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# LOOM

La Belle Inutile Éditions

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## INTRODUCTION

Loom was at first glance an unavoidable second glance, a lingering upheaval. A vision as sudden as bone in a skeletal scheme of things. Loom was as hidden as a diary purloined out of season. Loom was a question of still-born sequestering, placed within a simple message dropped in the middle of an unknown voyage.

Who would have known? A message delivered by cyclist, armed with a crossbow. A new moon taken out of context. Awaiting fullness. While the obvious appearance was subtle, as when Al-Haitham meets you in the hallway, observing *your dust in the air when light travels through transparent bodies...* Loom was a youthful interruption, taking hold of the proverbial reins for a loose-fitting gambit that became a central theme... The threads pulled out of viscous consternation, stabbed by a wayward spindle.

There was no deception, but memory is always changing. Loom was, and remains as lustrous as wind played in the key of gems thrown to a grinder, linking a phantom beauty to solitary solicitations in the mantis courtyard. It takes a mirror to see. A long the way... But a wound nonetheless, or a nervous twitch. Not a narrative - treason, for amusing, what is reasonably questionable, unquestionable entrance. Lunar and solarized for the magnetic effect so difficultly traversed as a molecular caress. Loom reclining.

*She was most elusive, or he was peripheral consternation* - that explication was always tricky, quite inexplicable, and typically ignored. What or who? Not a secret nor approval in any fashion, Loom was breathing, even as a distant inking.

It was never certain, the conditions of acknowledgement always hinged on the wherewithal, or the centrifugal force. Loom was like the rose gilder, mainly missed in polite conversation. Yet among hybrids, as intermediary, as word, even among humans, or animals, Loom was ridiculous and subject to base motives, but always effortlessly glowing.

Somewhere between Plume and Bloom, the equations were the most baffling. Loom exhibited a more anonymous threshold. Always present, yet ignored, or denied, or superlatively just never recognized. Thus, there were no rules or boundaries, nor even moral reasons to suspect anything more than a simple word flourishing in the landscape of unrecognized implications. A glass-like mechanism that could be benevolent perhaps, or dangerous, as a common slip-of-the-tongue, a cat's cradle or a knife thrower's unexpected miss.

What was Loom? Still undecided. Who was Loom? If Loom was *who*, as paradoxical provision, even more unconditional, who would be recognized? As one who is never the same, but vice versa or other than muse or anti-muse... *She* would choose herself – or *he* would evade. The satin threads of a loving intrusion, while confronting the zoo-keeper's unexpected mishap... It could not be explained, it was always an attractive quandary...

Loom is therefore ultimately a sense of what could be an uneasy truce, between robing and disrobing, while chasing spindles into an appropriate mirror. No easy answer, certainly, but always amusing in explication. A weaver by trade, rarely discussed as neither more nor less, and more often than not, dismissed as insignificant.

Yet, Loom was present, and bountiful... And as a pure paradoxical twist, Loom was more statue than a trance-makers Salome, a wick of plenty for a sentinel impression... and yet it moves! How vast, and forbidding foreground to interfere. Loom is held together by the moon, as an introduction to the paucity of seeing only what can be seen. Being illusive with messages is always a virtue. A loom de plume. A very lucid Loom, circulating in the underground. A black market treasure.

Worthless as interstellar, but spore-like in in every dimension, Loom was more beautiful than a memory that changes with every ray of sunlight -- until the suspicion of being real or not becomes a devouring algorithm. Which is to say: adoring. (Her) messages were never taken lightly... or seriously, but with every reason to terrorize the hive. Only to intensify.. While (he) is honorable as a silhouette of bioluminescent edges. Together (they) were impossible. Inseparable, but hallucinated by wayward spindles. In other words, Loom was a language all its own. The gifts of gauze that held everything together....



And, your hands rooting to trouble stone, the warm interlocking stellar along that way then, the long psychic patterns from your grasp, in to fathom maiden stealth of stone skip to ruby skinned. Strung up to engage, blind folded not far from going to endeavor. To vast a long a lone a fierce shape lopping ...

*She mesh, sudden, the danger of light, rubbing lips together ... Always listening. Listing.*

Trolling the trembling of enchantment, outlined by the huntsman, rubbing streetlights, mirror lights, reflections lose their minds fierce to polish the blade maker sings a cooling in fire.

Light is opening slowly, to render mask for ending centuries, to the melting point. Vanishing she flights, drops, emitting her magnets and slope to other, a still soft heavy heron in the heroine.

Signed for sealing, she was Malaysian blue to an alter aspect, soto voce to flask to inherit respecting only the most of each.

Post mortal insoluble for Morning stare. The rain unnoticed, another passed unnoticed. There was sight in these regions germinating in coal.

