RaKhiy elder

I'm Terrified

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A . T
> O, LL-'C.
    Chél +
        gueril I @
        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 I a @faltf
        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. Outsidein the driveway, waxing my mothers' sins.
How is it on the other-side of this projection?
oppos
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 spidersus 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.

Abandoned tobacco fields overgrown in the parking lot Breed embers in an absence that only the forgotten can promise. Roots imagine they can taste next rain in your intentions Please be careful.
. straddled railways for gentle shocks
straying lines, osprey spotted fox.
Will you light my candle?
There was a girl in your head that was in a long d i s t a n c
e relationship.
There are places in me that
Pray with fingers in their mouths
Walk with their bodies bent into the anxious cusp of irreality
Can't swallow their spit.
Show inconstant churning of the spirit in the shade of lunar eclipse
And--because the spirit will not be, not here--A
ceaseless breaking
crackcrkkkkkkkkkkkkk
ackkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk
The staccato cry of fragile places
deemed elsewhere sometimes
Deemed home sometimes
*and i do mean Thine
holy palac 5. like us
Them, zem, overanalyzed.like us.
holy palace. KNOCK
KNOCK. _. 8 ey[...
I wuh praying. Seent
them 'bout sniffing close; maybe Shewon't see me
enter.

Your heart is open, broken, receiving.
Let this light illumine what is neither
yours nor ours. Listen! The Creative is verily silence.

The ground is shaking.
The ground is shakingand 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 l'll sit
through this movie, and
let you put your arm
around me.

Well...

