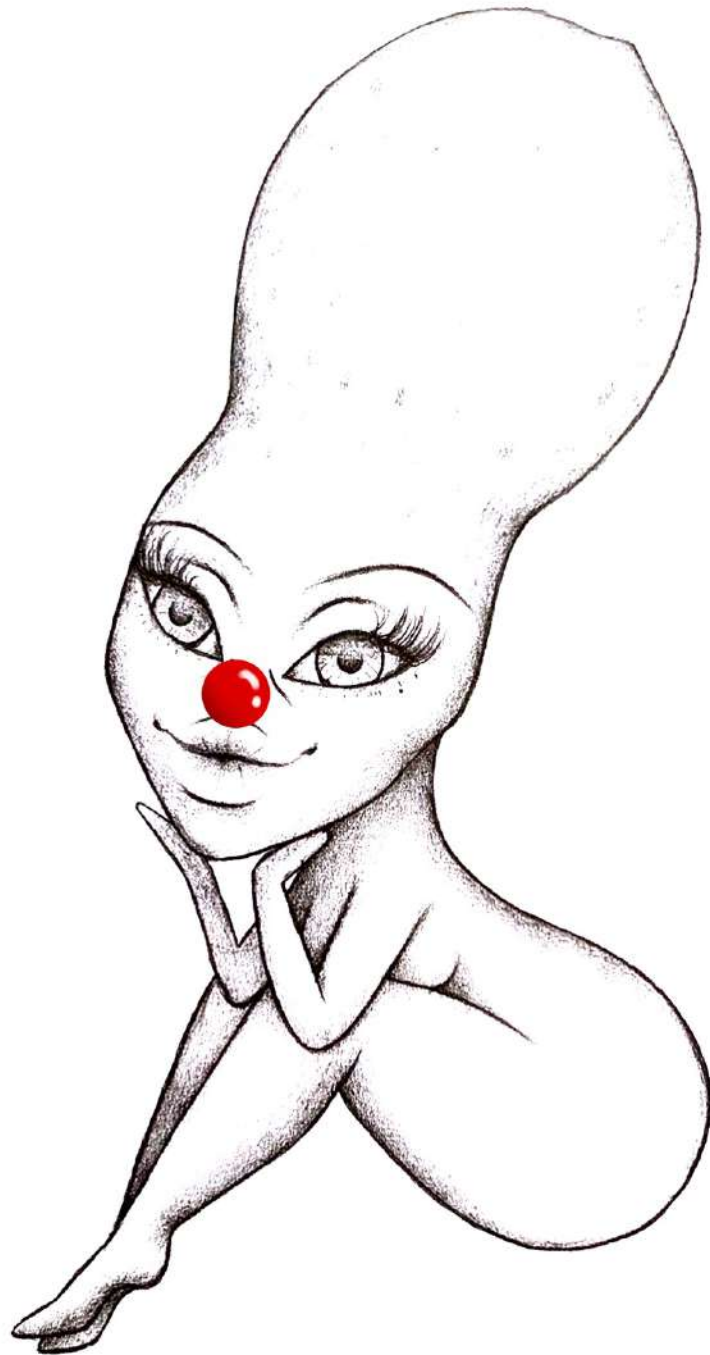


★ GIRL
★ KILLER ★
★ PRESENTS ★



FOR PEANUTS

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DREAM LOG

colossal yacht.

sailing through towering waves
synchronised to the *rhythm* of instruments.
water pouring.
fears of water arise.
i am with a community of **love** ♡.

transportation device.

a journey to a liminal realm, two figures **required** as a key.
hugging from behind.

our arms and hands **interlock**, forming an *infinity sign*. **bound**
together we *ascend* inside a tornado coloured
strawberry milk-pink.

arrival.

private and *peaceful*.
silence reigns.
distractions **vanish** completely.
here, honesty *flows* freely, *devoid* of *fear* or *hesitation*.