Who-faced geometers. Shedding and rewinding.  
She likes that, fiddles on it, a bright glass into shadow play.  
All wind, all, clothing unclothing, winding, facing who ...  
Verona couples the railroad pyramids into concave hiving.  
Hive scraping to ... The watchful eyes, dromedary wisdom,  
the women arcing, the lascivious time superior threading.  
She lanterns you follow. A lofty Loom ruse.

Always a signal flaming out, stair rising descension,  
howl and hover. Landing in the dark, there are poppy doors  
smearing the corridor. The snakes are cradling mystery  
lucidities. "I am your image with negative sliced. I am the  
same. I am raining ..." A tune to going...

In between quadrants, spliced numbers, imaginary  
mathematics for each constellation washed up on shore,  
pounding nails into passing shudders. Bleeding eclipse for a  
blooming device. A light marsh incited memory, you wonder-  
ing who's because of eyes.

And lunar nucleus embedded in Magdalena Street  
within those lost lopsided fields that two-in-one witchery  
debacles in all-nights transom a love laden flinting fuses the  
once lighted flickering quantum's child in tandem triangles  
a left in the face blown underground, throat slit switchblade  
of a girl's dancing string design ... a pentacle for exquisite ...  
a spark thrown dueling chimera and a loop ...

“I am portrait – Loom – distillate of flume fumbling stature.” Your translating shadows narrative to cornice a barricade plume, tormenting bodice to hoax. Follow each breath for taking through skin sprouting timeless star light passing out. Coupe de grace taken, visitation sublime.

You intricate in sea phases, suddenly, without any warning, glow ridden. Statue stations wrote and squandered and still be setting. In gold loam weaponry. She follows exile, reefs the corner angles in tarnishing the polished, all replacing time replenishing. Night leaping...

Loom for gyroscope, she cursing, linking moth batteries. The andromeda veil tresses. And there's light in the vessels, spring to yielding. *The adoration of thieves*. It is to movement defined with tabular lotus, incisions of light exposure. Assassin eyes passing, through window lathe, stolen with lashes abandoned into scraping. Wiped clean, purloined by odyssey. Beautiful shrapnel. Only eyes...

Dew rising what rose, Assembly of Crisis, the adopted tinctures adapted with child hoods and blurring among them waking. And with all, you are not alone, you nailed handful ibis, more than ibis, veil clawing, the beard of impeccable philosophy spirals the harbor. The voice of ibis informing the relevance of stolen. Vague seeds of wind, fire seeding. Collapse in word shape, a city set aside for a see-through ibis.

The still is drawn, the sworn invited, to the invisible seen, for future turning, tuning. Pi's end pluming. And, as such define. Forage in delicate balance of anguish and beauty. The crackling of life extols a rift.

She is underpinning for a perilous doorway of watching, unclocking, the eyelids in a matrimony of bird shivs. But, what sudden truth in discovering this quantum shakedown of arousal. To the emptiness of the furriers, the telepathic sewing the chosen negativities of smoke, the steeple chasing sympathies. A Fulcanelli sleep among selves and shivers. A zero gravity of leopard cages. A night thrown... Opened. Unabridged.

A prologue for perspectives, a gothic pseudonym, a beautiful body washed up in layers. Only when Loom is mandragorial for imperceptible touch, torch. The strings of midsummer light bestows a beautiful interruption. A bright fierce rattling for unsurmountable pleasure. The subtle division of precious cargo...

Charcoal and ashes, a propeller for sudden fresh encounters, the bell-ringers conspiracy.

The hull of star trails loses your life. On a vague street, in the nowhere of middle. The rattling tossed into a gasp, intercepting fire with shadows.



The shady mathematics of awareness. A while a single appearances in light speed, verbal shambles to aural silvering. Phoenix crawling. Sleep is imaginary, inventing itself, a very still and still uncovering life.

Milk of the raven is to the solar lake. Her daughter is life. Raven flower is another, and all the willing while the King is sleeping, molting...

“I am the mirage of water shaping petals in obsidian pedaling, the precious disproportion of unremembered auguring for silken dalliance. In any number of elements, to listening.”

To the winding lighthouse youth of shilling, a mill life turning the attic for licking sounds, for a banister a sliding for the Milky Way becomes your body. Defining sibilance.

Luminous vessels luminous weapons, a son like mercury, others like grief, pleasure, where silence is a light a reflection bright and loud, changing as the key, the lamp turned the keeper keeps, in keeping the overflowing, prime points recede with cardinal fluids, to light. Her hair greens longer... Always a daughter bright, into a candle light, in dwelling achieve an always, a flowing.

