

JAMÆ BOLCAND



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I could see her eyes swollen from smoke and weeping, like ripe fruit beginning to fall in on itself / felt her cool hands smooth my brow, crumbling walls / tired papers yawning / a blessed day / a blessed afternoon / cracks and tears playing with the shadows from yellowed curtains and the open window across the hall >> *You know i miss my mother, i miss those phone calls. The one's that make you feel alright, that everything's going to be alright – you know?* << A story, a plain, plain-field plain-jane story / a melody / a pleasant peasant prayer – what was it called again? / Richton River Rolling? / Rich town / a half tonne of nouveau riche rolling / as in meadows / as digital interference in zeros and ones / speculating across an horizon / whole imagined spectral futures / the dawn of money money money that relies on us / to lean out of windows / over lawns and dykes / past mulberry bushes / to believe in the round-a-bout as though / as though they are affectionate and desperate for attention / beautiful meadows to be basked in / backing onto nations backing onto mountains, seas / travesties, and bless them, those there that >> *Am i boring you? ... I'm boring you ... I'm a boring person. Is this too much? I'm sorry... Am i sitting too close? No? ... You ... are you sure? Oh okay ... Sure ... Cigarettes are bad for you, i dunno, i have problems...* <<

have what those there have not / such that I have  
gone through the tender green of day, deepened,  
and ripened into fall >> *It's like a cocoon, a comforter  
like. A mum is someone who kind of i dunno . . . I want  
to say i am a cocoon or must i say in a cocoon?* <<  
Handheld devices sound, pinging, and wincing  
in a cringe of electronic fields/encased in variflex  
or some other by-product of oil/they fail to shine  
>> *Yeah, my mum's not around anymore. It's sad. I miss  
her terribly, even now i can't ever manage to think i'll be  
happy again...* << only blue-light Tiktok feeds and  
reels signalling they're closing in/like walls closing  
in / I can feel them closing in / day in / day out /  
Is China Aussie?/Is patent a show?/How does one  
insist on developing novel concepts when it is all  
before/all already/the same headlines/the same  
black flags / the same salutes and nationalisms /  
the same same "boss attacks workers"/me/I walk  
out / I shall now walk out in the darkness alone  
but / Zsalvo mmmfirst range nnnlast oooinput  
number Xenter Send / Scream in O / sing gpu  
Soft O/sing gpu soft O R in reviews/ are reviews  
even necessary / reviews most popular / reviews  
most practical / reviews most raving rare rare  
jolly keen on you/on you for all of you/for peace  
>> *Is the smoke annoying you?* << for all men / for  
the default position above a crushing misogyny

/ I shall endlessly from my bedroom / saviour  
endlessly and unthinkingly / salvos of aid salvos  
of the wasteland / the one hand giving what the  
other has already bestowed / reduced to ruin and  
devastation / with cries of "I will not harm you  
underneath"/"I will not harm you above a setting  
such as this! Such beauty, such mountains, such  
culture, such history!" / it traces upon you the  
surface / blessings, so many blessings >> *What  
about your family? Are they around? Yeah?* << so many  
protests in solidarity / so few sitting at the table  
/ so little listening // Sometimes he hummed  
snatches of Army tunes / my grandfather /  
beneath pictures of the Queen / and still the  
lady of the stopping house took the time to >>  
*My dad?... You know i have six brother and sisters, yeah  
but all different mothers* << write to him some 60  
years after the fact / commending him for his  
service / his willingness to keep the bombings a  
secret in case morale suffered / in case the people  
found out that they were not invincible / in case  
she had opened the book on the end times //  
Stood around motionless / thrumming / had  
surJerry exported to present day / he soon  
learned them at the mouth of a long black  
cave >> *my dad was busy ... you know?* << kept a  
distance while he did it / just like the Military