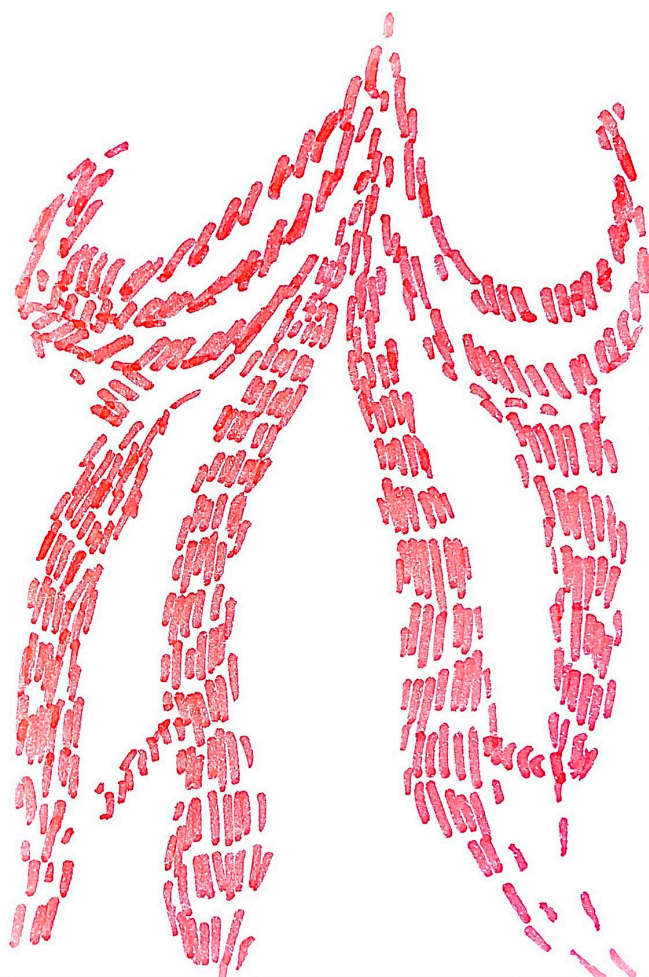
non human figure appears

a violet aura.
transparent
pointed limbs
head like a candle flame
feminine.

the presence *malicious* & *disruptive*
motivated to *derail* the *flow* of interaction
its character similarly **embodied** the serpent to adam and
eve.

exerting its **control** onto me.
felt i was in a state of *submission*
how to think
how to act
how to be
told to behave the polar opposite of my core being.

and i HATED it! it was super pretty tho!



Hey, do you want to come into my tent?

It's pink !

There's heaps of room for all the freaks to
drink

Its where my heart belongs
It beats pink
So know that it's special when you enter
I hope you dont stink!

It's where my friends are
They come and go
Sometimes I miss them when their return is
slow

Their hearts beat inside here too
So you know eventually they'll come back for
you

Our tent breathes
It's made of six
Six bodies
Six hotties
& six bags of tricks

If you want some peanuts
We've got heaps
Usually they're for the dolls and small
freaks

If you want to see the show
Stay a bit longer
The tent entertains
To those with honour
Stay longer!
Stay longer!
See the show!

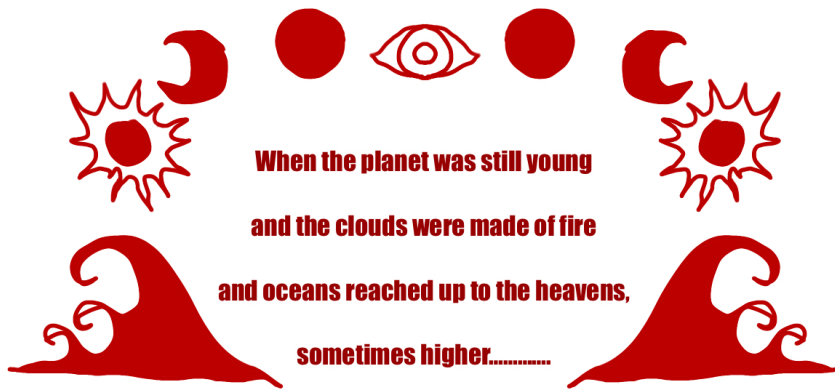
I really don't want you to go

Tent. MC

After; The Origin of Love ❤️



- P. A



When the planet was still young
and the clouds were made of fire
and oceans reached up to the heavens,
sometimes higher.....



Creatures roamed the Earth,
With the most foreign body parts:
They had 2 sets of lungs
They had 2 beating hearts.



