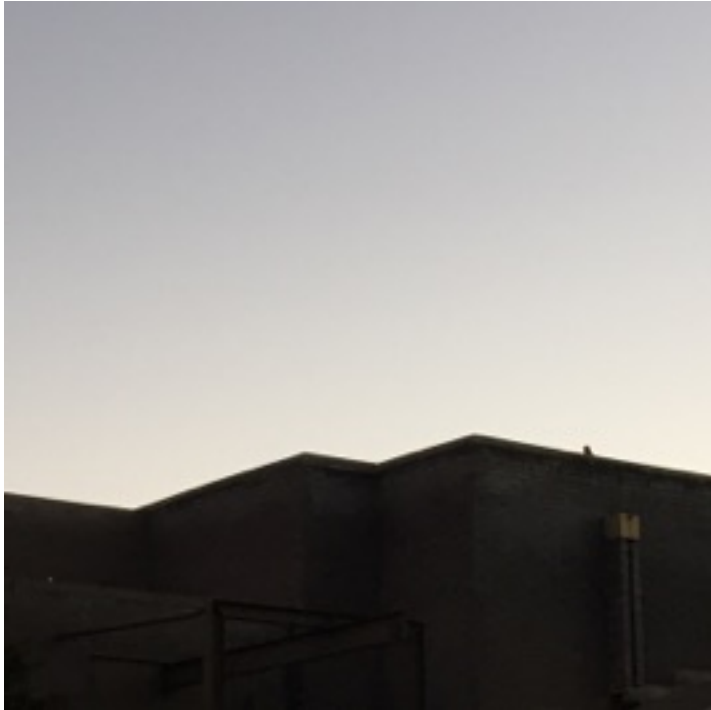
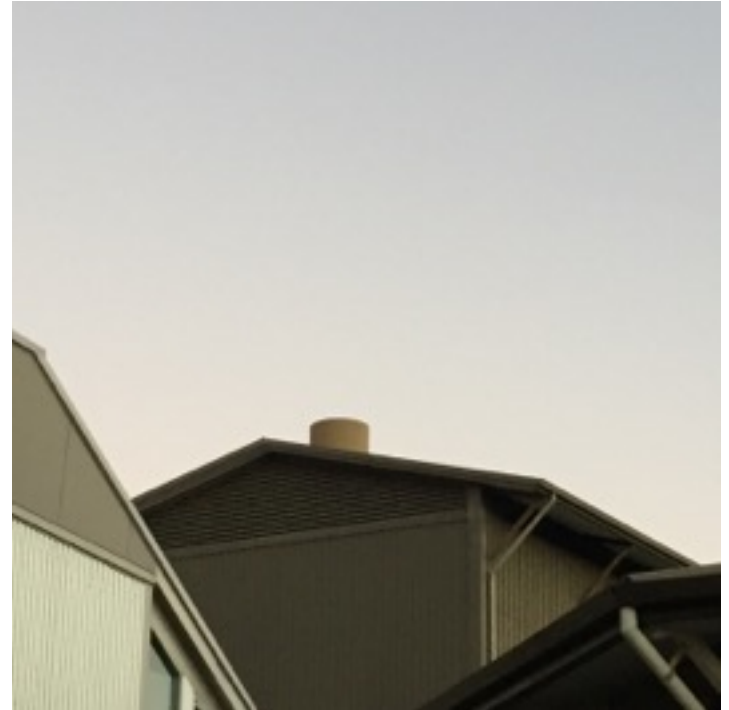


try searching for that beating, like trying to hear your phone buzzing somewhere in a bag, beneath clothes, in a room, in a house. You know it is there. There is someone important calling. You are afraid they will stop calling. You are afraid they have lost it. You are afraid you will find it. You are afraid you will answer. You are afraid there will be no one on the other end. (And all the while, you know there is no one on the other end but you. A conversation between one self and another self. One of them knows something that the other has forgotten. So you keep calling. Fearful receiver.)

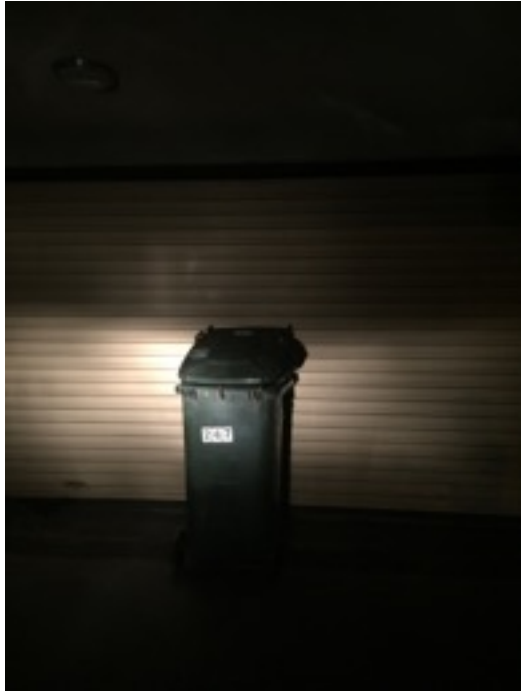
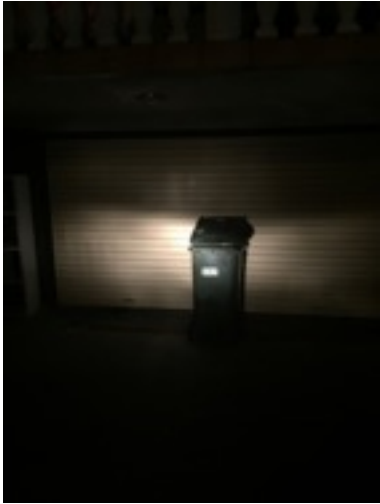
*To feel fearful of the morning;  
My friends come to watch me play and I miss their  
exhibitions  
I miss their gig at Mojos  
~~I miss my ex-lover's bed~~  
I miss sleeping without consequence  
I miss the (feeling of being a) child  
I miss the child  
I miss the boat  
I write the song  
I plan the day  
I plan the way I feel  
I go to see a psych  
free of charge on campus  
I go to see a band  
for \$5 entry fee  
the band is good  
I go home satisfied  
I am very tired.  
the band is bad  
I go home dissatisfied  
I am very tired  
~~I write music.~~  
~~I write the song.~~  
I write the words.  
they don't mean a thing.  
I write the words:  
'they don't mean a thing.'  
I think about pronouns  
~~not my own~~  
I think about proper nouns  
like the names of my friends  
who I've seen every day since christmas  
I think about my friend  
who I fucked on christmas  
I think about their father  
whose name I don't know  
I think about my father in the cover of evening playing a  
guitar.*



i



ii



the home owners will arrive home to find  
the house sitter's shoes in the bedroom  
the small circle of lawn browner than they left it  
and some sickly strawberry smell in the ensuite  
the home owners will wonder what this is  
and the house sitter will know that this is  
the smell of adult toy cleaner seeped into the grouting  
after 4 weeks of wanking on the tiling  
with her new veiny turquoise dildo  
and sickly pink vibrator

amazing blissful moment  
fearful receiver



*amazing blissful moment : fearful receiver*  
annika mores

this zine was made on whadjuk noongar boodja. I acknowledge  
and give thanks to the whadjuk noongar people as the custodians  
of this land on which I live and make

a Bridget Appreciation Society publication