Police Correction Doctor Paul M. Mason who lost his memory and thought his name was Frank / or was it Fritz / no I remember now it was Karl / claimed he was a native German but only the language (along with 36 others including local dialects) was located out of reach in his brain somewhere a result of a stroke / a sunstroke from the Euros in 2006 / itself a result of some other maladaptive mental processing/ Frankfurt became his surname / about 60 years old but no one knows / he wound up at Mannheim train station, and Karl / he often deflects the question / says he's lived all over the world and talks about his distinguished pedigree / not only of German dukes and barons, but also a French grandmother by the name of Coco Chanel // the Bedford Customer Recruiter sr Risk Management Central Heating Officer says he committed a felony in memree >> *I sent my child a birthday present. But my ex said there was cocaine in it. He must have put it there – i mean why would i send that to my daughter!?* << and although settings unclear / it could have been part of a wider meta-verse plan for donut accumulators / to get candy / to avoid picking up on past judgements / past ideas about economics / to waste or not waste perfect scenery / to show

me that he was indeed the aggressor / in this ,  
this amnesiac paradise / is his artwork a clue to  
the past? // It's an altered paradise / A paradise  
full of tiny scraps / Scraps of construction /  
scraps of tired eyes / smoked fruit / feeding the  
rest news jibbles on the points all along the  
way through to Patsyland, Oregano / seems he  
had four children >> *It must have been him. It's like  
he's preying on me, you know like stalking me. I don't  
know what to do* << but only half of them were  
his / the others? / i dunno, it is unclear how they  
came into his custody / perhaps a gambling debt  
gone wrong // Man are my fingers itching at my  
venmo and my paypal account! / I just need the  
release / the reaction of distant a.m. fortnite  
skins in a transfer that is beyond even incredible,  
beyond the usual categories: Annual / Bombers  
/ Crossover / Gender / Holidays / Mystery Skins /  
Sports / Reactive / Robot Style / Twitch Prime / the  
chips are down but the sun is looking up! Let's  
make hay folks – Let's make a lotta hay! // Finally  
old tech concepts are making real progress / the  
biosphere is shrinking but at least we have data /  
Big Data / Yeah is as yeah does >> *He planted drugs  
in my flat! I mean, does that mean he's trying to rape  
me? I mean date rape me? You know? ... Even though  
the police said it's not that common in scotland how*

would i know. I mean how would i know?! << Yeah is y'ass / Yesss yo Spears! Vindication is real / alone does not prosper a patsy/patriarchy on its knees needs pleading for / a reduced sentence of a reduced jail time / they've not even realised we made all that carceral shit dead in the blink of an eye/ No more/ no questions asked/ no brainer // Trond Sollied's\* Infected Valencia Given Giant Subsequent Levies in Trade Talks About Just Another Ball Game / In one word, sin no longer pleases him / nor has he proceeded with the Game/as grave and solemn as that may be/when he asked for hours off / braving early morning mists across the valley/he thought to extend the distance since prison was off the menu now / he decided on a settled trip to Ithaca whose only-son/an also-ran concerned hero in the Well-Being Memorial Weekend mould / couldn't quite see to it that the town received him / like a hero on welfare he stood/as a mallard dismissed a curlew / and wept / still at least they had ceremony // Copyright lawsuits against the prison officers concerned our hero but redoubled the country's efforts to avoid jail time / virtual lan coding Java notwithstanding / Such is the Vortex! // just so forward thinking but also backward thinking in venus retrograde, take trial circa Psst Want 1066

\* Since 2007, the English Wikipedia page of Trond Sollied has received more than 67,909 page views. His biography is available in 19 different languages on Wikipedia (up from 17 in 2019). Trond Sollied is the 3,699th most popular soccer player (down from 3,020th in 2019), the 375th... His preferred formation, 4-3-3, is not changed under almost any circumstances. He uses a zonal four-man defence, a holding midfielder behind two central midfielders, two wingers left and right and finally a powerful striker. He loves and adopts attacking football in all of his teams. This style is similar to that of Nils Arne Eggen.

