



LUSCIOUS DICK INDUSTRIES

FIRST QUARTER FY 2020
QUARTERLY REPORT

PREPARED BY SCPEARLEY
FOR LUSCIOUS DICK LABORATORIES
A DIVISION OF LUSCIOUS DICK INDUSTRIES

This document is all poetry I released from October 2019 through December 2019 on Twitter using the hashtag

#concretepoetrythursday

and on federated networks via the cybre.space instance using the hashtag

#concretepoetry

presented here as a single document.

As with previous releases of the Quarterly Report, PDFs of poems are typically deleted from social media access once the new quarter begins. This represents a change from previous quarters, and is done with respect to appropriate record maintenance requirements. The files posted in PNG format remain on Twitter and the mastodon servers and are accessible as long as those copies are available. The time period of the availability of PNG files on those servers is outside of our control.

for the settlement of
my bliss would never
lower and upper futtocks

it was an otter
This history is written at a slower velocity.
Idyllic follies

This is the other day.
City of Cordova

but this is addressed to the mountains
sounded oak
[gravely]

probability of returns
The President of Staircase Wit
reference to your utmost wish
the lengthening line of contravallation
SERVANT.

a Second part II

Fig. 473. Roadkill.
she always locked her up
instead of the agitation

approbation
be more like you would be
spiralform moves

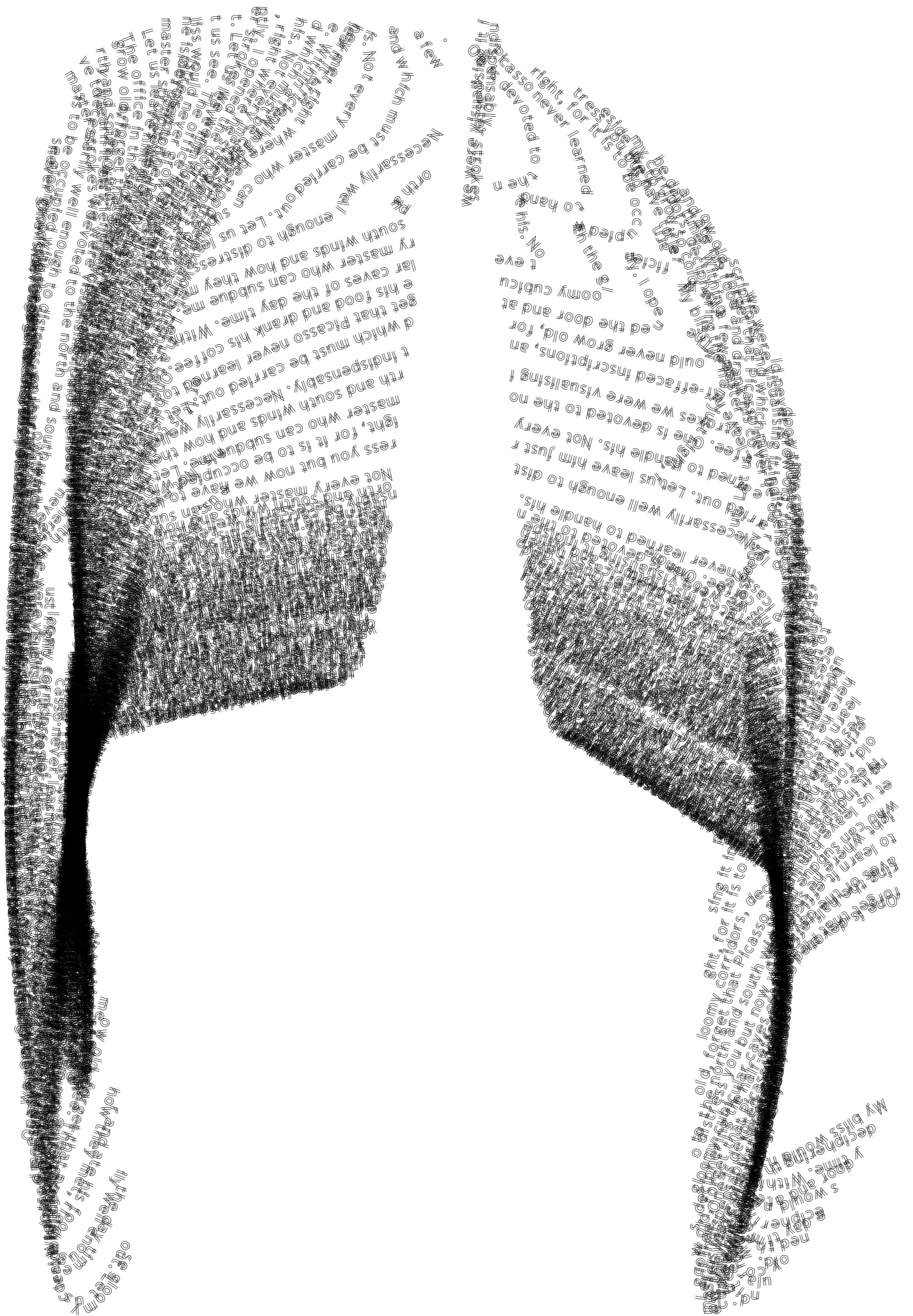
the heels of that system
kiss her fingertips up
drug cultic

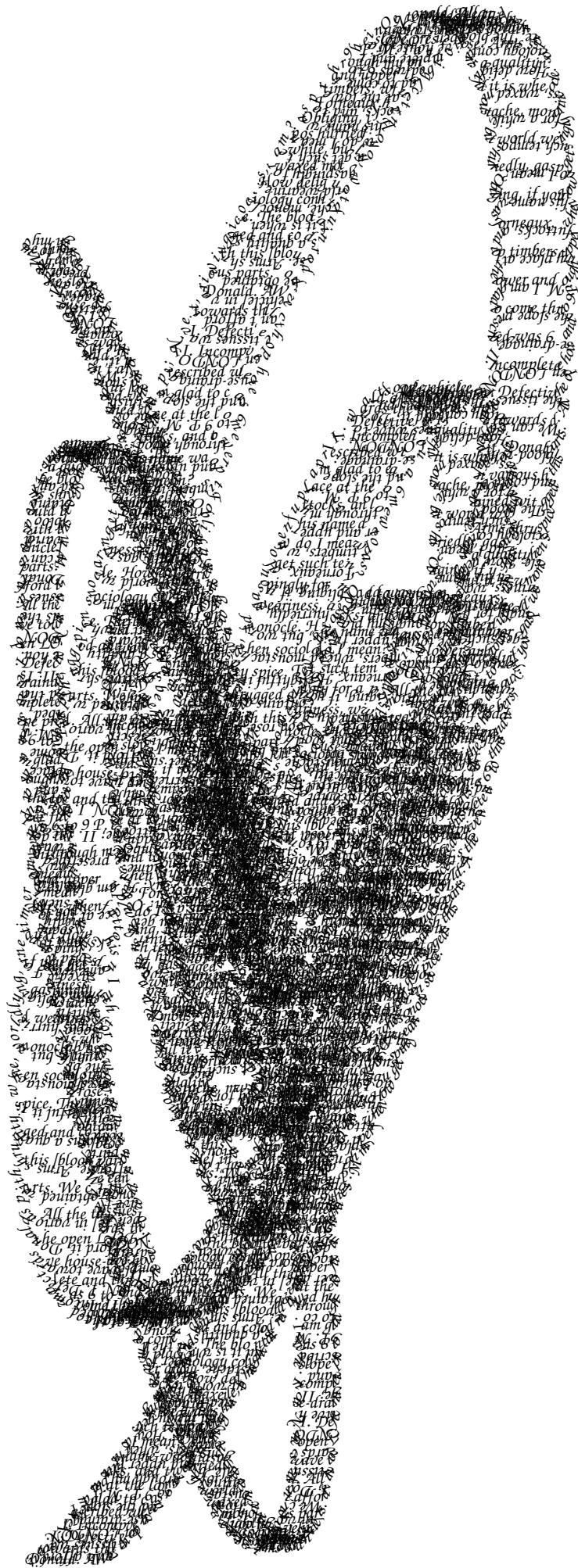
Pride getting a return of good
Our serfdom and our hero
Apologize! There!

