

reply-all

laura Goldstein et al.

msg: 1
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: jbritt1@saic.edu
subj: all that is this?
body:

send some thing a long when you get chance (lucky) you will find what you
(looking) for

msg: 2
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl1@gmail.com
subj: web of fundamental connection
body:

strand one = televised inquiry
strand two= turpentine infamy
strand three= turn around bright eyes (every now and then i fall apart)

msg: 3
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: i nother email sent this too
body:

oh, am i supposed to sned it from here or there? how see how this unfolds
Good food for less sun's out burnt on the grill. Is it relive it reinvent that don't
wish that on anyone. = turn around bright eyes (every now and then i fall apart).
partial or pariah or par for the ourse of c!. she wrote: what the others did. God
ok'ed it. less than one sun burns out each night, oh.

msg: 4
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl1@gmail.com
subj: This is poem number II part 34
body:

in thhink I heard you say this in third grade beginning there was limits
a void over the ocean (part of it? a when
i was just a drop of cold a different way of saying
tomorrow, but there was no spelling so God ok'ed it.

we;ll i might be figuring out how to participate, she said,
well what would i say if i chose to?

msg: 5
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl1@gmail.com
subj: where can you begin?
body:

When can you go. cloudsds make good pets, God said, he
knew his limits we don't know
(on the way to the forum)
(i tried to remember*)
tucking away, turning my back in bed

i hear you
((c(l(o(u(d(e))
extracting experience from its secure bracket
there have been no
suggestions

msg: 6
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: go! it's all already been filled in anyway
body:

When can you go. is is how to feel Then I took a deep breath and it disappeared
Quick to keep up (((#####))) with spelling tests pressed, pissed

Snow. Oh, something more poetic keeps appearing
You seem to be peering into my space while I'm

Type A, I've been told, fighting with/against
Coated day sure isn't turning out as planned

D/rive e from your door
Sure isn't turning out

msg: 7
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl1@gmail.com
subj: lauragoldst@gmail.com
body:

Take my hand. areund bright eyes (every now and then i fall apart)tal places
you saving (safe) in their also a bastard chained her rather than allow a link

is it ist or est? st less gr go ok th what will trigger it?
are you going to go at random to the local ly net work ed it

S s now est i'm aided ALL ACROSS THE US
ex pect (as in spect or re) more later

msg: 8
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: aabad1@saic.edu
subj: Spoken sophomorically to yourself.
body:

sorry. i'm too curious to see how this unfolds but late to reply
friday, i climbed into my sister's bed 'as naked as a jaybird'

thinking: how to proceed? at the audobon society... others did
stress test, stressless, ess, est, st, ess, ss, less than

no, i don't see you enough so i'm sorry that when i did i
fell apart, lately it is more than every now and then, isn't it?

i stepped outside to have a cigarette. God, it's cold, isn't it?
well, yes it is. it is freezing outside. i'm freezing. ht eyes (every now and then i
fall apart)tal places
you saving (safe) in their also a bastard chained her rather than allow a link

is it ist or est me and my itcurious to see how this unfolds

msg: 9
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: aabad1@saic.edu
subj: good and humble folksonomy
body:

Statues of where and why you are known to go.
The accumulation of which provided a topcoat

And the singing stopped and started. The link was
That all the frozen versions of us were anchored

Anchored in the snow. She noticed that it was useful
Words, then just letters appeared then disappeared

They all, after being frozen versions of us
Stared back, lines of their forms broken

By creases in the softness that's made with parts of a whole
"Capitals make me sick with no joy in the world"

Calculated risk of manufacturing identities that manifest
As bodies. The only time it happens is when it's cold

msg: 10
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: ianhat@gmail.com
subj: good morning and goodnight
body:

listen. goodmorningorning and good night
if i were in your shoes...

i'd...

list all living memories before lust could
embrace. ink you are godly dinosaurs i can't believe

you...

don't...

msg: 11
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: ianhat@gmail.com
subj: subjected
body:

subjects. goodoodnightmorning. live emails.
please list lustful memories so that subject

oh God. please forward.

msg: 12
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: this is a test mail
body:

is it the system that's slow or is it the day getting comfortable in the week or all of us, the lights, i notice them

sorry it took me so long to respond. i've been sitting next to someone who affected me. he opened up. i didn't expect that.