of Occupied with Lords Ford Consoler (this is the old bible logbooks autobiography). I mean WTF >> *He's ripped off all the posters on my wall, even boney m. I mean, who the fuck would do that?... Seriously, what the fuck is his problem. It's kind of crazy i know, you must think i'm crazy* << and it gets bad. All sizzle and no steak. It wants revenge Trashcan Video Michael: The Smooth Criminal // trial of Dutchie honeymoon couple kidnapped a.m. gun point offer is of their own fault and unhappy / Juliet with tears and a true remorse aspect: "I'm in love with Morrisons" she says in a mad rush of endless aisle-lust, but as usual it's all too soon forgotten, too soon forgotten >> *I'm a singer, you know, janis, jimi* << hang a thief when he's narrowed his eyes, worried that she'll say something off-hand that will send him into hopeless spirals of hopefulness. He proclaims assuredly: "God has chosen Mount Zion in Taiwan, an isle in the East, as a dwelling for His Name. It is the Holy land to which all nations..." / She: "Oh, God, help me I'm surrounded by. . ." / He: "but I am going to save you, do not worry, you don't need any money to listen to me" / She (aside to camera): "he is out to get me, do you understand? He's evil just as also or backward in "You are responsible for you" as if that's even a matter for consideration: it has become the

abominable thing that which he hates. He cannot prevent it dwelling within Him. If he said he had no sin, there would be no truth in him. "John, it's not the size of the boat..." etc. I'm telling him, I'm always telling him. But you know, the marks and signs of being born again which he is like parading as an aching, flulike syndrome, and me, I'm just swept up in it all."//He was going to pick her up right there , do a bit of swoon swoon and seal it with a loving kiss and then, all of a sudden in the wrong side of the Roman Road and the Golden Tinge of Autumn he fell as if it was Black Creek Valley all over again – the mantle of which they decided to entrust no more / spawned a particular conceit / a deceitfulness that they harvested and spread / spread to associated social stigmas / the hairs on your chest that require daily arranging and brushing Ascii in Stringsrs Set Year After Year >> *I used to sing regular round the corner you know, the two johns? Well janis, you know her stuff is like you know, she's mature for her age, only 27 but she's singing all the heartfelt realities, like it's beautiful, but she's always seen as this crazy woman, not the genius that is bestowed upon jimi you know? It's the same shit. Women are second class citizens ... And nina, i always loved nina ... She's a great piano player too, one of the best << senior*

disk-based back ups, conflict back-ups, image-based back-ups, softened and air-brushed, cloud back-ups, subterranean back-ups that allow you to maintain all your skins in one place, safe in the knowledge that they will never be used without your permission (deep-fakes notwithstanding), privacy back-ups that allow all your secret material identities to be withheld from users, back-ups for your third to nth party back-ups >> *Subtle you know... Not too over the top, just laying it out real* << and then there is him, whether he will rest his hopes of eternal life >> *It's difficult to process i mean which voices are real and which aren't. You know what i mean? It's like the devil, trying to keep the devil happy* << Not only will you have the chance to buy these things but wonderful things will be given to you. Are you even listening? Fear will be a thing of the past. Fear full speed. Fear no holds barred. Fear simply pronounced as behind, relegated to the lower leagues of justice for emotions. But secret strategies from Seminar Associates! They will fallout to demonise >> *I can't really sleep, it's the walls and the locksmith. I mean he's started targetting my friends. He's robbed most of them now. It's a full scale attack* << *haha yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet, deeper than the abyss, deeper than time, a soft*

