

FROMEX 6

Fromex cannot be stopped, it can only be started. Fromex takes from others with glee and says thank you like Stein's dog. Fromex lights lights. Fromex fights fights. Fromex is hot pink and in your face. Fromex is your face. You can put it forward and it will defend. Fromex will fight. Fromex has big hair, Fromex comes from Mexico. Fromex lives in Texas, with the rest of the exs. Fromex sees all, and denies nothing. Fromex gives you what you wish for even though you may not know it at the time. Fromex eschews manifestos and relies on images. Fromex accumulates, more and more. What you think is Fromex may just be a copy. What you imagine is Fromex is a Xerox or a rendering. Fromex resists classification. Fromex was recorded long ago. Fromex has no aura. Fromex is anti-aura. Fromex makes sounds you can barely hear. Fromex is louder than bombs. Fromex mixes up prepositions, it is anti-religious, it is God, it is more piercing than a church choir and more invasive than kudzu. Fromex exists all around us. Fromex. Fromex. Fromex. Google Fromex. Which Fromex is the real Fromex?

Number 6.

Fromex wakes early with a bad hangover. Fromex doesn't wash its hair. Fromex expectorates without guilt. Fromex knows that you are your thoughts. Fromex doesn't let others have dominion over it. Fromex slides on slides. Fromex swings hard and wide. Fromex plays fair with underhanded methods. Fromex is against terminology and words like 'paradigm' or 'starfish' or 'fuckbasket.' Fromex doesn't censor. Fromex knows that alienation creates many things, Fromex does not shy away from those things. Fromex celebrates unnatural growths. Fromex boasts of tea and toast. Fromex believes in distopia. Fromex knows that all the old words are coming, or have already come true. Fromex finds that truth has happened in reverse, Fromex knows that time is backwards. Fromex believes that censorship is now not the way things are done. Fromex sees that glut of information can work in ways which destroy the logical processes of the mind. Fromex knows that in order to know how a person will behave in prison, Fromex must first know that prison. Fromex knows that it is being watched. Fromex knows that McCarthyism is 'new and is 'here' and is 'now.' Fromex knows that the war started long before consciousness of 'the war' came into being. Fromex regurgitates after drinking. Fromex enjoys parsley. Fromex has strong teeth. Fromex likes to bite. Fromex has fresh breath. Fromex is here. Fromex is there. Fromex is nearly everywhere. Which Fromex is the real Fromex?

Number 6

Fromex is printed with elegance, it is for the elite. Fromex brushes up on its French before landing at Charles de Gaulle. Fromex drinks only the driest and the smokiest. Fromex eats only the most pungent and the aged. Fromex cracks oak casks with its ass cheeks. Fromex sleeps alone on its back and dreams lurid scenes from Bacchanalian feasts. Fromex finds logic then sits on its face. Fromex fucks you gently in every orifice. Fromex fills you up with glee and gunk and goo. Fromex is never shy about the word poo. Fromex is a cloth napkin with a lipstick stain. Fromex drink gallons of coffee. Fromex studies classical music, it has a bullet shards leaning up against its frontal lobe, causing it to hear the most extraordinary tunes. Fromex has an army of 10,000 rats, which it dyes grey and blow-dries dry. Fromex doesn't let even one escape. Fromex travels around the world, underground. Fromex is out there for everyone to see. Fromex is a polyglot. Fromex runs to the bathroom in order to check its crotch and adjust the straps which hold Fromex in place. Fromex has great taste in lingerie. Fromex cums all over your face. Fromex. Is. Which?

Number 6.

Fromex doesn't wait, Fromex pushes forward. Fromex likes ants, especially green ones, when they dream. Fromex takes Greek gifts and looks them in the mouth, Fromex stamps sweet chicks on the cheeks in shifts. Fromex refuses to abandon enlightenment. Fromex stands up tall, especially when against the wall. Fromex devours souls in a way that they enjoy. Fromex works with maniacs. Fromex hates dolls. Fromex understands what is never spoken, then does not act accordingly. Fromex is tired of Fromex, Fromex accepts weariness like a mantle then burns it like a brand. Fromex has little longevity when it comes to baking cakes. Fromex likes the immediate. When Fromex sees Fromex, Fromex takes a bow. Fromex is a geek, in every sense of the word. Fromex enjoys mermaid parades, even when there is rain. Fromex sees your stupid power plays that use the same tactics of destabilization that governments use on other countries. Fromex knows that shifting ground and insecurity leads to control in those who create the disruption. Fromex understands. Fromex uses great tasting toothpaste. Fromex bleaches its teeth to look better for the camera. Fromex has plastic surgery and wears clothes that lift. Fromex has a litt' je ne sais quoi. Others say to Fromex: du bist so heiss. Fromex says: mero naam Fromex ho, r m'laai Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex believes in nature. Fromex likes walking through the woods. Fromex swings on swings, Fromex lets dogs sit on its lap and shakes hands with babies and with men. Fromex is complex, Fromex drinks drink with amusing names like "mule-kick" and "donkey-lover" and "Crispin, not glover." Fromex has high tolerance for systems, yet lives outside systems. Fromex is systematic. Fromex is systemic. Fromex understands that the good comes with the bad, and that coins have two sides, not to mention a dense middle. Fromex likes holes, in donuts, in souls, in gems. Fromex feels the plentitude and quiet of wilderness, even through the white noise buzz of city ears. Fromex enjoys corn on the cob. The way you live your life is endorsed by Fromex. The way you move through space is studied by Fromex. The way you taste is noted and categorized by Fromex. Is it bitter stupid insidious laughable driving fascist sweet delicious crunchy riddled with holes, Swiss or not? What do you taste right now? The taste of Fromex.