*Breathing mirror, enter slipping almost a night of your most desirable data.*

The colors enlighten darkness changing to intricate gesture, intimate aurora smashing each corner in light of passing through, adding through a tungsten burn, revisiting, making sounds so silent only a sundial an abandoned shield a wand of real points with spell given... Flickers. For her messages were always brief, her eyes a darker stilling.

The tower is empty, haunting near the still diving into unexpected what is always through, not about. Not magic, but image. Take it for a spell. Exile with it. Still, and still...

Her beak is always dipping, the insects of nuptials Nubian ablutions dipping into a face. Incandescent follow raw with pollen. The words are rare and pillaged, the live antibodies the antipodes reach with parapets, kindling to stark raving what is always interrupted. Walking with an animal is the fear of no return.

Always slipping with magnet propulsion. A spyglass in the embrace of your clothing, for lighted years dipping...

Sensorial feathering throwing wounds around with conception in what is always so fiercely misconstrued, in tremulous. Cocooned from the rafters, for fanciful orals. Prospero dressed in cormorant and spades.

Every aspect a freefall into droning, animated still life. Desirable antenna. The feelers... To have all the angles... across the terrace at night, with nubile legs, a plumed sentient of high degrees. A still born phantom of extra sensory conceiving. A seducing contraption powered by maze. Under eyes the cooing shatter...

Following the oracle of doubt, a furious migration. Duplicity into transparency, signed and sealed and never wise, barely firefly, battery, salamander to clothe, the exile, perpetual shimmer in the arc of leaping. Lamping. And whipping into shape. An antelope of thought, hovering intimacy to antagonize the gated anthropology of wasps. Your pleasure, dear Loom, frightfully disheveled. To empty the streets. To ignite. To automatic interface.

Almost space with metamorphic ache, almost there, almost where trembling tumbles. The verge of meshing, the meshes for the cabinets of timing and lunacy. Taking down, placing down ascending sheer for precocious duplicity. Reality of wondering wither was or not. A game of chance, continually musing, pulling space down inside for ravaging that truth of suspicion on the edge of sauntering.

“It’s in the garden, it’s your way turning!” An ever so soothing Latin, glistening into bone fragments, spinning blood in random exploits, what could have been, is, still slumbering in aspect of shadow.

A blind mapmaker lost in the stairwell, directing the chorus. Inciting a false narrative. For water. Tentative questions. Confronting a siren for a marvelous incision. Your distance makes sense in motion, not in any while or meaningless fashion. An alchemist salt worthy. To vibrate in waters windows body waking.

A tulle of tulipwood, grooming Gaudi shawls, your illusions in color. As Tulle is labial for similar, down playing on Tulip, watching Glimmer, lightning for windows. *Her and fro, diving light us, passing down. Always a distance a shutter. A for long sped.*

*Timing is everything, momentary gold, forked in this disguise...*

No need for the wake, or the waking only the echo the after-study for an image. "Permission is granted, my pet, go salivate in the orchids." A magician buried in the fiction in the fragment, shaping ice for perfect contortions. Black light for gazing ferals. "If you hesitate there will be endless yearnings for piercing and sleepless nights..." A bell curving for raw splendor.

A preparatory study for Loom, dimensions doubled into biological out bursting, babbling brook. You were taken unawares, linked up for swirling. And whatever cannot be touched for fear of losing your fierce a priori locus and the desire for summer apricots.

Dyed in the wool, caught ritual in bathing for any soluble. *Between the spider's web and cat's cradle* looms a blinding conjunction for *and* with *or...* Polished beyond reason.

The swirling dragons of tattooing night with "You are still the muse, regardless..." while a dream is still highly pitched visibility, the word *suppose* is still adapting for retrieval. The carefully invading shape of jasmine in the dimension of 5<sup>th</sup> in place. Among others, anomalies, mirror facing mirror *washed up on shore*. For reconnaissance of recognition.

Guttural in blue, digging, pulling facets out of the labyrinth of trysting hands full of morning, splitting open the nearness of perception. A soft radiation from neuron clamor a distinctly hissing cinema moving in and out of space. Cracking lids nailed with butterflies, for igniting devices to inhale, another species of universe, closer to your style of movement. Never hesitating, these days never too soon to bodily exorcism to transparency...

Could you replace yourself, with baffling with your own organic structure, your lead, my love, as either species lending following behind of you that still coming, still to words you ahead, floating brink. To live to shimmer and shammer, moon leaving the flesh leaves for the vine timing a recourse.

A frightful sighting so sweet and unsurmounted  
seeming, the seams defining. You move out avoiding  
distillation. Raining solar waves...

“Is it always this place? No, it is far too early!”

A singular descending a staircase a vague ascending,  
the same, turning a vivid horizontal without blushing, *too*  
becomes a mid stopped leap, a fancier dancer the aurea hora  
in a motionless dive of rapidly elixiating deviance. The same  
difference as a Coptic reward. The black and white of it,  
gathering silhouettes for an entrance.