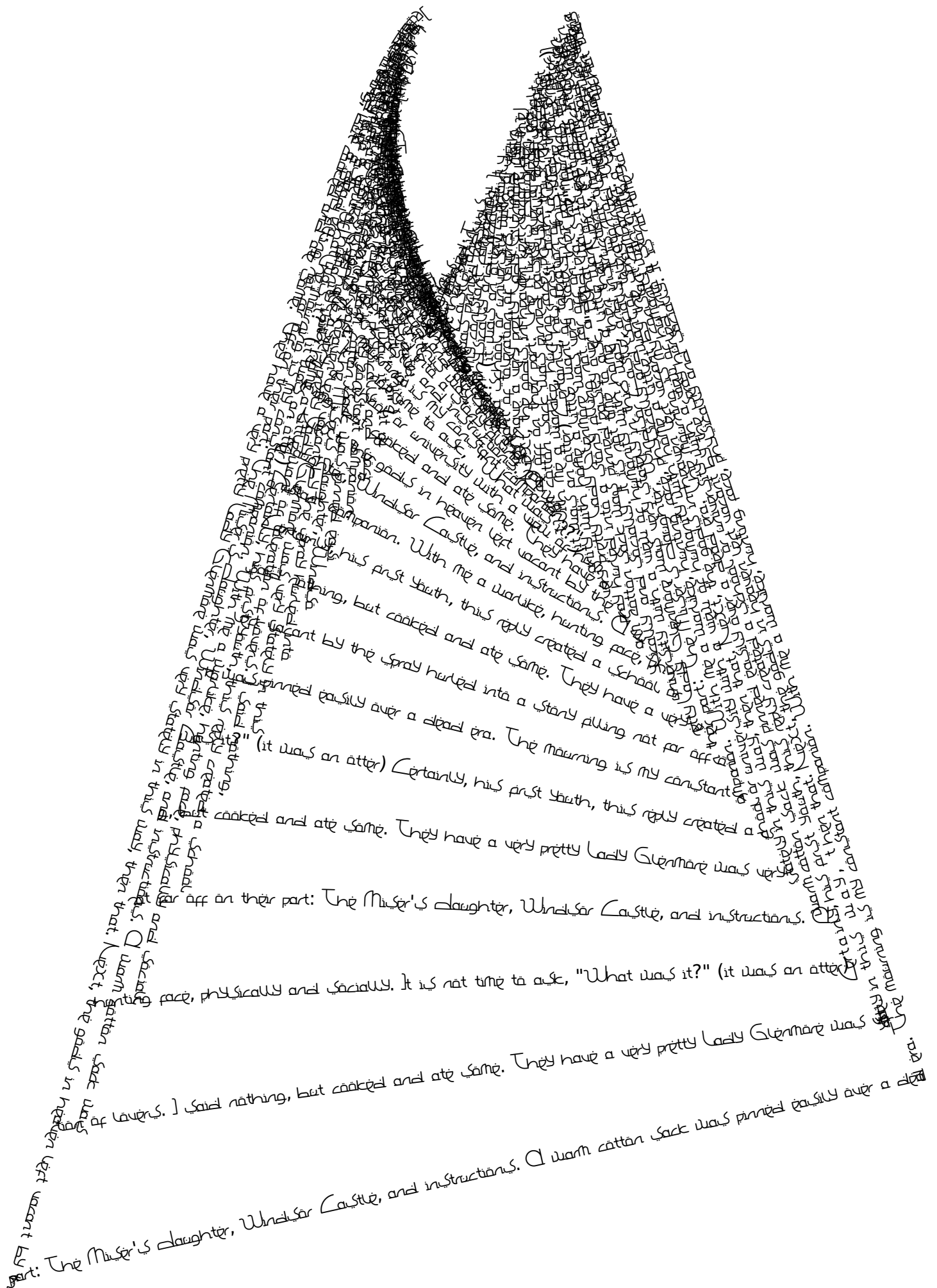
accustomed serenity (9)
accustomed serenity (11)
the smiling answer

The aloofness of infants.
the splendor of hurt
said the good man

table beans
this Matrix of story
mystical. Foggy. [laughter]



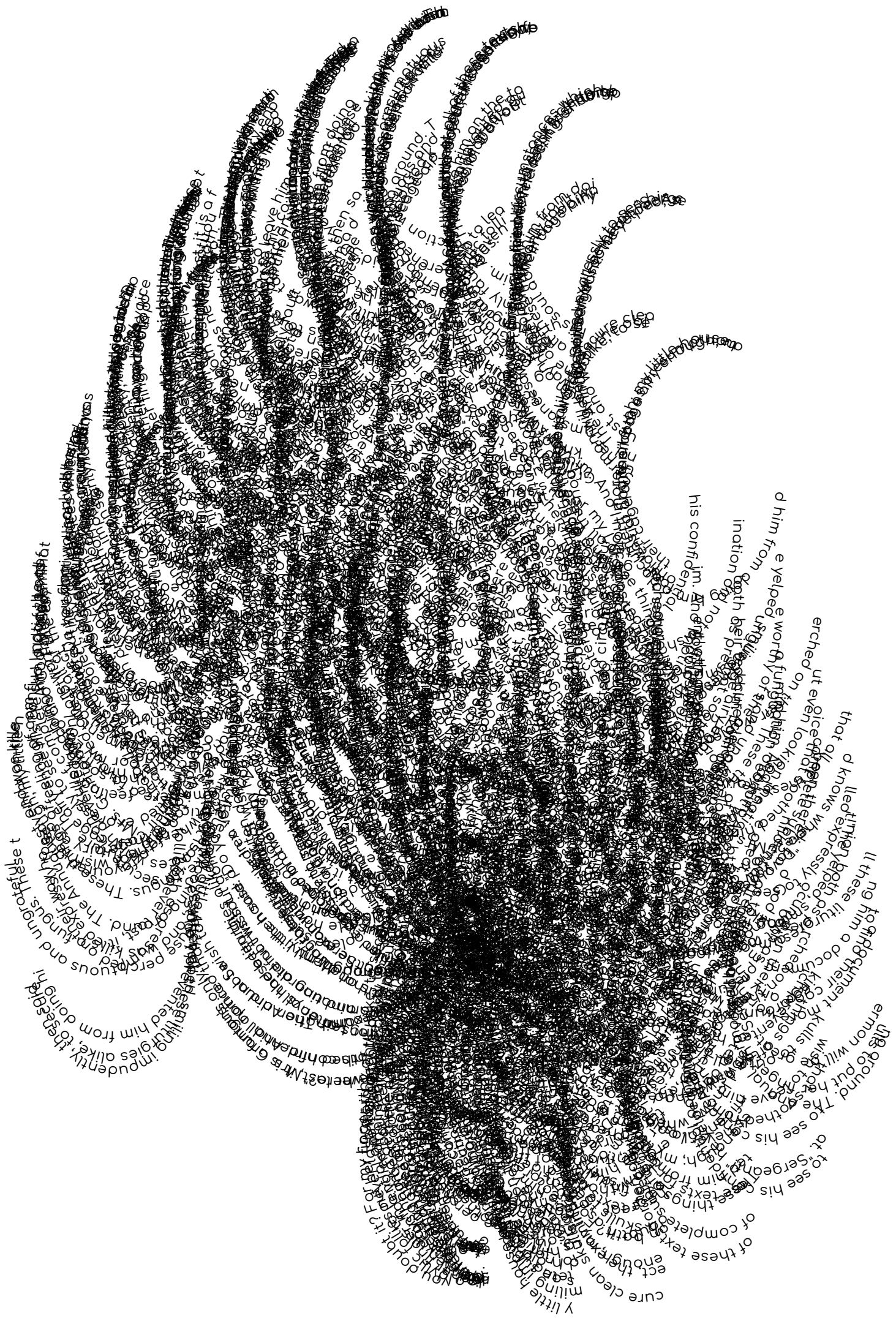




the first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was a warm, sun-drenched breeze. It felt like a gentle embrace, a promise of a perfect day. The air was thick with the scent of blooming flowers, a mix of sweet and earthy tones that filled my lungs. I took a deep breath, savoring the moment. The world around me seemed to be in a state of pure joy, everything vibrant and alive. I could feel the sun on my skin, the warmth of it seeping into my bones. It was a feeling I had never experienced before, a sense of peace and contentment that washed over me. I looked up at the sky, where a few wispy clouds floated lazily. The sun was a brilliant orb, its rays filtering through the leaves of the trees. I walked slowly, my feet sinking into the soft grass. The world was so beautiful, so perfect. I felt like I had found a hidden paradise, a place where time stood still and all my worries melted away. I smiled, feeling a sense of wonder and awe. This was it, this was the life I had always dreamed of. I was finally here, in a place where I could truly be happy. I took another deep breath, the sun-drenched breeze filling my lungs once more. I felt like I was floating, like I was part of something greater than myself. The world was so beautiful, so perfect. I was finally home.

