

RaKhiy elder

I'm Terrified

i'm terrified.

A . T

> O, LL-'C.

Ché\ + __

g ueril | @

熊 と獅子

昨日の晩に

filet を魚(bii!)

寒かった

Sad as I am.

gottlieb elem.

'あLa | a @fa|tf

Fugitive Spirituism

You know you heard something.

Right there-- from that hole in your bruised competence, a soft fat tongueless breath speaking whole to the midway. Shattering your gritting teeth that clutch whose misunderstanding. Nails dug deep into every horizon somebody else found. Huh? Feather-like sighs of profound, empty expectation twisting your waiting eye watching that hole that whole to bend back, unnatural almost, to bend and show you something. a reflection to be, maybe.

It was an emotional moment.

Bound, open-faced toward--And what?

Whatwhatwhat . are you truly be? Don be like that. Don get like that. Just a question, baby. I'm jus asking you a question.

[crouching in school hallways .

far ministers breathing onto my

paleo phone plan.

when my bones walk back into my body

, 5 LkWh .

Delete

says the buildup of itch under my weave. My nails painted, can't breathe.

* hey! as if you ever *been* free.

and & yea ya ya forever forever.

[crouching in my own universe.

being small; , ; do you

...read me?

Blackness hiding in blackness, in the

dark. In the intellect of Allah. Outside
in the driveway, waxing my mothers' sins.
How is it on the other-
side of this projection?

o p p o s

8.

chasm.

We...touch it with

Thumbs stripped of place.

We pry it

Open with careful hands void of

Intention and watch atmospheric ash

Curl over its soft edges

Sighs of some prior predatorial

Existence piling, glinting, promising

Something like purpose.

Here is where you always were,

never outside of it.

Unbuttoning dresses with my

assistance, pedantic casual be its

ways.

be.

The sway of palm trees froze in

winter: umbrellas under fire.

We conditioned not to know pain.

Now no position holds us safely.

Daffodils playing host to spiders-

us only held in each other's aura.

Falling. At. each.

me5t. iculous step.

dialogue

amongst

yourselves. *be.* Screams

call back from the

woods. Trees taut as learned

dancers. Ferns caught in pure

capture. Our feet turn to a

caterpillar's on the damp

steps. The memory is
sweeter than the
rea
... -lity.

Light like this is effortless. Becoming in swarming profundity.

This don't want. Plead.

Is mouthless. Is eye-less. With ears soaking in the clay.

Pressed up against up into the hum.

And [you][i][me][you]? Empty. Til the spaces, unkempt--as they can only be--crave no location.

As gods intended.

Detangle tendrils of unconscious maladies

Fragments caught in each jagged insecurity,

biting broken tooth passivity

Finding self drooling onto the extended arms of tired liberation.

Gums rubbing against the inner thigh of dreamless night, must sooth.

Mass of black space floating inside of a ship.

when they stepped off the shore, laid on the

What is hell? Is it writing of your people
as if you do not know them? Or that their
cries echo unto your ears, and you hear
how they wished you would not have to
endure again?

And why am I asking you? Why should you know what you do--right?

With that way you turn your head from what you are. With that way you pray, eyes closed, to the
seen, wanting to lay claim to these chaotic planes of is scrambling forward knees first to higher
order, tumbling backward palms scraping to natural order, raising up head last to self--all at
once. You don't know even as you are.

Entering unto a forest since cleared:
the mountains in clear view. He has
deserted you. Those are not mistakes
glinting from the horizon. A

lone.

A monster's child.

My birth hath been its on, spanning
my wings over idolatry. xeJ x.nxL

Page after page you will turn ,
as a Phoenix anticipates burns.

The ground is shaking.

The ground is shaking and I don't know what to do about it.
if something should be done. What is choice?
How do I possess a choice...

I think it might spread wide open or maybe just ...
Collapse in or out,
But it will. It will.

WILL, Under Duress.
HEAVENLY CARPOOL.

_0.7 run. run. run. stop.

"a couple m's in my bank acct."

wt.: ???Kg

photoelectric . *WILL, Under Duress.*

Let me be honest with you,
there's no one I love more.
>>>>> That's why I'll sit
through this movie, and
let you put your arm
around me.

Well...