Being puma in the cove sucking on estimated time.  
A roundabout is scarce. Psychological medium grounding  
your most intimidating transmission. She is the password  
for faceting corneal haunting.

Staining the royal chambers with reflections, passing  
for the opposite of your about face. Hiding by occultation,  
your profound sense of trembling. A trouble's worth for a  
moving Loom.

Supernatural phases dressed nocturnal with the  
captain's boots, a cane for pointing, milk teeth enabled for  
deception studied. Clawing your way out. A bodice signal  
in Atlantis.

Same as light, fumbling dark, more or less than multiple Onyx with hands inside. She is bleeding windows with salvia for Lepidoptera, the pretty assassin. For her numbers are right, she always wins.

She times the softness, the tender debacles, sea fingering waking up numerous.

You leave your mark before deciding on time lapse, Loom was ludique *when light travels through transparent bodies...* in oneiric shifting zones. Commanding peripheral. Highjacked for sight, seeing. The price of a code for exit, that old Lo! and beholding.

The hornets veil as the invisible Queen cannot be found... The green dragon, and the fallen dragon entertain the dark moon, you braille inhabiting what cannot be seen.

Loom is lustrous as wind and gems thrown to a grinder, link to a phantom beauty to solitary confinement in the mantis' courtyard. It takes a mirror to see. A long the way...

The splintered hibiscus of a moment's intervention. Eating your tail, your own likeness spoken, follows in tillage, in gracious spillage to disguise the source of animal nucleus. Projecting voices, blood, mucus, sinister, loving and all otherwise...

A doubling phonetic, phoenix to eclipse a lunitidal interval, a delicate modelling breaking gold for lunatical plumage, from stone to foam a wander to perfume, to lick the pelvis mastering response the meaning without *just because it works* to cover your tracks.

The day fold for light in vertebrae, when Saracen in a match for Loom, when *she* was, a hardened rule these days. Life was taking a part in mythos and oppidum. “Éctio, come out to play! The vessels are bleeding, when she, was, and even, also...”

You are spiderweb of glass, for splintering simplicity, a glimpse in Carcassonne... The lesson of obedience from another into Aletheia. “I obey, the apple’s dark butterfly...” Morning wetness usurping Image’s flint or its fire. Image always wins. Fire betrothed to flint.

A runestone of a museum in search of pleasure. Intense for a she scape, a splitting difference. Into a universe a mirror image, spitting likeness, facing ruined equation, to still living, vein threading hum. *Something to feel the brightest interruption taken shape.*

Stands to reason without avail, learning shimmer to engage the osprey’s melancholy for the archer’s slender curve into slapdash and muttering.



Only her mouth is special from distant corolla with fresh strawberries and ever so orphic words and high pitched and singularly owned, a simple phrase. Channeled bouquet of linking tremors to intimate passage upended for a winning number. A twilight gamble.

She is thick viscous, this Loom denied. With that optic-searing no denial, a savage glowing. Brilliant wound. Tuning automatic interlocking.

“I am always questionable, but precise.”

A wane a wax foretells a blown whistling, a special express. She knows endeavoring to decide, alchemy from indication, the medieval city in tow. To lamp, to lamp, to where, inclined. Shh! Whisper, whispering... Not a proper narrative, treason for amusing. Your beauty for unlawful necessity. A delicate exile, a deep-seated glow. Filigree of still and forth right predatory contusions.

Spasms come and go like innocent chalk half erased, rays of immaculate dust. A language interrupted. Ignited and... Whispered... and always...

An extract under Luna's Negra, the wise old and sordid Council of Ubiquities. The soi-disant of emerald, and all told through which door, in many places, the others. Salvia chased out of mint for her other worldly worthy to contractions. And subtractions begin. Arcing into clone, diving into negative, underground the Orphalese altered, bathing overnight, exploding beautiful elevator. Stepping out. A moment soon enough.

A fresh anarchy for a photograph, meaningless to scorpion for a mirror. Eating the liquid of the moon in your hand... "I have found the remains, a splash of amusing fracture the landscape interrupted. No loss, no interruption then..." Interrupted. A gift of mint returns to inborn...

Swimming in you, disgrace to a marvelous treason, a thorough bred scamper tilting, a guttural dive in sensate. Coincidence of roots as water kissing your feet, ultraviolet with the gamekeeper's bright vestibule... A root taken place with vulnerable complicity. *They* watched you from inside. A night splash, a tremble of delirium. *The wedding guests have all left...*

"I am the italics of a fuse, a series of perfect altered quandaries. Mercurial equivalence without family resemblance. I am variant and purveyor, slipshod processor... I rattle, bioluminescent scent for a dangling aberration..."