Fromex 6.

Rain is loved by Fromex. Small wooden figures with joints are picked up and examined by Fromex. Verbal spewing forth is encouraged, as are fireflies, stars, swing-sets and discussions of "docking." Fromex believes that the obscene is the scared. Fromex enjoys mixing it up, like a Muscovite mule, like exmorF, like xemofR, emOrfx, oMefxr. Also, rofExm and formeX. All these are Fromex. "Mouse" "cheesetraps," and "Nonsense" are also Fromex. Fromex takes swims in lakes. Fromex is like a soap powder advertised in the 50's by shining faces. What is "not" Fromex? That is difficult to say. Plants with square stems that fix nitrogen into the soil are not-not Fromex, so what else can there be? Slabs of black marble is not-not Fromex, nor is it Fromex, so what is Fromex? "Slab of black marble" and galloping, galloping make up something that informs Fromex, as does "tin white" and "arsenic." Fromex aims to tell no stories, but sometimes does. Fromex is curious about time, and wonders why the past exists "behind" and the future "in front" in this language but not in all. Fromex realizes that Burroughs was right – infected with the past "behind" and the future "in front" other ways are nearly impossible to see, they are seen through a mist. Fromex is a sun that burns through that mist.

Number SiX.

Fromex 6 enjoys its vegetables, fruits and legumes, especially the ones that grow sideways. Roots that grow down and shoots that grow up are also valuable, but Fromex has a fondness (to be fond is a special kind of affection often reserved for relationships between the older and the younger, the more foolish and the more wise, those who have close friendship, love and regard but not deep passion, it is sweet and not prone to outbursts, zealotry or cumbersome passions, fondness), yes, even a special fondness for those things which grow in the horizontal plane. Potatoes may be said to do this. As strawberries do. And tomatoes. And peanuts. Summer storms wash the plates off of which these are eaten. The Irish quality of sideways growing food is sometimes present in Fromex. Fromex is especially filled with Fromexy joy when sideways plants are nitrogen fixers. This type of plant can almost assuredly be said to have the quality of that which is Fromex. Least you forget: there is nothing original about Fromex, though Fromex is unique: as it has been stated many times before and many times in the future and many times now – Fromex makes use of other things, even use of Fromex itself. Fromex eats and births Fromex many times a day.

Fromex is fragile, Fromex could be killed in its sleep at any moment. Delicate, without gender or origin, Fromex has an invisibility that could easily vanish to nothingness. Fromex cannot be said to be male, nor can Fromex be said to be female. Fromex is not wholly round, with four legs and four arms, but Fromex has not yet been split down the middle for displeasing the gods. Fromex searches, though Fromex is found. Luminously simple, Fromex is devoted to the eyes and the ears. This is not to say that Fromex has these things. Fromex may be lost, even in your own backyard. Then again, Fromex may be your backyard, may be each microbe and flake of silica, Fromex may be a repletion of gestures that you have forgotten from your earliest childhood, a moment in the grass, a cry from the treetops, a game of hide and seek. Mountains and valleys contain Fromex, and all the moments that make up geological time, the exhumed bones of ancestors, the spider web trapped in amber, the sound of tectonic plates scraping in slow motion against one another, an erotic dance unseen and unseeing. Fromex eats these all with gravy.

Waata sat.

Fromex doubles up on no letters. Fromex rubs its eyes with tiredness. Fromex wants nothing more than a room to sit in and a piece of bread to eat. Also, a lake. Perhaps, a hike. A few miles of trees. Fromex is not greedy, but perhaps needy. Fromex does not deny the war yet does not know what to do about war. Fromex enters into discussions on oppression, not knowing if that discussion itself is a form of oppression. Fromex doubts. Fromex frets, Fromex pulls hair and chews cud. Fromex anticipates. Wondering if it is doing the right thing, Fromex forges ahead. Good or bad, right or wrong, at least Fromex can say that 'Fromex did it.' There is something to be said for something completed, Fromex muses. There is something to be said for strings left unraveled and ties left untied, Fromex counters. Fromex walks a thin line, a razor's edge, admitting that the obvious answer may be the correct but not the most interesting solution. Fromex sings and hums under its breath while it goes about its day. Fromex is the type you should call 'chap' and 'buddy' and 'mate' and say things like 'I say' and indubitably' not to mention, 'don't you see?' See. Fromex?

No. 6.

Fromex staRes Out after a huge Meal, it watchEs, X-ray vision, For a circus with Randy animals gOne wacky leaping through hoops, Mounting EX-cons. FeaRsome Orange and yellow stripes Make up somE of the eXotic colors of FROmex tigers, Mountains and the field -thE eXtras FoR film make sLOw satisfied slurps, Mmm. Even 'meX gets the blues, without FRO. Moieties cannot be said to bE 'happy' or 'Xenophobic:' too many mirrors, smoke or other reflective surfaces. Who can tell?

Number 6.

(Fromex does not shy from battle, thought it is trap-like and troublesome for bull ring troubadours. 'Personal some, Universal others!' Fromex shouts as knives flash.)

Number 6.

