

LIFE
EXPERIENCE
COOLANT

COLIN FULTON

BookThug · 2013

-SEPT

What page?

The foist; of not
having been, but put.

A drop that drops.

A boding, except
no inn. All of it going
woot and taking up
stalls and trying on
very little very early
in the trial. Confide
or conflate response:
ocelot v. can-opener,
“Hells yes we can fit
them there ocelots
into that there can!”
Dinnertemporality.

Now think of that
as if it were otherwise.
It's okay to be reminded
at this point of both
Al Ash'ari AND Tofurky
since only heres clash.
Foamy! Darkening
meat on plates, as is
customary. Trusted
friends appear suddenly
commenting all over
the day until it's day
no longer. You see them
every few hours, your days,
with friends that aren't yours,

and you're being ok with it.

I.e., Looking at pants

or returning pants

without having looked.

Eg., Forestalling defeat,

forgetting you ate that

salsa, forgetting what salsa

means – in sum, making

noble & true & perfect

connections, making them

out of the ungiddy dust.

4.78, 5.91, 4.19, 4.79,

4.29, 1.60, 1.96, 3.42,

1.99, 1.99, 4.68, 7.00.

Huguenau was the Realist

right? No way of telling

facts from receipts. Yet.

I dare you to empathize.

For many happy years

strung through mild air

these words remained

complimentary, then,

the direst of insults.

“Addaendadeday—”

I just *like* eating roses.

At a distance, action:

noli me tangere. No,

I usually eat them whole.

Like tykes on fox paths.

Then the post-haptic

current below which,

uninflated, sink inflatable

rafts beyond count.

What is that not about.

The hiccup of never

wanting to be facing

the shorn hills

behind the hills?

GET TO THIS.

It's a slang term I think,

for 'Selling the tractor.'

Ampersand un-elan:

to tamper with withouts.

Cause I love you, for fun

I turned your lurasidone

into glue: a month's worth.

The tincture was large

and the page was soaked,
but nothing got better.
Prewich. Transept.
The Golden Ache, or,
Sand as Proof. As in,
Ananke naming herself,
efflorescing an enough-
ness. The black romance
blackening the swarming
ground and not the other
way around. Ambivalence
being hate, and hate,
the rest, I can't say
I'm not *not* tired.
If it can hear you

hear it hearing

you, you're it.

Justonic, inc.

The eighth ...

tone! The real ...

tone! To actually

actually sup!!!

it humming

the living word,

the living word,

the living word,

the living word,

COLOPHON

Manufactured as the First Edition of *Life Experience Coolant* by BookThug in the Fall of 2013. Distributed in Canada by the Literary Press Group: www.lpg.ca. Distributed in the United States by Small Press Distribution: www.spdbooks.org. Shop on-line at www.bookthug.ca



Type + design by Jay MillAr