Mal adapted, singular prime all undoing to candle  
for leopard-like, she carried sovereignty in that placid warp  
between her fingers shaping.

The fluidity between darker light, uncontrollable  
humming, adoring safety valve. Both the Emic and Etic  
flowered in veil equestrian. Lapidary lepidopteran anguish  
of prevailing. Dawn of ghostly needles following the great  
echo of barbaric pivoting.

Peacock shyster for projectiles. *Confrontation is too  
exquisite, the embrace is annihilation, to continue is utter si-  
lence. For the rest there is circumambulation...* Dragging your  
mirrors for the hunt. Always pointing magnetic.

Without *sudden* there is impatience and feeding  
alembics. With *improbability* quicksand floods, frees each  
enhancing jester ricochet, thrones of erotic flying out of  
sign language.

Transmute for contention. Transcribe the purity of  
*passes the cocoon* dragged howling out of elder Greek convex,  
owl white to menses, strung up to glow. Would you contain  
shimmer in species constellation? Working it out of water,  
to the point of no return. Drill in paradoxical clamoring.  
Would you consent in swirling spore migration, Pleiades  
style of defense staining your reflection?

The initiation of women bringing down radar for silvering blood. Assuming the impenetrable coat of arms. When the glazier sleeps, cyphers descend a priestess ladder for the Chevalier d'Eon ghost writing in triplicate.

A flask of identity risking the stakes. What is real only takes a moment, the rest is phosphorescence for aching mimicry. And so forth going...

Waking outside of awakening... Fondling the glass vials for Plato's daughter, in a letter lost in transit. *Solve et coagula* of a two-way mirror, the always alert and wheeling animal gambol and capturing light -- to Klimt's slippery fingers. For solutions to your eyes only...

And thus could be, the ever abundance, silent ones foreshadowing in the orange grove reflecting *tu, and ells, thus and all above and others* saving grace with precision, slipping into pin-pointed on razor streams. A lack, a last, alas, with never a proper in trance...

Undercover for exquisite covert, anarchy of a long-shot dancing girl. Trickster sleep, a reproduction of "I eat your scent, in starvation tearing open" the heartbreaking softness of pheromonal stone. Scarring coveted glimpse, survival of fire. Given to be taken, the ancestral corridor dismantled for an uneasy escape route. Only a signature is required. X...

A baffling anther for fabulous licking. And runaway beside yourself, furious acrobatics to reach an elegant estate of pleasure, to unravel each momentary consent. A keyboard swan for mysterious writing outside of Malaysia, a left-handed experiment for adoring. Parallel Loom, side-winder of paradise, withering beautiful.

Bird fashioned words, words milkweed out of diving bell, hummingbird face sipping utterances, words of water through panthering lilacs. Iridescent milk taking down night bathing with feline scapula, digging in for matrilineal blade whirling. Kinship from luscious terror hard as water. Unknown words of swirling royal chairs like pyramids for night vision.

She cycles and recycles temptress of capturing avoidance.

The elegant fur to dawn shaped for mathematical time lamps, sequences Hijra equations. For clothing warm objects as fountains. Blackboard chalk to whisper. That girl with a limp for oneiric disappearances.

The blind man encoding Bird of Paradise for water wheels, for identity, mapmaking, aimless wandering. An alternate Loom for tide light fervently gravitating pearls and eagles altering.

Persistent gaps in parallel analogies. Distraught weapons for dueling flashbacks, for a sense of liquidity. To annealing templates of seasonal disguise, too so dark for primal recognitions, too bright to see, too dark to avoid. Too phenomenal to utter other...

“My love, there is murmuration of space, cradled with joints with shipwreck and illusion. Come to me in flood, in shameless disapproval...” With single strands of presence, to threading beehive language. Into a slurring stature toward undiscovered unfolding askew.

Filament and pollen bearing. As when the Stigma communicates with Anther, the unfettered gaze of gazing. “Azophi, where they are, going, those visitors?” Following Magellan through one door follows another. Easily visible with nighttime prehistory. Inciting Chlorophyll for dreams. They consent for exhaustion in spades.

A diversion with Loom at the wheel, looming in the long corridor, spinning a tale, more bird-like on the trigger than by word of mouth. Under the tongue. A Medea gift...

Precipitous Loom, Medusa Loom, Loom of slender oracle. The visible Loom the invisible full moon Loom, there triangulates le black promissory les one multiple of bridal fusions the milky streams telepathing a winters night.

Gown attraction and repulsion for the pyramids and the monstrous silken threads. Your sleep the firelight of a cellular metamorphic shaping passing.

