

From

1000 Short Stories by Tim Atkins

Mein Kampf

The day comes up. I'm in my hut. No biscuits for smuts.

Kitchen Prose

Vampire excrement and silence, irrevocable silence.

Bohemian Rhapsody: The Diary of a Midget

Fires where the hand meets the eye at the wrist.

Caribbean Weather Report, 1918-1932

1) Art 2) Hart

According to Joseph Kossuth "Success" as an artist must begin to be seen as our ability to resist the process of institutionalisation which robs us of the opportunity to take personal responsibility for the meaning we make

You find a big rock and you care for it like you would a bug speaks English in order to write it.

Bleeder

Am between, just above the handle. Study the disturbed concrete.

I Am Thinking the Great Thoughts of My Generation

How do you feel? With my hands. With these curtains.

The Cravats, Live

Go, reading, being bitten, half the night.

Mein Kampf: Yoko

This swimming around in it, noticing useless things. I convinced myself. And my observations remained banal. When I think of all of the things I have said.

Nit de Sant Joan

Valentin was stitched upon my neck. Biting into it until we was sick.

I Am King-Fu

Through the perfecting of complete divertissement I have tried to explain the years spent as a Beatle, the same year as a patch of smoking dirt, but mostly I just drift.

Prince Hozumi Visits the Twin Cities Alone

Suddenly his mouth was on my bare backside. I could feel that absurd moustache against my skin.