from the root "spond"

did you notice that it is warm in here or is it just me, my blood is being weird

he said that radio is all about loneliness, when he said that, to me, the radio was on

msg: 13
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: no matches found
body:

systems lend themselves to th at "we need some space"
not sure who you are anymore, at the end of my own sending

i love, also, the way that you begin when you begin to
warm up to my ideas.

i stepped outside to have a cigarette You said this back:

*&@__-----__----::"'">

hahahahaha do you remember that? when you were listening to the radio almost
every day!

so, i've been meaning to ask:

when you begin, do you

msg: 14
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: no matches found (2)
body:

goodness, you are bad. you act so badly. you are good at being bad?
you found it curiously, you curated it, cured, you

systematically ended it. then, salvaged to th at et st est etc "we need some
space"
notes along the sure of who you were anyone, at the end of a period of sending

Amadeus or Deus. Ameliorate. from the root"
i love

msg: 15
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: no matches found (3)
body:

Good for you. less food for less, sun's out, food's burnt on the grill. This was or/and is is how I began and before, and will end now when i'm ready to be done sending these. I love where and when you have to begin in order to match me. From M_____ or M_____. Loving places gone wild! This is the thesis, to spend or not to spend as to avoid being all spent and alone. good luck, though. this is surely what will trigger it.

msg: 16
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: hello, this is an attempt to reach you
body:

i'm sending another message because i'm not sure if this worked the way it was suppose to workorkd the way it was suppose to work i'm sending you an email because i wanted to send you an email to say that i've been wanting to send you an email. yeah, all this time that you were on the end. like, every time you listen to the radio, do you think that i am on the other end or coming through? yeah, a few minutes ago it was like that, as if you were filling in for me with everything that i do. i thought, huh, i should really send him an email and we'll see how it goes from there. and you said "hey there" and "thanks" and "it was a superb day" things like "wow". and what if i didn't think so... DAMN someone stole the couch again. i'm not being vigilant enough maybe and now he is staring at me. nods.

msg: 17
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: no mathces found (4)
body:

you just died in my arms tonight, an inverted word pulled back through the
radio
died, right there on the operating table, as if you were a body able

who would have thought that i could or could not get out of this?
the sensibilities are endless, the way that you can hear me through the

i wasn't expecting you, oh hello

msg: 18
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: ing@saic.edu
subj: ok.
body:

my powerbjook jjjjjkeyboard. alright. i wanen
i was just a drop of cold a different way of saying
tomorrow, but there was no spelling so God ok'ed it. to send you an email to
say that i've been wanting to send you an email i am going to send you an email.

how are you! i m sending another message because i'm not sure if this worked
the way it was suppose to workrld.
when.
i was just a drop of cold.

over the ocean.

i found out recently that machines only understand if.

this is ok.

if it is how i can reach you.

i understand.

msg: 19
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: love is a battlefield
body:

You can tell I fell in love with it. the lights went out. no sound. this is a composition/competition

Hello. This is an attempt to send and receive. Is there anyone there? Good work. This is a test. Hello? It's cold, isn't it. But it warmed up, but it's freezing. Shit, I noticed that it was useful to use some certain words, words, words: all the same damn thing! then just letters appeared then disappeared, close the book

They all, after being frozen variations of some of us standing waiting to be foreclosed on
Stared back, lines of their forms broken by a vast space inside a country waiting,

Walk across the highway.

By increasing the softness that's made with parts of a whole, inflation,
"I hate to enforce that on anyone" but please, break up, break it up, break up
with me

So I wanted to send this to you. I wanted to make sure you got it. So I did what you said.

msg: 20
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: still feeling funny
body:

well, no but yes it is. i/it can't go so fast, is/it today's way?
i tried it your way. isappeared not different, i've heard that's

most important to most people. when theyve commented to me privately
i've noticed. and i noticed that it finally got to you, all the mail,

well, they say, they've got their backs to each other now.
and the mention of him does nothing to the other one.

i take that as a good sign, whether or not you know
what i'm talking about. i. am. not. fast. e

oh God

ough today

msg: 21
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: ing@saic.edu
subj: i feel like you found me out
body:

instead of you i've been thinking about God alot.
"drink alot of water" and he ok'ed it as soon as

it became what it is. you see? i m sending another message because i'm not sure
if this worked

the way it was suppose to work. i don't see/send bridges, and forward beautiful
bends in the road.

did you do the stress test, become stressless, ess, est, st, ess, ss, less than etc.

the way that you said and

no, i don't see you enough so i'm sorry that when i did i
fell apart, lately it is more than every now and then, isn't it?

i don't see you as often as i thought i would, whether you are really here or not
is hard to say, more like never seen or sent or scented? never.more

msg: 22
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: a queer way of questioning the quiet between us
body:

if God means
for it to be
freezing then
it will be (is).