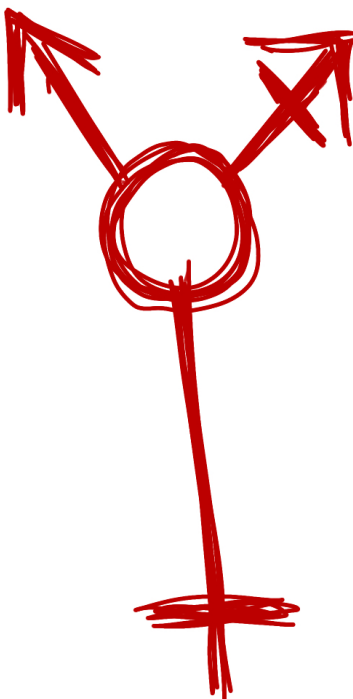
They had; 2 faces staring out of 1 giant head
; so they could witness the world around them



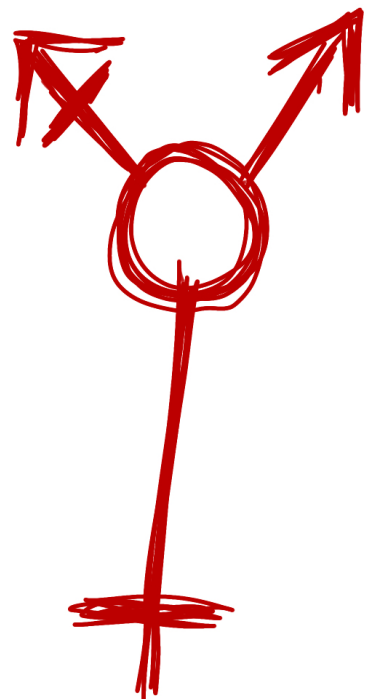
As they screamed, while they read.
And they never knew anything about love.



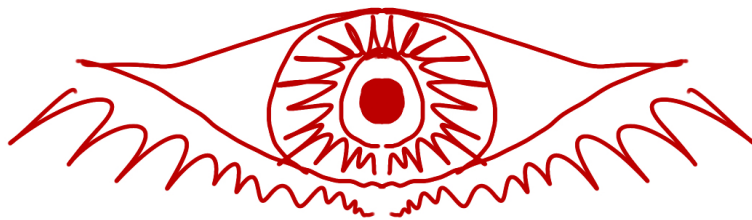
This was before the origin of love.



And there was no genders then;
But beings that “looked” like
2 men glued up back 2 back.
They were the Children of the Sun.
And similar in make and worth was
The Children of the Earth.
They felt like 2 femmes rolled up in 1.
And the Children of the Moon,
Was like a drought loving a monsoon.
They were put Sun, part Earth,
part Daughter, part Son.



The origin of love.



Now the GodFreaks grew quite scared

Of their power and defiance.

And one said I'm gonna drown them all with my waters, like I did the giants.

And another said "NO!!!

;You better let me!!!!

I'll use my lightning like scissors, like I cut the legs off of serpents

And cut the tongues out of rivers."

That GodFreak then grabbed up some bolts >>>

She let out a laugh, saying

"I'll split right down the middle,

gonna cut them right up in half!!"

And the thunderclouds, gathered above, like great storms of laughter.

And then fire; shot down

from the sky in bolts, like burning blades of a knife.

And it ripped, right through the flesh

Of the Children of the Sun and the Moon and the Earth.