The curtains, flapping against the open window, began to soak Fromex. Fromex was at home. Fromex lives far off. Fromex fights the fight, with knives that are not knives but cut all the same. Fromex knows it has the correct number of organs, it has no desire to add or remove them – either into beds of ice, dirt, other people, for the receipt of cash or the paying of cash. Fromex does not judge, though wonders, about those who wish to shed a kidney the way a child shed clothing, as a racehorse sheds weight at the end of a trial, like a woman sheds tears after a long life picking those tubers which grow sideways in the dustbowl, eyes perpetually staring out. Fromex hears, and indeed is, the laughter of those same women: it is like rusty cans filled with rocks, rattling from pot shots by bored hunters. Fromex wonders what the crackling of thunder means. Fromex knows all this is not personal and subjective, Fromex knows it is proven, but still prefers to imagine Vikings. Hotly debated, like religion, Fromex knows the sacrilege of saying certain thoughts are subjective. Fromex lives in a world without clear meaning. Fromex thinks art is like history: Fromex see beautiful boxes with history piled up – history of Fromex family, of circus tigers, of large lashing Fromex lions playing eternally within dioramas for future seekers, and Fromex states ‘life is like that.’ Fromex hates seriousness, but enjoys the smell of lavender. Fromex wishes for associations like ‘old lady’ ‘purple’ ‘pillow’ and ‘cake with lemon’ to be detached from the word ‘lavender’ but knows that in the Fromex lexicon and larger lexicon this is not possible. ‘Personal some, Universal others!’ cries Fromex as it charges into battle.

No. 6.

Fromex doesn’t want followers, Fromex wants compadres. Fromex fights for equality, Fromex employs obfuscation, tries tactics that technicians tersely toss of as terrible, terrible...Fromex has meaning ripped out of its hands, if Fromex can be said to have hands, and then discovers objects in the place of meaning. Concept, too, is taken from Fromex and thrown in the gutter. Rats chew on Fromex and find it fulsome and winsome. Winesome and dinesome. Absurdity frustrates those familiar with Fromex, as well as those far from Fromex. Communication occurs at lightening speed when Fromex begins to sing and sing. Fromex once had the experience, or thought it did, of a cut into the neck, that could be said to be ‘tracheotomy’ or ‘vampire bite’ or, later, ‘surgery.’ Fear filled Fromex. Froth foamed forth. Under the list of things that often irritate Fromex comes alliteration. It causes the lining of the stomach to peel, and the heavens to crash open with cracking of ‘who knows what?’ men with caps and horns and capes of fur battling it out, or ‘why would you want to,’ then they throw hammers, or ‘how the hell?’ and bolts of lightening illuminate Fromex. Fromex shines bright.

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Fromex does not run this Fromex operation out of a basement. Fromex is serious. Fromex is hardcore. Fromex has rock abs and cock slabs. Fromex rocks. Fromex never balks at getting out, getting on, getting in. Involvement is Fromexy. Endorsement is Fromexy. Creating mythology about Fromex is also Fromexy. Full disclosure is not sexy. Fromex has seen a list, one through seven, of things that make attraction, and Fromex means attraction like a magnetic pull, not the attraction of one set of genitals, be they similar or different, to another, but attraction of moon orbit to earth orbit, unseen, unseeing, unheard, unhearing, or attraction as if all answers or questions were contained in one flash of the eyes. Yes, nodds Fromex, perhaps this variety of attraction:

1. type
2. ability
3. imagination
4. mystery
5. likeability
6. charisma
7. insistence to watch

Fromex.

No. 6

Fromex is in the right place at the right time. Fromex belongs. Fromex shouts hallelujah and means it. Fromex jumps right in. Fromex floats. Fromex has underarm protection. Fromex smells great, or like nothing at all. Fromex don't stink, Fromex ain't heavy, and it may be brother-like. Fromex thinks winter Sundays are often cold, so Fromex starts warming fires, in places where fires are meant to be made (unless they're needed in other places for the sake of warning or destruction, though this does not make Fromex a vandal of property, such burning is not physical burning and fires may be said to be many things).

Fromex fires:

Only you can prevent them.

Number 6?

Fromex endorses anger because it can be a motivating force. Fromex wants you to have the heart of a poet, the mind of an actor and the body of a gymnast. Fromex believes that art is aesthetic. Fromex knows that art is artificial. That art is artifice. These concepts are embedded in language, states Fromex. Fromex also notes that to conspire is to breath together. Fromex conspires while creating artificial artifice aka art. If it is not artificial, it is psychodrama or nature. Fromex rarely endorses this, Fromex is tired of adults confusing themselves for children, though Fromex heartily endorses childlike wonder and exploration and joy. This is not to say that Fromex is not a child. Fromex is timeless, like nice expensive Swiss design. Probably a watch. Which means Fromex also has the time. What to do with this Fromexy distinction? It is hard to say. Probably if you had a lollipop and were lollygagging poolside, it would be easier to state. Try it! Get out, get angry. Fromex. Is. Fromex.

Number 6.

'Irrational thoughts should be followed logically and absolutely' endorses Fromex. Fromex did not say this but Fromex puts an army of 10,000 rats behind it. Fromex wonders how the concept of owning a concept can be a concept. If Fromex says 'to draw lines in this manner is an idea I own' then all the drawings of lines in that manner, unbeknownst, unwittingly, solely without intent, or conversely, with full knowledge, understanding, a thieves' gloves, well, all such lines belong to Fromex. How can this be? To own lines undrawn or drawn? Up against the wall, Fromex admits it enjoys such parallax paradoxes. Closing one eye and opening another is a simple manifestation of change in viewpoint. So much change from so little change. How is it possible? Fromex ruminates, and spits out this: Personal some, Universal others! PU for Fromex! Up with Fromex! So it is with Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex loves derision. Fromex hopes to draw hate like a magnet and help others to avoid it. Heaping piles of steaming hate, high-rises of hate, hatfuls of hate. Hate, hate, hate! Hollows and hills of hate. Fromex finds H a sound unrestrained from glottal stops or tongue involvement. It is a basic sound, Fromex likes the basics.

