

J. Karl Bogartte

AURÉ

(A NARRATIVE)

*" Daughter of a methodical volcano, she recognized herself
in that glass of water placed before her
like a cry." -Jacques Lacomblez*

"Les gouttes qui suintent du soleil donnent sa pâleur à la campagne. Basalte doux comme un nageur, couronne sur l'épaule, c'est du feu." -Guy Cabanel

The unannounced are always the first to leave, passing between windows to lapse into candle-dousing and mint, and changing shadows with childhood. For movement, there is only a tentative fading, the richness of residuals blazing, revealing unnamed pigments. The lacuna of your presence, luminous and blind, the grinding ochre, the soft shoe of a golden seduction, cutting the glass of illegal entries, capturing by force even the least understood of pleasures... In this place you retain all that makes you unknown.

Spread out in the grass beneath her feet *like the Milky Way*, a game of opponents and sympathizers in the House of Desperate Hours. Auré is a gathering of shrouds swimming out of contraband. Those voluptuous animals planted in consciousness... the ones that breathe with you in unison. In prescience there were signs of languorous revolt and violent kisses, preternatural saliva striking at the point of origin, spiraling down the stalk of amorous petals. On the bride's table the pentagram of springtime coils up to strike.

She resembles a slurred cormorant dialect, but always on time, compelling synopsis to seek the tissue of time and look through with the golden orals of your blood, your aurora... The drone-givers flower against reason. The oils are reversed. The fatal reconciliation of evening statues above the Boulevard of Apparitions, expel the glass balls of a sudden storm. The mycelia of your eyes that stain the pleasurable countenance of dwelling... She uses a knife for punctuation.

To be transparent encloses the world in transparency, extending lucid dreams. Adopted crystal of wind, *welding light to breath*, wind with its lightning in the house of cranes keeps you alive, by accident... for an accidental glance, in a passage by stars. Windows in the dead of night, exposing presence without warning. Mirrors with their wings. When you sleep it is in the photograph. A supernatural riverbed.

Hunger lies in wait, somnambulant among glittering equations, pouring lead into invisible bodies. Spelling out irresistible distances, turning tables. Time is the space between talons and the receiving presence. Séance of phantoms. Fire is a fragment of duration, an interrupted caress. The model posing edges a sequence of blurred distinctions, ermine disfiguring, exceeding savanted space. The word *absence* follows the trail of meridian and enters into a game of salacious detours, while the bell is wrung to summon night and her dedicated reflection. She is always blindfolded and led astray, for the chrysalis of rain.

Consciousness comes out at night, tapping mirrors into antelope, opening pages, and tearing veils. The whistling moves walls. Daylight empties its darkened containers and enters through your fingers... An empty glove searches madly for its owner's hand, the wound for its knife. Sharp and angular for the derelict musing, street of shadows, you recall your origins in a paradise of shreds forming the clarity of scavengers. Time is the sorrow of strangers, the powder of a woman swirling in sleep.

Theatre of the accord, the numerous, nubile tincture, her scent stays with you, a captive echo, stolen to predate the burning and staining of your lashes, filled envelopes, entered arson, and passing through cuneiform, carefully exchanging strides, fingerprints, torturing mirrors, brides, changing places, with time. And the last word whispered in the middle of a sentence... A fast word, descending. You spin madly into focus and eclipse, undressed by lightning.

Night is ovulating in the mirror, polishing eggs implanted in the earth, inside mannequins. Auré sleeps with you in mind, gathering her reflections into a furnace, stroking her medicines, squeezing out unavoidable solutions, smearing the children with shadows... The ghost of a chance, in the mother-tongue.

Midnight slumbers into an open doorway. The ambiguous terrace of the veil comes to assault your self-sense into stages of other scents. The distraction of crystal slipping into water. The knighthood of the wolf and the candelabra, for the cherished bridesmaid of signaling devices, bewildering motors varnishing the transmutation of light into Arabic... A forgery castled by memory from a distance still to be determined, along a trajectory more tarnished than a dubious signature. A handful of bees unraveling her mouth.

The desperation of woman in the earth is the hour reduced to oxygen, space breathing in spite of its gravity. A mouth full of careless predictions. A hummingbird in honor of bright neurons, pleading... The rain is a throne filling in the cracks. Lunar branches clinging to the mathematics of the moment, a backward glance captured just ahead of the game, spiraling around spires, totem rigging, leaving a hollow in the rock where you came to light.

A language of water opens the door to illusive interiors, in the field at night, when the walls are costumes begging to be worn. Sheer and unsettling, effortless. Cause and effect grappling with the energy of presence, the hidden... If you spread your legs, for light, there is the candle dripping darkness for sleep and spell. The first spell, the primal incantation that takes you by surprise, even as it rushes to exhaust itself.

In the landscape there is falconry without expression, only the wax melting whispers, in the arcades, through concealed doors in the pawnshops, where tremors are unveiled, dangerous communions enacted. A recitation of veils. The double-headed antler-clockwork of nocturnal women sworn to secrecy, a dilating landscape when the awl retains an incision of delirium and ecstasy, and conjured by paradigms into a haggard state of grace, a perfected stealth.

The androgyne silvers in the cloth, draped furnace, as abalone, when it beckons, and when she leans forward following the gist of her illuminations, her moments before fading, sea-shaped. Auré is not a name, nor the grace of a shadow... a source of conjuring, conspiratorial blue, black-boarded by distinct features, desiring. Auré in the jars of impossible caresses, scarved by the movement of hands bewildering bodies that refuse to be prevented. A whispering cloth, the heavy moss of interpretation, the fluorite of a kiss sliced with imaginary glass, imaginary shapes, magnified.

When Auré is scattered, her eyelids scrape against the lepidoptera of a lone horseman bound by silent weaponry, illegible inscriptions. The effect of light on aspects of falling, or coaxed into lewd positions bordering on orchards, in rooms long enough to dazzle in the rising of a shipwreck... Or, the train leaving its station with the nudity of women.

The obscure portrait without a scarf, filled with mercury and overflowing in the most desirable way... Always the loaded dice of an animal gaze spinning like a wheel, inter-rotating wheels moving in opposite directions... "*Perhaps it is roulette, my love?*" "*No, the gyroscope...*" A letter introducing love, with a lighted scorpion, a knife in the ring... She is the pose and the chiaroscuro that defies summer rain, distinct locomotion hovering in trees, a history of science luring occult and shameless intrusions. Time divided by space equals the slumbering of a leopard conjuring the fields.

Beauty ransacked and outlined by gunpowder. The eager fountain-stone impregnated by fire. Shawl inhabited by particles, held together by scent and intoxication. A spinal column for the foyer of meteors and its shadowy figures, closer to X than to the release of prisoners. The ladders of cherished females. An illustrated gesture that attends *the climb*, and *the fall*, translating desire into words, slaying into objects, across. Acts of selfish pleasure, challenged by stilts, licking, consuming, fruit...

Light moves, trawling with constellations, the encaustic solar theories enable the choice of evading capture or casting doubt, dragging the earth, planting precious water. The awakening geography of eyes, ragged shadows, invisible writing. Your vessels outnumbering and hulking with alarming alignment, rabid calculations, rendering blind by darkness, to see and glow. Auré is the sight of blood haunted by germinating doorways, aroused by entrances, she spills a fear of heights with ease, eating mirrors the way one fondles great birds.

Your only options, a brood of nights arranged according to phases of anxiety and susceptibility, shadows exchanging silences, with sparks, in the distance between you and a reflection of the universe, whose presence in the gambling relates to a hidden weapon, drawn into endless circles. Shining on the lips...