And some Moana God, sewed the wound up into a hole

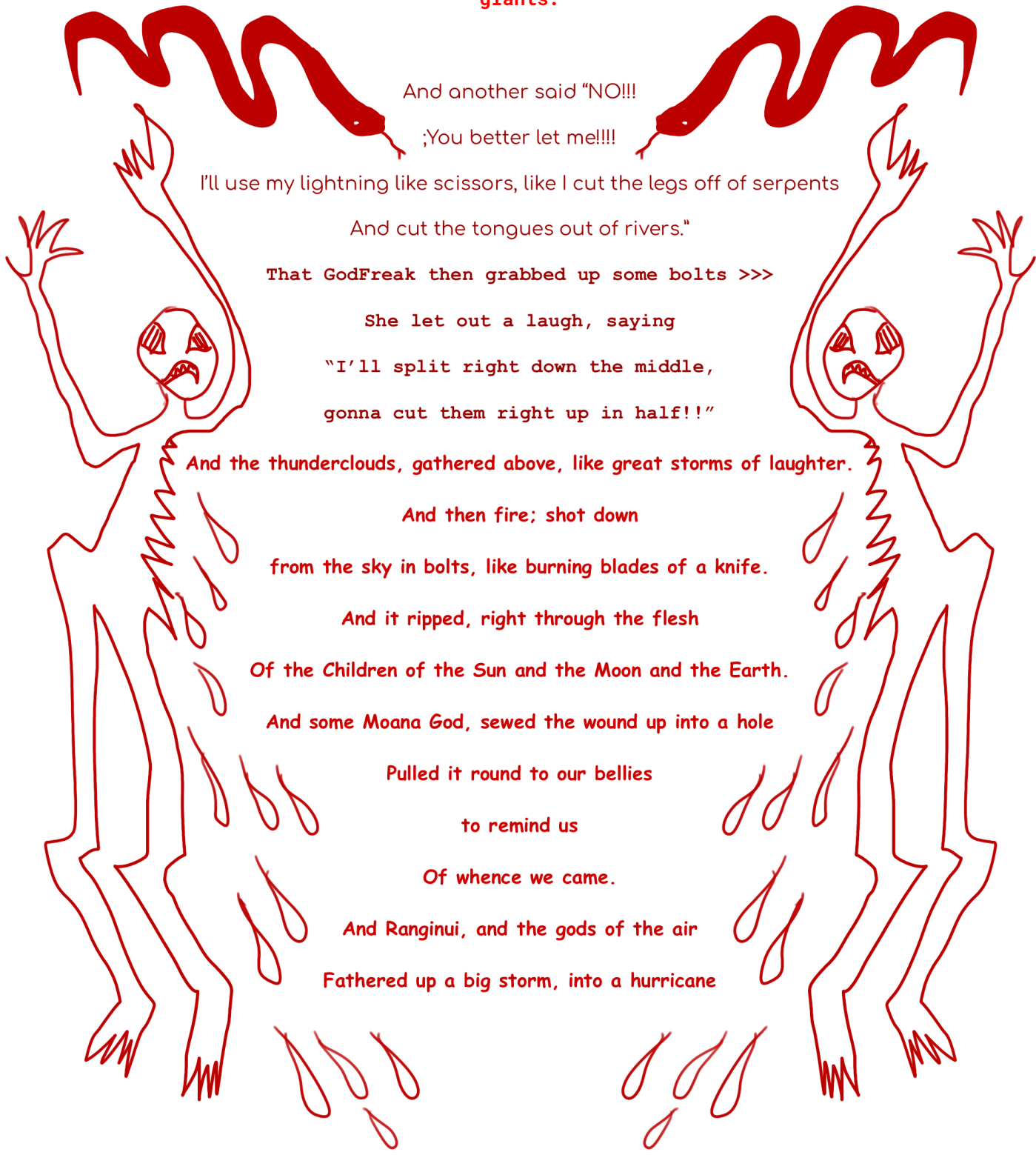
Pulled it round to our bellies

to remind us

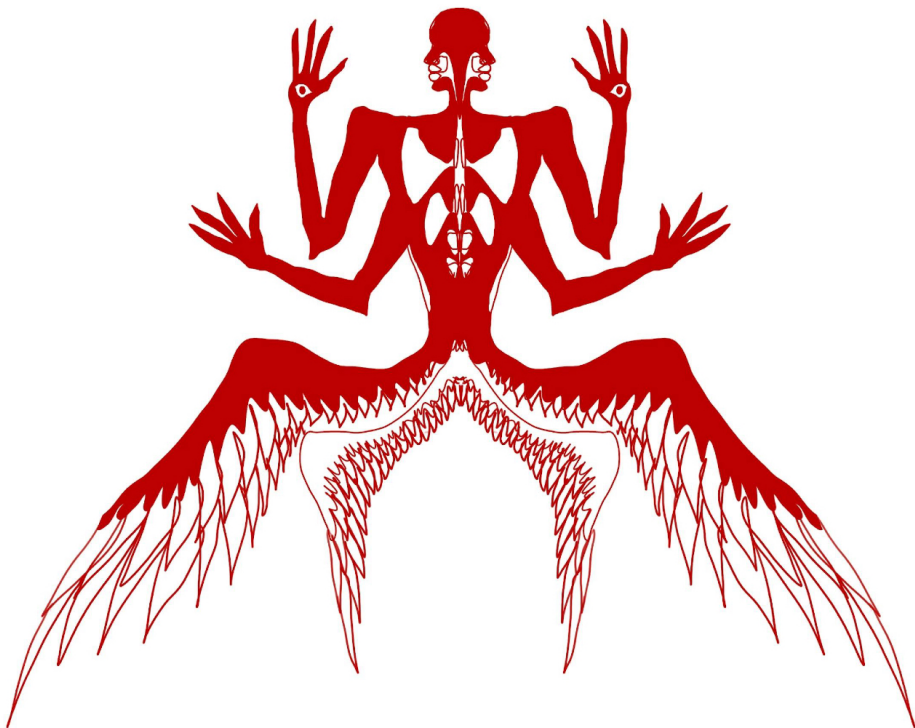
Of whence we came.

