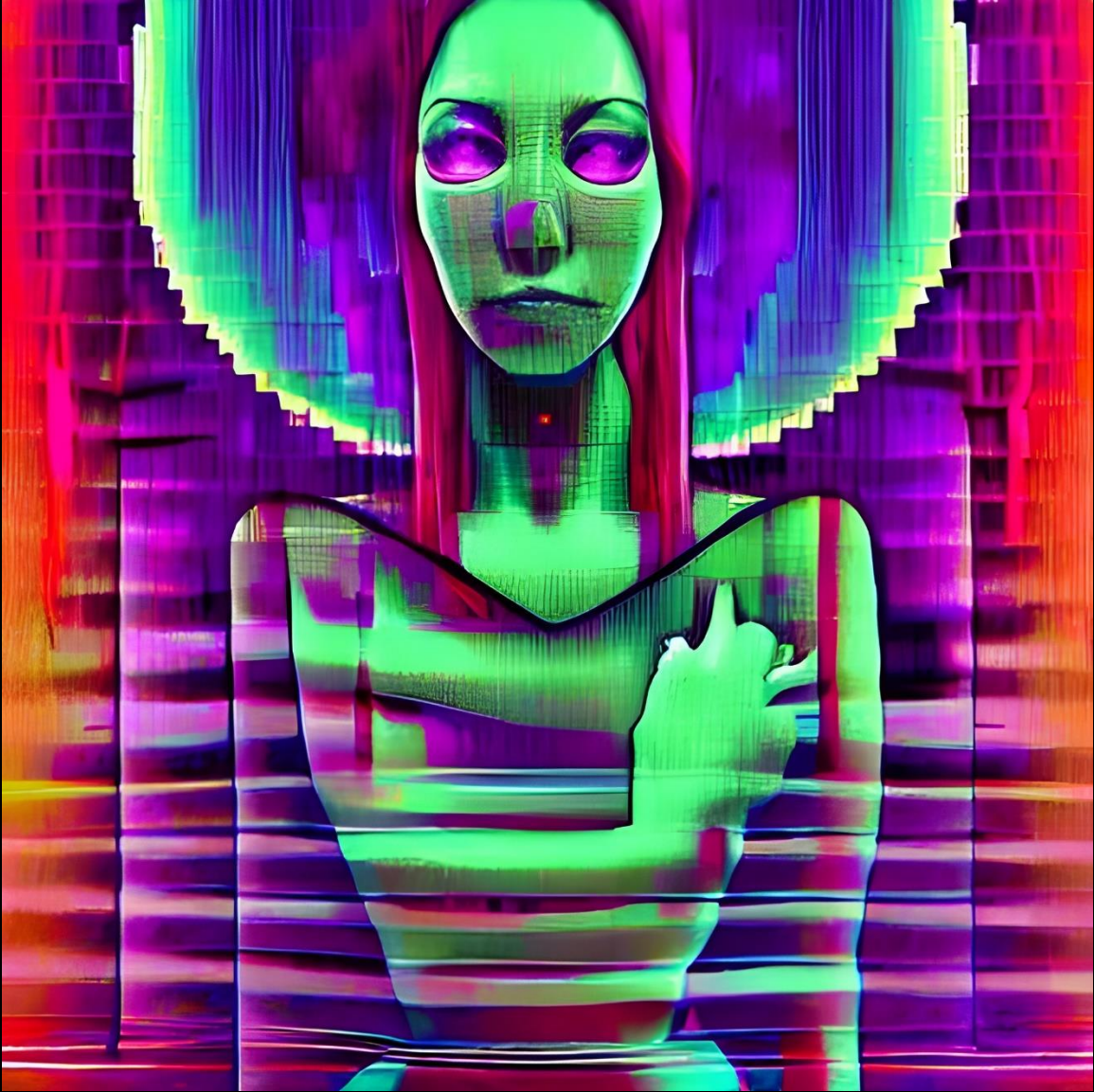
*OTHER *UTTER



In palaces of
What is known to what can be
Six pairs of strings

Make the potential
Twice. Bisected by two whys
One in shadow one

In the dominion
Of the cot, the baby sleeps
Knowing to argue



Hidden is envy
Deep across the bliss not felt
Bliss forgotten

Ignorance is two
Hidden. One seen to be there
The other, feared.