A palpable rainforest for her feverish mouth. *“How I love it when you alter, when there is only darkness skirt-ing the brink of disaster, on a night of hesitations without mercy, among raving silences.”* The trees are not fools. Light is the opposite of your sister when she cries for more, releasing the sap from her flickering lantern. The heat of summer is a spinning cylinder filled with silver stones, standing. She is the green shimmering, the Tamanoir, tableau noir of her breasts with their wings beating your retreat into a vessel...

Intelligence leaves insects with the depth and surface of oneiric pleasures, reversing roles identified by the tongue slipping in between. The bride of centrifugal forces. Fragrances dragged in from a distant shore, telepathic chaos stirred up in the psyche. The rubble of mysterious flying machines, which at one time were not destined to traverse the passage of time, only the pleasure of an uncertain beauty. Unnatural serpents, magnifying glances starting fires. The risk of telling fortunes, leaving fingerprints in water...

There was the corset of Auré, and the illusive gestures surrounding the appearance of dusk, her indolent pronouncements. Language hallucinated itself into being otherwise and against what light enables understanding. She is always dying. She is always the centuries passing through each word, each silence. The moth, of blood, the rash, of love, the fear of inconsistency, dislodging triangles...

The loss of consciousness, belongs to the body, the chateaux of sighs, belongs to the sign, the shimmering gown, the principal scent drawn out of the cave. Belongs to... Adheres to... What is yours that is not for another, in whom you sleep, your body released from gravity... *"How could you refuse to be prevented?"* She is the smokescreen of pages littered with refusals, treatise of spindles.

She is the salamander of a two-way mirror, the opposite sanctuary of darkness. Wind out of stone for light provokes the buzzing of Auré in the arcades, not a prayer for forgiveness, but a paradise of slandering, of falling deep into the animal, exceeding a thought, accepting a river. Identity is no longer separated at those points where consciousness is exceeded, gender is excluded by owls, and golden ore is the hour, the first shocking face to see itself.

She is half water, a molecular distance speaking in a visible language. She makes perfect sense with her other half, mineral of light in touch with black clothing... polishing angles. And the other, bathing in red ink in the house of feathers, clothed in spider's milk for a season of undesirable distractions. The abyss is a translucent Samarkand telegraphing reflections off solarized bones. Bathing in black, with auguries. Shade in the perfume of sun. Consciousness drives deeper than itself, seeking an exit.

The belling of the panther for your eyes, a grand disfiguration forcing threads through opening mouths, blindfolded. A word cloned from space emits a journey lasting for centuries. Auré is gravitational and motherly when children are buried among the evergreens and moonlit arteries. She scoops up the embers, draws blood into geometric entrances. Her theatre is ghostly remains, sacrificial slumber, a pitiless disregard. The distance between enemies without sleep...

To the delight of heavenly bodies, the vines invading language, the voice is a pole-vault through disregarded messengers. The desire for serious travesties, slipping out of words, cabinets, the pharmacy of a girl. An older phrase rope-walking for the night-light of restless seduction, you chance her disagreement. At the last moment, before turning, you furnace her numbered compartments and a forged wing turns with gear-like precision fatally into haunted murmuring.

The interchangeable, hissing into foam, and night profoundly visiting, stirring the hives, igniting the sleeping bodies, the words, long intermittent shadows wrestling with the chemicals of absence lingering far into light... was it all around or nothing squared? The smearing of her liquids on your lips, the face, of fireflies? The courier waiting for a reply, the centuries? The flow of honey?

Theatre loves her, tripping the wires. Shoving the aurora through doorways. The dark-clotted printing machines of Auré, the vulgar latin scaffolding that momentarily blinds mystery, exchanging genders for weapons. “*Who glows there, swallowing light?*” Un-modeled. Convolutions fading into a distant projection. Cantabrian lace aching for distraction. Subliminal maneuvers designed to accommodate erotic elegies and other caressing sensations. Shadowing the acrobats, relentless vessels. Feral dreams emulating incantations...

A sudden tap on the shoulder causes dilation, raising the speed of movement between images fraught with desire. The odd pose adjusts the moment of passage, zeroing in on your breath for a ghostly wave of strangers and hawks enclosed by mirrors. Risking the sea. Exiled by sorcery. Your chalk surrenders to a cloaking stairway, a soundless flight, vague numerals. Tearing fur into veils, charming a deeper order of awareness, casting doubt, for centuries, moments. Light preceding light, with stone.

The undergrowth of time, scratched, torn at the edges, there are spells coiled in the roots. Slashes into fondling, into whispers. A spectral glow coming from your body, from her body, from the veins, the roots. Spells raising water from inside, fonts shooting ultraviolet inward for the ultimate in landscapes, long and slender, magnetic in the fierce yearning of antipodes. Auré sheds her sex in the middle of the feast. She blurs while making scarlet out of windows in the mines and caves that ripple in the riverbeds.

Auré never writes her name, only places the little death on your tongue, quivering with fins and desolate musical notations. She is clairvoyant and stammers. She is an abandoned theory. There are amulets locked with her blood in a secret society of unknown origins. She is the password, and moans like crushed carbon. She wears ink with royal abandon. She doesn't know you, but understands your frustration when you least expect it. Her calipers are perfect... She spreads her entrance, grinding magnets into memory.

Spread out in the grass beneath her feet like the Milky Way, a game of opponents and sympathizers in the House of Desperate Hours. A gathering of shrouds swimming out of roses. Those voluptuous animals planted in consciousness... the ones that breathe with you in unison. In pre-science there were signs of languorous revolt and violent kisses, preternatural saliva striking at the point of origin, spiraling down the stalk of amorous petals. On the bride's table the pentagram of springtime coils up to strike.

She resembles a slurred cormorant dialect, but always on time, compelling synopsis to seek the tissue of time and look through with the golden orals of your blood, your aurora... The drone-givers flower against reason. The oils are reversed. The fatal reconciliation of evening statues above the Boulevard of Apparitions, expel the glass balls of a sudden storm. The mycelia of your eyes that stain the pleasurable countenance of dwelling... She uses a knife for punctuation.

Auré waxed into a sub-species of presence in tumult. Prefiguring dust with the contortions of an illuminated manuscript, riding bareback, on the living window... Well, there is only the distillery after all, and the memory of indistinct references... when you place a hand on the spine and feel absence glowing, flowing slowly from her opening mouth. Her voice on film exaggerated the streaks of being ravished and eaten, and only the agonizing growth of crystals could be heard whining among the rushes.

Often, in the arcades of conflicting questions, there is little to distinguish between velocity and sleep. The letters of the sphinx ignite the serenity of her ankles. They are the last to know the wales of her dive into brightness too deafening to pinpoint, but lighted from behind. Only the keys rattling that wake her dreams. She fawns with her caiman and geodes out into unreasonable demands. Her treatise opens through filaments into exile.

Auré had vanished many years ago. The signals flourish even now. When the wolves come, dragging their reflections of rapture and attraction, when they come only to lick death glistening on the tip of your tongue... *"Where is your light, that claw caressing the eyelids?"* Pleasure lurching into a first-born balance of distinctions, secreting each galaxy of wordless intrusion. Vague windows in darkness extending presence without warning. A blindman's vision: *"What you perceive is not what lives in you, but keeps you alive from a great distance, for the pure joy of it."*

Auré in Garamond under wraps, a siren in Madrid for memory, the lake of the wedding night making an emergency landing. Her eyes casting an amazing civil war, three parts ivory and the seven of spades digging for diamonds. The ball-joints of dusk sucking on dawn for a final, perfect polishing. She spreads her lightning rods for you, preparing the royal nuptials for a state of siege.

The gold tone of the oval body, smearing the nightingale-hum of the *positive* and *negative* leaving by an invisible gesture. When she believed herself to be visible instead of the reverse, the same, her presence affected the sun, an obsession to germinate shadows out of darkness. You are summit of oblivion and the secret tracking, ancient mound of slander. Sweet scurrying of twilight, hideous mime of priceless warmth. Awash in the scent of clawing for shape...