Number 6.

Fromex avoids definition, which is itself a definition, so Fromex is defined as un-Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex does not enjoy waiting, or those who wait. Fromex thinks it is a form of weakness to wait for others when others do not wait for it. Fromex does not see that all life is waiting. But if Fromex does not see this and it is written about Fromex, who sees Fromex not-seeing? Conversely, Fromex really likes ice-cream, especially chocolate. Fromex could be a product. A soap powder, a tooth powder, a rat poison, yet Fromex likes rats. Fromex is completely modern, yet somehow from the 50's. This is because time is round. Fromex shakes its head and sighs.

Number 6.

Fromex neutralizes Fromex by confronting Fromex with Fromex. Plans to overthrow Fromex are similarly dealt with: The people may protest but police presence is high, both visible and invisible. How can the people resist when they are infiltrated, Fromex questions. How can a protest be taken seriously when those who work for the 'other side' disrupt it, Fromex wonders. How can a 'side' be something one is on when it is a concept only and not paid for with bodies? Certainly, Fromex sees that some pay: those without money and means and connections pay. Those of a certain class and color are more likely to pay. And yes, they are paid (with wampum, with cigarettes, with booze, with boobs, with dicks, with tricks, with shiny shiny things). They are paid pittance to be flown to unknown lands in order to pay with bodies so that Fromex may write about their plight. Oh, Fromex, this is true! But let us not dwell upon it, only remember that lakes are great to swim in and today the sun shines on Fromex. If not Fromex swimming, then who? If not who, then why? If not why then when? If not when then what? Don't think too much, check your email. And be certain that email has already, or will be in the future, checked by someone else checking to see if Fromex has infiltrated. 'Seditious subversion subvert!' shouts Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex believes that:

(insert your

here)

Number 6.

Words alike and unlike Fromex:

Foment.

Ate, most infernal.

Please, says Fromex, help me to get along, to be quiet, meek and friendly. Fromex answers with the answer that silences the asking:

Number 6.

Fromex requires water, not to mention words. Fromex eats up landscapes and highways and brick houses with tall chimneys. Frogs, also, Fromex eats. Like chicken, Fromex agrees. Slightly slimy. Fromex believes in the primacy of the body. 'First, we see a body.' Then perhaps what is seen is a micro-expression in the mode of FBI studies as put forth by theorist Paul Ekman. Then, sequentially, perhaps what is said in words is listened to. Fromex weighs words against actions, and finds actions to be heavier. Fromex reads words, divorced from bodies, and finds them to be the heavier. Sometimes, they are wwarped. Sometimes ththey have errors. Repetition. Repetition. Meaning gathers. Then Fromex stops to puzzle 'why?' Fromex is shocked (but only briefly) to silence to discover disjunction in Fromex or others. Fromex remembers a study of mothers and crying babies, their own babies, presumably. The first reaction of mothers to crying babies, their own babies, presumably, is one of anger and annoyance. Fromex is not surprised, Fromex understands the mill to go through, the miles to walk, for mothers to bring babies the multitude of things babies need: a breast, a toy, a cookie, a clean diaper. Fromex celebrates mothers. Yahoo! Fromex. Is. Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex sees time - not on the wall, or a wrist, or a computer screen, but in bodies. A body carries time lightly or heavily, depending on how much. A bushel is pretty heavy, roughly equal to 53 years. Some bodies have the audacity to only be a canning jar or so of time! Perhaps only 7 or 8 years! But wait, cautions Fromex, time will happen to them, mostly likely. Sometimes bodies with a lot of time are light! What is this! American bodies are often heavy, even when time is light, because they sit at desks, slouch over hotdogs, scruzzle through seas of potato chips. Conversely, some American bodies that spend their days carrying heavy objects and are bushels of time, are light! They bear a burden of time with grace. Fromex does not bear time at all, Fromex is time-free, time-less, without time. Fromex has grapes instead. Liverwurst, more, and soft serve definitely. Fromex would also like to consider that which is called 'intelligence.' Fromex posits that 'intelligence' is merely 'status' and Fromex puts on the table that 'intelligence' is 'knowing how to be in charge.' Really, there's nothing more to say about that, says Fromex. Except perhaps:

Number 6.

Fromex jumps! Fromex leaps! Fromex piles in heaps and heaps! Fromex shouts, Fromex pouts, that Fromex knows what Fromex touts:

Number 6.

Fromex is intensely curious when things are said about Fromex that Fromex does not know. Fromex has become bigger than Fromex: One day, Fromex woke to find that Fromex was inside a dark shell shaped just like it. Fromex hesitated: has the moment arrived? Fromex knew about the secret splittings through the middle of Fromex, and the teeny, tiny Fromexes that would emerge. Or the midsized Fromexes. Always in perfect Fromexy shape: fingernail – exactly Fromex. Eyelash – also Fromex. Cells, even (though these were small and amazing, not as interesting as identical hangnails. But Fromex digresses) Yet never did Fromex know it was inside another Fromex! Woah! If Fromex moved its arm, so did the shell (which was reminiscent of the inside of those legumes that grow sideways, called peanuts – little hairs hung off, it was rough and wooden, smelled like earth and square stems). Perhaps Fromex was a peanut! Well. Fromex was not not a peanut.