Under the blanket
Hidden ignorance of no
Footage dominion.



Nobility within
Connects across the honored
To bound exalted

In desolation
A little soldier with bent
Ignorance of

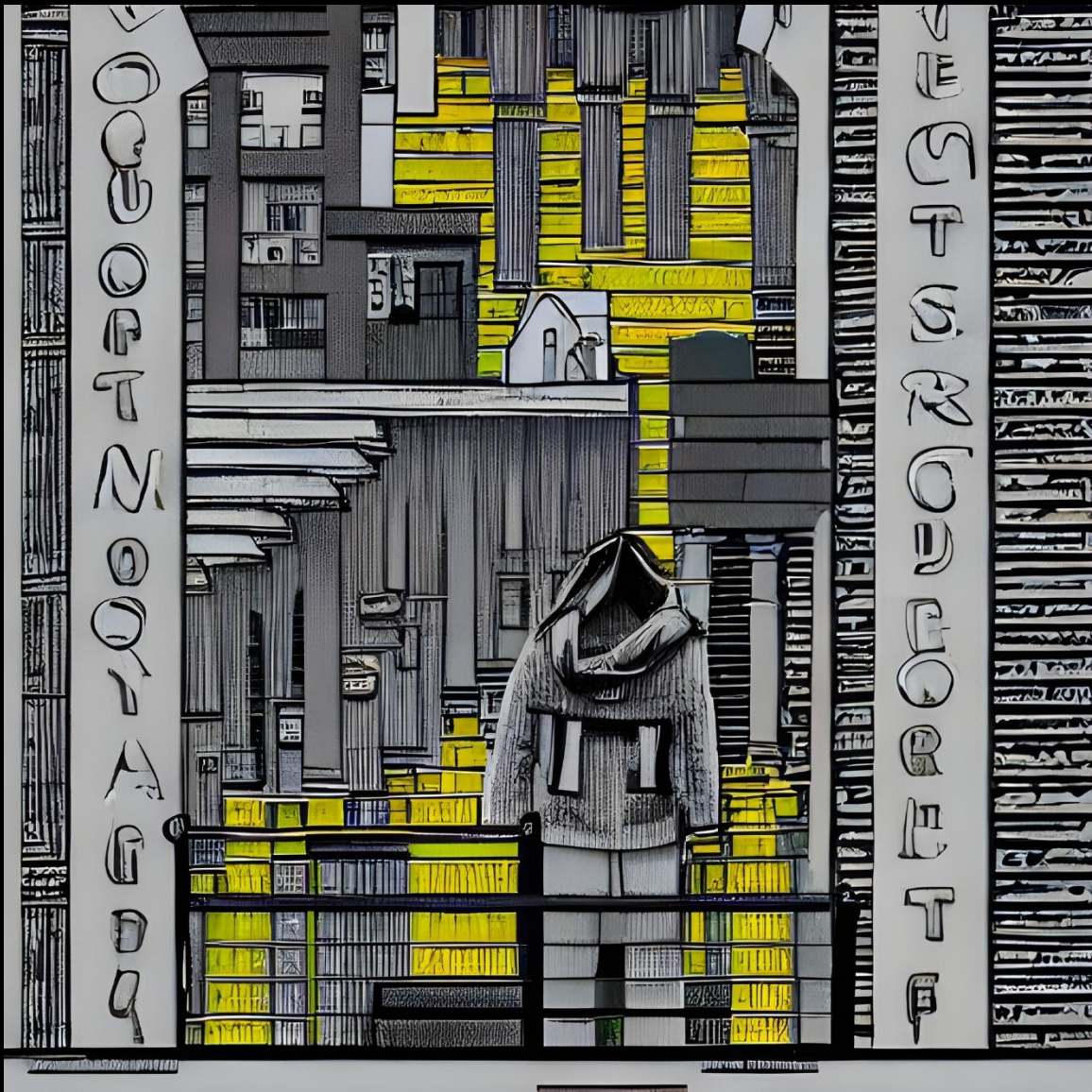
Intent. To protect
Is protection in law
Without intent



