

At 72

Her mother is 99 and wondering why

A son dead at 39 then a daughter in repose - almost

Aunt D made sure appearance informed all...

Bowed hair, nails clipped and primed for show

Pink a glow

Lialac a glitter

Hello Kitty...

Hannah Montana prevails

At 72 Aunt Dee collects space and time in the form of all surrounding the surface

When young Dee gave the kind of time we associate as whore and never turned her head unless he required hand and mouth upon that tool known as beast.

Then and again her breath insisted weight, height and oftentimes a two by four which allowed for prompt attention.

Dee cackled, gave giggles of sort, chortled and chocked the response to bliss. Although her demeanor confused us all she weighed the mass of all that was and in return provided us all the confidence to conclude the wonder with a measure of what is approximately a degree of humiliation insecurity and insecurity. But

Who gives a fuck.

Dee is gone. Not sure the whereabouts. And no need to preach the place.

Dee is Dee buried in the dirt. 500 shoes stashed between and around.

Stomach pinched - less food allowed

Staples break as the mass enters mouth and bowls

The embodiment of confusion and desire create massive places of embarrassment and vulnerability. D is.

Pleasure has no means or logical implication.

D died. And her nails were not fashioned as desired. All chipped and worn, yellowed and broken...