

D I C T A T I O N A R Y

a r e s u r c o r r e c t i o n o f w o r d s

A MANIFESTIVAL



MOONDAY

First of all, I don't speak, I English.

I find humor (or less) in an ambivalent stability.

Yet there is nothing left to find for me in this ambivillage. I'm heading for a complex city.

I'm convinced of finding the spiralution there, in a pool of loops.

TUNEDAY

As peaceful as your world may seem, I warn you war is out there. Beware of the many allians.

My biggest concern are the aids for aids.

In the contemporary psychosomatrix of our sexuality we seem to have none other than pornografeelings left.

I'm not saying it's a sin to ask your penis for derections. Although there are impotentialities.