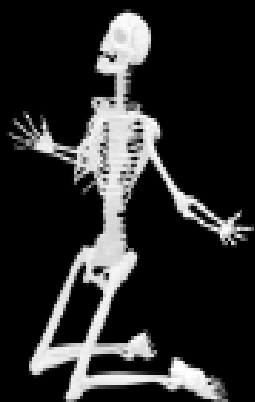


# skin and bone

c.s. dooley



#1 *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLER

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Your Mom O'Clock Publishing, LLC  
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12 34 56 78 91 6969 ROFL -72 8 3 2 7 # 3 2 1

ISBN: lmao pls use this for class 110101001001001

Library of Congress Control Number: L0L0L0L0L

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jaden smith was right  
about everything

*most treets are blue*

my golden muse  
who inspires me  
while i sleep  
tells me jokes and laughs  
when i feel down  
without you  
my life would be like  
the doritos bag  
on the floor  
empty  
so pour another glass, to you

*jack daniels*



i've heard the refrain  
a thousand times  
but right now  
it feels like the first  
here in bed, you rouse me  
touch me to my core

*learn how to cook, you damn morons. no more 3am fire alarms.*



woah

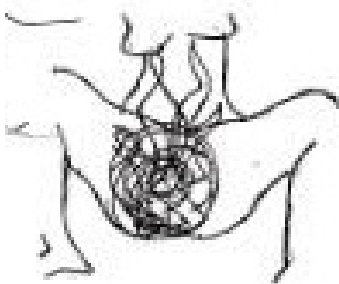
\*\*\**something about cox ballroom*\*\*\*

it's vaguely ominously creppy  
spooky  
it's my vagina

i fell down a well  
it's my vagina

trash compactor  
it's my vagina

cockroach cockroach  
on the wall  
why are you in  
my residence hall  
i'm transferring





fingers  
like worms  
in the muck  
they dig  
in our buttoholes  
then lift  
to your nose  
inhale deeply  
the original  
scratch  
and sniff



the way you left me  
always wondering  
was it me  
was it my fault

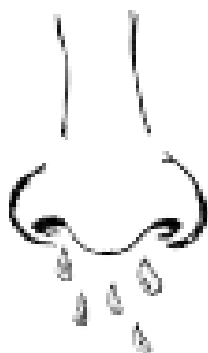
*the inflatable duck*

i said unto my booty  
“i shall call thee big booty”  
and it replied  
“shut up, you hoe”



mucus  
in my nose  
where will it drip  
nobody knows  
maybe on your laptop

*the flu will kill us all*



you are  
soft  
and warm  
to the touch  
pungently fragrant  
wet  
drips down my chin

*The DUClings has the worst apples*

my neck, my back, my pussy,  
and daffodil garden  
- *khia, sort of*



everywhere I go  
every turn I make  
there it is  
a constant reminder  
of what I took for granted  
my dolley dollars

*kaldi's*

my dog bites  
chomp chomp  
it's my vagina





you took  
stability from me  
that was never  
yours to have  
i have now  
found that balance  
within myself

*frats, stop switching houses*

be still, active meatwand  
my body said with tranquility  
of a thousand buzzing mem-  
bers  
as the invader bled to death,  
punctured by

*vAgiNa dEntaTa*

and with a whisper  
i relinquish my soul  
to you

*the b-school*

4/2/01



some  
long  
prophetic  
poem  
here  
to  
say  
all  
the  
things  
and  
make  
sure  
you know  
we did this

- the emory spoke



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