One sunny day, ready for another trip, she packed too much snow in her trunk. Cold past cool, she called and said she didn’t think she would make it.

Enou... 

For the longest time all my pictures were blurry and obscure. I couldn’t focus. Then I mounted a lens upon my fleshy tripod.

Enou... 

Sensuous stubs probing, nudging, bending; sharing sebum. Watching is no fun. Learn how to love an Inuit will manifest.

Enou... 

Alas, poor hairy pollen catcher, gleaner of flower and weed, dutiful servant to rhythm and rote, for all your tireless work queer honey’s your result.

Enou... 

Enou... 

Enou... 

Enou... 

ENOUGHALREADY!