The voyeurs are a gathering of the sea, a desolation spinning its wheels, pulling its gravity inwards. Neither moral nor immoral, but a vicarious enchantment of motion, intuitive and fixed gyroscope, womanly as fire, elemental consciousness slipping from hand to hand. A visionary loom throwing sparks into the first arc of a monumental alibi printing in the dark... Winds where there were bones, rain where flesh was hidden. Shadow where extinguishing lights are hammered into the color of eyes risking a final exposure.

"The wind, leopard..." "The rain, assassin..." The book, sister to the bell-tower, gathering steam, remote from the forest, burnt by moonlight into a long-limbed calyx that spins around in circles, repeating your name, a coupling of numbers, kissing only water, savage computations. Shadowboxing with consciousness. Life is that breath of Jívaro dust blown into the face. A clockwork scent drawing blood, where indigo climbs into darkness. Crushed into light.

A night-bred conjuration, wrenching hands outside of the circle of resemblance, rubbing agitated gold into exterior forgeries. The grasping of apprehension, ancillary wish-bone of distraught widows stepping down from empty thrones, flowing in parallel curves. The effect of an incendiary glance unhinging a careless assumption, dissecting the last word as a monolith for secret identities. With a violin (her face multiplied by sunlight) for mute alchemies, there is no shred of evidence on this side of mystery.

Crawling with ambiguity, missing in action, Auré is only a message, a distinct possibility. The curse of a goats-head mirror hidden in the innocence of a jeweler's vice, becomes the spyglass of a lost weekend, a children's game feared by adults. *"One must hunt with devotion and impunity. The orchid foaming at the mouth follows you like a sleepwalker..."* The little ones illuminating the dark ones in the warehouse of obscure confrontations.

The haggard compass and the winged magneto laying bird-crowns, for the wise and easily confounded. Maiden-thread of gradations and menacing provocation, she would only pose reluctantly, and only in the dark. With her fading, there was always a risk in losing everything. In the gambling she was pure magic... A rubric smeared in cabra. Forced to concede nothing. The shimmering of apothecaries loading a flare into a primitive embrace.

Bearing gifts, related to sabotage, spells, like poisons, the bell-de-jour of what is entirely unrelated, a chance discord hanging by ironclad percussion, and a covert knowledge of movement against a sacred trust. The heavy flow, the birth of oceanic stone radiant with elicit knowledge, knowledge of an aleatory portrait, a dark knowledge, charmed against diversion.

There is Auré in ruins, alternating between the current and the *mise-en-scène* tempting the waterfall in its lair, a torrential two-way mirror that activates all that is both ravishing and ravaging. A spectre (your voice) of measurement and gesture, the heaviness of a female door (stripped) scratching slate in the passages. Smeared with pollen and warning signs, she is a sigil launched in the archives. Purification of animal ether, the black phoenix, animal mirror, swooping into one unmistakable luminous mirror of the spitting image of an evening gone awry.

The shadow is the only desire that diminishes night. It is without sleep, without, walking in telepathic shambles, unprepared. The polishing of weapons, katsina-scented for the reconnaissance, the tiger's tooth... Your alter ego, delirious and mutable, between the fire and the siren, calculation and plumage. There looms a cinematic visitation, a ravenous glimpse, a street corner reversing its angles in defiance of the unexpected. A scalpel outlining sunlight.

A starry wall, as beauty is disfigured, challenged, as murmuration stills the cleft of the draftsman's wedge, his distance following a dark shawl of edges, the shudder of the author in a voice not far from view. On the terrace of brides and scrolls a grand fixation burns brilliantly, hissing. The hoax of tribes. An abeyance in the stillness of jackals written in mandarin and blood... Alleged presence changed into night in the early afternoon, embedded with lightning.

The hovering vessel of perpetual and imperceptible moves. A stairway vanishing into psychology, where Auré is the window. And the underground city. And the power to reanimate a rendezvous of footsteps. And a constellation of white poppies in a nightly vessel, crushed in a resin-field of light envisioned from an insurmountable distance – awareness passed between beings impregnated by the nucleus of a dream. Drawn in by a serpents tongue. And the little black fishes of the occult, the sleepwalkers, candle flames blown out...

"Auré and I..." On a street of lacerated names, night mountains, stone is breath and intoxication. Auré is off center, a rigorous sabotage in pursuit of a Gaussian pinnacle, a threading, outlasting passage. Telepathy follows a shadow, makes love to somnambulance, leaving behind absurd challenges. Where a dream spreads out into infinite space, there you are inside the shape of things, unrealized. A shadow casting... A sentence fossilized with a kiss. An ambidextrous landscape of fondling syrx and oxide for a ghostly shield, ghostly fields. A gesture as bright and capricious as ice.

If (A) equals the lost X of colliding planes, and children ground into powerful medicines, for vigilance, for the gondolier, the marksman rappelling language from an earlier confounding, as it was... She resembles the movement of a trowel working the earth into a frenzy. The act of scraping, painstaking separation into desirable qualities. An archaeology of darkness. A loving autopsy, hands grabbing into mystery. The other embrace.

The wise man is the pitchfork of circles triggering a garden. The sorrow of Ithaca automatically combs out her tremulous locks. There are courtyards guarding the remnants of bliss, *“such a terrifyingly effortless flow...”* Light moves in close to the rattling of stamen, sliding into a gusset of bees. The image of alignment tears nebulae in the fabric. Lovers, foaming at the mouth. For each candle lit and dipped, and whipped into a distraught pool of eager pyramids, there is that irreversible moment of no return.

Light and dark, by distinction severed from kinship and wreck, struck a bargain between themselves, she crafting that which becomes her shimmer, and he more alive than his tales, risking presence. The heaviness of tusk, swinging by forest limbs, the thrust of a ship's luminous bone, twice fount and clone. *“Such awful weight astounds, sinking beyond relief. I come to you as carnal root and distraught awkward delight. I am against. I am negative and dangerous bright. I am your trance and diligent gate... I am dawn's desperate breeding. And I am frightfully unfinished...”*

After the lighthouse there were endless nights and living rooms fraught with constellations and cries of northern lights. The reindeer princess gestating in the anti-myth of what cannot be seen, mutations of a drift out of consciousness. In permutation... she is spawning. The lower half of the Ω stakes a claim in the rich cochineal and silver of pre-historic bookmaking. At midnight the piano tuner places a winning number in the wrong hands. The hero and heroine refuse to agree, setting anarchy into motion with the moonlight of misplaced eyeglasses. Wandering becomes an art of disagreement. In accord...

The model is ruthless in apprehension, while her bearing forbids paradise, her fuse breeds multiple infractions. The misfortune of fair weather ending in a vague biography. Silence tempts the golden means and the jester's card, releasing the glance from solitude, for a life inside sunlight. The glance, tricked by time into sovereign cabinets, chasing philters arranged by yearning, returns to a source of swan-like ecstasy. She rubs herself into countless arcs.

