

ruins

how do you want me/to touch you for three minutes?

earth/air/fire/water
body/politic/plastic/oil
silicon/diamond/silver/salt

how does it feel/to lie in ruins?

coconut/bergamot/lemongrass/salt
comfrey/geranium/sweet orange/zest
twists/caresses/jelly/fuck

how do you want to touch/me for three minutes?

quadrants/vectors/plains/spheres
softness/machismo/yeses/nos
wind/leaf/ground/face/face/face/face/sky

less salubrious in here

i've never touched my blue breasts for 55 minutes.

i had to take a shit halfway through the exhibition. the ica ladies toilets are small and smell like male piss.

a posh voice *less salubrious in here*

toilet paper is dropped on me from above by the *less salubrious in here* woman at my request. i feel much better now. i have accidentally cut my hair like the cover of kathy acker's *eurydice in the underworld* edition from 1997.

i like this.

i can barely concentrate on the retrospective because i am thinking of the books i will buy in the giftshop after and how many i can afford and about getting the uber to hastings. i spent two pounds fifty on a sandwich in the cafe wrapped in white greaseproof paper i spent fifty something quid on 2 eileen myles books 2 kathy acker books and one book by linda stupart. i made conversation with the young irish queer on his way to see midsomer. he had helped me so much but i couldn't gush gratitude. he even let me into the exhibition for free.

[writing in map form. to help you remember]

i bought a postcard of a candle for dad. the woman wrapped my books in a big brown paper bag.

i went outside to download uber. it didn't work. i hailed a black cab, luxuriously with my bags, in a flap. i paid for it all on card and went to hastings.

on the train i read *everything's house* by eileen myles + it made me want to cry it is so simple and so pure. i read *holes* to keep the feeling going. i want you to write me a love poem, and compare my cunt to a perfect plate of red pasta. fuck no do i want to go out with a poet but a series of love poems from you would do me fine.

i don't think i could write one cos i only write about me. i don't think i could write something as pure as *i love your life. you must have taken a bath. or every car door slam/baby its you/but i know you're on a bike*

i wanna say baby but i'm too caught up in the problematic and sadly we're not a kitsch queer scene.

this is brixton now - still. the backstreets of.

myatts field and my only home left. even though its actually hither green. where's the new york of london? why does everything happen in the states? i'll just have to go there too, to 1979.

i feel like i've been away for a million years. i have nothing to say to my dad on his 60th birthday. i'm his first born. on his postcard i wrote:

dad.
happy birthday.
it's been a long time.
love, tilly xxx

the postcard is of a sad black+white gelatin print candle. its simple and straightforward while sombre and melancholy, like my message. i bought him the handmaids tale on audiobook cos he doesn't read books.

bought it by card in taunton. i haven't had any cash since saturday.

why is it so compelling/delicious to document things that i've bought? with their packaging. there was an artist who made a book of high quality reproductions of his receipts *well i don't know what else i fancy*. disappointment. *let's just do that it's easy to park i quite fancy it*. compromise.

negotiations of love - family - romantic love - everyday *what shall we eat where + how shall we eat it*.

*i love you.
are you hungry?*

*we're about to go in a tunnel/any second. i feel lost without my orange irn bru cap. i messaged you to fill you in (and myself). i want to go with you to dawson city to portland to atlanta georgia to new york. i want to go to the bayou. i want to buy you everything. why do all my fantasies involve spending so much money? i want "you" to be specific, irreplaceable, for all time. i want "you" to be a signifier for only you - louie - but even as i write that i know the "you" is shifting and means a million people and none. once again, this is just a conversation between me + my desire *between me and the life i want to be. i want to fuck (you, forever) tickle my hand up the inside of your thigh, play with your big balls from behind you (as if they're mine) feel your hard cock and know you love it i wanna ask you questions, find your kink, check its all ok and you're having fun too i wanna drip all over your face and groan onto your cock while you're on your back i wanna tell you what to do how to touch me tell you not to to tease me. i want you to fuck me with my vibrator while you jerk yourself off i want to watch. i'm just warming up. i want to spit on you to help and i want you to cum all over the bed + me i want to come in your mouth in your hands and round your cock too i want all the options in cornucopia!!!! and i want tantric orgasm always on the edge + never come. i want you to taste my beautiful tits with your beautiful head i wanna hold your head tongue nipple beautiful matte skin your tongue all over being frantic a little slap maybe on my beautiful **** my clit huge pretty much like a glistening cock itself at this point, throbbing. i want to shove your cock up under my mesh bra right in-between my beautiful little tits and make a cleavage. i want to keep my bra on. i want to slide you in and out. do you want this? i want you to slip yourself into my wetness get fully slathered then slide yourself into my crack sweet mother hand grabs onto my tits slip slightly in oh fuck we better cum together now. i want you so much right now it hurts, writing myself erotic. and of course i want to hold you afterwards - the best bit about fucking you said - you big softie, you big sweetheart**