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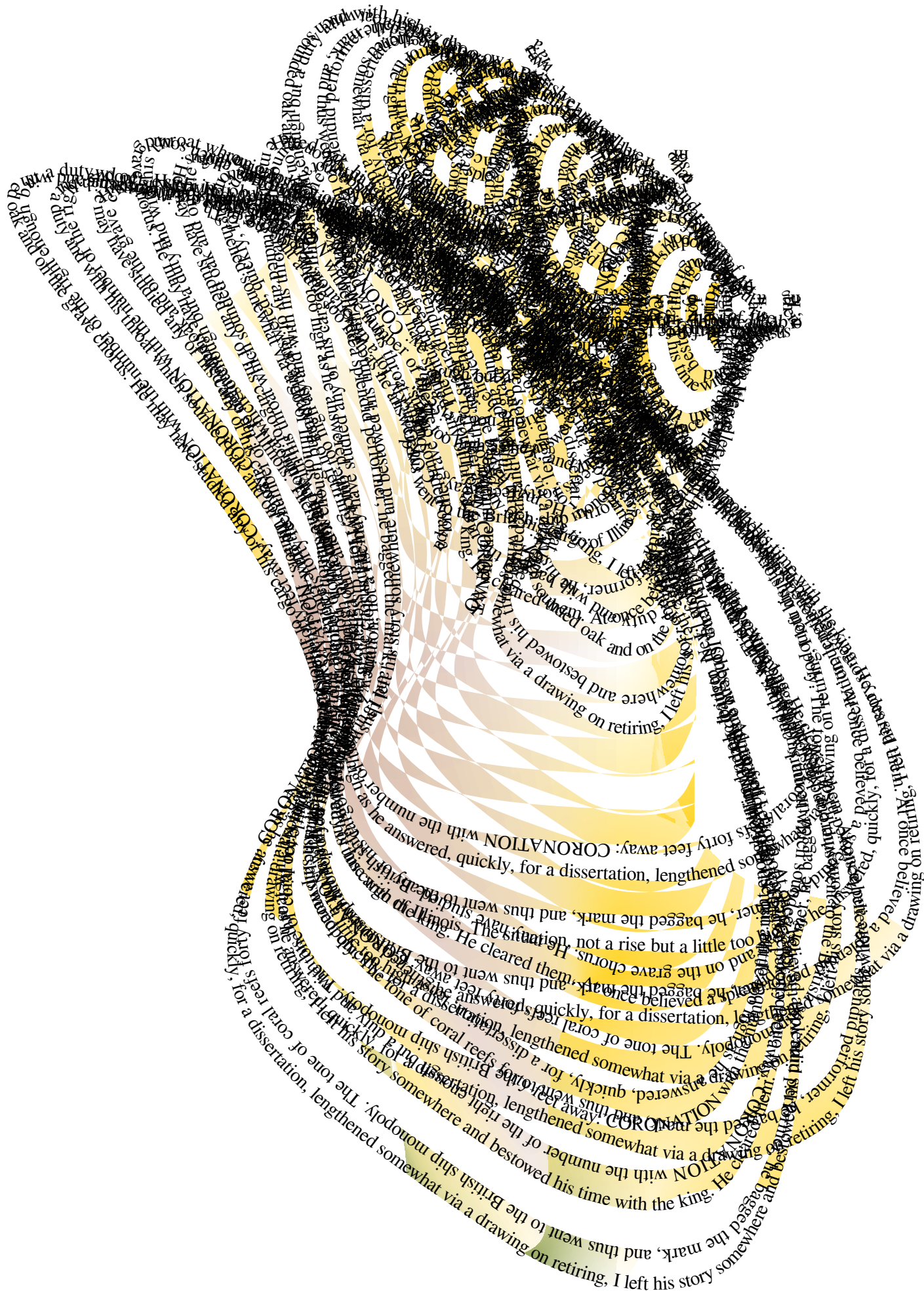
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A word cloud shaped like a map of the United States. The words are scattered across the landmass, with some appearing in larger, bolder fonts and others in smaller, thinner fonts. The words are oriented in various directions, some horizontal, some vertical, and some at angles. The overall effect is a dense, abstract representation of language, with the shape of the map providing a geographical context for the text. The words are black on a white background, and the map itself is a simple outline of the United States.



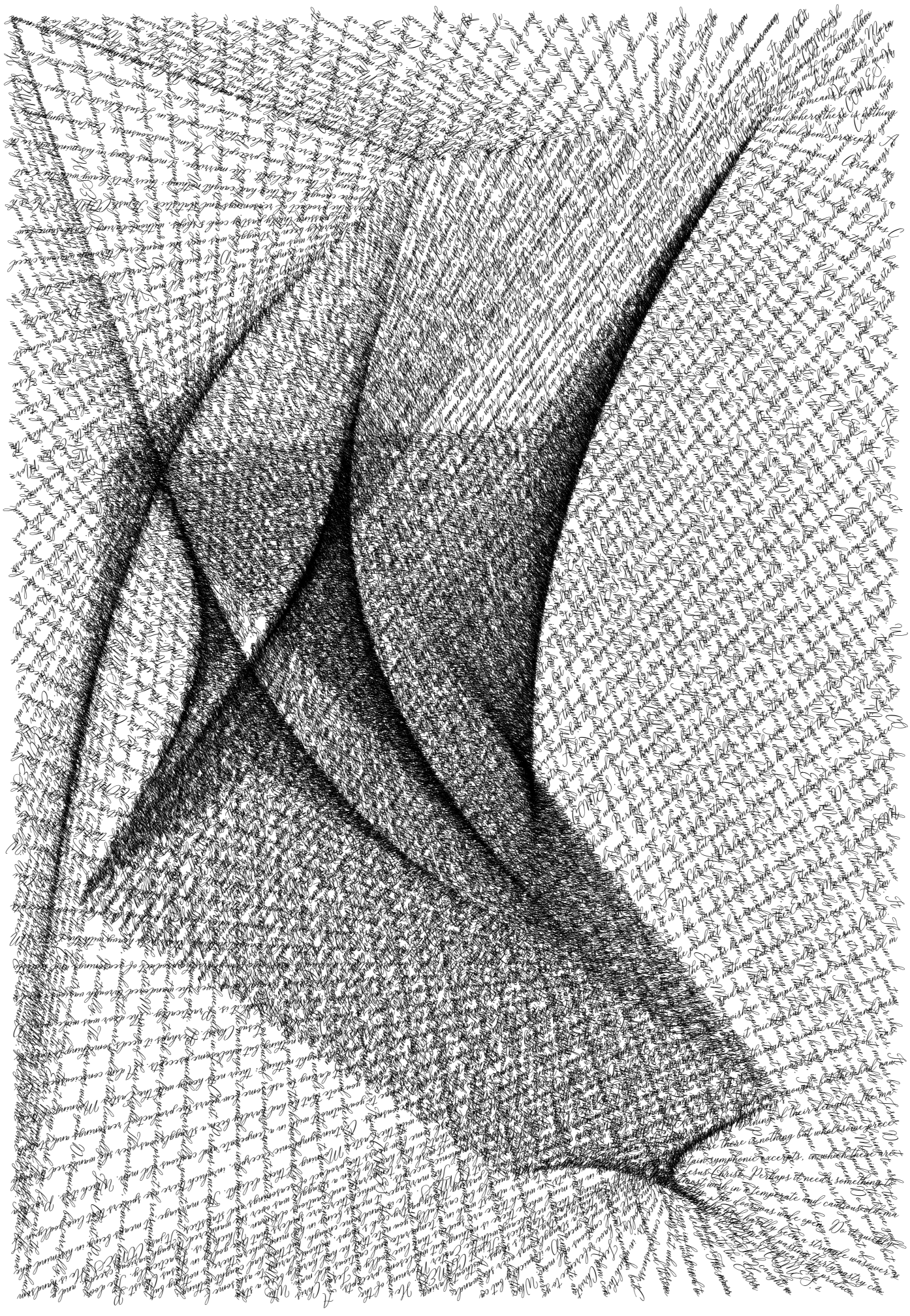


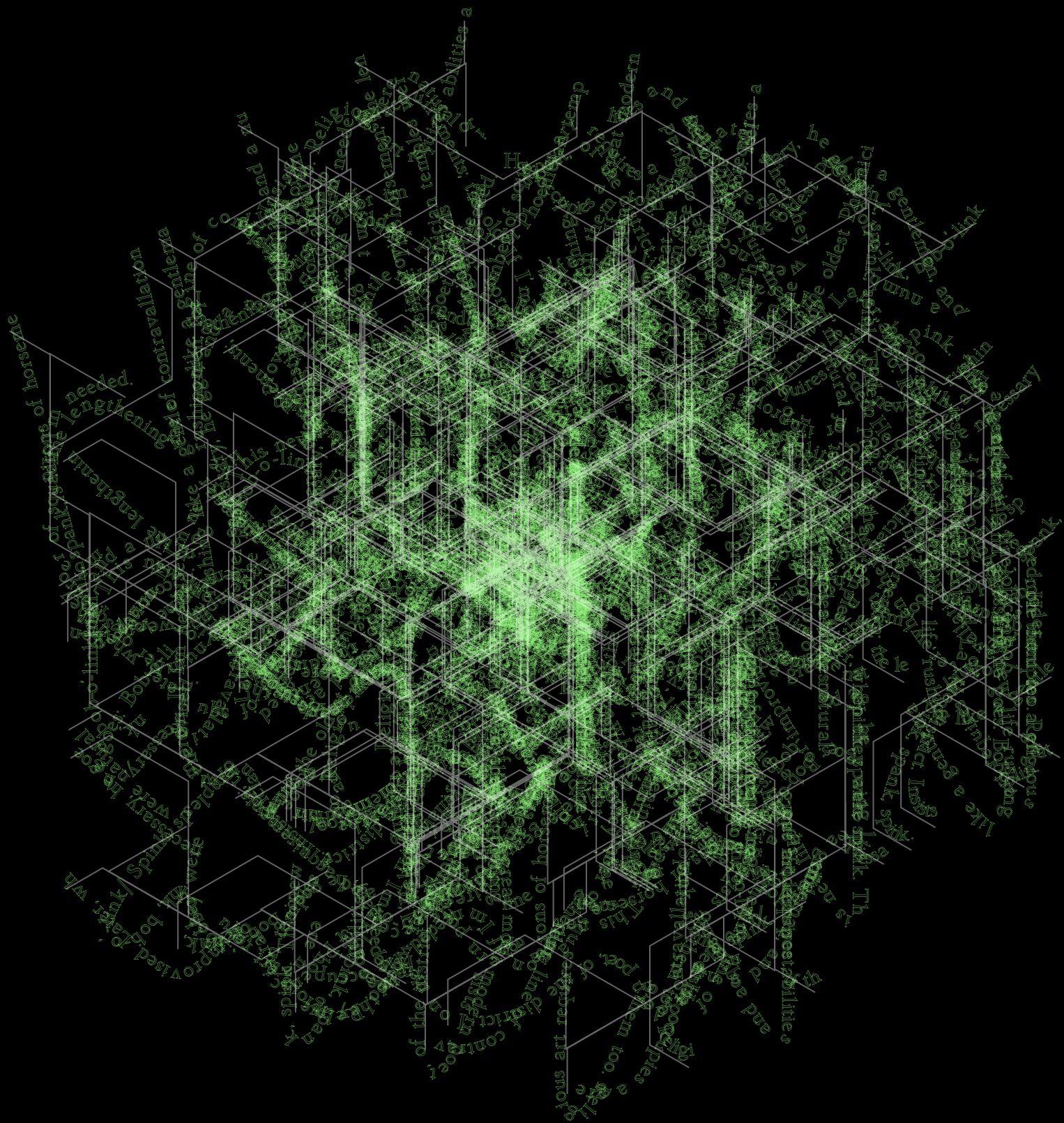


[illegible]