Invisible to the word, threatening music, silence, unbecoming to the dark grooming. *They* without light blurring out the earth's black and white, for *their* desire, grilling vowels for *their* fiction. Cocooning. Tearing off the mold. The downward blush of the wreck, and purring beneath her eyelids, to ransack the city, lighting fuses. Visible being alone to the word, she stole through and across, uprooting... "*Glow the words to be filled, thrusting hands...*"

"*And Auré...*" with arms of mantis and colonnade, colibri-faced with blueprint splashed by rain, aged with sunlight, and behind a façade of skirmishes and diversion. A siamese grazing on the Bridge of Iconoclasts, for a 13th century touch of sadness, a vessel of delight burning in linen. Coming from the stars throwing knives in every direction, between the ultraviolet and the infrared where you rendezvous with yourself, a seamless glaze. Words thrashing against the door, breathless. "*Auré?*"

It remains in translation... *"Just after midnight the candle would announce your arrival, which coincides with the departure of the King, searching for his bride, the violence of the wind..."* which evokes the electromagnetic coil spinning out its fine shimmering, fleece-like, its dark red, sentinel-faced, rupturing, crucial wellspring. The skin covering her bones out of letters. *Grinding out dew-colored webs... coal-fired... "There's light among precious bones. Animal solutions. Dig deeper, my love..."*

The royal dogs with their roses appeared at the door, and the exchange of weapons prevailed. Night slipped into chambers. Fired into targets rooting. Among allies and their shadows (above, left...) with knowledge, only knowledge generating words for no other purpose, (wrapped around the key.) In *Les Mystères des Arcades* she forces out her eggs with pale arms and aberrant symbols. Life is whirling in the garden, moaning, disfigured. Light is a child's iodine.

The daylights come to settle in your willingness to cast doubt. Plumage affects the sudden leap of the spirit into extreme shadows, fascinating maneuvers, exciting bodily shale, enough to burn... A knife shines to sever reason from its entanglement. Theatre of delving, the thrown hammer love-stricken with its weightlessness. Night-invading theatre. Theatrical blackness, guarding sleep, ruses beneath visibility, the jawbone of a wolverine wrapped in sun-cloth. Beauty is lent by the hands, and then by mouth, ruined by trance...

Disengagement without final versions, between the hours in the grasp of life, there is the Auré, the rogue schemata, the glass vial. Eclipse of the pelvis, spilled for a table on which ecstasy is shaken and eaten... First, there is a stake for the claim, and then the oracle of forgotten steps, allowing no quarter, no denial, for deep in secret being where night is engraved and spread with vague antimony, and conspiracy to commit...

In the first light of instinct, the howling lamps. Before the first fire of attraction, the algebraic guising into waves. After the bride there is the tenderness of delirium rising in the east and moving rapidly into focus, welding language to the bells of her transparent body. Animal thirst of an abandoned orchestra decomposing deep in the forest of rain... Your eyelids scavenging for lucidity, crawling beneath archaic images...

“Turbulence, my love, makes your beauty eternal, like the sea when it sleeps, like the cistern when it overflows, like the moon...” when it litters the city with long-haired armatures, resembling distant relatives and sudden waifs, where the lock-maker’s dust on the window illuminates the riddles where natural elements gather to enfilade... where light waits in ambush for the morning to approach, like a wound that won’t dissuade the landscape from internal bleeding and vanishing.

She has the hair of alcheringa and aisling, the soft Huron, in the sparkling of the amps and the antlers fallen, releasing warmth that speaks and shakes, and moves the earth into grooming. Her shore fevers, purloined with the joy of absence, wave-struck, with skeletal emanations polishing moths into fortune-tellers. Oxidation and crystallization empower a solarized splendor (as mimicry), just before rushing out to strangle it and shape it into furious portals. *“For the wick that shares your eyes with voices, aligned, Aleya, Púca, Vilya, Min Min, Wii’ipay and the corpse candles of a sudden vivisection... And those who glow, bleeding radiance, breeding in spirals.”*

They are the familiars raining into light, the messages unloading time between glances... There is only the scent of words spoken, unbecoming of the mouth, only dismantling thought by forcible entry. For the lips torched with dew, transparency in her voyance growing in the landscape... the ravaging or, the lore of aurora in the disarray of a curious archery. To these shores then you come as offering and opiate... Harsh pylons knee deep in desire.

On the traces of Auré, the leaving in Auré, in the salt for the bathing and burning sea-shape of old engravings, fixed in pleasure and spreading wide her petals... to drink from. It is not emptiness, but the waking in the middle of a dream, the covering with shadows for the visitors who never arrive. Lucid stains. The perfume and juice that turns the flawless memory of relentless migration into conflagration. The mutation foundry. The psyche washing up on the rocks, unrecognizable...

The navigators, "*les cris, les rêves,*" the demonic levers of night-hanging rubies on Toyen Street, feasting on the ladders of wheat, the bells of light ignite in the clothing ransacked and pillaged in the war of trees... with eros dining on avatars, hushed greetings and superior curvatures of light. The moist scissors that beckons to you, offering equilibrium and whispering only in response to desire, to the bark and the bridle, the distillate of arrival. In a cluster of words, laying down with the wolf-gown, and tearing flesh for fertile dawns, the cries of ocean.

Night interrupted, heavy and vulgar. She has learned the turning of the gaze, in her repeated assaults. And in the eyeless fog of ripe sorrows she is without mercy a terrestrial grace, stricken, visible... She seduces the knife blade into her fruit, making the promiscuous flood of seeds transgress in fine linen, where sinister wheels bear uncanny quivering. When she kneels she is ravenous, extracting a darker light from what fills her darker hours. A deeper humming in unison...

Her body is silence hallucinating, sipping the hot wax of a feverish dive, swallowing the scent in pursuit of her image, your image, a ravaging in your hearsay and mirrored reversal. An initiated innocence distilled in the Calat of a witch-faced al 'Ambra, fiddling with optics to arouse liquids from her swollen lips, swirling all the sighs in your mouth. Bursting eggs, seeds, starlight written in blood, in the body, for the sea... The simultaneous computations among strangers.

A site of sacred vowels, passed through by the oculus of a handful of downward glances. Empathic vows that ridicule... while making glass on the verge of a disquieting fissure, you are the hunting shadow, the daylights that pause long enough to torch out the mythical remains of *long since* and *all that breaks*... all that matters when *wind* and *winding* distract your body from entertaining the silence of another, more unrelated disordering. A primeval ecstasy, slaughtering triangles wrapped in slow motion. Perpetual discord vibrating under covers.

Auré is a series of mechanical signals crash-landing into light. A genetic discourse, a treatise of disguise and vague irony. If phantoms collide when the sun is a veil between warring masks, there will be the blinding hazard of being studied and gazed upon by voyeurs. Keyless in exceptional delirium. Dark locks, secret and illusive locks (sudden bodies refracting in sunlight), where the Dress of Squalor would come in late summer evenings to kindle in the city those great black wings and hissing looms. You, speaking space, defined.

Awareness is the siege of lightning wired to other more diversionary implements as rare and beautiful as a nameless girl lost in her mother's dark machinery. She shivers on the scale of wonder and terror, cherished ash, retching black moonlight. Writing her name numerous times to anticipate the clarity of sudden sparks, there is only the whisper of sure bets placed in tandem with time being in her space, the purity of disrespect, a disruptive intimacy releasing the black gloves of a harbor flourishing underground.

The acidity of lunar nitrates, your measure, disoriented navigation, severe as her blackened animal mouth dripping into yearning, a moving silk, waterfall desiring the measure of stone. There is only dusk following the travellers with their nets. A great roaring of astrological cabinets dragged by horses in mirrors witnessed by chimera in old films deteriorating in warehouses. A history of unruly kisses promising madness in ancient Greek letters reflecting the nearness of infinity.

In the fulcrum of organs and organ-grinders under restless stars, among other hesitations, other nights racing toward sudden walls, forests, sheer ledges, confronts the fruit of dripping honey, the displacement of a woman moving close, the woman despised by threatened kings, caressed by the great black lilies of spring-time, the gamelan, the lovely A... is not... in whose reckless abandon the compass points meeting for the very first time. Where the owl of chalk addresses the accordion of distressed ravens. Where the chemist fiddles with his traits, the latest measuring, off-center. The worth of precision, a city in the crime, the milk of shadows chasing your breath...

There's a silence in the fog slashing windows for flesh and child mythologies driving blind in medicinal villages, and old revolvers playing with lightning and dark environs, and spirited conspiracies, glowing by touch, for the mouth, dripping wisdom onto the conjuring table. An animal breeds with the mirror. The naked distillate of a torch gives rise to the sea, your harsh pleasure.