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Ok, Fromex reasoned. Continue the story of the Fromex shell. All day Fromex walked around in this shell. Somehow walking and eating happened in the usual way, though only the shell was interacting. Perhaps Fromex had shrunk! Fromex shrinks and grows? Yes, of course. Then quite without warning, the shell split in the middle like a Russian doll, and Fromex was outside, staring at a bigger Fromex. As the crack in the middle of Fromex began to seal up, bunnies jumped in. Flowers, sucked in as with a wind. Part of a lake, a surprised gull. Stones rolled up Bigger Fromex's leg (if Fromex can truly be said to have a leg, but for the purpose of this parable, yes, leg), through the belly-crack, and kerplop! into Bigger Fromex-insides. Well! Ah! I see! stated Littler Fromex. It is so! And so it was. Fromex begat Fromex. Which Fromex?

Number 6.

Fromex fights those who would push others into the mud because of things they have or do not have. So, some socks have stripes, some are polka dotted, and some people are what is called 'brown' or 'female' or 'lezzie' and some people are what is called 'white' or blackamputeedsickstraightcanceredyellowwithaidslearning-disabledqueerpooredpinkindagreenwhendrinkingtoomuch. Oh, this is a very long list, and it goes on! Does this mean they (whichever in question) deserve fewer soft drinks? NO! Does this mean they deserve fewer roles in plays? Absolute NO! and not absolute like vodka, more like no way seriously nien non no hoina. Does it mean they deserve more? Also NO! Fromex stomps, turns a shade of angry, and then thinks maybe to be quiet for a moment, stop being so trite, and drink Fromex-tea. For really, who doesn't believe this? Surely there are no monsters anymore. Reason and rationality rule! Fromex nods, Fromex picks up the day's paper. Oops.

Number 6.

Fromex gets buzzed by a bird. Fromex is attacked by a cat. Fromex holds off packs of dogs, and fights to be in the clan of lone wolves. Fromex wonders what is matter? Never mind, says Fromex. What is mind? Fromex says, no matter.

Number 6.

Fromex wants merely to be in love. Fromex wishes that Fromex were cherished by someone and could cherish someone. Fromex is listening to the frogs, they say 'raru raru raru raru.' Fromex wishes for less aggression. Fromex starts fights when bored. Fromex tries to be 'not bored.' Fromex feels removed from life, Fromex vacates the farm. Fromex explores, Fromex walks. Fromex mires in mud. Fromex fights without rhyme or reason. Fromex gets ugly and rude. Fromex forms the beast with two backs, Fromex turns restlessness into aggression. Fromex betrays Fromex because of a lack of anything better to do. Fromex turns on Fromex and begins to cook. Fromex eats Fromex. Fromex no longer believes in love. Fromex has a heart like a shriveled walnut. Fromex is a drunken Pierrot. Oh, Fromex, sighs Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex embraces slothfulness. Fromex sits around like a puddle of goo warning 'don't step on me, it will be unpleasant and smelly.' Fromex can barely bother to scratch, or fart, to shit or lift Fromex's arm to Fromex's face to shovel in food. Fromex is a clod of earth, a pus filled wound, an opening and egress from inside to out. Fromex is organic, rotting waste, Fromex is a hunk of half-chewed meat still on the bone, Fromex putrefies and rots in the sun, skin falling off in sheathes. Fromex is fungus under your nails. Fromex is the smegma under your foreskin or in your vag or whatever genitalia you might sport. Fromex says 'ew' and 'oh' and expires in a heap of 'this and that.'

Number 6.

Fromex fights tooth and nail. Fromex works harder than hard, so hard veins pop: 'pop pop' and hearts stop: 'stop stop.'

Number 6.

Fromex has skin. Fromex has eyes.

Number 6.

Fromex collapses in on itself like a supernova. Fromex is super. Fromex weeps, Fromex hangs its head. Fromex wishes it were dead. Fromex indulges. Fromex wants white lilies piled on its head. Fromex needs to feel the touch of a human. Fromex has overdeveloped kinesthetic sense. Fromex feels everything somewhere on the body. The toe, though Fromex cannot be said with certainty to have a toe, expresses one thing while the ear, something else entirely. Fromex picks up tensions here and there, Fromex absorbs, Fromex is better than paper towel. Fromex eats sin, or tries to. Mostly with sauce. Gravy, of course, Fromex has spoken of it already. Spicy, most definitely. Plumb, sure.

Number 6.

Fromex examines and find excellent, Fromex takes large steps. Fromex plants iron poles in the earth, one after the other, in varying heights, to create an organic shape pleasing to the eye from the air, from a distance, from close up. Iron poles that are thin and strong most please Fromex. Iron poles with notches allow climbing and balancing. Fromex strides with purpose and pride, Fromex is there for the entire ride. Fromex drives the car, Fromex is going quite quite far. Fromex eats up space, devours it. Fromex knows that space is a location of the imagination, it is where transformation occurs, it is an uncharted territory, is unknown and therefore ambiguous area. Space can fit inside a walnut shell or can expand through and to the sun. Fromex is like a wormhole, and occasionally defies space. Which space? Fromex space. Fromex knows that 5 is merely that related to occurrences and objects being neither here nor there. Of other pathways that might or might not happen. The mind can travel to 5, and nearly pull the body. When the body is about to be pulled there is a flash of bright light. Things being in their wrong place or in their right place, that 5 is a number of strangeness. It is a multiplicity and replication, a speaking through other things. And time is round, says Fromex, we know that already.

Number 6.

Fromex is paranoid. Fromex is being watched. Fromex is vivisected at night. Fromex is terrified to turn out the light. Light = h or H, depending on the situation. And h or H, well, the meaning of that Fromex keeps nearly obscured in the part of the mind that is like a pail, or a receptacle. There is a logic to an alphabet of signs that Fromex constructs and applies to situations for Fromexy amusement. Then certain inconsequential things, certain odd (only to Fromex) moments will create joy or terror or. Fromex loves a feeling of terror, and if Fromex cannot find it in a body, a mind will do. And if not a mind, a dream, if not a dream, that thin, slick slime of molecules that hangs over everything, interacting. More than this, Fromex loves love and variations of love and longing for love. These molecules are not incredibly numerous. There is one that Fromex identifies with, though this is not to single it out for any special treatment.