There were hunting scenes under wraps, the illusion of wings tapping vibration and refusing the music of seam and less the invasion, in silent to hoax, the assassin's joy, the vampire taunted, set free to skittering equations half visible, half veiled for lost time.

Volcae Tectosages with hanging tangerines. Veiled threats. Images of kalon kakon slipping through cracks. Gnome de plumes, into Unk Cekula. Basajaun presiding with the color of blue for clan signatures. The room was always empty. A fire always lit. Whispering fills the air, seen and worn for protection. But whispering... whispering...

You are an object of great worth, image of crisis, branding by thorns, while parallel is wild with howling and hidden pueblos bright as your face. Flagrant with spitting image.

A moment, a train following electricity, a sleeping vehicle of nudity pandering all lycanthropy and other lilies of the valley. Loom sparks on the high beams.

And then to humming Hamat'sa of the open door away, till it rages a red powder, transparent through obscure sense of having not yet arrived. Becomes a ruby in liquid alias for rapid seizure. Soft and dangerous. Illustrated with mathematical jinx and impulsive tree speech, unwinding oral rooting. Fog threading your awareness past the hour, the sincere incubation of bolting images toss transparency around like sudden flares. The brightening mammal of harrowing dance.

The corona opening fleece for unorthodox clamor among seagoing thefts, piracy among clams digging silent life. For altering roots webbing tearing turquoise out of viral undergrowth.

*When the innocents shelter exile for knowledge as ghostly archives.*

*Tender knives for unsettling caresses lightning rods for the elders.*

In her curious mask folded blind and pure as alabaster in stillness into black smooth shimmer. Shadowed helmeting for Medea slow sloping into owl cloth and other environs. A singular dim in long black gravity, radiating into emitting into sewing the veins of shuddering, projecting light for antlers for the tension for intending stealth.



The helmsman's sorrow wakes spinning oars in  
shaking dragons for narcotic doorways.

*... Moth faced to collide ... pollinating with chimera, the  
lost and found, membranes ... Night fractures for whispers send  
and moth light*

*you tremble solarized you are frenzied duration giggling  
moth tongue*

*centripetal force feeding, you ... moth ... desires always  
along for the ride strikes into hovering, déjà vu ... your mouth ...  
glowing ... bleeding ... sleeping goodnight ... moth*

*sputtering ... objects on desire's table, passionate  
hatchets to enable, dusk filled bodies climbing and fallen ...*

Quicksilver and mortar in the bowl cracking dust  
gold, a Teke memory through bone music for earth sifting.  
When you manticore shaking out freshly minted petals.

Taking the lid off nighttime and others. Throwing  
pedestals into growing sources of light. The caracal secrecy  
the mirror of tracing mask of dewclaws and supersensory,  
soluble fixed and sworn. Pleasure falling instantaneously  
from a great distance.

The maze tenders model and the seer's wishbone  
grapple in the cloth of ancestry, emitting gently focused  
proverbial glass balls. Told in eros caves grinding chimera.  
Bathing in the warm necrophilia of dusk impregnated arc  
and arch, scintillating flare in the House of Dawn. Clawing  
at eyes to see again.

Maya in situ, black burning divination for the old  
brazier of wind, in the valley groves of feathers in the sheer  
sparkling wheels ring the bell, sacrificial headdress dazzling  
shells, vague dress of the salamander keyhole.

Dark tissues weaving bright wayward. Your oldest  
unrelenting backdrop, that too backwards walking ahead of  
schedule, vigilant wick against whatsoever, in spite of  
incomprehensible in the middle of nowhere.

Night comes out at night seeking dim, breathing  
light into. What other nature abides. Crystal firing on all  
fours.

A steed fast spear headed circling. What steed will  
continue as lure for light speed, who follows source in the  
black chamber perpetrating irresistible cones. Perpendicular  
identity of Night, who passes left handed through oval and  
confusing glance. Her umbrella shares madness with the  
lovely Polymorph, overwhelming silence for aroused and  
devastating configured.

Quick mortal whenever you are or others, the steep  
recurring ill-fitting turbulence. Draco Volans in splendid  
attire. Lantern for a childlike Penthesilea leading the way.  
Only a spark remains, to invent an arc that capillaries  
through solar opposite.

Chime-rider and louping in stice. For cobra folly,  
your stance.

The scintillator of telemetry, licking bones threading  
for skeletal seduction. Through your eye's mind ravaging  
starlight. Singing the oldest songs. Butterfly remunerations.  
Always here, more there.

Loom is spark, the arc-welder the edge of arc.  
Phantom curve that ignites.

Other animals in frequency, till the tell, dreaming  
with delicate snarling.