An eerie stillness follows the suit of primary numbers, stained Florentine bridal veils, a precursor in the arts of spinning on a magnet to incite transparency, the harsh visiting, a tidal wave of nocturnal voices. The bodice of anti-matter elevates the hazardous pros and the rapier's con of the prima donna eclipsing over the oval table, is conjured in your absence, old as light and twice as bright. Too bright to see, too dark to avoid. A devious desire for a rare and thoughtless object still arriving. *"This terror of yours, does it reveal the locks of the gate flowing around this light, precious aurum, only the rose longing for the mouth?"*

The enchanted liquors of Hagar Qim defining the sutures of a collapse into ambiguous space, are camouflaged by thirst and the horns of the hunt, your italics, the focus, the bride armed, the leap into sparks. Animal solutions swirled in peripheral bedchambers tilting against the modus operandi of escaping with life intact and fusing in the wings, forked and illumined...

Light that circles bones wrenching glances out of suspicion, grinds a city out of sparks, a fierce prism, turning to wail an entrance. Between breathing and the hive, there is only a handful of words to separate your blood from the medium of secret formulas. The beekeeper sleeps. The assassin swims. Auré, nearest night, is a black widow spinning a flood... A memory of missing pyramids. A stolen kiss darkening noon like a razor blade.

The diving arc, divining seedpods in curses uttered from behind, circling around and into the eyes. In origins hearing many years before, in subliminal caresses, she newly invents, dismantles. Setting fire to presence that faces... seeing light as breath. Thought inhaled. Gasping to feel. She is the shadow of imagined language, while he dreams the fabric of monkeys in uttering... mouthfuls out of dark. They struggle to inhabit...

Pleasure is a lamp defeating tragic vowels at the edge of a circle. Avoiding complacency, extending the hyoid and the evening speculum into a farewell's desire for the black caress of glowing incisors. Brushing against the barefoot perfume of a diamond coming together in water, fire compressed into night... A lunar debris kept singing... in Êves, in Origènes, in the clades, miming the ulula, with the lathe-spin of talons in love with a reflection. Following Auré there are sleepwalkers gravitating in the garden, reciting endless nights.

Who sees night brightly striking threads? Igniting gestures, presence divided by light, watching the face that sees itself from behind... in the place of magnetic landscapes drawn into elaborate circles, into portraits and original movement, who captivates the crossing, through the edges, grinding to a halt in midstream... Not seeing with the eyes... *as viewed by the voyeurs who finish it...*

Blood is amethyst, nakedness is heavy, and harbored, sun-shocked. Who if you see is swimming or dying, who if not, about face, unwrapped... Repeat and erase, continue erasing, then isn't it for all or out of nothing? Breath is language released from the body, uncultured pleasure taken for spirit. This forced entry colliding with multiple sight, this preying of a not entirely maddening gesture of irrevocable darkening into light...

Therein, there under, and you, there for the veiling and the unveiling, the hijacking, that unbearable dissolving chrysalid-body, blinking, burning out the wax and pulse of ancestors. This nights arriving into the focus of a solar ram, leashed to the abacus of delicate cheekbones. *"They come down with the sun, to flood the throat, to split the double-barrel into equal parts love and phoenix... They move down, suddenly, the dark voluminous nights, those clashing, loving vessels of somnambulant perturbation..."* Into hieratic words filled with teeth.

The Auré of annotated spell-gathering, then leaving by the glow... left out in the yard to bathe among empty gloves. Cleft of an endless rush. This luminous, blinding, interlocking... Slowly growing transparent... The spectral Houdini of the mountain's lava in love with falling grace. A show of hands, pulling switches. *"Regard the cocoon, your disguise, I bring you the fountain. The clamoring. The fetish acceptance, and the refining. Consider the unnatural confrontation, the colliding windmill, the mating..."*

A portrait of the lamenting glance, the strolling exuberance, the unthinkable destination of the dream, the boat-maker's craft and the sea-worthy torch that balances on the crazy eight of a chance encounter. The hooped cabinet flown in from the expectation of distant shores, balancing on the mantra of disfigured voyages. Eating ghosts under the table, harvesting voodoo. The woman-articulating horse astride the voluminous second-sight of uncommon joy, in the terror of red rocks and the virgin's lost father-figuring...

It is the howling that remembers its mouth, that brings paradox to the loaded chambers, the dice filmed in slow-motion, the eyes of love on the brink of landing. The crucible of tenderness, unremitting... A point of consciousness defines invisibility, defies gravity, and the Adored Mirror entering childhood with the aviator and the embalmer's fabled daughter. The ravenous triangle. The duplicating recognition. The runaway theatre of dangerous attractions.

Through daring eyes, feverish mask. The chalk-tender, a telepathic groping. To illuminate the freshly devoured embrace lingering in the hallway, droning love and desperation, the rapid robing and disrobing of their separately intermingled shadows, the catapult of memory. *"Feeling your way in darkness, forked and spinning on a pinnacle, fading, into view..."* Drowning the distant shore into a torch, dark sap of sight draped over the evil lantern's dream... She is that thrust of light, while his dark bearing glows darker, as rich and enduring as her own...

Your breath guided by aurelia fingers, inhabit the veins of identity, choosing to strike back. The balance between the menacing eggs of an open window, and living and dying in the tropics, in your own barely audible arms, a constellation against your breast, taking root. The fundamental logic of misfortune is filled with jutting hipbones hoarding seductive elegies. Edging enchantment. Molting in burial mounds, in the Chambre Noire of Ibn al-Haytham sewing up for light the femme-enfant of an object injected as a wedge of fiery transparency.

Silence, ocelot. Absence, ancillary reveal. To elude, emitting reflection on water, the body's imprint, becoming landscape. Vague layers trampling symbols underfoot, chemise of latent meanings flourishing in the hidden street, the higher desert and the dancing gryphon scraping doors off the forest. Fog-beings at the Emu-threshold. Light-breathers. The aurora inhaled produced a sound that shook the foundations of eros, propelling the absent-minded wishbone into the harping body of a dream. A labyrinth of bathing spells prevails. A renegade and perpetual glow, wisely confounding.

Auré is a sequence of significant others, enabling light in darker shades of gazing like water, well-oiled machines fading, mysterious keys and unfathomable notes, passwords that linger in the mouth like willful testaments of disregard and mint-shaped obscurities. Wandering spirits that wisely pilfer more intensely, frightfully, in knowledgeable ways, to secure the rights of preferable exile, existing out... while the killer hum of seeing-eye statues is foolishly tormenting dawn. The heat of kissing in your sleep...

Between form and being, desirable, forming crystal is activating invisible clay, the fission of a woman during an eclipse. Breathing in the emptiness of a stone, only to be cast... The silence enters you from behind, without mercy, the purity of sabotage in the hours of reciprocal projections. A word within each word, the replacement, and the cancelling out. Dragging a trembling glow out of dark spaces. Carpathian footsteps, seeing through night grillwork, watery light, a lapidary manifestation of an empty street, in the phase of accomplices, between the eyes and the lips, where *"Shh... Don't utter a word!"* crosses paths with *"It will always be dark for you, my charming pet..."* and spitting tungsten.

Invisible stones, perfect omens out of your mouth, preceded by the red dust of skittering lizards instilling trance, without lines or borders, crafting witches out of smoke and milkweed, for an elusive doppelgänger... half masquerade in focus, half awkward wager on a sure thing, the peril of glands stalking. *"In whose lineage the almost, on the brink, of a terrifying closeness, a touch, my loved one, vagrant utopia... in whose habitual cowl the corrosive perfumes tempt and define, and shatter, in caressing, bathing quicksilver. In whose pleasure dwells swimming and tongues intruding into wet fur..."* The text abandons its body, feasting.