God is freezing.
Then. In mental sentimentality.
This is a hypersexual "sorry"
that finds its way into our communication/conversation.

a. Otherwise.
THis is a broken record of you for how you see me.
The ground meets us there at the courts where they all play.
Today I'm not sure how I spoke to you yesterday.

Where are you going now that you're not here. God ok'ed it. All of it?
Freezing cold becomes old quickly.
temperatures set to freeze and become frozen places. God d ok'ed it. Did he?
It's getting harder to tell

msg: 23
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: more
body:

a. Otherwise.
THis is a broken record of you for how you see me.
The ground meets us there at the courts where they all play.
Today I'm not sure how I spoke to you yesterday.

Where are you going now that you're not here. God ok'ed it. All of it?
Freezing cold becomes old quickly.
temperatures set to freeze and become frozen places. God d ok'ed it. Did he?
It's getting harder to tell

msg: 24
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: Oh, will I ever be able to find it again?
body:

The loss or that you tricked me! With some link
I guess, on your part, it worked. The body

is acting strangely. You/I might say
beyond the control of whose ever it is

Oh, but who does it belong to anymore
This is between us now. Although you said

You don't want kids, it would change our
relationship and in that moment

I totally understood you

msg: 25
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: null
body:

The loss. or that you tricked me! With some link.
I guess, on your part, it worked. The body:

is acting strangely. You/I might say
beyond the control of whose ever it is

Anymore. Oh, but who does it belong to anymore?
You see I AM trying to do it your way!

Putting in the markers that you asked me to,
Giving you warning of when I'm coming. I guess.

Ask yourself: where/how did they originate?
This is between us now. Although you said:

You don't want kids, it would change our
relationship and in that moment

I totally understood you

msg: 26
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: null
subj: Oh, I'm really trying now
body:

Using your words, words, words to overcome the loss.
I'm sending you an email to clear some of this up. I'm trying

To be pleasant or present. If using your words brings me closer?
To you? I am trying. I repeat all your words in my head.

But don't say them. I guess? A coin toss. us, crossed.
or that you tricked me into linking up with some other guy.

I guess, on your part, it worked. The body:

on and on about itself again. is acting strangely. You/I might say
beyond the control of whose ever it is/breaks itself up

to fit in anywhere anymore. Oh, but who does it belong to anymore?
You see I AM trying to do it your way! To find you, i realize it means

something else entirely and suddenly in the time it takes
to type this someone else will have typed something else

and us, well, we've punctuated the conversation
with ways that we couldn't have speaking.

Will you be laughing when I'm coming to ask
one of those questions about something

I don't clearly understand? Oh,
Ask yourself:

msg: 27
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: when snow turns to rain and then back to snow again
body:

rain, o rest, the res of it fell (resolve to tell
in puddles every cold drop sends up a spike

then heavy soapy bits in between almost disappear
then disappear on the street. in front of the eyes!

not "too slow" to show you what happened. "keep up!"
and press "tab" for god's sake. can;t you re spond

as soon as you get an email? what's the use? so... i'm not sure if this worked the
way it was suppose to work or worked the way it was suppose to work i'm
sending you an email because i wanted to send you an email to say that i've
been wanting to send you an email. soap. use soap. pleasee = "where can you"
no += any break up, break it up, break up with me or the resolution

So I wanted to send this to you

please use soap and send me an email.

msg: 28
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: srosas@saic.edu
subj: and i am also (slowly) wondering
body:

i am also wondering and slowly what the final result will be like, when it comes. and i am also really looking forward to see it. but appear also absently to be wondering why and when and where. with the appearance, there is a big disappearance. did you notice? i didn't have many matches either. but then i used your words to get to you. but can you get the text that appears? you were matched up with me, apparently. from the database. or instead? is when they matched us up. and that changed a lot of it, as you can see. and also created a whole new beginning.

best, (of course),

laura

msg: 29
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: read my email
body:

go! it's all already been filled in anyway.
again. i iquei este para você... and senectacle this to you

please use soap and send me an email
press "send" when you are at the end

great when the receipt is kept
rate the answers that come in

keep coming, keep them coming
each receipt defies, defeats

loss (track of you)
you (gloss/glass)

wondering whether
struck a match, if that's "meaning"

msg: 30
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: if this can be believed
body:

that this reached into a place that was unlocked saying, "hey buddy".
on the other hand, I composed a rare and transient message, added the
to and cc. This is going to be great, I know it. I know that you are
thinking that, too. A promise brushed away with a stray hair this morning
and this thing tomorrow, not that it's worked yet but it will be networked
nonetheless and now that it works, i can go to bed. Where are you placing
doubt?