Number 6.

Fromex works hardest. Fromex does best. Fromex improves. Fromex increases. Fromex multiplies in healthy ways. Fromex produces. Fromex succeeds. Fromex moves ahead. Fromex has no dread. Fromex observes with care. Fromex loves well and fair. Fromex. Is. Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex wishes babies were not in charge of the world, but that adults were in charge. Fromex is not certain what has the quality of baby and what has the quality of adult, so Fromex pauses, and forgets entirely. Then Fromex sees a baby and adult playing in harmony and is happy, momentarily. Hiccups are the spasmodic movement of the diaphragm, causing the glottis to close and interrupt breathing, Fromex remembers. Large egg-like shapes dominate the landscape of Fromex. Some have the appearance of dinosaurs, some have the appearance of lemon juicers, some the shape of bald heads, speckled with age-spots.

Number 6.

Fromex changes thoughts like some people change shorts. Fromex is held up as a hero and shot down as a villain. Fromex is used like kleenex is used. Fromex is a brand name, but becomes ubiquitous. Fromex enters the dream arena ready for fisticuffs. Fromex boxes. Fromex believes that fighting is done in the ring and wars are waged on the board. Fromex gallops through forests. Fromex observes worms. Fromex is hypnotized by the buzzing of flies. Fromex runs with a full heart, Fromex dominates with benevolence. Fromex also likes eggs and cheese and salsa, lots and lots of salsa. In fact, Fromex can be said to be in full support of anything that has the quality of 'food.'

Number 6.

Fromex stops to ponder dominance. Fromex dominates the word by rolling it around in Fromex's mouth (if Fromex can be said to have a mouth) and discovers that only 'dominance' makes up dominance. Dominance cannot be rearranged without being broken. Fromex feels that words hold power within their structure, and is stimulated to find this is so about dominance. Also this is true about 'stimulated'. Not true about true, which moonlights as 'Ture,' the last name of Kwame – the Trinidadian-American black activist and leader of the SNCC and Black Panther Party. Or English, which is also a doubler. 'Shingle' springs forth from it. In Spanish, dominance can become 'encimando,' in Italian 'mendicano.' In those countries, dominance can be about 'raising' or can be about 'begging.' Fromex notes that dominance has hope of change in multiple directions.

Number 6.

Fromex believes scars accumulate on the mind as well as the body. Fromex knows those who stab the mind with the mind are as devious and dangerous as those who stab the body with the body. What is a body without a mind, or with one severely damaged? Fromex is not sure. Conversely, what is a mind without a body? This is also death, though many people live it daily. Fromex wonders if there is a place to renew the mind, give it a massage, maybe send it to the spa. Hot stones on the cortex. Amygdala mud. Seaweed synapses. Yeah, that sounds better than people picking around, asking questions, causing the same old tired memories to be dredged up, says Fromex. This is not to say that Fromex does not believe in analysis, but Fromex is more inclined toward behavioral therapy, especially when talking about things like shouting at the table or acting like an ape. These are fun things! Fromex says. Medicines less, games more! Hospitals fewer, playgrounds, greater! Fromex is mad, mad as a march hare. But this was said mainly in order to use the phrase 'march hare.' That which separates Fromex from Fromex is Fromex. Also that which joins Fromex to Fromex is Fromex. Like legos. Or tinker-toys. Or lincoln-logs. Which Fromex?

Number 6.

Fromex has the ability to absorb whatever is around it and put it back out as reality. Fromex is like watching an action movie on TV. Fromex knows that actions are louder than words, which are pretty damn loud, and words can be bombs, the time kind or otherwise, within the minds of those who eat them. Fromex is an eaten time bomb. Fromex makes copies, has made copies, or will make copies of Fromex. Fromex is already a copy. When in time this happen? Only Fromex knows, but forgets, again and again. Intentionally and otherwise. Time lose(s) its quality of timeness that it seem(ed) to possess only a generation ago. Language revising wa(i)s necessary to admit timelessness, fluidity or tesseract in words.

Number 6.

Fromex is both inside and outside of horizons. Fromex has two mouths connected to a single throat. Fromex has multiple tunnels. Fromex collapses and expands. Fromex travels places you've never seen. Fromex is a place you can hide. Fromex is a place to escape, it is safe, though not a house. It is hidden, though not a hideout. Fromex triggers events, though is only a part of triggering 'the event.' Fromex speaks in oblique lines.

Number 6.

Fromex notices that others sometimes say the strangest things to Fromex. Fromex enjoys these odd revelations, which may be said in order to gauge the reaction of Fromex. No matter the reason. Fromex maintains neutrality and considers in order to see where the (il)logic will go. Fromex accepts all odd, undersized, fat, tasty, delicious, beautiful ideas: burglary and murder are the same, anti-Fromex posits. Well, thinks Fromex, at the base of this belief, is the concept that life is not really destroyed, just transported somewhere else as a stolen item would be. Fromex notes that the same statement was also linked with 'in a better place.' Fromex reserves judgment, but remains skeptical. Fromex knows that distinctions are arbitrary (those who eat meat generally do not eat their pets, such as dogs, if they have them). Unless they are in China, but even then probably not so much anymore. Fromex tries to eat a dog in China, but cannot find one. Fromex hopes that Fromex dog-friends don't become offended, but even if they do Fromex hopes that they understand that it is not division of 'dog' or 'cat' or 'cow' that matters to Fromex. Fromex eats 'enemies' or conversely, that which is 'admired.' Or Fromex sacrifices self for friends to enemies and becomes eaten. What is the number of times this has happened?