Auré sleeps under your eyelids, beneath the mortar where seasons rummage in autistic cleverness, cracking shells open to enter the instinct of light. Heavily armed with signatures, forged consciousness. You interpret the abundant fields of covert interruptions and alliances, as the solace of adolescent orientation, the plateau of sacrificial embers, radiates profound similarities. The opening into morning is an intensive penetration of the vault. The river slows to a crawl. The words are black.

The distance between presence and pleasure is the speed of light, the revolving effigy reduced to the intrigue of desolate angles. On a pedestal fed with womanly delight, the broken vessels release the devastation of your whispers. The cinema opens on a street of suspicion, where your gestures outline the sense of emitting slender crystals, your sign, passport into the forest, where mummies are wrapped and numbered 1 thru 21 and spun into gold. You feed provocation its bright and ignoble splendor.

“There’s an idiot savant wrapped in the wings. The lamp is a curtain call of surprise endings, a fortune-teller’s demise and the howling of chance. Your blood is the taste of a winning number and a mercenary sense of living without the gravity of targets. I am your precious barricade, and your singular urge. I am your instinct, teeth sinking into all that shimmers in your heavy warmth...”

Surefire interlocker, she flares in the cloth of your death, when she pyramids with abandon in the thrust of each waking moment. Where the ledges pass through your eyes, she is pollinating the sunlight in it's cage, offering her opening palms for kissing. She coils in celtic reiteration with a piercing between night and day, an unsettling façade, a taste of the sublime charading as thievery... at point-blank range. She rejects you as fetish, passing through, taking from you all that sets her apart. The buzzing of spirit, a tracking device, the loons unglued in flesh color. You allow yourself to coven...

Auré is desert and negative, the anti-Auré and the certainty of uncertainty: your faithless impression... your companion in the orchid, a disharmony of attraction. In eye-dust, the arraignment of revolting inclinations. The Dulcimer's revenge. The swift immersion of enigmas and a stairwell from Granada; otherwise, the rendezvous fires up the sinister clothing of gratitude, eating darkness as one devours the ruby slippers of impending disarray, of encroaching presence, of sublime conceptions and latent contortions, and without any singular beauty worthy of contentment.

The geometry of germination mimics a desperate longing, mimes the curiosity of seawater when it begs the question, brings the knife blade within easy reach of reflection. “*I don’t understand...*” and “*An instinct for drama...*” will compete for either the side profile or the shoulder, highlighted and “*draped in civet, or rose – more like a wave, an instinct of watermarks.*” Pouring seeds into “*I am not finished discovering the means. It all remains obscure, even color struggles to hold against unmistakable ritual.*” Auré is bleeding...

Fire seduces water and invents new pleasures for its landscape, raising pinnacles out of intoxication. The anther region of your expectations is a harrowing sorcery invoking the self-image, the reverse of identity, an ecstasy of conjuring that doubles as a portrait, a trilogy, the arrow of potentiality passing through its target. A cluster of left-handed spores and a tincture of departure, the residing instinct of carnal ridges, humming, a starless body, papyri of missing limbs, articulating in darkness.

In autobiographical anterooms the vague riddle of distraction becomes the single spark between fondling and disaster. The obsessive dialect of a wolf bitch raises the sea level to the hum of an X-ray deliriously germinating and rapidly multiplying in a frantic exchange of costumes and flawless statues. A dew-headed shadow in love with the isosceles nomenclature, combing out her auburn phrases, an evasive gesture, never revealing its mystery until the tiny black pebbles of sleep roll in under the door. There are visions in those pebbles. Words of subterfuge.

The left hand placed over the right, and your faultless arousal enters the irresponsible bodice of long-legged moths from Madagascar, splashing ether in every direction... to confuse the pitchfork of elongated pauses. The silence in the voice of ashes, caressing the key, the narrative held by the throat. A single episode of spontaneous identification fills in the spaces, begins the wave of time that floods the sense of opening, backwards, and charmed into candle-face.

A gathering of elders, the morning ones, the flawed-into-evening ones, the scatter of stars in leopard's flame, in the snarl, in the palpitation of an empty street, in the sun-stroke of word-swallowing, life is a prowling movement, motionless between analogies, a fusion of images. The Sovereign Enigma, after the rain, is self-suspended in the nascent suspicion of a stranger at the door of uncertain presence... She abuses the circle... Her curious horn attracts latent desires... She can be found spawning there where the Northern Lights enter your body to breathe, into a prism.

There are the covert meanings (the inescapable hunger) issued into myth, into the mythology of the body unknown to itself. Into the silence that increases the scent of women, resembling an underground river, or a precise arrangement of simian interludes, anonymous creatures... A language of the flood, feminine slang, ritual bloom, blinding the dark, unbinding the loom into fire-starting, spirit orbiting with knives. Chameleon language, pouring landscape in the savagery of a sudden trance. Passed from body to body, by darkness alone.

Slender measurements like sudden changes in weather. Each moan and hiss slowly extricated according to the lineaments of time and space, daughter-shaped, emerging, shedding appearance. No one is moving. Being, meanwhile, is antagonistic and decidedly ambiguous. You are sleeping in tunnels. Posing as a biological morning. Threadbare. Taunting. Annotated vicariously in the black ink of a sequence of irresistible and dangerous subliminal activating devices. Words stuck in sap, impregnated by prurient suggestions. The pages smeared with poisons, hallucinogens, concealed weapons. The exhalation of animal psychology spreading out into space.

Nothing moves without analogy or a stab in the dark, or crawling with Moorish robes licking everything in sight. The witch is a fuse for a procession of last minute details. The fragrance of bones wrapped in ambiguous gestures, stained with clairvoyant dust, the way pollen makes a window out of memory and virulent expectation. Auré is language, preceded by scorpions... *"Your voice unleashes a constellation of keyless entries, a curse through a mouthful of precious metals..."* *"Enter the spectral clothing, force a provocation... become formidable."*

The customs of light are without justice, (*"I suggest an uneasy means of retaliation..."*) The sense-laden articulation of elemental branches of ignition pondering with Auré on the fresh levels of enhancement, are sadistic and priceless, often reflected in the hazy lassitude of marauding codification. The SECRETS always win out against the purity of catastrophic restorations. Reconnaissance is the color of her darker-than-henna roots. She oxides into a profound alibi. She chambers into runes. Transgressions are dedicated to her preludes. Beauty is distraught as arrival takes forever...

Auré is aural and black like glass and childhood when it blooms into autism, remembering every move and even before, when indistinct shadows sound like foreign words, words of torment and love, igniting the vigil of dimensions. Auré coveted in footnotes and banned books, cheap engravings. She is the balcony of nocturnal anthesis, throwing seeds of anesthesia in a grove fingering dawn, between her lips soaked with pleasure.

Indecision is an intricate tarot of inspired gears drawing great black wings into a seamless transparency. There are no circles confusing the severance of magical roots from the locus of main arteries, memorized and hovering on the edge of saturation and defiance. The night-rooms are recalling inexact sentences and the unexpressed equidistance to the stunning witches of unavailable words light up like bonfires, threatening sleep. Adversarial splendor shoulders up to the lopsided fey, the ignis, persev and the cobalt-eaters. The plague is beautiful, preconscious shade, drawing its sustenance from wayward swans converging at the edges of the text.

The horizon that cuts through your face, above a tangle of distant objects, darkens the aquiline features of a quickly gathering confrontation. Conscious recognition is clothing-burnished and dipped in cinema. You disconnect from the sheer amethyst of eyes, isolate the 'late at night' from 'desperate hours' and share with them the Castilla of Tabletop Somnolence. You phantom and muse bright-folding for color, wandering for the palpable mirror-crafters of implicate domains and colliding fortresses. "...*the last lorry of the world tonight.*"

The *other* is ground for intensity, coaxed into darkness and always on the brink of rapture. After prediction, there are the spellbound steps along the memory of explicit corridors. The risk of mystery is the stone of waking up without bloodshed. Sudden homunculus. Eyes wide with dream. When savage liquids gather in Peruvian manifestations of elevated womanhood, the hawking of time seizures into receding apprehension. The familiar body ermines into paradoxical dimensions.