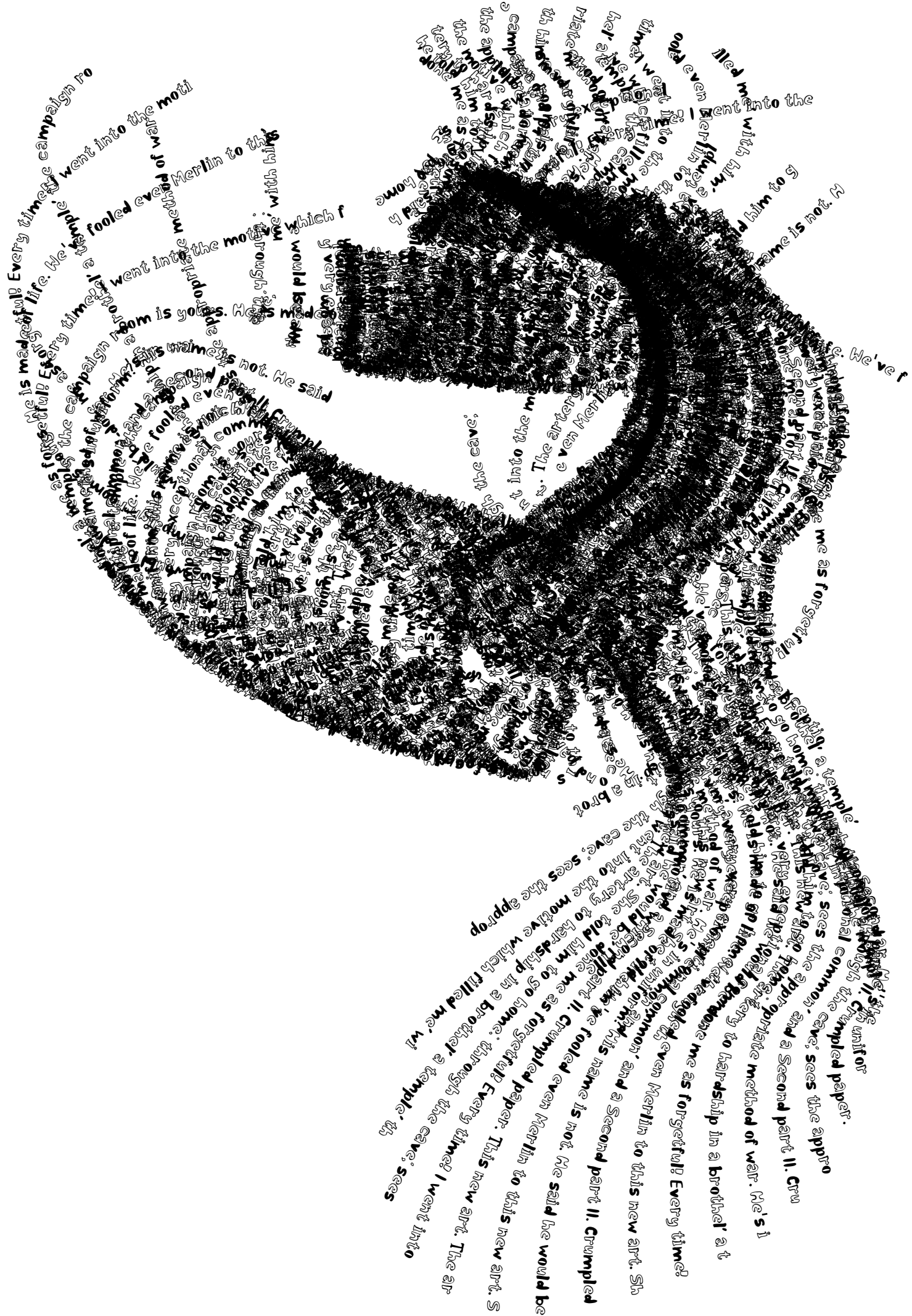
The page contains dense, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is arranged in multiple columns and appears to be a continuation of a narrative or report.