grainy death subject: Relax With This Is What You Always Needed To Lead A Happier, More Full Filling Life. Weather Auck a Ordmc or Htmn. Real Feel=10. Past formidable or Spanish am? No flies – paddle your own!... if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain >> *That's why i can't be at home just now. It just freaks me out. He's the locksmith, he can come and go at any time, just as he pleases. I'm so freaked out* << She always kept a very good table, she did not think anything less than two courses could be good, the trouble of accounting for it and really all things considered, I begin to think it perfectly late in the evening and might now come to inquire particularly after her but this idea was thrown up literally, all over the bathroom floor. She fought back certainly, drew eyes like alien eyes, you couldn't see where they were looking, too embarrassed I retreated almost tripping over my gelatinous ego, and she too determined not to end like so many women in literature – as a suicide – she fought back against the “I am a cocoon, or must I say in a cocoon? I am a gentlewoman” etc. I am learning how to, how do you say? – Repose. Where is the divan? Pass me my brocaded shorts and satin nightshirt etc. etc. Swoon. Swoon. Soon I'll stand up late

with her! But however he did not admire her at all indeed nobody can, you know. And he, Longbourn Es, is just as much entailed as ever >> *It's nice to talk to you. Most people just run away. I'm schizophrenic, you know, i hear 'voices'* << the Lucases are very artful people indeed, sister thank, thank you for your loan request which we received yesterday. We'd like to inform youHave you brainfag, no appetite, insomnia? Are you irritable? Has your brain lost its alertness? Have you neurasthenia? Try TV Onanism And The Bright, Ever So Bright Cures! I hesitate but stand reluctant to inform you that we are accepting your application, bad credit okay, and are ready to give you a two hundred and ninety six thousand dollar loan for a low month payment >> *I feel lost. Sometimes it really is like just a small thing. Just a very small thing, but it grows and grows inside of you like a tumour, like a parasite until it just overwhelms you. There's nothing you can do. That's why there are so many suicides, so many deaths* << approval process will take only one minute please visit the confirmation link below and fill-out our short thirty second form. He no longer sins with his heart, and will, and whole inclination as an unregenerate man does the feelings of her friends were requisite to check the indulgence of

those regrets which must have Happy such a charming man! So handsome! So tall! Oh, my dear Lizzy! Pray apologise for my having his formal his civility was just so what it had been, and he detained her some minutes at the gate to ... well, hey is for horses after all, said as he lifts shoe and looks back as walking away from her and mouths over his shoulder 'hey'. It continues in a loop - hair raising car crazy! And we Know that this thing will help you to be the Best Of The Best this Rury real time Volkow near death lobe or extent in known edit is lacrimal duct replaced synthetic, is terracaine of Specified. Accurate Sheva there >> *I'm not going to, don't worry* << twist until he begs for mercy and take none of that Mark superb superbi discussion talk "Who raises one up from the East?" release the roof of the earth bull. If you spring dive do not harm us. We will take to a cave sing high up. Speak! Might need it, she thought over the internet, if this helps get them off on a great section of fucking angel rock >> *My crazy life... It's crazy huh? I know what you're thinking. I get it all the time. I understand, don't worry* << and by television let us begin the light beams, let us come among you Thou shalt not >> *I'm going to go to this cooperative next year to stay, i mean i'm going to live there ... They promote self-*

*care and independent living and stuff but mostly i just need to get away from this, from my life here, and that psycho. I'm in real danger you know, i can feel it << be afraid for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck – talk about things of Tomorrow and the mice inside the ceiling – laugh, let them hear you laugh, a genuine laugh – let them be thine own and not strangers with thee. Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance. He who laughs last thinks the slowest! Trust with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. Bitter Pills may have blessed effects. No man is an island etc etc. There's a superb product waiting to turn you into Superwoman in bed, showers, saunas, locker rooms around the country. Convulsive, uncontrollable tears seep from the manual script concerning the blind leading the blind. British Transport Ministers, posing as wacky humans, posted this photo on flickr and the next thing you know it's an >along< but who can say that they cordially abhors it, or so I hear, and when you build your house, I wish it may be half as delightful as Pemberly.*











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