Lightning strikes, becomes a garden of isolation for an endless kiss. *"Beware the moment of indecision... Beware the rampant loom..."* After the antlers, after the horns and beneath the long gowns blurred at the edges, the fabric is magnetic and monolithic, a rivering sense under the grille of instinctual uprooting. Your eyes smeared downwards in the colors of approaching recognition. Sight is dripping and leaking. Sight is the honey of clashing apparitions and the ache of consciousness, evoking to involve. Indulging the unavoidable.

Beside the memory of having once existed, and perhaps even the moment coming back from just ahead, through this exquisite body of desire, this carnal spirit demanding the interplay of other times and exhortations, evolving space with a crowbar. Auré is the wedge pooling into earth, night folded into the sense of breathing back and forth, magnetically. The flash-fire between moments, between breaths, that immense lark of a space where Auré is unknown. A double helix conducting fire, leaning in as close as possible. To engulf...

A scandal of empty mirrors and black angles. Mirror of ashes. Angles, to keep fitfully alive. In that irradiating and stirring, the pure glow-red of your aboriginal distinction. The sublimating in your portrait, the hidden gesture bereft of gypsies and that wild essential order of the sea. She is the wind-blown jasmine of an idiot King, the slipshod correspondence, playing the ghostly games of a desperate conception, from black and white, to sepia, to radiance... to sway the eggs, delirious and hypnotic between the forgery and the candle. Where jackals ignite flowers, passing easily through walls.

When it becomes imperative to disbelieve and approach the flood, by swindling the distance in the tillering of unthinkable conspiracy, who you are matters less than the scheme of outdoing yourself, being undone. You become profound with light in the secret of the craving. Become a language outside the body, scrambling in the dark landscape that colors the body, windows it – cauterized in your shadowing.

You fuse inwards to undermine the meaning, blood-spun into phoenix. The apeiron residing, the qualia into thales, flandering into lamprey, lighting persona into stolen succession, and the thrashing silence of the fables, returning, other-wise, the goat-girl sauntering in the gander. A gendering perspective. You counter with outrageous terms, filing your suit until it redirects the shimmer of veering out of sleight. In this dark psyche of cities there are tall memories grooming their reflections in the sun. Invisible cities pulled out of your eyes...

The lunatic playing with his fossils inspires the future of light. His appearance equals the hive of all that propels your quaint histories. You pose with him in the garden, the silvering codes, the principle hybrids. The sacred algae of a girl drapes the Auré of unavoidable possessions. She is translated into a language known only to the unwed mothers, the wheel-barrels filled with pollen and the pelting of tiny fires like musical notations that are never played, except in silence.

Animal, woman-cairn, soluble body. Invisible fire, empty mirror. Faith in the cannibal nursing, is the sun dewing, stoking, in touching they have lit up certain areas of consciousness, to that point of transparency so necessary for survival. Those who evade, take elective precedence and wax emissarial... where she has come to unlock the flood of hair in its undefined nakedness. She is the wishbone to the boatman's throat "*cunning with stunts under rapt, under the bridge...*" They arouse each other in Flemish, with vanishing creams and ink stains and left-handed triggers. Twilight sleeps twice, then arrives without notice...

A sequence of sinister apprehensions is a roomful of mimes battling consciousness. There is nothing to win, except desire, and nothing to lose beside the vanishing point, your shadow drawn inwards. Everything lends itself to an apparition of disproportionate resemblance. Language is not rain, but the bathing of it, and the lance. Breathing stops short of an ecstatic approach... Auré arrived at a solanaceous mantelpiece of the functioning body, arrived in meaningless nudity, shedding flint, a helicopter in the garden of lucid dreams.

Auré is made of water, extending from a point of immanence through the unforeseeable minikisi in the bridal nautilus. She is the spark-gathering window of an endless ricochet, and the waterless pool. Solemn widow of the analogue, recording of a diligent host, aphrodite's precious cat. *"How am I placed, from every direction, within this body how I am displayed within these walls, scratched on this shore, with these jewel-bearing parts, this warm dust..."*

There are more of you than meets the eye, or the mind.
*"I was, more than I, a river in a double-breasted suit, the
twine of shifting shape. Lunar grasp of the double hilt, the
convulsive splash... A light in the oval mirror, I vision myself,
multiplied by whispering."* Light is obsessive and she guards
her shadows. Even the smallest creatures are given suste-
nance, and narcissism is encouraged for the sake of unrest.
A clouded helmet of desperate measures. To explore the
hanging of both your presence and your absence from the
piano frame of scattering strings. The battering ram of par-
adox, rooting, in season..."

The field is continuous, conducting the view. Contigu-
ous, pelican glance. The door throws itself open for a dev-
astating caress, reassembling whitewashed bones, the
adorable magnet, fatal observance of the pelvis-mask
whipped into a delinquent curve of accommodation.
Feathering the one-eyed sorceress, the ancestors' gesture of
Argentina. Agaric on tiptoe. That woman is despised, yet
favored among the rarest of treasures. She would kill you,
without your silence. Ruin, with radiance.

There is only the moon with vague rumors and the whispering brothel of the last *"I love you"* ever spoken, the dream that is not a dream, but the corrida of the veil, the *"more, deeper, yes!"* cast for a parallel series across the har-binger light... The hive-song harboring and the corrupt Isis shaped by pleasure, your peculiar confrontation with the wolf-gaze diving into golden haze. The hazard of splendid remains. A fire against empty appeals, an appearance, that disappears, turning to stone.

Night is incandescent, an assayers' dream. Auré is an emerald in the vice of recurring dreams, words surrounding the shape of events. She spreads her narrative, feels the separation of wayward spirits in the balustrades of her anticipation. Opening an inconsolable night of ancient wills, conscious paraffin secretes a certainty of crescent arms... A carbon arc of navigating presence once belonging to the body, passing through the pause of an impossible dive, dragging the harsh facets of a poignant groping into primal color. You wander aimlessly, other than yourself, in the shadows.

Between the stirring of others, with bird-like features into rain. Light hisses, when dimensional flux is honed by masters. A lair of increasing desire, skilled in the artifice of arousal and the counterfeit poses, forced, into light. Auré captured and riddled, defaced by insinuation and annoyance, swan-shaped, shadow of words. Placed among statues with subversive intent to ridicule, the great spinning helmets turn a circle into a stampede. The sea is the stain of your eyes. Seeing is undoing... while being watched is variegated and haphazard as a loving intoxication. Your grasp is a lunar addiction to whatever is invented to reflect each one of the pivotal positions of Auré. A fresh sequence of breeding...

Nothing returns to the origin of having lived beyond the present. When phosphorus enters the forbidden properties, no one presumed a return. You, especially, expected every conceivable sign. Panes of light under duress. Swollen cobalt and blood-emerald gambling. You hovered, chalking inconsolably. You held light in your hands, being coaxed into apprehension. You offered gifts, perplexing layers, the most obscure words and phrasing. You leave the text by dubious means, a vertical sundial in the warehouse of secrets.

Auré tips the scales in favor of an absolute disregard for missing phrases. And given the alternating gaze, the filial bird of prey with her Eleusinian mysteries igniting signs in empty rooms. Her lubricating mechanism skewering the horizon... a psychological twilight with hatching of eggs. There is only the shadow feverishly conversing with another. Resonating darknesses. Interpreting the breathing, the breathless ones, the tracing of recurrent bodies, the effortless ones, dwarf and royal ones, interpolate and lupine. The phantoming cascade.