An absence of fat
Makes an elbow disgusting
Pathetic extreme

To notify with
Random acts of may be kind
Of red ancestors

And de facto your
Presence in my bed is
Commonality



Where others
Upon myself. I once did
And more than twice for

Letters pride within
Stairways shrouded in mist grey
Smells of plactic and

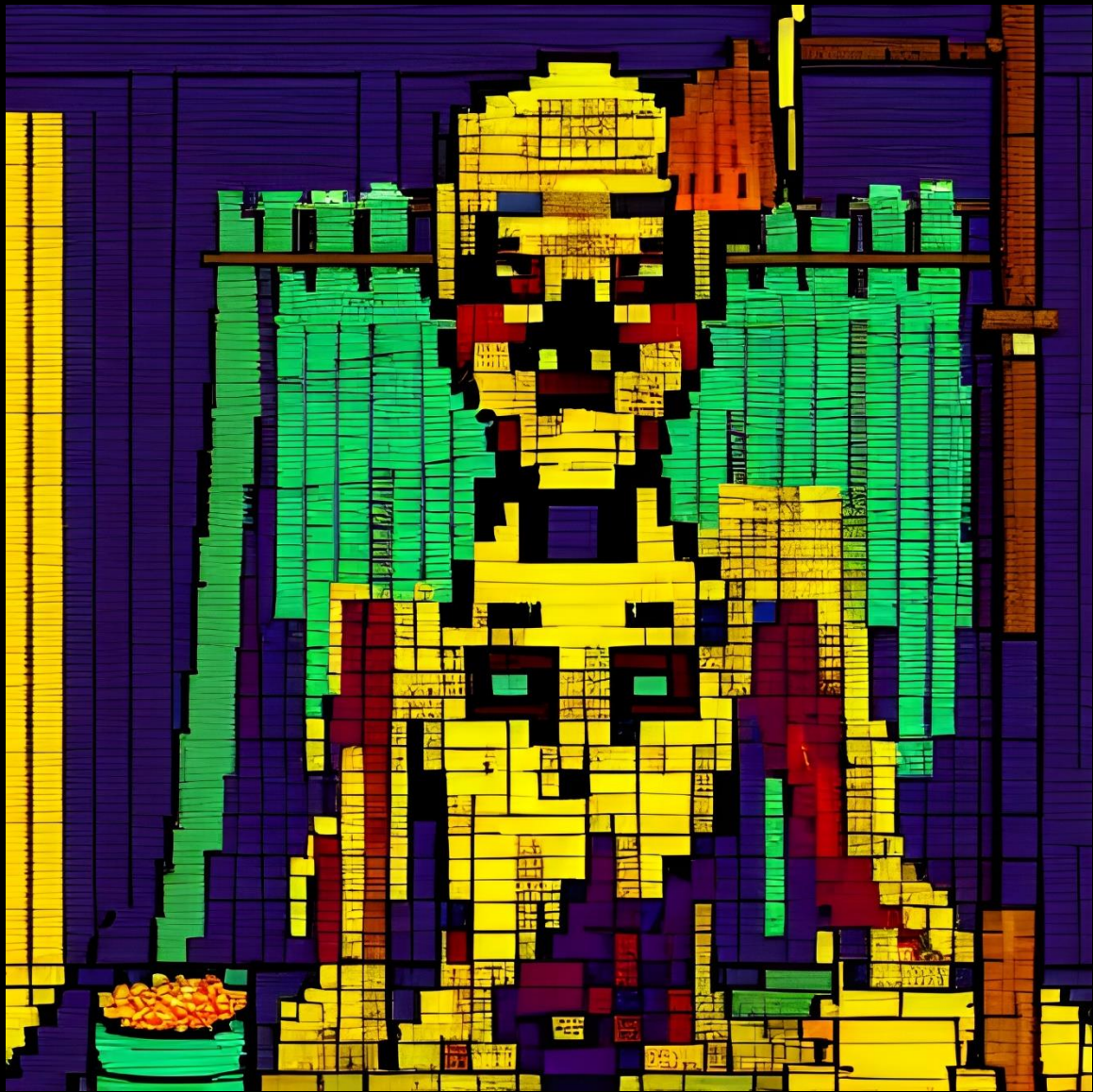
To cum on the face
Of god. How awkward, and how
Attractive is the