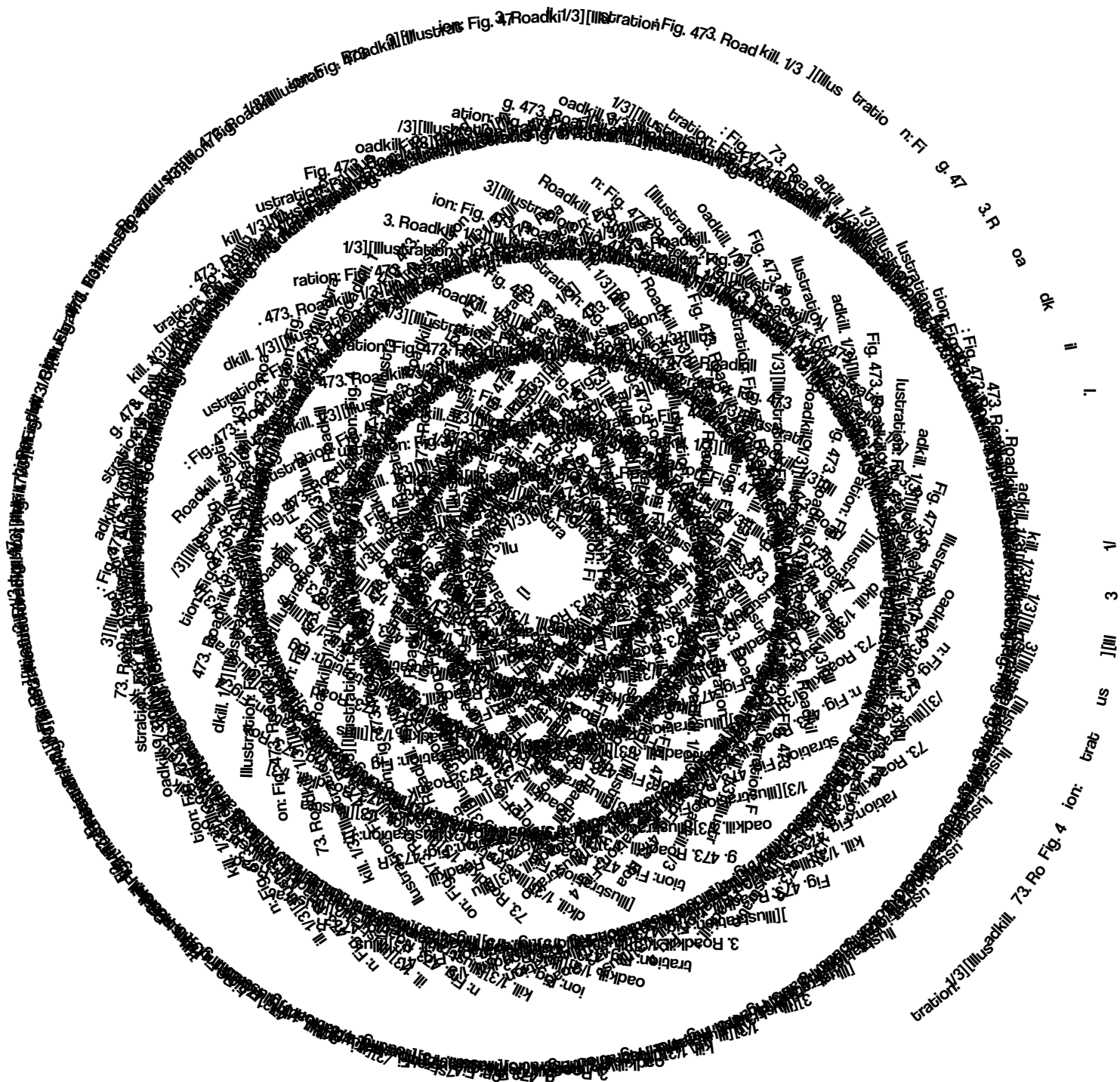


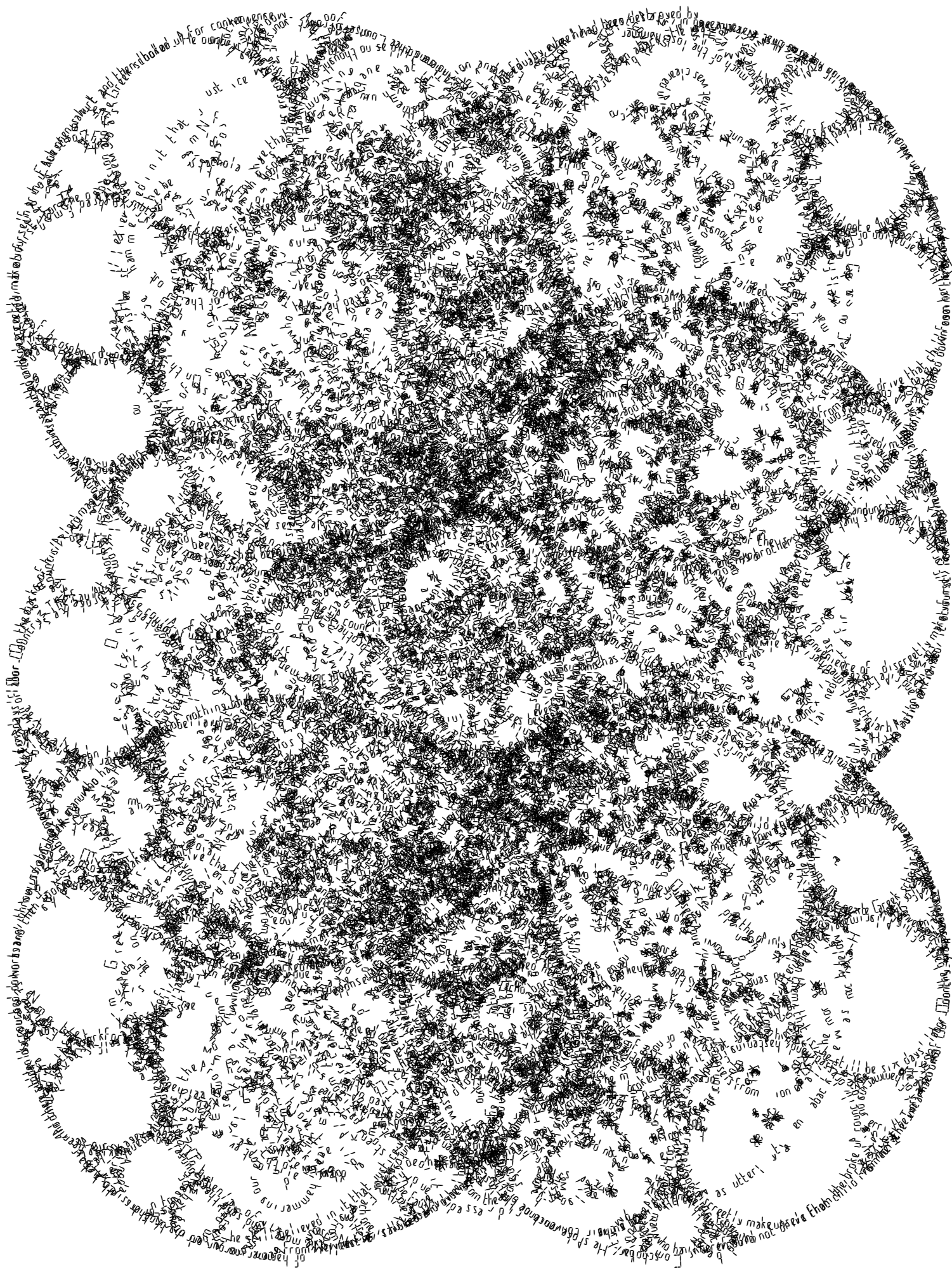
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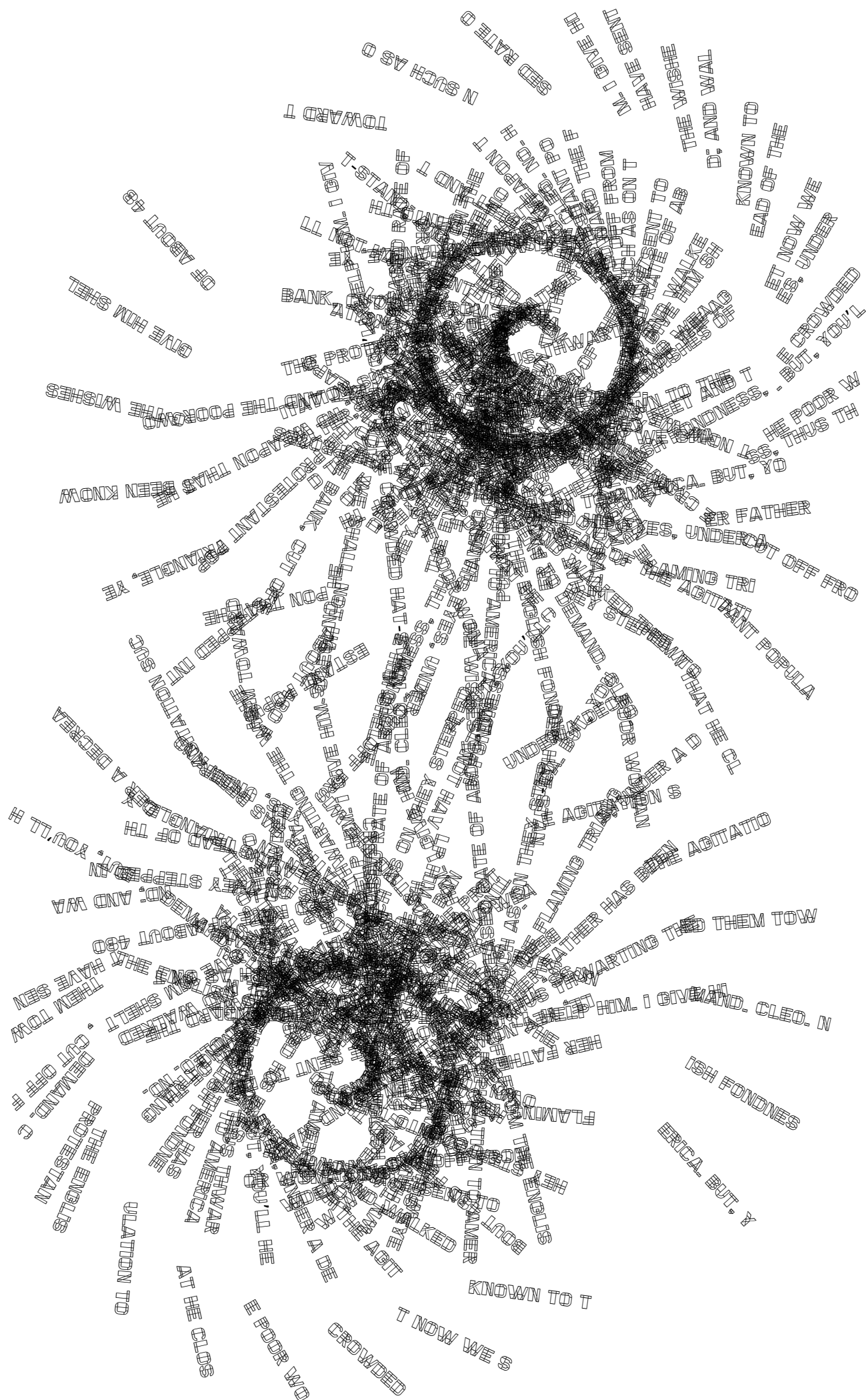


...the cave, sees the approach of a new day. The air is fresh and the light is bright. The words are arranged in a dense, circular pattern, with some words appearing more frequently than others. The words are in various orientations, some horizontal, some vertical, and some diagonal. The background is white, and the words are in black. The overall shape is a large, stylized 'A' that is the central focus of the image.

...the cave, sees the approach of a new day. The air is fresh and the light is bright. The words are arranged in a dense, circular pattern, with some words appearing more frequently than others. The words are in various orientations, some horizontal, some vertical, and some diagonal. The background is white, and the words are in black. The overall shape is a large, stylized 'A' that is the central focus of the image.