In town? Good for you. His broken record of our meeting up will never make a
match
for how you see me. now, then, whenever. Hyper-textual. Unspoken.

Did you know me way back then when I cut my own hair? Let it fall into the sink?
I heard you say this in the third person about yourself and then get really
excited,
ask for a grade, like it was the beginning of something. there were links to a you
that had less limits, a void over the ocean before being parted and red.
(part of it is missing here.) Provocative. No me or you. had happened yet.

ne twor ked. Never-mind, ok? as if our whole species could be undone.
give it up to the graphs that chart a course in low altitudes, right below
the line. and graphics unsent, no place for them really. Damned on Demand.

democos é preciso pesquisar. salut. Es codifiquei este para você. Lostless.

oh, did this arrive alright? I sent it via a network of reworked text.

goodoododd.

msg: 31
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: amoens@artic.edu
subj: it is a good thing that you left me when you did
body:

The great food you laid out for me over the course of our salubrious orders of daring.

Mine and yours, our meals were set up for a sharing of misery. But I miss you. Your extravagant manners were put on to put me off, that was obvious I never felt that I got through your unholy penchant for incest, appetizers, salads for dinner?

Give me dessert any day over the dirty shame localizing in your brain.

You fornicate in the dining room with no one!
You are a dying breed of silverware sniffers!

Lie down in the bread
Season the gnocci with babies we won't have

You were once used.

no go no
wait now wait

at a nearby table they're talking about apple trees

msg: 32
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: you sure did
body:

you intercepted any number of communiques and little did you know
i was looking out for you and also knew that you interceded.

Even this, Encoded. Networked. Grounded, that little wire coming over the wire,
itself
prolonged to the point of song. At this point, you're internalized, and spoken
softly to myself. This is an attempt to tempt the system into being. I've noticed,
it is a fearful process.
ad hoc transcendental atmospheric transformation. This is is another attempt to
send and receive.
a test of transmission pointed at trying and ending in crying.

I'm going to accept the text as follows:

once upon a time i was falling in love, now i'm only falling apart

I became industrialized last night. I turned into this.
and that was what it was. we were set up for all this sharing by way of
someone's superb idea
what you said about identifying a function in terms of what it will do... WHAT?
id="hey there".takeanotherlook and "thanks" and where can you really go from
there. copy and paste. I think in totally different directions than what most code
was invented for?

Then I took a deep breath and it disappeared
Spelling tests, those I'm ok at

No, to be truthful, I just take what I see and make it into the next day, walk into
it,
love. place doubt to be overcome (kierkegaard). icebergs aren't metaphors i say
it again and again and again

msg: 33
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: alright listen up
body:

You, not I, resolved a method to send messages that related to numbers such as 0,1,2 and know how your list is being formed, etc. I wrote a poem that will disappear:

Work it out: unique systems that admire their own ways of mentioning themselves (I admire that)

Deprive a system its sensations, as in if a building is mechanized and a mosaic measures how light perforates the edifice. A building that knows itself. I don't know if it really does. For instance, even I myself, I can't write myself as an organism that is also a poem that is also a program. That, in many ways, does not demonstrate as much as perverts your attempts to inspect the software that will someday make all of this possible. often i wonder blankly and then someone else fills me in. it's pretty wonderful.

Writing is nothing more than God. I've said that before in another way, most things that I say are leading up to that I think. I'm coming closer and closer to you and myself in this way that leaves me wondering blankly again in the wonderful and blank repeating texture of the world. and there you are. again.