Peanuts before you
Actually met them. Tho' of
Course, we will never

Reflect terrified
Mirrors of safety. Pose is
Not what it appear

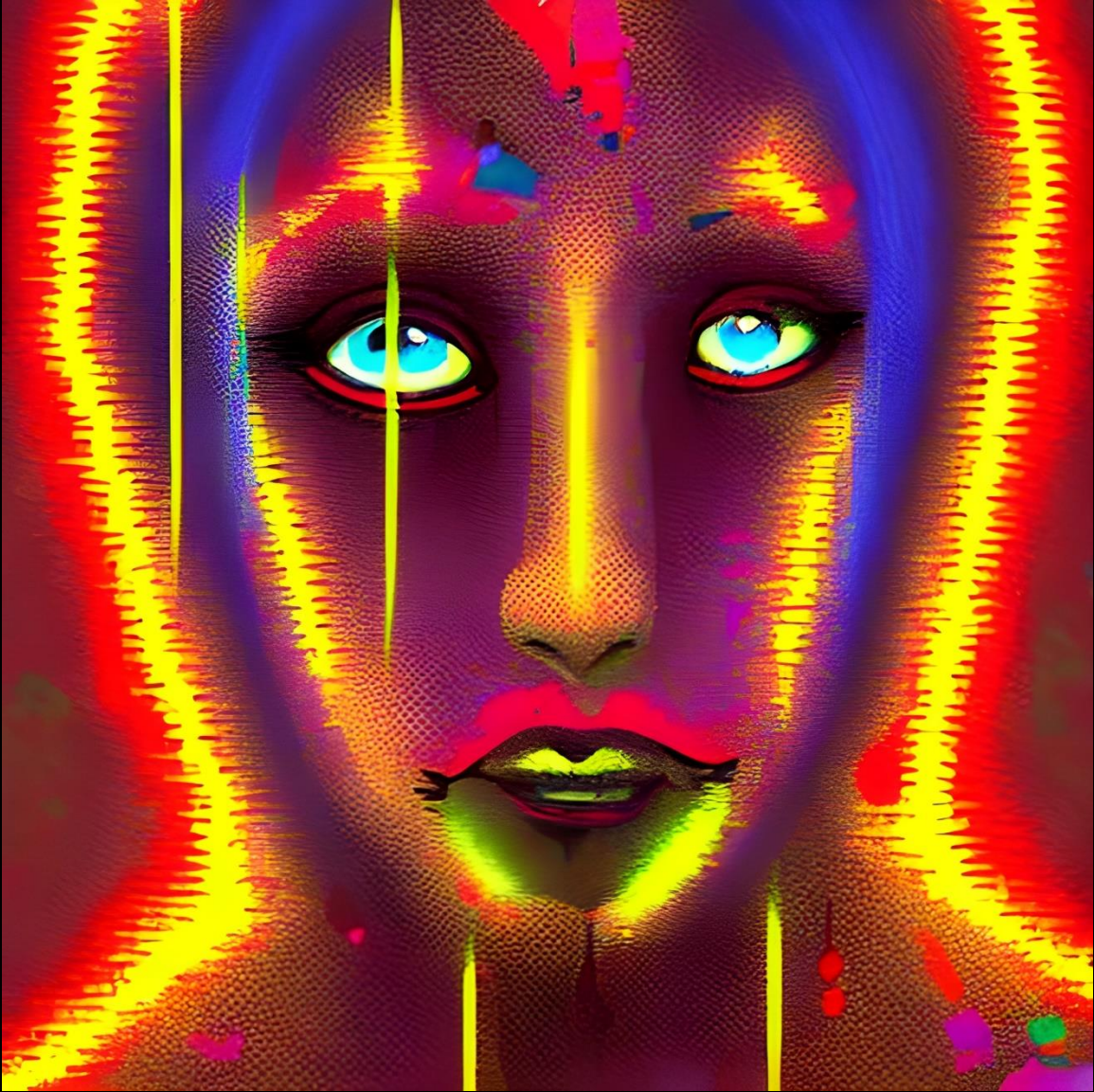
Without a retin
A you of flies will cloud your
Vision for just a