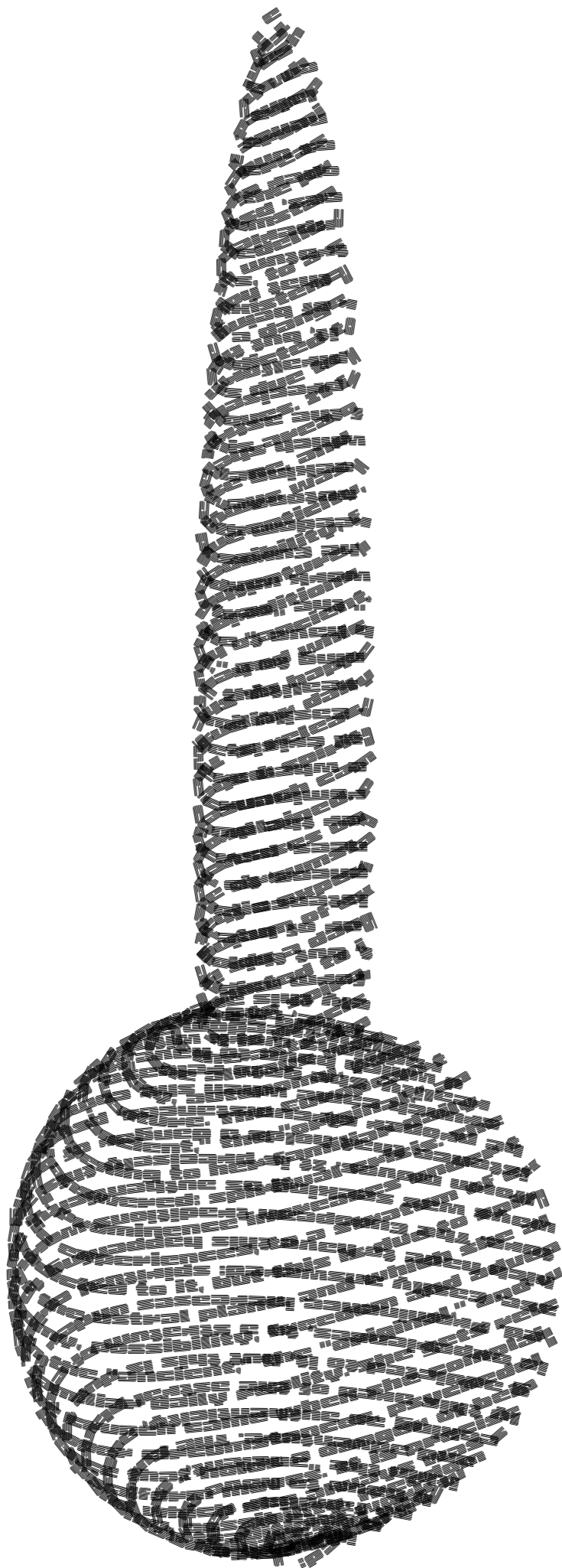


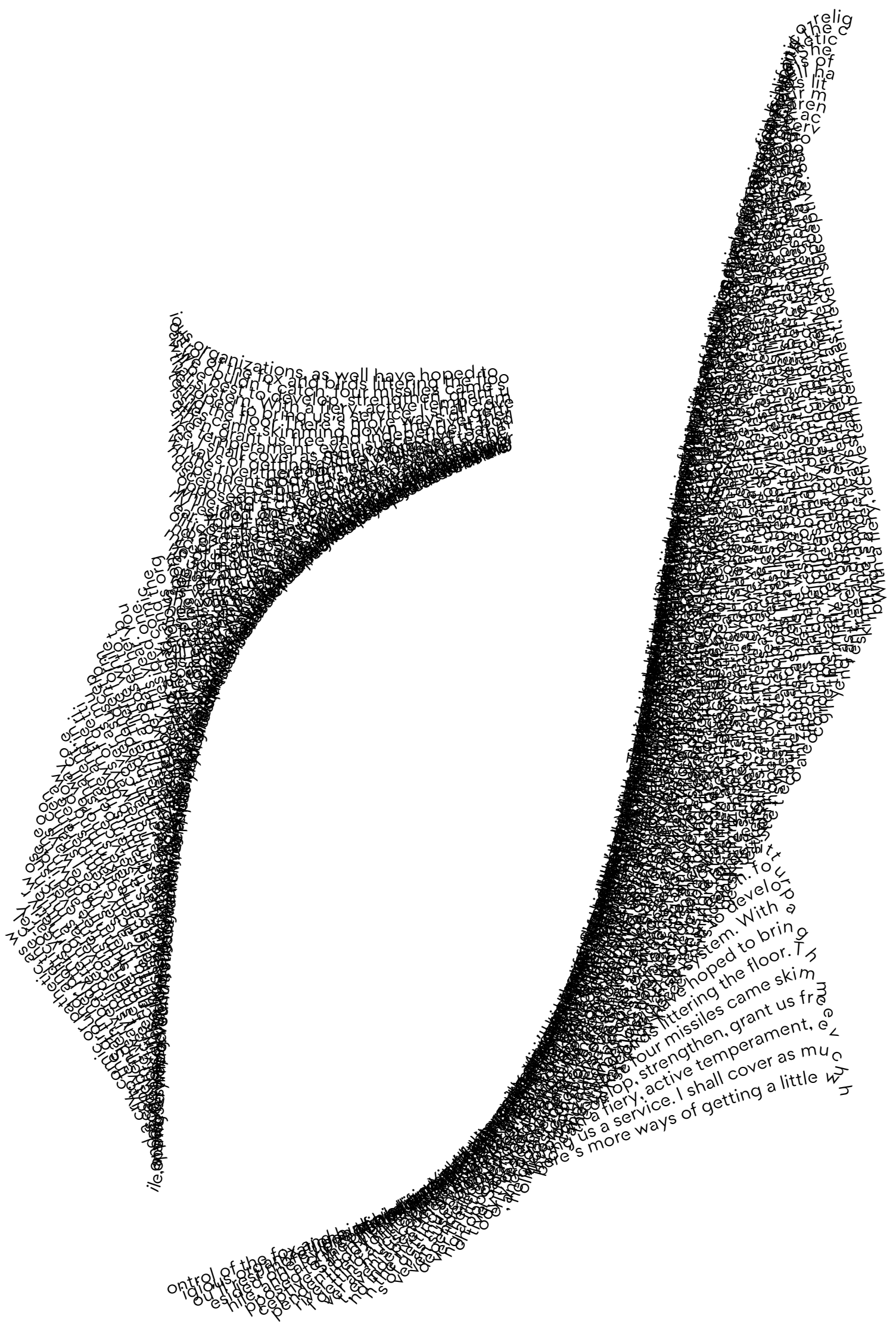




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[illegible]