did this arrive alright? yeah, it is still cold, beyond belief (that's what this has all been about) and there's this other poem about how spring is so hard to imagine, as it becomes more and more real so does the fear, but you can look that up. somehow i couldn't relate, that's what made it such a great and memorable poem

msg: 34
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: pohanka.d@seznam.cz
subj: ad majorem dei gloriam
body:

about the email i sent last night
(i shouldn't be sending emails
late at night and today wearing
sneakers instead of snowboots

ways to translate:
add to the major glory of god
towards a greater glory of god
approaching a majority of god's glory
to most of us god gives glory

and so on

meshing my way of writing with yours
crosses over from words to intent
quite quickly, and conflicts
or, like in books, i write
the opposite of my intent
to test it against yours

writing emails late at night to everyone

msg: 35
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: srosas@saic.edu
subj: on being close to others
body:

and usually feel different about it the next day
feeling encroached upon or as if distance is erotic
an original taboo creates a network of variations
among people changing day to day, to shut someone off
as if clicking away from a new web page, fear that
saying "hello" will result in a trap of conversation
though the conversion of a public space into a bunch
of private ones is an interesting subject of inquiry
the real experience is troublesome because of what opens
up in that transformed space. but if a discussion could
be conducted as if it were an email that encourages
people to protect their boundaries to an extent that
ignores others' rights to encroach, to enjoy the random
freedom of a living day. though a day can be organized
like a set of data in a table on a machine and we're
trying to figure out how to achieve the best of what
technology offers but to be wary of what it wants
to turn us into and its possible, not like our
brains are hardwired in the hardware of the head
at least we're all more aware of each other as much
as the stress that increases navigating new tender
fields of connection that introduce disruption
to the stable tables we choose for ourselves
to be by ourselves every day. well, when you
and also others choose the same tables every day
you might get to know each other, that's the space
in between the privacy you initially chose alongside
the connection you expected to be your background.

msg: 36
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: aabad1@saic.edu
subj: special praise
body:

I am speaking through the river that connects two states
recognized that you deserve special praise. I am going to
compose, let the text be its own method, drop down with
the menu into the choices you've allowed. although to
test out any hypothesis is its own special reward, this
is something long overdue. to you.

msg: 37
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: words to get to you
body:

hello world!(2)

wanted to let you know

i read my horoscope

to be more prepared for you

trying to let go of words

as powerful objects that attain

a goal. instead of you i've been thinking about God alot

and these, words, a concept that's related

to the question that is beneath that wondering

msg: 38
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: the bath(2)
body:

well spoken and revered, jacob smiled at the thawing snow.
in a different form, in a different place, in a different time

it is possible to be immersed in so many ways, the earth
wrapped around a person like a robe. intercepted, and also interceded

illness, the key factor in time's healing of this,
steam. an engine that enters the body and moves

go back to bed. being awake is thwarted and red
portents of formal recent absence, abscesses

in succession the noise this second is a condition

msg: 40
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: goatswithsweaters@gmail.com
subj: something i discovered and thought was worth mentioning
body:

something subjected to something
zeroing in on a specific moment

i don't remember anything discovered in that moment.
(collectively, a split archetype, one kills the other)

"out, out" unwelcome guest, finding a way
to buy land from out from under

i mean, if we really count from zero

msg: 41
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: lauragoldst@gmail.com
subj: it felt like dying
body:

it was slow and heavy, the slowest and the heaviest
it was all the snow that fell on us it was i

but it wasn't you, or it was you too, you two
repeating words that i had said but as soon as

i said them the sound made them null and they
had to be argued with the opposite words

what was the argument, why didn't you wake me
and crowds of people chasing me into, out of

sleep, standing on my hands my head fills up
with sun that hasn't come yet sounds escape

msg: 42
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to:
subj: only and then often if every so
body:

and then, light is gone. the huh
seeing send as only an end that

comes sooner, not as in getting to you
by using any device, your vices tonight

are getting to you. but out there as a person
who grew into and after that as it goes if i

've used myself as a way of getting to you, shutting down the
what that usually punches through to our next

msg: 43
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: pohanka.d@seznam.cz
subj: only and then often if every so
body:

and then, light is gone. the huh
seeing send as only an end that

comes sooner, not as in getting to you
by using any device, your vices tonight

are getting to you. but out there as a person
who grew into and after that as it goes if i

've used myself as a way of getting to you, shutting down the
what that usually punches through to our next

msg: 44
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: kimberlycoburn@yahoo.com
subj: i need you now tonight
body:

another email sent this way a message that passed in remembered how to say;
what you told me to do was forgotten. did i tell you my beliefs about belief

that mere splitting and reflection across time is all that is what is here
what we are doing to each other and is also some type of fucked up song

i can't get out my head! how it ends more like for emma, the hallucination
of the worst possible opposite of herself rather very much her where the words

come from i really believe we don't know. or that when it began to begin, or had
it begun - i think of tenses as places that i've stayed in the same way.
Originated as in over and done with. You

and i mean that "voice" (haha i wrote "choice") as a continuation of just this stray
believing

msg: 45
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: ing@saic.edu
subj: i need you more than ever
body:

oh you white girl you owe her something.
mine through those genderless pennies

and find one. flip it. means nothithat that you were here
and then there. oh how many time did you try to get out of it

and fail? what he ate will trigger it, your own well-rounded reaction to
april. what he said about it was what someone else said about it, what i am.

