

The Arctic sea was tossed by terns.

Lucinda had a question.

In the ashes, my life turned to prose.

It was not easy to be sensible among all these guinea pigs.

Like a ragpicker, the writer tries to make use of everything.

Black glassy ice retreated a foot a year.

A woman of 54, she went looking for cock.

We had never quite understood the adoption from Romania.

It was not my problem, and yet I continued to medicate it.

It was the things she believed to be real that caused her the most problems.

Twenty lines should be a sufficiency.

Fatigue ran like a logging road through the daydream.

The snapdress was a problem.

On the other hand, there was always morphine.

Dusk came on like a panhandler in an empty parking lot.

Suddenly.

Watching the channel channel they could see there would be no take-off in the fog.

The condoms prevented my grandchildren, unfortunately.

Disparate appetizers lay about the overturned table.

He cared a lot more about plastic containers than he did me.