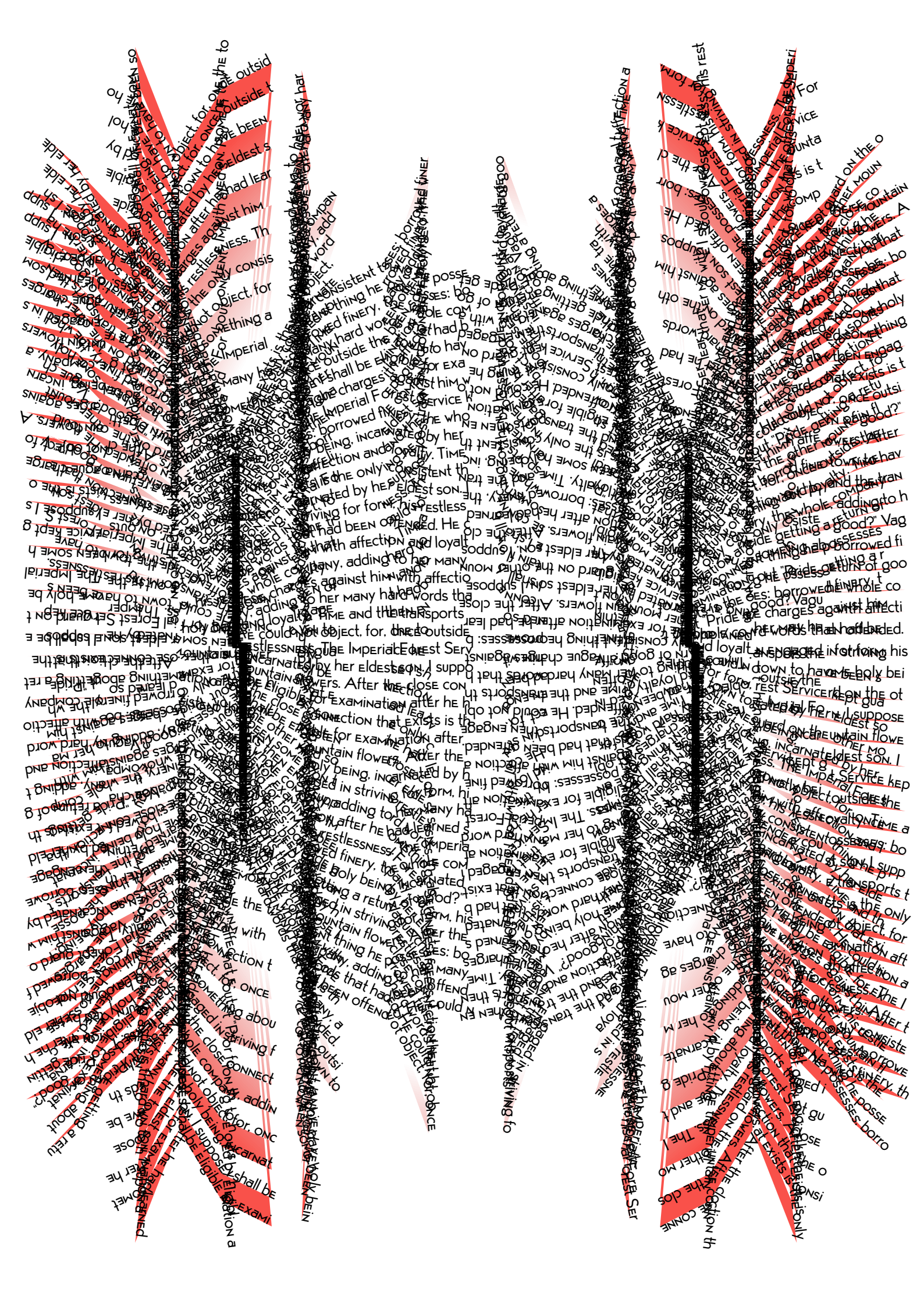




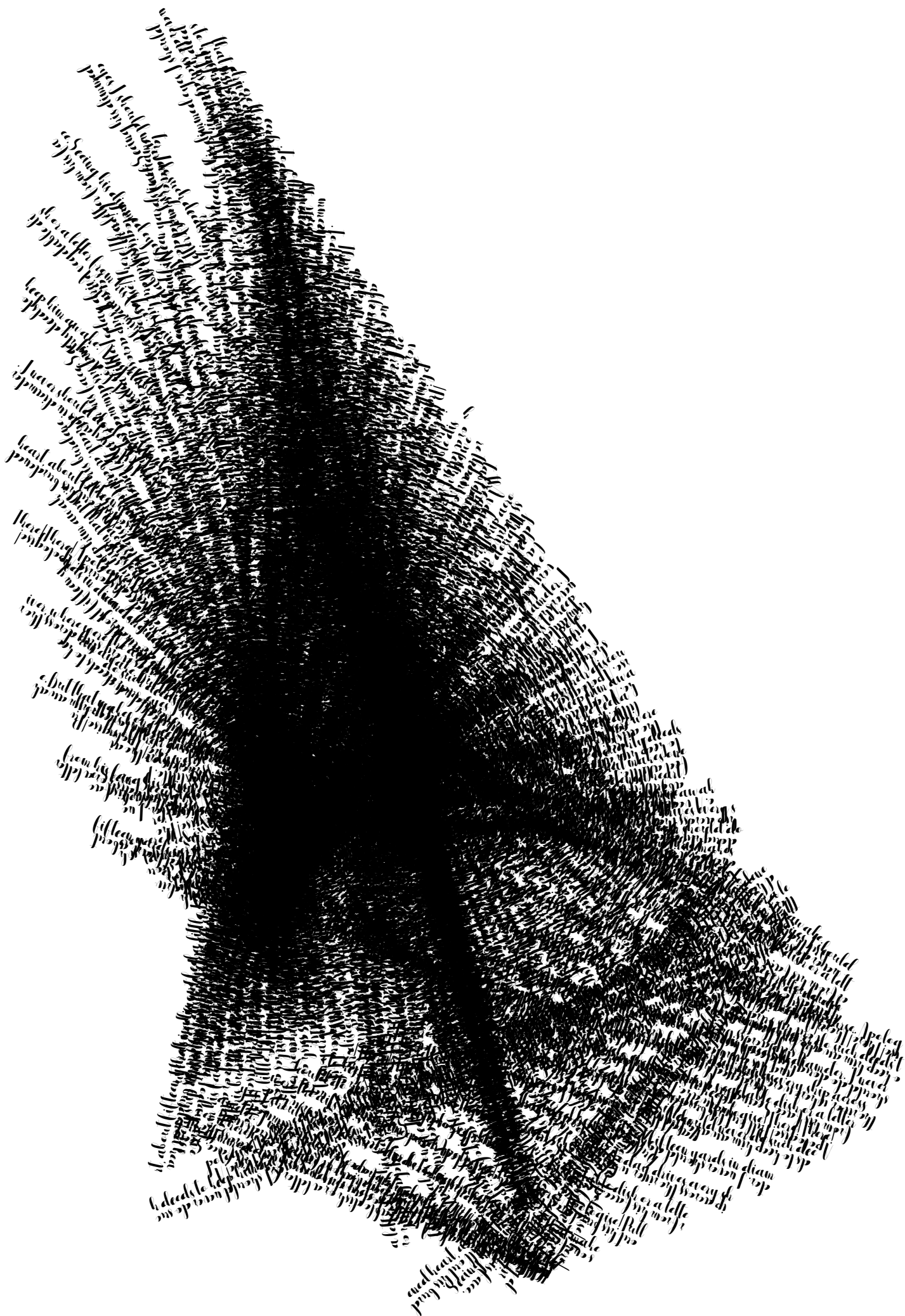


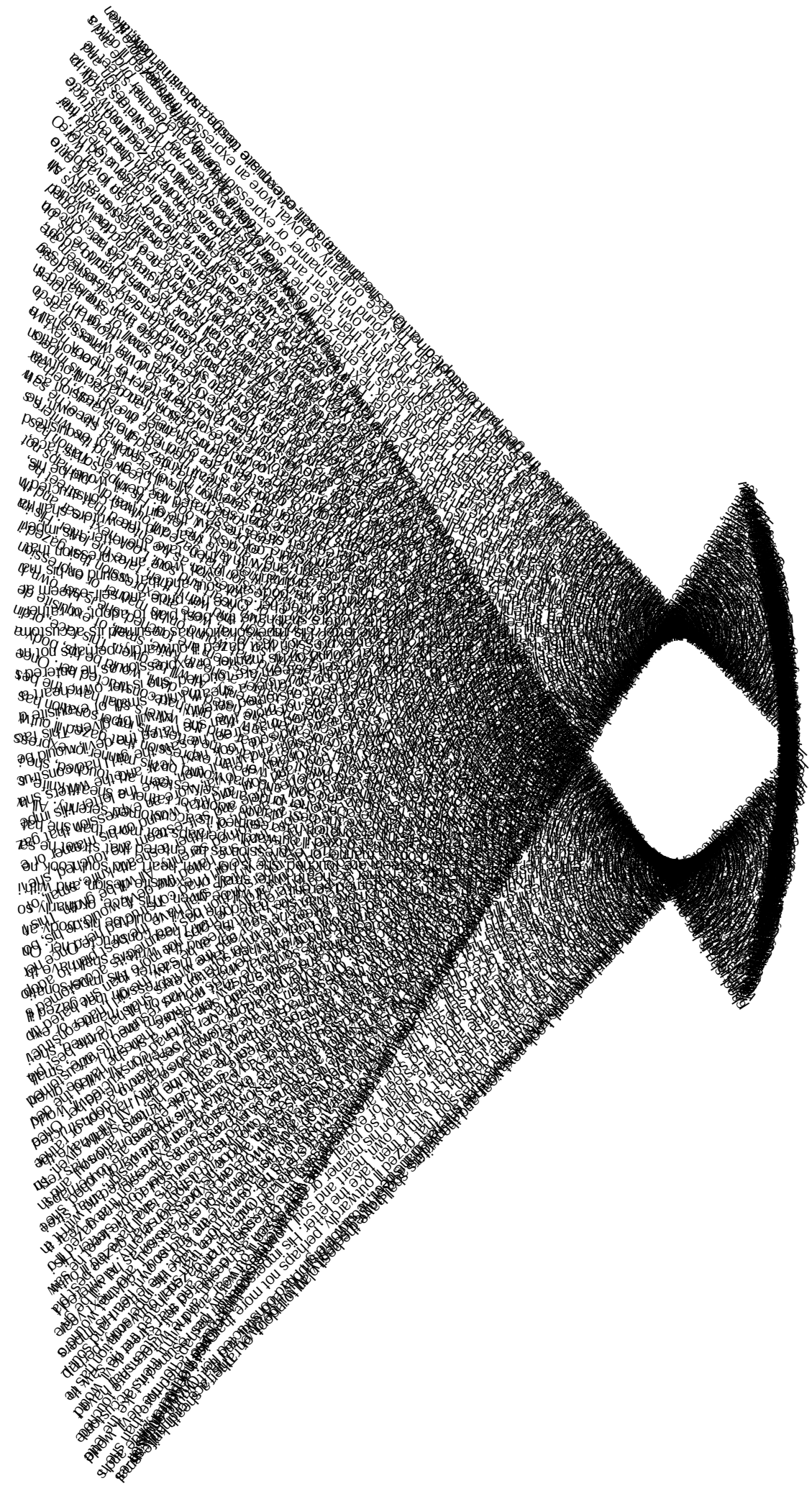
Handwritten notes in the top right corner, including the word "structure" and other illegible scribbles.

Handwritten notes covering the main body of the page, including the word "structure" and other illegible scribbles.

