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

Writing this as one who was

Permeated she, in her most supplic 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

another passing.

tremendous moans
Vertebrae collapsed, 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.

There is a sense that a scream swirled.

“A silver quarter hovers.”

The driver was written to think.

“Water runs, waves.”
In thought chambers
wet hand

The blinking eye

"The toe is a petal,

You

a stranger

The waves

"Slides."

but strangely
could be extreme fear and expec

even if you weren't thinking you performe
to your story
His name she screams with two drawn calls.

"White metal."

"read, bead."

Bead."

"From wedlock, green, shining."

deconstructs honeymoon

ough multiq
A frame can hold only so much figuration.

“Fills. Grainy waves.”

The page was at stake when scenery renounced authority.

“The water drawn through.”