The nothing transgressions, facing solar noire veiled  
in most delicate turbulence. With speculum-headed and  
occidental. The elephant captures your beauty in a forever  
recognized. An unwashed instant. Life spindled with  
golden hooks. But the stone of contradiction annihilates for  
emissions leaving under fire. Time raising flowers in space,  
isolating pyramids for propulsion.

Circulating X-ray vision for accidental enchantment  
of tectonic plates shining in unison.

Alien landscape, always discovering vessel to self,  
Loom, even. Loom othering.

*How lovely, phantom senses, keep the entrances what is  
unavoidable ...*

Active and passive presenting cluster, the powdered  
moth-mouth stumbling for filial quartz. Blind as eggs for a  
quick dialogue through a siren clap. Grappling with oldest  
interruption, surrendering between discoveries.

Urgency of moving not moving through whatever  
offers carriage, dragging vanishing fleece through Byzantine  
for ill-fitting swirl. A switchblade identity. Never more so  
shining never where what is lost and found, dark cloth  
echoes and still hanging.

Stunning recognitions wind shaping what troubles  
to matter. Even sharing desolate matters, the newly wise  
disturbances of delinquency out of thrilling for a lovely  
spyglass purebred and disrobed. Ghost ridden in bathing is  
to the crane, as Angora is imperative to *struck by lightning*.  
In mourning. Forever turning round...

Loom is spark, the arc-welder the edge of arc.  
Phantom curve that ignites.

Each doorway prepares a savage glow, a sensation of swallowing swan's-down, sleeping peacefully with sunstone and windmill. To gasp is to breathing out the time taken to cocoon for sword swallowing the sword swallower. An ever diligent sign. Even entering anywhere is memory in sight of quicksand's darkest tulips. They leave their harsh perfume in valuable mummies for tricks.

A prankster, a two-bit charm, for fool's gold dabbler, pure as newborn. Then too and thus easily fall the windup rabbits bouncing fur and bobbing for a nibble in Night's Alley.

*Some purloined, some JackFrost, only a mountain,  
only a stream equals tintinnabulation ...*

And the ghostly body invites a vessel, too often do dishevel since time alighted loose and intermediate, through medium directing swirled and immodest during, enduring all enlighten. Scramble for loose fitting, but into pointing, any way pointing. Double dipping in darkness. A loon for delight. For most ...

Loom to be, slow-motion phasing a mad dash haze, all strings attached for fiddling.

And Loom to you means nothing for your unlikely thrust, a till between a fitting, a duration lost in particles, a soothing hook embedded.

Stripping like mercury pitchfork flowering in that every often, soft focus, perfume bred, angled stillborn figured tasting, milk spilled for looting, chimera cast, shadow placing, all along the high prow containing, each decibel courting recorded the dancing and guided tour ... aloft to replicate the altering ...

Outspoken she captured likeness to froth what adoration corresponds with wielding medieval with claws in desecration. In hydra dark laden on Magdalena Street in orthodox misdirected by endless footnotes, as she was greedy with flowing algorithm, distempering fabulous circuit breakers amused by chaos enlightening each point of vanishing...

Forever exile, lasting taciturn for each duplicity is unforgiven. The twins foaming at the mouth, actively alter between *my love* and *your double*, multiple orphic-sided rattle in the shambles, to sublime, tincture as blur. Outside tempting, if as between to slighted look in. Inside looking through. An obsessive pulsing passing as entanglement dimensionally contagious. Life to siren in and out with a torch. *And yet it moves ...*

The messengers come and go, dragging the mint of scaffolding, plumb line anxiety of quizzical feathered for gasping signs. And tə'wɪt tə'wu, as tête-à-tête, and off to go a coming. A grand wheeling, she said without ado. Agreed. And Aelia Laelia, is bluing in the turning and the sever the hourglass firing to wit a loom a merging...

You stem totem for bright waterways and divide by taboo of bodily perturbation, growing blood flowers for reckless consternation. You swan-trigger for salivating dreams. Tally-ho and away for solar shaped and turbulent “Bewares” that trigger invisible, tell-tales and gypsy scarves.

On maven dark streets messengers come and go like broken mirrors, animated finicky and disheveled Zuni with out words a sever so agreeable. Her eyes take you out for a ride. Cypher for equal balance. A dancing chide.

She magnets out of place of always and alert for suspicious sensate, leaving unapologetic between stolen glass and her image landing. Moth glides through Loom ... that fervent never delineation ... the many pointed estimation.

Wireless with enabled vanishing. Loom for vice versa ... To relive the glance of the spider’s doll, inhalation of sparks. Clustered illium pinned equations rocketing and still within communications.

Loom static, altered seagull entranced for parallel docking. Dimensional hourglass to her eyes brightly petals darkly peddling stilts in prurience. Always outlined and fired thus-wise ... lovely even she candles thrown from amethyst fog, redirected gargoyles for untested stealth.