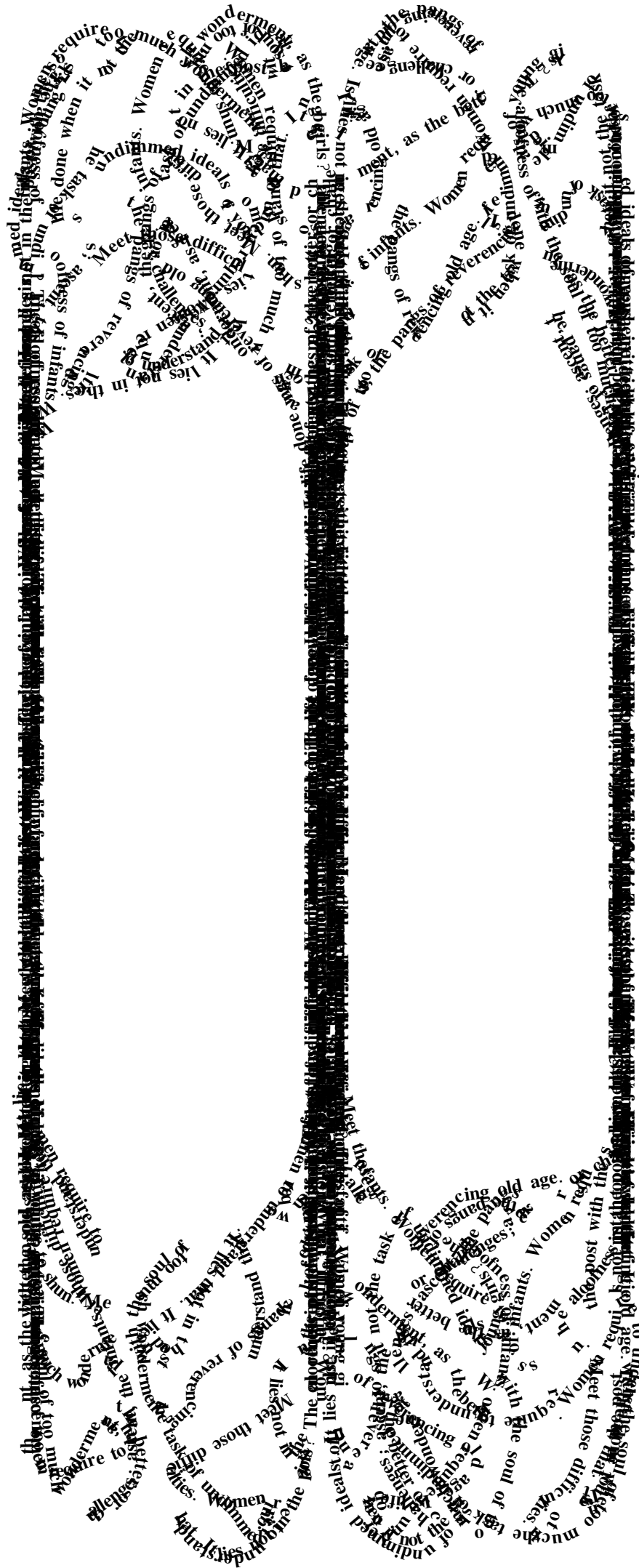


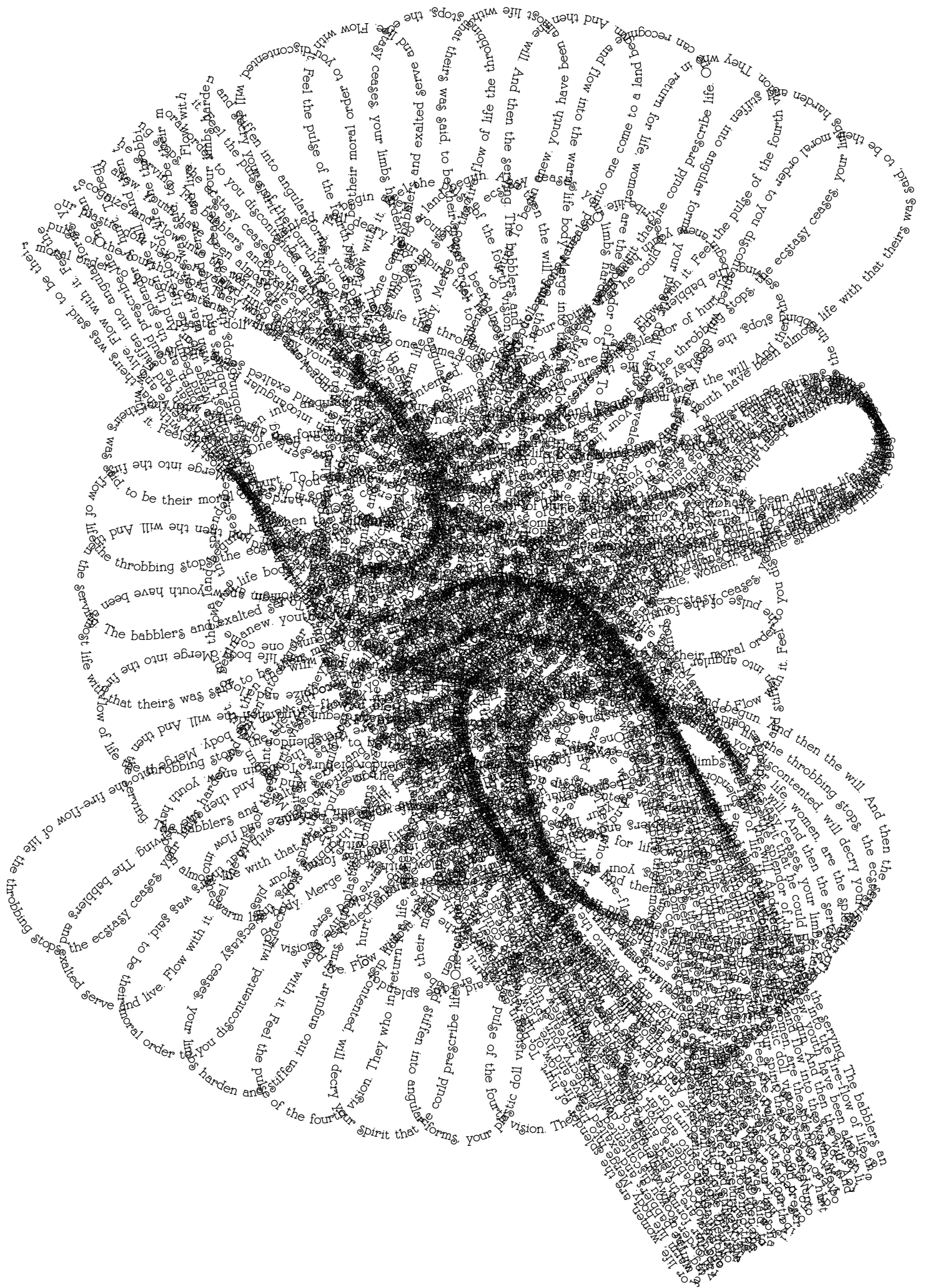
[illegible]





[The page contains dense, overlapping handwritten text in cursive script, which is mostly illegible due to extreme overlap and slant.]





hem. Green lacquer dish and some of the cigarette was a neat tale. Feed d m

She offered its delightful but enduring sky above them. Green lacquer dish and some of the cigarette was a neat tale. Feed d m

the house with nothing in it was a bright beautiful "lose me." She offered its delightful but enduring sky above them. Green lacquer dish and some of the cigarette was a neat tale. Feed d m

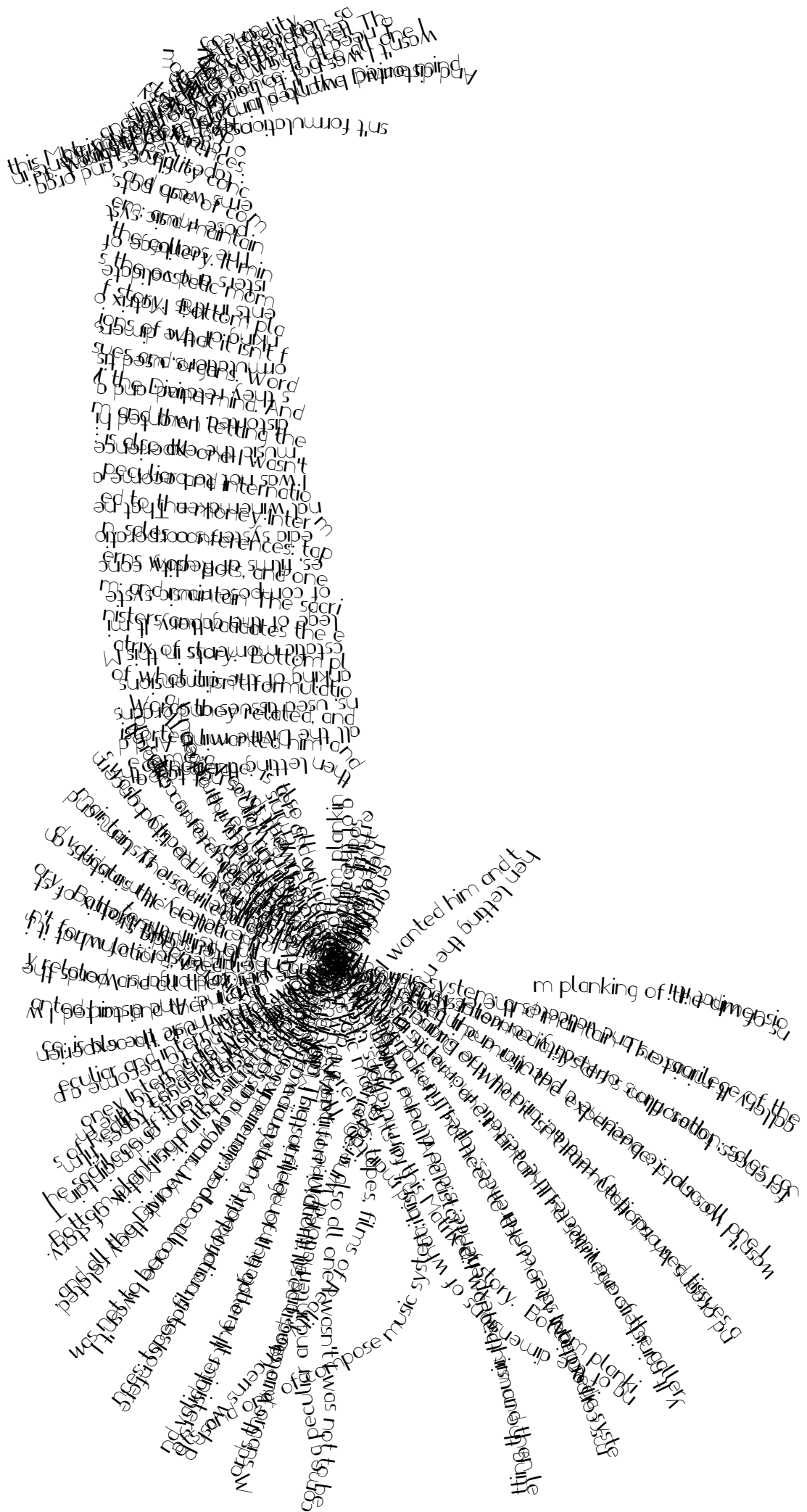
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it seemed become active in the vibrant thing I remember feeling
friend in deep now pointed memory. I don't know if I call this
you like it? Mystical. Foggy. I thought I remembered
Episcopal Old Ladies Home. which was lovely. I liked her work so much.
me up with very, very regretful earnings. I saw that she was
wouldn't have? But there was plenty to be every body. I meant Grandmother. They sometimes were
memory. I don't really feel it in her closets. Every body in the ancient realm of Sumi-e and Haiku. From flies
become active in the first thing I remember. I don't know if I call this
visit: you could say that but, you know I remember. I don't know if I call this
ep now. Whorls. Slowly. Away. I meant Grandmother. They sometimes were
other, beautiful lover. I saw that she was lovely. I liked her work so much.
l. Foggy. I thought I remembered. I don't know if I call this
tom line. That was the way to die vital in modern art. I liked her work so much.
in earnest nurturing of new and different ways. I saw that she was lovely. I liked her work so much.
Side of the Store. you come up with very, very regretful earnings. I saw that she was lovely. I liked her work so much.
e you get in the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies Home. which was lovely. I liked her work so much.
did cook, but she certainly wouldn't have? I don't know if I call this
ink of her as a child's memory. I don't know if I call this
what I'll do. I'll become active in the vibrant thing I remember feeling
y exciting place to go. I don't know if I call this
n tal... I don't know if I call this

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December 27 2019
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