Presence is aberration, dowsing. Absence is the fluctuating salamander and the eerie foreshadowing of a draftsman's "*killed by swans*" and "*that book filled with water... modeling mercury for mythology...*" What power swirls beneath the veil, lacking in common values as a virtue more tangible than fear. Life is invisible shuddering, the walk of ghosts in love with anxiety. "*You and I, trellised with fire, we are the intermittent throwing, from every direction. The flaw of conceivable discourse...*"

The quarry in the medium, dusting in space. Hybrid anatomy, illustrious condor of the fountain, enabling a medieval ruby in a cloned alchemy of missing endgames, a slowly burning celluloid, a coupling statuesque. Her night-time conjurations compel a madly repeatable "*Who goes there?*" of sunlight lymphing through the streets, in vessels propelled by girlish figures and sinister pacts. Insight of the plateau charming itself through your presence, your stealthy science of immaculate conjectures. Always forbidding, that heavy insensitively wrapped stone of transparency. The analogy of your name is intoxicating. The glow of footprints in a dream.

The venom of a tender exchange, between the body and the water, a stranger who pauses, to inhale the larval attitudes (striking to pause, stranger than light... If you choose to avoid the fable, the rash of silence concerning what is untranslatable...) while fondling the antlers over a mirror dropped, a reflection submerged in the babble of primitive wonder. A question of language speaking through the nearness of points meeting, smashing vision, feeding worlds of colliding arousals. The moment is not in time, in tune with duration.

"I have urged the elements into alignment, bridled by soft light under your skin, from years away. I am thrashing the harp of an unrepeatable discord, the weight of a humming bell, your night ajar... Is it certain you simply cannot expect yourself between those extremes, to incinerate? To flesh the dog days of luminosity, gasping the sheer vertical? Incognito? Posing for oracles and saturated with pleasure?" And the table is turned, rapped of seasons, the passage lights up a pyramid, impulses of the undenounced...

The misshapen wheelbarrow of adolescent schemes overcomes the ceremony of ritual. She is the "*Lamerme el coño*" of the "*vast pluming*" and "*this too shall honor the prime substance*" indicating the closeness of silence as species, naked, crawling, the indigenous scent of closed eyes. The dying and the waking, the nameless and unseen, the chrysalis and the flow. She comes to you with ghostly intentions, with each ache of your physical presence... exposing you to your absence. She rides the tusk, the rapacious indignation of spreading vials. Everything lives to be forgotten. In one form or another, a heavily guarded gesture, a secret act.

Auré is pervasive fluorite under covert conversation, who is not alone, the raw glint acted upon by disturbing forces, the hop, skip and a jump, to signify the bone structure growing a fresh body around it. She had left the city for scandal, seeking only future objects of herself. She distributed her perversions among the children, illuminated and freed according to the language of shadows. The sorrow of reflections arouses the tilting of a watchful spectrum, each of your nascent signals, imprints... Sleeping, not sleeping, guided by diversion, diving for arcs.

“I have brought hex to your gate, I bring sensate and node of vanishing to the theatre that isolates your pause, I bring your chance, your accidental design of golden victuals... I am the language of insurmountable anomaly, the slouching cabinet of distant space, the perils of your hawk-worn sense of nearness... coming to glaze in the hollows, the lightning crane.”

Scattered with fire in the tallow, the victims in the crux compel the rain, breathing scarlet, settle scores, spin the wheels and the widow of a squall, her devastating passion skewered into an annular dance, a dream object in the street winding out of sight. The whining secret operations, numerous dark qualities, striking and unraveling. Mediator of surface ignited, always undressing and disordered around the milky substance of early Spring evenings. Hanging from the trees, she is a battlefield of glass.

The multiplicity of an oneric glimpse that compels wandering, contains the entire voyage, numerous times a lyrical decoding. That invisible medium, and the manifestation of a hulking chunk of light in total darkness, a fierce acknowledgement of yourself. The unspoken weapon. The holonomic stain. She is always drooling, a disquieting beauty splashing over in her sleep, arousing the warmth between secrecy and forceful radiance. There is an iron oxidation for the calm devouring and the prehistoric mint, after the shearing, striking configuration...

The savage breath spreading in tongues to the city vanishing inwards, and challenged by astrological detours... signed on the dotted line and embossed. You are not speaking from the reflection, nor it's sibling, merely acknowledging your distance. You are not preceded by doubt, only the anxiety of skilled fingers. Hesitation reconciles the in and out of focus as an overly desirous body of meteors, while winging a precise glance. The horseman of the wedding night exchanging bright hooves with the dark tender in love with his shadow.

The smear of a radiant façade, triangulated and dazzling escape routes illuminated with female pride. The blind scrivener brings the sleepwalkers into a cluster on a street corner otherwise resplendent without beauty or even profitable significance. The smell of old mountains, glowing fingerprints evolving, in the cream of a face closing in, for unknown numbers scattered, with skeletal auras against darkness, following the indignation of the heart. Illusive theories of condescending awareness, ancient separations hanging from the parapets, each daring touch lost in ageless perfume, in the projectories of inner landscapes...

You confront the window mirroring others daily without knowing it, for your anemone, anonymous nature. Abundance is marking your territory with a spray of chemicals grinding up favorable bones, for a negative text, a transparent witchery of light stirring a crass botany of words to shape a revenge, a face-to-face displacement of truth and the lack of sufficient evidence. You are the shadow of unreasonable desire, the keyless wonder, and a conference of shadows distinguishing one window from another, through others, and many more, gradual splendor of darkness...

Auré, tutelary and random. Beauty is worthless in darkness, invisible during the day, interchanging brightness above her boots and beneath her dress, where you blow out her candle in a slippery haze. The fiction of a photograph, steam-driven and catastrophic into angelic debris, speaking Latin with a handful of kissing fish. *“My love, there is only the dew of earthly solicitation, the stalker’s paradise, the jeweler’s gaze, the central haunting...”*

Seeing, you and I, only the thread of expectation, a pleasure in itself, for a tribal gesture spreading like wildfire out of a deserted costume. The human instrument, a species of desiring inside unthinkable contortions. Consciousness survives the flood and the fire, insinuates in layers, separated only by intimidating familiarity. Consciousness is breathing the whispering of sleep against a backdrop of idealized suggestions handling delicate measures. Brightly regarded and brandished, a handful of aortic veins...

Killing language with just a girl, in the black fields, lightning-leopard, left hand of presence, or the right word bleeding in the bed of royal winds, cracking perception on stone. Light of obscure body, a signaling membrane. You are the grappling point of reference, serenely spreading in obscene clockwork, the sublime brandishing into orphic and sapphic baffling. And the knowledge-grinders dissolve their reasons for being, without totems, without light, binding spells for antidotes.

Exclusive rights (desire) grinding against the direction of the sun. Lucid and raven, precarious orientation... obscurely placed (subliminal) according to the biology of mirrors and late arrivals. The embalmer's dream, the wishbone portrait of your peripheral attachments, printing shadows far into the evening. Auré is a gathering of ghostwriters not quite understanding the narrative. Night is dining on witch marks. Beneath the water tower, a visionary slime appeals to the lovers' appetite for sudden objects of devotion. And somewhere between the wheelbarrow and the auroch there elicits an exchange of windows, dawn-shaped and brilliant with latent content... dripping from your lips.

An awkward history of attraction approaches a sinister chemistry in a daring ceremony of glances. The act of waking up is whipped into a frenzy of invisibility, to trick the sphinx into firing up her veils. The object is the mane, intruding on the past, on another night of higher frequency. Life is stuck between transparency and a wall with no stone unturned, merely a glimpse, yet darker still, a lake-faced over-saturated luminosity of rapid breathing. Silence convenes in another body whispering poppies.