Number 6.

Fromex occasionally writes with the intent of communicating specifics to someone. Fromex meditates on loved objects, near and far. Fromex wishes said objects were nearer, but something about Fromex has a quality of pushing away or more succinctly, running away from those things most desired. But not always, declares Fromex. And so they approach. Only on Tuesdays! ejaculates Fromex. And today is not Tuesday, is it? Fromex checks the calendar. Fromex sighs a sigh. Fromex is a jealous little angel. Fromex is in love with Fromex! Do not mistake this for narcissism. Yes, Fromex reflects Fromex, on occasion or often, but this is such a boring topic as to cause Fromex to fall asleep. Snore.

Number 6.

Fromex listens to the sound of voices coming around the lake, and is filled with joy. Fromex is a brown dog. Fromex smells the humans making the circuit and is happy. Fromex wants nothing more than to please, to roll over in the grass and to beg for affection or for a crust. Fromex wishes it were. Fromex regrets, briefly, its numeric state. But only for an instant and then:

Number 6.

Fromex is a mechanism in which the input and expected outputs are well understood. Fromex possesses internal operations that are deliberately and completely unknown.

Number 6.

Fromex finds that all trees have a secret language. Fromex knows that words written on water change the molecules of that water. Fromex is pleased by the sky, the rotation of planets, the soft throats of thrushes. Fromex lives in a peaceful world. Fromex enjoys the help of friends. Fromex sees gorgeous visions. Fromex is filled with love, both for self and other. Fromex enjoys smiling. Fromex enjoys enjoying. Fromex swims with glee. Whee, Fromex, whee!

Number 6.

Fromex is a mechanism in which the input and expected outputs are poorly understood. Fromex possesses internal operations that are deliberately and completely known.

Number 6.

Fromex excels at ping-pong. Fromex takes it very seriously. Fromex has even lost a friendship or two over ping-pong. Still, concludes Fromex, it is an excellent sport. Fromex endorses secret societies, especially when they have the numbers of 683 contained in their codex. Fromex hears code in words and objects. As a side note, Fromex also loves deer, their leaping, and occasional sacrifice to the gods. Fromex has heard several stories about the island on which they live. Also, the crypt from which they spring. And the box to which they return. Cedars. What, Fromex what? Stick to the script! Crypt, box, cave: these are like mausoleums, yet not. Rivers flow through them, much water to allow time to leap ahead of the rest of the world, five minutes or otherwise. Spring. Fromex is something else. Fromex is coded. Fromex was used as an egg to birth someone else. Fromex was ruptured open to allow the future and past to merge. Debutante ball, anyone? Fromex number?

Number 6.

Fromex likes pirates, either on sea or land. Fromex enjoys the sounds they make, the legs of wood, the scratches and deep gouges in their shoulders from parrots clinging on. Fromex once had a miniature ship with miniature pirates. This ship could be sent out, through water molecules suspended in air, to infiltrate the atmosphere, to wreak havoc with pirate-y goodness. This ship contained tiny cannon, planks, and oh, Fromex says, much miniature pirate paraphernalia. Small cries of 'arg!' were heard by Fromex. Tired of tappity tapping, Fromex sleeps. But before: 'do not forget!' Fromex says: Fromex has luck that does not stop. Fromex has friends that do not pop. This could be in part because of the Irish. It could be in part because of the stoutness of ties that bind and old friends.

Number 6.

Fromex feels the older it gets the more the world is a reflection and replication of previous moments. Fromex feels that the optimal angle for observing objects with eyes is 45 degrees. O, Fromex thinks that we're all the same – just fragments of one another. Fromex wishes to disappear into the blinding light of this thought – it makes Fromexy sense. Fromex has to keep this idea to itself, that Fromex and table are the same material, that Fromex and the lake are the same material. Fromex needs a change of scenery, Fromex confuses itself for the grass and the foot that steps on the grass simultaneously. Fromex feels like an object and an eye at the same time. Fromex finds this consciousness uncomfortable, a doubling of being, too full like after a tasty chicken dinner. Fromex watches Fromex watching Fromex.

Number 6.

Fromex wants you. Fromex would like to eat you with cake. Fromex would like to push you down, somewhat gently. Fromex would like to tie you to a post so you cannot get away. Fromex would like to keep you around in a box that says 6. Fromex likes to dominate. Fromex likes to bite. Fromex likes to lick, to snick, to snarffle and warffle. Fromex has to restrain Fromex in order to keep Fromex at bay. Fromex! Fromex looks sheepish. Fromex is trying very hard to be good. Fromex is madly, wildly mad about you. Which Fromex?

Number 6.

Fromex takes in your scent and nearly passes out. Fromex stands next to you and Fromex's knees wobble, if Fromex can be said to have knees. Fromex thinks you are amazing. Fromex melts, Fromex squeals. Fromex jumps and Fromex reveals. Fromex wants you to know how gorgeous you are. Fromex would take you for a ride in its car, if Fromex had a car. Fromex would like to worship you for a few moments, perhaps a lifetime, a couple years, a few weeks, whatever, up close or from afar. Maybe Fromex has a secret shrine to you, one with pictures and candles a bit of hair, maybe a toenail. Fromex genuflects there nightly. Shhshshshshsh...don't tell anyone! There's a thought! Fromex laughs a hearty laugh. Fromex is lighthearted. Fromex would be embarrassed if Fromex could be embarrassed, but Fromex is merely filled with joy. A little shyness perhaps, but not enough to keep Fromex quiet. 'Shout!' says Fromex. 'What?' says Fromex:

Number 6!

