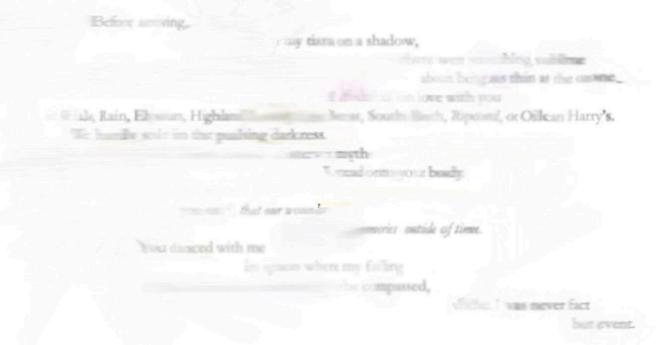
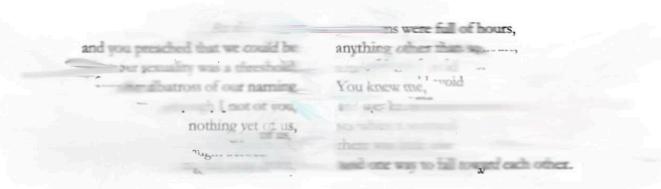
## I First Cruised for Myself at the Clubs



## En Route



## At the Lip of New Intimacy

when the stores to you, somewhere will be bodies of whales, when the beart's hillside, weather inside the beart's hillside, weather singing anxiety cracrystal.

Greenen some before they depart:

a face to take into the darkness.



## Looking Closely, You Can See the Letters Swell