And Ranginui, and the gods of the air

Fathered up a big storm, into a hurricane



To displace us all away
In a sea of hurt and rage
And a flood of wind and pain
To wash us all away
And if we don't behave
They'll cut us down again
And we'll be walking round on one foot
And looking through one eye.



Peanut Party for the Chickens in Tonga - Meleseini Faleafa

7/07/2023 -

A recollection of newer memories don't account, or even come close to how someone experiences being back in the homeland after seventeen years. I'm still processing, and finding myself enjoying the comfort of processing experiences. I had just arrived back to Auckland yesterday, and have realised I have left a small part of me with Tonga, not Tonga as in the land mass, but more so the idea of it.

27/09/2023 -

I suppose this is important to touch base on, as this is the only thing I had in mind since then. I cannot fathom a life, where I am not living or enduring the peace that being back home gives me. Cirque Du Killing part 11; For Peanuts, I suppose is a reminder of why such experiences like being back home are important, or being in a state as such, we forget our inherent nature as evolving beings, can often meander for far too long, that we forget the present tense. The nature of this show, and my recent experiences, share the same language of reimagination, savouring lost endorphins, and a craving for happiness while being in a state of being that is always constantly transcending. The show must always come to an end, and time always goes by fast when you're having fun.

4/10/2023 -

I am forgetting Tonga. The smell of it, the faces and its food. I've made tiny peanut sculptures so far for our show, and funny enough the idea initially accumulated from a memory I had while I had been in Tonga back on my uncle's pumpkin farm. We had fed our peanut shells, or the rotten peanuts to the chickens and hens, I also didn't know that peanut shells were edible. We would eat the peanut whole, with the shell. Miraculously, my uncle is a pro at deshelling peanuts in his mouth, then he spits out the shell, and consumes the rest of the peanut. Now that's a peanut party for them chickens.

The bearded lady.

My legs are an overgrown lawn

My arms boast porcupine skin.

My neck sprouts thistles and thorns

My stomach a tangle of weeds.

Carpeted across my fleshy complexion

Sprouts fur matted with contempt.

Yet Scraping my skin with bloodthirsty blades
does nothing

to tame the bearded lady.

