

And like a magnificent sea creature he bounded with his tattered crown

Writing this as one who was

*Permeated she, in her most supple voice (this is back in time before*

*"Ankles hitting*

When words are disconnected from action time is distilled

our movies.

our books.

*“One page wavering, grainy, damp.”*

When the automobile

tremendous moans

another passing.

*bead*  
*bead*  
*bead*

*bead*  
*bead*  
*bead*

*bead*  
*bead*  
*bead*

*bead*  
*bead*  
*bead*

*bead*  
*bead*  
*bead*

*“Vertebrae collapsed,*

*If they stared widely*

*“Grainy pages stick*

Like a religion where pages

*washed characters serenely*

Foreign

a version of himself

Or not like us completely but foreign

The film persisted as she watched herself precisely perfo

“You You You.”

The sand assembled and reaffixed

currents.”

The story shed its encumbered plot.

“A silver quarter hovers

Swivel.”

The driver was written to think

“Water runs, waves.”

There is a sense that a scream

In thought chambers

wet hand

“The toe is a petal,

“Slides.”

You

a stranger

but strangely

to your story

The blinking eye

The waves

Even if you weren't thinking you performe

could be extreme fear and expe



*“His name she screams with two drawn calls.”*

deconstructs honeymoc

ough multiq

*“White metal.”*

*“Read, bead.”*

*Bead.”*

*“From wedlock, green, shining.”*

A frame can hold only so much figuration.

“Fills. Grainy waves.”

The page was at stake when scenery renounced authority.

“The water drawn through.”