Is she here?  
No.  
She didn’t come?  
No.  
She didn’t come?  
She couldn’t make it.  
But I did this all for her!  
I know.  
*(La règle du jeu)*

Is she here?  
The first gurgitation is a sentence.  
No.  
She didn’t come?  
*I am the picture of health...just ask anyone.*  
No.  
The sentence is a container of  
She didn’t come?  
thought, *(La règle du jeu)*  
composition,  
rolling as a  
She couldn’t make it.  
But I did this all for her!  
I know.  
*(La règle du jeu)*  

*(La règle du jeu)*  
The point  
Is she here?  
She didn’t come?  
I did this all for her!  

*El lenguaje como fenómeno estético*  
I know.  
*(La règle du jeu)*  
She couldn’t make it.  

being  
the following:  
Is she here?  
No.  
She didn’t come?  
No.  
She didn’t come?  

*Think Dr. Ellis got a bit put out with me for moaning about how relatively well I feel...a perverse view, I realize, but I just would like to*
know what will happen and when?? I know.
No.
Prepositions are relational.
(\textit{La règle du jeu})
She didn’t come?
Is she here? No. Is she here?
\textit{He suggested I might want to think about some counseling}, \textit{but wasn’t too in favor of support groups.}
No.
She didn’t come?
I know. I know.
(\textit{La règle du jeu})
She didn’t come?

Relations cathedral conjunctions. Conjunctions
shiver the soft meat
above
the elbow. Fee simple, and
complex, there is a glistening slit
in
the side of my sentence
from
which I feed the forthcoming. They are watery-eyed, and
have the fresh throats
of
toilets. They come
on
their knees, but there’s no pleasing me. I issue
regular as a magazine, witness like chalk, and
church mice. If I were an oyster, I’d be content
with vinegar. If I were confined to
a correctional facility, I’d compass your estate.
Is she here?  
No.

Anyway, the gist is I am coasting along...and doing nicely as most of the effects from the radiation are gone...He expressed some concern about her.  
(\textit{La règle du jeu}) Is she here?  
She didn’t come.  
(\textit{La règle du jeu}) Is she here?  

Organicism, (\textit{La règle du jeu}) in little golden curls, with the brown-eyed changing sorrow of baby rats. Life neverlasting. Amen.  
She couldn’t make it.  
No. No. She didn’t come? She didn’t come? She didn’t come? No. No.  
She couldn’t make it.

(\textit{La règle du jeu}) the 2nd site in the duodena as I do get upset stomach easily which isn't normal for me. I said that originally when the radiation people scanned that site, they couldn't tell if it was cancer or merely an ulcer..
She couldn’t make it.

Ongoingness, beneath the artifice. I would be happy with a bowl of cereal and some real cream. But I can’t have without having not. I’ve rolled my hair and pennies, taken in strays and strangers. “By” is what I meant to say. The knives are kept in a chopping-block, and there’s a blue bottle marked “don’t.” Just as you willed me, and willed me to won’t. But now cats’ paws have tattered the bigger books and

and wondered if that could be the problem. He agreed it was possible so prescribed some OTC pills for ulcer patients (I suspect this is called Is she here? we’ve given up our first names, or insist on their exclusive use. everyone has his reason, That’s what’s terrible

Autobiography, that’s what counts. But I did this all for her!
I care, I do. I care for me, and by me, I’ll care for you. This is the beauty of landed property, want sent silent and constant. This is the secret I’ll take to the urinal. The crapper, I mean, where everyone’s arraigned the

No.

She couldn’t come.
same. (La règle du jeu) I know.

Three men are driving in the desert. Their car breaks down, and they each take one thing for the hike back to town: the first man grabs a bottle of water, the second a sandwich, the third the car door. The first two men turn to their companion, and say: “If we get thirsty, we have water. If we get hungry, a sandwich. But why the car door?” The third man says, “If I get hot

humoring the patient). (La règle du jeu) No.

Is she here?

Does she breathe?

No. (La règle du jeu) but I'll try

(La règle du jeu) the window – it sticks. (La règle du jeu) Now that I’ve glutted all the gods, and they (La règle du jeu) bubble in satisfaction, (La règle du jeu)

She didn’t come? She couldn’t make it.
them for a couple of weeks to see if it helps. Anyway, when I came home I looked
No.
there are fences No.
and rabbits No.
up duodenal ulcer on the internet and believe the symptoms
and still She didn’t come?
described
(La règle du jeu)
I said I’d pray, there’s no adverbial consolation. By way of extension is
are very like what I am experiencing..aside from I know.
what I meant to say.
that he just
She couldn’t make it. No.
reiterated No.
that But I did it all for her!
there is no way to know But I did it all for her! No.
what will
happen or how
long..that
I know. Is she here?

Winter refuses to be allegorical. Where are my witnesses?
(La règle du jeu) No. (La règle du jeu)
(La règle du jeu) She didn’t come? (La règle du jeu)
(La règle du jeu) Is she here? (La règle du jeu)
They rented horse-drawn carriages and hung all the horses
with flowers. Children sang in the streets, frightened men in showers.

6 mo is the average, (La règle du jeu)

I know. (La règle du jeu)

but given my condition and general health I could go much much longer.. a year, year-and-

No. (La règle du jeu)

She didn’t come?
She couldn’t make it. But I did it all for her!

Elsewhere, is what I wanted to say, some place where cold beer is served on warm wooden tables, where the tree frogs hit the window and it is only June where people come in peated platoons and pay with strict attention. Where allus lies over all of us, where there are two bridges and no noses, where the Black Prince won, where my brother
is no longer

I know.

will

emerge... noise noise no noise, love no hated love, no farther droppered dose, so so so I
coast. Undo this button, I’ll done the rest.

(La règle)(du jeu)

Vanessa Place & Carolyn K. Place († Jan. 6, 2007)