



Xenial

[userinfo | livejournal userinfo ]  
[calendar | livejournal calendar]

albuquerque, nm (land of entrapment)

[05 Apr 2003 | 02:13am]

[mood | enthusiastic ]  
[music | the sound of silence]

how many of my readers are actually IN albuquerque? or thereabouts?

how many would like to come to dinner?

i cook well - vegetarian (not vegan) - and non-vegetarian (at the same time even!)

i love to cook for more than 3 people

rsvp if you are interested

i love to cook - and i love to meet new people

4 readers have stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

orangina vodka - j 'taime

[04 Apr 2003 | 03:16am]

do you know what's it's like to be caught in a fucking loop?

--rewind, scratch that

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do you know what's it's like to be caught in a fucking loop?

--rewind, scratch that

do you know what it's like when you fucking hate the loop?

talk to me

[04 Apr 2003 | 02:33am]

i love you

my favorite movie isn't in english

i love the muppets

the outside world is a metaphor for everything inside (or is that a similie - i always confuse them - especially when i'm drunk)

i love a man who can cook

i don't believe in evolution or creation - what does that leave?

music marks the days of our lives

the only way to analyze is from 'general to specific'

today i set up a camping tent all by myself

i love a man who has killed for me

saturday, i love you

fuck the rest of you

talk to me

not a survey you can post results of....

[29 Mar 2003|05:10am]

but's it's very fun anyway:

<http://members.shaw.ca/wpgclan/whatyouare.htm>

talk to me

i guess that explains a few things

[04 Mar 2003|10:44pm]

[mood|  awake]

[music|silence ]

Disorder	Rating
Paranoid:	High
Schizoid:	Low
Schizotypal:	Moderate
Antisocial:	Moderate
Borderline:	Low
Histrionic:	Very High
Narcissistic:	High
Avoidant:	High

Dependent: **Moderate**

Obsessive-Compulsive: **High**

-- Click Here To Take The Test --

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

did you ever notice....

[02 Jun 2002|06:22pm]

[mood|  indescribable ]

[music|snog - make the little flowers grow]

The voices that come out of white noise? As I sit in my office, with the computers whirring, fan going.. I hear faint, mumbled bits of talk, music.

Is it just the natural rhythm of the white noise, different frequencies coming together?

Perhaps it is TV noise filtering through the walls from the apartment next door.

Or maybe it's in my head. Maybe even all the time.

What do you think?

talk to me

it's my birthday!!

[27 Mar 2002|06:30am]

[mood|  satisfied ]

[music|Soft Cell - Sex Dwarf]

hippo birdie to ewe

hippo birdie to ewe

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

white christmas

[13 Jan 2002|05:04pm]

[mood|  lonely ]

[music|Eve 6 - Sunset strip bitch]

finally, it's snowing. windy day, white in the air.

it's much easier to justify staying at home all the time when it's cold and wet outside.

sam the kitty is getting happy and fat indoors, maybe i will too.

talk to me

a new year

[10 Jan 2002 | 09:53pm]

[mood |  determined]

[music | Eve 6 - Rescue ]

well.. the affair is over.. he shaved his head.

i'm living alone for the first time in a long time.. except for my new roommate.

he's getting better everyday. we're learning to know each other again.

taking the little green pills again.. balance returning slowly.

work work work, same shit, different day.

talk to me

stupid pretentious bullshit - blacklightdist

[13 Dec 2001 | 10:21pm]

[mood |  annoyed ]

[music | Meg Lee Chin - Nutopia]

rape and murder... you dream of the vilest things. like to pretend it makes you something more..

more than what?

talk to me

lunch time!

[09 Nov 2001 | 05:30pm]

[mood |  geeky ]

[music | Cruxshadows - Here Comes The Rain Again]

sushi for lunch with a beautiful boy...

driving in the cold windy rain. grey day.

cold air, hot hands. couldn't resist. never can.

kept wondering if the cars passing by would notice?

will i go to hell for my sin?

ps. the newspaper makes me vomit. i can't watch the news.

talk to me

crazy demon boy - blacklightdist

[06 Nov 2001 | 07:30pm]

[mood|  envious ]

[music|CruXshadows - Annabel Lee (spoken)]

what am i supposed to do with this strange little boy?

we're all grown up now.

i remember when....

that first winter. snow falling, walking through cold nights to the cemetery. silly goth kids, vampire fantasies.

the years drag on, and we keep wondering 'what if?'

this year we may find out

talk to me

latex and rubber

[02 Nov 2001 | 09:21pm]

[mood|  bouncy ]

[music|Type O Negative - Bloody Kisses]

rubber tubing latex stainless steel fuck me

talk to me

damn, it's been too long - blacklightdist

[01 Nov 2001 | 02:43am]

[mood|  contemplative ]

[music|The Crystal Method - Trip Like I Do]

writing together. first time in 10 years?

it's been too long.

listening to your mind work. the gears are turning.

beautiful boy. awaiting the arrival of the perfect girl.

lucky boy. i wish the girl would knock on my door late at night.

i remember your song: the perfect girl.

shopping cart garbage lingerie girls, dancing in the stage light. STOP, grinding in the background.

'you are the perfect girl'

damn, it's been too long.

talk to me

to win is to lose... to lose is to win...

[31 Oct 2001 | 05:48pm]

[mood |  busy ]

[music | Love And Rockets - Dog-End Of A Day Gone By (Remi)]

Happy Halloween!

what a day. cold, crisp, wet with rain.

little kiddos in a Halloween parade, mine the green and purple dragon with wings.

lunch with a friend. beautiful eyes over Indian food. longing to touch.

handing out candy tonite. could be fun.

[talk to me](#)

what would you do..

[30 Oct 2001 | 12:32pm]

[mood |  awake ]

[music | Eurythmics - Somebody Told Me]

what would you do if someone gave you a million dollars?

take a vacation? quit your job? buy a fancy car? a house? jewelry? all the stuff you've always wanted?

i don't know what i would do.

[1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me](#)

red liquid love

[29 Oct 2001 | 05:54pm]

[mood | helpful ]  
[music | Love And Rockets - Seventh Dream Of Teenage Heave]

taste of cough syrup

going down, smooth. soothes.

lick the lips. yummy.

[talk to me](#)

echoes

[29 Oct 2001 | 03:03pm]

[mood | reflective ]  
[music | Love And Rockets - God And Mr. Smith]

echoes of long ago nights in Hollywood. what happens when we grow up? can we ever find our way back to the bright lights, the flesh and sin we knew?

is there a point in chasing the impossible dream, smooth white skin contrasting against the black

silk, heat you can feel from across the room?

[talk to me](#)

first post...

[29 Oct 2001|02:54pm]

[mood|  melancholy ]

[music|Love And Rockets - Haunted When The Minutes Drag]

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away - unknown

[talk to me](#)

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