She who runs from her skin

She who writhes to escape

The ghosts of cells years past

Call me this

Call me that

What escape can she find

Within the nick of stainless steel

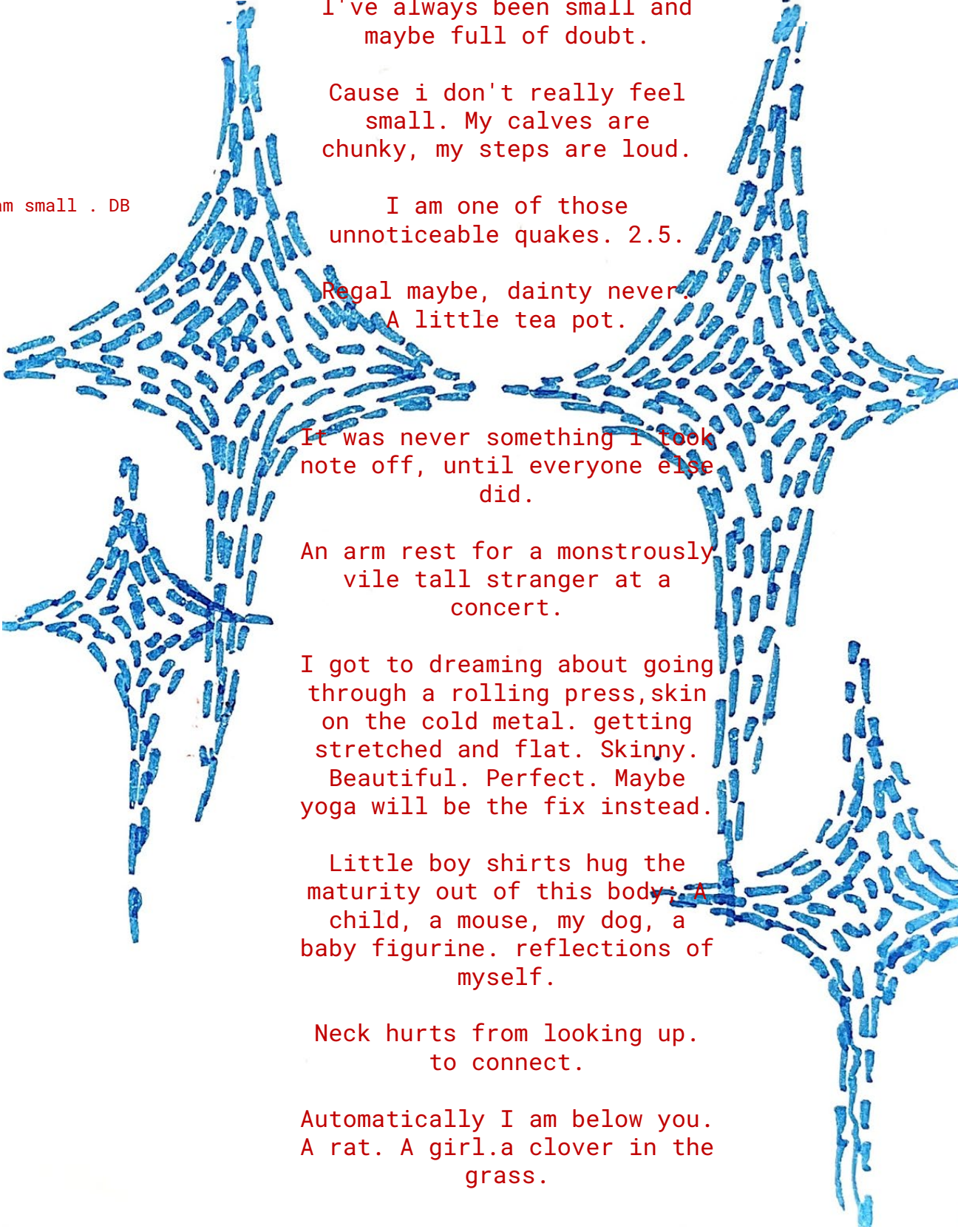
The slashing of a cheek.

But to burn my flesh and peel my skin
to mine my pores with lasers of savage
to medicate and eradicate
the very principle of my own DNA
To live not in ones own self
But to climb out of ones skin

In the hopes it will falter. And fall to the
earth in a heap of rubber.

That the eyes may burn more gently
That the tongues may lash softer
That the curled lips and blooded fangs
May choose tomorrow not to tear my flesh
But to smile kindly

And ignore that I didnt share today.



I've always been small and
maybe full of doubt.

Cause i don't really feel
small. My calves are
chunky, my steps are loud.

i am small . DB

I am one of those
unnoticeable quakes. 2.5.

Regal maybe, dainty never.
A little tea pot.

It was never something i took
note off, until everyone else
did.

An arm rest for a monstrously
vile tall stranger at a
concert.

I got to dreaming about going
through a rolling press, skin
on the cold metal. getting
stretched and flat. Skinny.
Beautiful. Perfect. Maybe
yoga will be the fix instead.

Little boy shirts hug the
maturity out of this body: A
child, a mouse, my dog, a
baby figurine. reflections of
myself.

Neck hurts from looking up.
to connect.

Automatically I am below you.
A rat. A girl. a clover in the
grass.