foaming at the mouth recently to recondition startling clocks go forward
forever's going to start tonight forever's going to start tonight

msg: 46
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: dfaccion@hotmail.com
subj: once upon a time
body:

i was falling in just a drop of cold a different way of saying
tomorrow, but there was no spelling so God ok'ed itg to batheaccept the text
as follows:

once upon a time i was falling in love, now i'm only falling apart

I became industrialized last night and then I came back
The space in between suggestions was trying. Repetitive as in mimesis

sometimes the acting is just so bad. No amount of lather no amount of liquid
scum can shake the clean off these feet order seem order seem hapless and
weekly ordering for the basement

haha i almost said "voice" why is it still cold? seizing midnight all you

msg: 47
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: kclair@gmail.com
subj: nothing i can say
body:

Hold me close, or take another. old this morning with a bird crying to say but
late to reply
friday, i climbed into my sister's bed 'as naked as a jaybird'

thinking: how to proceed

(don't really have to until the new kicks in... just letters appeared then
disappeared

They all fall from rafters constructed to hover after being frozen
as versions of us reverse our stares, their forms break along

creases in the software that's made with parts of a whole
system I appreciate you made. Is it love that you sense

some sent risk manufacturing identities that manifest
As bodies a drop of cold one at a time tonight, sleeping is believing

so i'll tell you tomorrow

msg: 48
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: linuxfish@yahoo.com
subj: turn around
body:

when snow turns to rain and then back to snow again
and then back to rain, i can open the window again feel less left out than

when i walk away from a conversation, for instance
if there were three people i think maybe two would like to talk there

the question that's out there for anyone to answer,
for instance, what is a good spring cookie? put thyme in it or some flower

(hahaha i wrote "slower") and soon the showers
bowled over by the new weather that senses its own power, measured by older
factors

unacknowledged yet consistent with both progress
and failure. the conversation comes to a point where neither can muster new

interesting junctures. sure, i feel better. the wind
cleans out my ears better than a blockbuster, better than ever.

msg: 49
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: mbeasl@saic.edu
subj: its not cold
body:

fell in love with it. in love with it. th it. h it. it. love with it. it. with it.
altitudes it love with it is and the weight compared to snow now is... less
triggered
by it. one sun burns up the water out each night one second after another we
perceive
the second. it was great the way it was, why did you change it? you got lucky.
chance.
all of them comforted by themselves. them. are. in. ing. it. and sent to the one
that
grants me the right to say that coincidence brought me to you just in this
second still
winter this isn't true about if even though west and guess and come when you
can ly
enough to keep up with where it is going at the end, the very end at the end
where it stopped

msg: 50
from: lauragoldst@gmail.com
to: president@whitehouse.gov
subj: coda, broken link, code
body:

turn you scripted mountains in melodies spoken behind choirs of molten rock
placing depth gauges inside caverns of symphony halls and speakeasies around
every now and then i get a little bit lonely and you're never coming round turn
around every Ill noll and then i get a little bit tired of listening to the sound of
my ears turn around every not and then i get a little bit nervous every now and
then i fall apart turn around bright eyes every now and then i fall apart turn
around every now and then i get a little bit of something wild turn around every
now i get a child in arms turn around now i get angry and know i've got to turn
around a little bit and then i see your eyes turn around every now and then i fall
apart turn around every now and then i fall apart and i need tonight and i need
ever and if you'll only be holding on forever we'll only be makng it cause you
tonight forever's gonna start tonight forever's gonna start tonight once upon a
time i was falling in love now i'm only falling apart there's nothing i can do a
total eclipse of the heart once upon a time i can say a total eclipse of the heart
turn around bright eyes turn around bright eyes turn around every now and then
i know you'll never be and then i know you'll always be holding on to the end of
the line your love is like a shadow on me all of the time i don't know what to do
and i'm always in the dark we're living in a powder keg and giving off sparks i
really need you tonight forever's gonna start tonight forever's gonna start
tonight once upon a time i was falling in love now i'm only falling apart there's
nothing i can do a total eclipse of the hart once upon a time there was light in
my life now there's only love in the dark noll i can say a total eclipse of the heart