Fromex knows the meaning of colors – blue, red, green, orange, yellow, silver, black. Fromex does not like exclusion, or creepiness, Fromex gets cranky. Fromex is on board, Fromex is a conduit. Fromex is liquid. Fromex is golden. Fromex is on fire. Fromex is the works. Fromex is a big frog throat that says 'Raru, Raru.' Fromex hopes that it fights the good fight. Fromex hopes that it can stay up all night. Fromex holds on to hope like a handle. Fromex burns like a brand. Fromex fights for the right to hand everything it knows over on a plate, and Fromex hopes it's not too late. Go Fromex, go!

Number 6.

Fromex says to look for the things that seem out of place. Search for errors that add up to more than error. Find secret spells in leftover letters. Know which ones are for you. Know which you is being called. Respond at the right time and Fromex will reveal itself to you. Fromex is engaged in a war, it can hardly be called sporting. It might be called civil, or civilized, but do not mistake this for gentlemanly tactics. Fromex loves words like 'gentlemanly' or 'strategic' or 'hyperbolic scandal.' Fromex transcends an experience by stripping off layers, Fromex becomes new by removing memory, history and time. Fromex loses years by misplacing megabytes. Fromex keeps them somewhere. Fromex has a storage space with a blue car and a silver guitar, not to mention many light bulbs, all burning furiously, and some kitchen utensils. This space is located in another town. Other things may be stored there, says Fromex. Other people may go there, nods Fromex. Yes.

Number 6.

Fromex knows of a place that has no volume, Fromex vacates in a space that has no calling. Fromex takes people from South to North, underground or otherwise. Fromex makes great sausage and borscht. Fromex likes statements such as 'How small a thing it takes to fill a whole life.' Fromex feels history in its marrow and genes. Fromex is often small, and so finds that this is a useful statement. On the other hand, occasionally Fromex is gigantic – this depends upon where you see Fromex, dear ones of the 11. Fromex pulls rabbits out of hats – Fromex knows that one thing the world needs is more hats, hats of every kind, hats for every occasion. Fromex sees the silly cycles that it starts. As stated firstly, Fromex can only be started, never stopped. Once a Fromex begins a Fromex travels on into infinity – thus making Fromex something that always has and always will exist. Again, time is round. Fromex weeps when reading about horizons. Fromex knows how heavy interior gravity is. Fromex knows a singularity, in fact, several of them. They have various names, one being Fromex 6. Slowly sneak up on Fromex: the closer you get the more you compact yourself. Conversely, if you approach with a rush and a push to make the land yours, you will break into little bits. But is it not beautiful, the line where the sky and the land touches, the sea and the atmosphere embrace? Fromex walks that thin line. This is true for all one through eleven (though some say 26, which is also true, very true – we are prepared for it, correlated with alphabet), but specifically on this day:

Number 6.

Fromex can see the 6 as the solid of Fromex, so to speak. The point that Fromex extended in time to become a line, repeated infinitely through space to become a plane which in turn is repeated infinitely to become a solid. This line is Fromex. This plane is Fromex. This solid is also Fromex. This represents what Ouspensky called "all possibilities", in this case, for a Fromex. Or the Fromex. Or Fromex. But it is not all possibilities for an apple. An apple forms its own point, and line, and so on. This is not to say that Fromex is not an apple, for this may also be the case.

Number 6.

So, Fromex gets occasionally shy and flummoxed by daguerreotype doting dudes. Creamy, covered up overwhelming something-treat that is much more interesting, Oh, much more interesting than Fromex imagined existed in this universe or that. To say that Fromex is lost might be accurate – Fromex is suddenly without baring. To pines? Stone walks? Another singularity? Perhaps. Large E. Blue. And always:

Number 6.

Fromex wants you. Fromex would like to eat you with cake. Fromex would like to push you down, somewhat gently. Fromex would like to tie you to a post or some other object so you cannot get away. Fromex would like to keep you around in a box that says 6. Fromex likes to dominate. Fromex likes to bite. Fromex likes to lick, to snick, to snarffle and warffle. Fromex has to restrain Fromex in order to keep Fromex at bay. Fromex! Fromex looks sheepish. Fromex tries very hard to be good. Fromex takes in your scent and nearly passes out. Fromex stands next to you and Fromex's knees wobble, if Fromex can be said to have knees. Fromex knows you are amazing. Fromex melts, Fromex squeals. Fromex jumps and Fromex reveals. Fromex wants you to know how gorgeous you are. Fromex would like to worship you for a few moments, perhaps a lifetime, a couple years, a few weeks, whatever, up close or from afar. Perhaps Fromex has a secret shrine to you, one with pictures and candles a bit of hair, maybe a toenail. Fromex might genuflect there nightly. Shhshshshshh...don't tell anyone! There's a thought! Fromex laughs a hearty laugh. Fromex is lighthearted. Fromex would be embarrassed if Fromex could be embarrassed, but Fromex is madly, wildly mad about you. Which Fromex?

Number 6.

Fromex must quickly write about 7. Only a small amount of time is left before time is run out. Then Fromex must recharge. Thank god for 'batteries' says Fromex. Sometimes the things that charge are organic, sometimes made by machines and for machines, sometimes they are concept only. All these things, Fromex enjoys eating. Especially, Fromex eats

Number 6.

Fromex is filled with gratitude for the – no time, no time now.

Fromex –

6.