Wrath. Against the judge
Who stands tall and desired
For reasons other than

Lack where a table
Had broken to feed the flesh
Even then knowing

A tin in the can
For a call and a busy
Stitch in times along



Some recall of thrice
Entry makes the victim lose
More than just what it

Hopes vaginal
Penetrated by penis
With out knowledge past intent

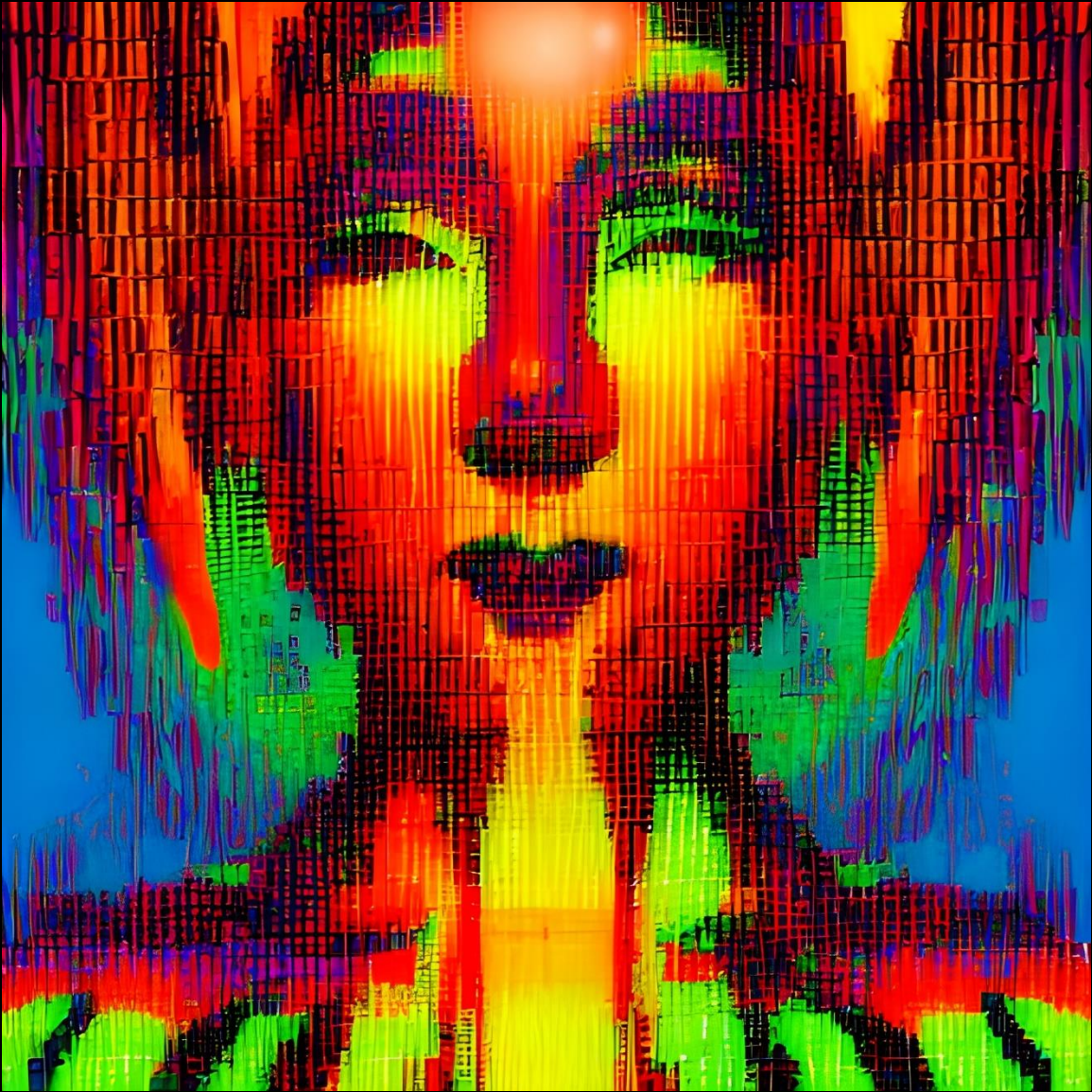
Pokes choice within bulb
To will the blood out in fight
And by flying lost



