

# *Masticatorial*

# AMUSE-GUEULE for Mother Tongues

Who deals food is a way to put it right Abraham. Your name is Abraham. Listen you be Abraham & I'll be someone sitting next to you. You've been chewing the same chicken for too long now but you're ready. He says I'm bored & a 10 minute time is this point where one of us is speculating am I bored or boring. Who will interject with what about war? What about someone else walks by with a newspaper & issues become important. There are 5 ways to liken wanting something to eat with wanting something to do after lunch. There are 6 ways to liken wanting something to eat with wanting something to do after lunch.

# **fl**UTOMAT ACCOUNTING

## **False Teething**

**F**raming the stolen DIAGRAM OF THE STOMACH

{ Intermission }

**LUNCHEON:** discuss

Everything Always Happening Again  
Or

**Everything Always Happening**

Everyone works for master Mitch. A crowd pleaser everyone likes him. It's stories like this that say yes nice people have restaurants. Being the book keeper I know how much ham is how much. & cooks know how ham is only sunday & situate the kale.

Good doctors can follow the tongue & w/ any luck fix it.  
Casually sacraments can turn into food;  
Teeth can be breaking bread.

Table 1 ☞

Capital. (O you better mean it, mister). So what the floor sinks; SOUP: it'll take 2 hours my ballsy hat brim hit the muck. Let go my lapel schmuck I like you bet this treadwater trade. Hungry, eh? I'd gloves fit while youz was wearin' mittens.


Point one is how to keep eating after everyone eats.

Sitting sideways at dinner he tries using his fist. He tries using his more widely discussed gestures, at one point, violence.

The world missing is terrible even so.

I work for nothing & am fed well because we have lots of food. Last night I slept in the pantry with caviar for company. I know caviar doesn't keep well in the pantry so I slept in the fridge. It makes sense that it was cold. I should have put the caviar in the fridge & slept in the pantry. Master Mitch is paying the medical bills & I put that in the books.

Take & eat mine, no really. Rotten how in all the papers. (The toothbrush somewhere still an artifact for telling this.) Clean amazing thoughts. Amazing thoughts: who has them. Go & cultivate extra teeth. Go gum international.

Table 2 

Familiar gets always in the way. I mean, sir/ gentleman/ jack, a hats a hard place to keep your head. Misses at home alone away from here keeps the hearts I work to win in hats instead. Yes you could keep diamonds or ok say Sunday's oblong obituary, but bring home the best bring home the bread.


All animals all sizes in the zoo or in the wild or in the neighbors' house keep eating. God said who told you to eat and it was an animal who did that.

A very pretty lady in pink wearing a dust jacket and slippers worries with her teeth. Grind her cracked lips to curl up inside. I am warning you & anyone else. How about our gods, yes he's warning your good faith.

She might tell a visitor like you or I emaciation is complex & difficult to do. She is modest & exaggerates.

The tall hostess is the most pretty. I like how she takes people to tables & leaves them there. She looks at me like I work here which is good because it's true. Everything that happens here is true.

The answer is eating. What. What the answer is eating. The answer. A heap of all in all is feeding front to back. What's the need of heaps & stacks. All the friends are needing. What is all done is any feeding. The other kids cheating or if meaning this crowd stacks a sandwich six parts or more if breeding.

Table 3 

If that's your vichyssoise it's my gumbo, joe. Cold or hot matters not so long as the lady take it slow. I find cooking an art for the contemplative & famished-free. Priceless friends pardon me I fear the photographers come to capture my tongue for the times. Imagine if you will a full page spread filled with twice as much as everything I've ever said.

It's animals who tell animals to eat & animals keep eating. They will keep doing this (example: elephants who keep eating).

Here comes an aeroplane: none of us shall take it anywhere in fact, everyone grab a spoon & pretend it's an aeroplane going in different directions.


My brother is very/very educated (self-discovery), & he went down there & can't ever buy food he wants to eat.

For those in the dining room eating is the solution. Try the menu. Fascinating fish. The garlic stays. In the ground until you order it. A spoon of other meat is special especially because we made it. So your chicken is a cooking object. It acts that way in the oven. This table is yours or we can move everything at once to a different table.

This talk in the mouth who is telling give your eating to your enemies & eat them.

This talk in the mouth who is eating give your telling to your enemies & tell them.

This talk in the mouth who is eating what your enemies tell them.


Table 4 

Well table four is empty. No one sits at table four.

This brings me to animals who are like people. Even when they know there is nothing to eat they keep eating (example: David Copperfield who keeps eating when there is nothing to eat).

The servers are all in black. They all have their hair pulled back. If you stay sitting there they will take your order & mean it so they can give it to the chefs. You must not lie to them. If it's chicken then it's chicken & the truth & not a lie. If you're not hungry you should leave. If you're hungry you should come back if we're open. This is the restaurant where you can have what you want like the soup.

Sometimes people will wait to eat because they are not eating. People have always believed you have to wait to eat to eat. But everything is changing & now some people eat while they are waiting.

Table 5 

Well table five is dirty. Table five isn't clean.

I will unfold this & show you the birth certificate of a man with reservations the last of his kind. Let me read it aloud muffled by the sound of smashing glass & all of china full of food and drink.

After a month of some small eating I dreamt I was Jesus or someone important who could fix things. & when it wasn't a dream it was Zambia where a real demon made a man shriek until my translator pulverized his face. Only now this is a confession. It was hard to hear his radio but everywhere Americans were singing. It was like you couldn't buy sugarcane without freedom ringing.

# Afunctional: I wish I was an Appendixie.

Show us your spoon grip & open your mouth:

Is then this fist a stern enough direction to demand that we as a world should march upon ourselves Is then this fist a fast enough device to swing objections in an orderly direction Is then this fist enough to pound a cripples knee into a dry and sinewy pulp Is then this fist enough to mean the making of five fingers into a force that would defy a populous & Is this then a fist for making meal or pounding grain for each and everyone enough.

While you're chewing  
what you're chewing  
try to tell them  
through your teeth.