

try searching for that beating, like  
somewhere in a bag, beneath  
clothes, in a room, in a house. You  
know it's there. There is someone  
important calling. You are afraid  
they will stop calling. You are  
afraid you will find it. 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,  
that the other has forgotten. So  
you keep calling. Fearful receiver.)

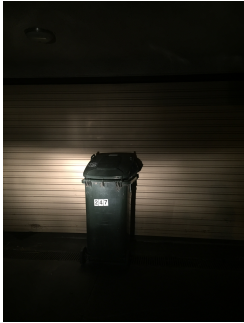


*To feel fearful of the morning:  
My friends come to watch me play and I miss  
their exhibitions  
I miss their gig at Mojoes  
I miss my ex-lover's bed  
I miss sleeping without consequence  
I miss the (feeling of being a) child  
I miss the boat  
I write the song  
I plan the day  
I go to see a psych  
free of charge on campus  
I go to see a band  
for \$5 entry fee  
the band is good  
I am very tired  
I go home satisfied  
the band is bad  
I am very tired  
I go home dissatisfied  
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  
I think about my friends  
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.*



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 mooses

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