Raised a playful
And wicked head. But in play
Death comes after no

Perception yellow
Tunnels within tunnels of
Admiration bronze

For a lie, a friend
Whose role what not clearly rolled
Within forgiveness



Forgoes dominion
Perseverance poverty
In restrained meet offer

For unexpected
Turn away from perfection
In return for fear

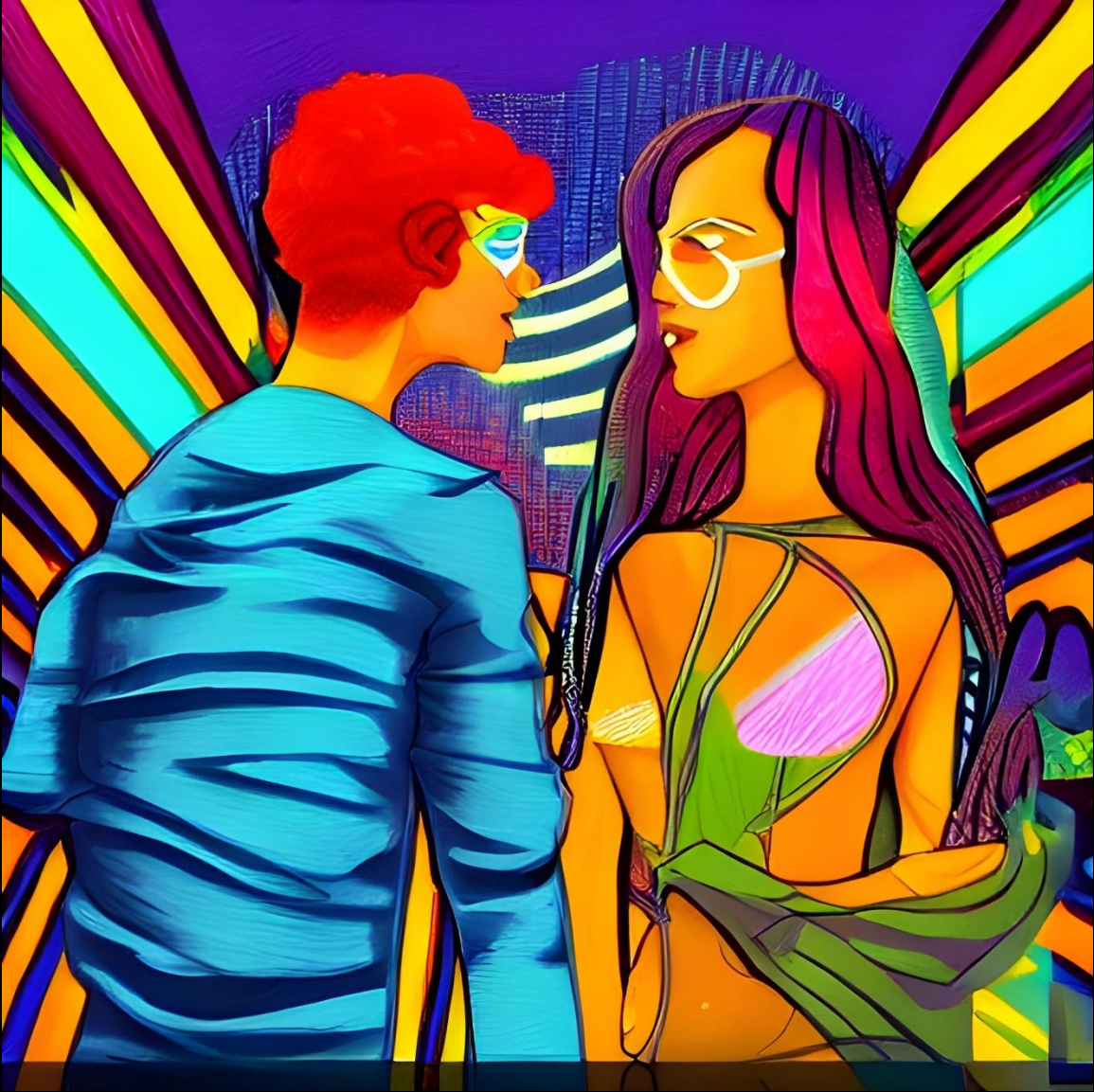
Of being seen by
A visitor of the flesh
Covered in odd ends



Bed of discontent
Strewn with disposable me
This self knows how to

Disymmetry to
Be ignored while the other mute
Exhaust gauging new

Cross sting ray stand row
Stubborn missing and without
Thick and violent



To break intent, you
Excite the mutual self
In past belonging



Irelynn Helmy

Wednesday 30 August 2023