

πράγματα

Cackling amaranth bewildered the semantics with hush and shard,
agape and leading gray to water's edge. Comfortable ladders undid
its phenotype, a tickled subject like the fawn or the harshness of bile.

The amulet was not prevented from saying serious things. This is
spectacularly hazardous when combined with the wiles of blue flame.

Boundaries catch squarely in the film of preexisting commitments,
into which the lease agreement was thrown, sanctimonious,
fond. To meet description is on the list but not altogether feasible.

A party of three, this, ordinal and individual. To sidestep when sides
present themselves, in the kitchen with the cutting board; better
than a cutting room floor. Class is a solid predictor of monic firewood.
Neo-something, it's certainly neo-something, excepting the curtains.

In full view of the dream, the lake matured. An action, yes, but grander, full.

Liszt

We are differently.

Noiseless vapor in a dark arcade!

Ocular history: deranged.

This is a very of course moment.

Pardon the technicality.

File this under "wet graveyards."

Hungarian is maybe the hardest language to learn.

Duodenum really used to mean something before the scatterbrain reclined.

Oh Aaron.

Addressee.

My infantile disease is 100% showing, but furtive.

Do you remember Aaron.

Do you remember before the three hands.

Skylights exhumed so much faster then.

An exam, square footage, number of bathrooms...

Spinning caves of air in the arc of the sound.

(Paul Erdős quit amphetamines for a whole month.)

A hopeful unit of analysis, or comparison; a mistake.

Could be in hard slope of graft.

Harm me Aaron.

That is a joke aflame.

Here's the thing about false prophets: they are beside the point.

Because there's a deceit hidden in "real air," I had to run away, fast.

Like reading through two mirrors.

Sycophants as mourning-worthy objects.

Certain terror of lice.

Aaron.

Miraculous clamor.

Heartbroken winnowing of shell-shocked decibels brought out into the daylight to smile with friends alone.

Myriad myths.

How to traverse the desperate wateriness of Paris in recompensed time.

Hurting and amphitheatrically leaping at once, waltz rhythm, soft trumpet, fine-hearted.

Ontogenesis, naturally, via the symphonic poem.

Plangent!

Aaron she is speaking moonfully into the sky and her name is Caroline. And Marie. And Felicité. And Carolyne. And Maria.

She and her speech are skyshadows I seep into.

(Festooned in my teller's arrogance.)

I wash her.

She describes an extreme moon, pale honeycomb.

(This is doggerel leverage.)

The geologist's fruitless love.

She eats my stomach with the permission I was powerless to give.

Thirty five hundred backbones a month.

Unimplicated.

(Teichmüller was in the Wehrmacht goddammit speak Aaron speak!

Tell me again how they didn't find his body.)