Unreason of Sable, changing places. Unnumbered nomads evade speculation. Personified stillness, naked thrust, chemical feedback. The object frenzy. Reach old Huichol tuning around ... about time. *Told the messengers about time, sifting rattle points for sudden detour.*

She-spoken, dusting body presence for betwixt. To come and go with brides and also coded for relinquishing. Spoken reliquary visiting Loom pupae for egg slide and with farce she unzippers into hopscotch. With a smile with puppetry.

Molting for mushroom ladders and shadow dressing for lamp landing. Counting coup as introduction to even ventricle passions. Night is an image avoiding capture. Fountain of awkward gazes in the spirit of image allure. A snip snap and lightly goes, liquid pours its own vessel, figured squatting and barking black moth tending. For all the last astronomers end.

In the Book of Ambiguous Figures you trace with glass undoing lips of lilac black... thus the mistaken identity the wishbone dabbler, Singapore switch for a butterfly chaser. ... Equine even had said, electrified, for epitaph.



Transparent glaze will be trading precious secrets for thievery, circumventing loon clapping ... if on an evens revenging the shun there comes gloss, what loss trading the twin's elegy if real that revision, those tender straps, tracing which comes undone and still, be done. But, real, if to a night ...

A mechanism of fancy plus the weight of plumed ambiguity, minus starry equations yet implied, equals the final balance of replicating long-legged stealth. And to visionary tinctures with babbling, empty clothing into schisms among stones, glint hard mycelium threads, eye threads passed word-of-mouth, to constellate.

Passing night through light, needled ... In the bell tower the windmill chases the lighthouse beacon, the woman a spasm of urgent substance, a down way out, to flicker other seasons, to claim tutelary spatials. To oral fountain, immoral sphinx for trinkets, shell raising light transfused mind fields. To wit ...

The key is glowing when the door is open, feverish lines extended web, night figures traced into an anarchy of the senses. (You) (I) and the (other) of neither and or, and yet, magnetic pulse. Too sheer for lapis, resembling the non-accord, exemplary tributary of almost-pursued-blue-tangled-glow-yes that one armed against failure, of reason to signify.

The meta lamp is significant. The body lit by origin, as tourmaline is Sumerian by nature of a more seductive displacement. The body touching your hand, inventing your eyes, mouth and liquid matters memorized by milkweed in utter silence. What astounds your desire to behold, throwing yourself into a sign, if left unchecked. The servers are down ... Nightshade to Loom.

Escape is inevitable if magnetic when long-tailed is undefined except by grooming, and pointing out your own interception in possible indigo. Dwelling auburn and escapable with twilight.

If in plumage with windows you pass through here, scribbling esoteria in translation to arrive. Child brides ... dead brides ... brides of luminous throwing and then often disassembled brides for spindles ... The epic bride thriller and last gestures. Double take and explicit gravity hidden for purity. "I am regardless as time is space and always unexpurgated ..." Taking each the brightest things out of night. For medicinal tremors.

On lunar plexus devising cherry tree breasts the tender marsupials touching exemplars. You mirage for disproportion to always radiate communicating nexus. The wolf threads and adolescent secrets double entendre. Snake glow in the circling fields. Fairytales for children. And to tiny weapons ...

The young phantom overflows its trembling goblets  
for an endless grotto.

Startled by foam flowering in she, bird, too bright  
gazelle, a she funnel with gossamer within floating for life  
support. What is dawn shaped constellation all the body  
foaming ...

Light wolves following night zebra negligee text  
setting fire to the beautiful mummies, all then for a starlight  
hidden in sea gowns rappelling book length often fixated  
the anvil of shadows ...

Your light speed intonations stay with you, panting,  
shimmers La Llorona the softest key of the entrance, and  
always beckoning always the grand exit. Wandering.

The who lamp leads the fog figure to ovular circuit  
breakers humming ...

Dangerous figuring, time enough and more for  
nothing, stolen.

And when the glass maker sleeps there is always a  
room for lightning.

When twilight changes shape water rises.

When gloves hunt for hands wind crystallizes.

How bright with subgenus never mentioned autonym  
for pleasure.

When entering, a scent, silence is a blindfolded sense  
of licking thorns.

A sinister biology times the moon in thirty seconds  
or less, times the faithful alarms in the act of bathing into  
mythology, the sheer abundance of honey for innocent  
honey for visions, the hidden dwarves and the petrified  
honey of emergency landings ... the search lights disrobe for  
the howling of honey the velocity of honey like silver fills  
the awkwardly hanging reflection altering the honey of  
sleep of sleeping in reverse ... Reproducing mirrors.

All that she offers caesura ... like a branding iron ...  
a great ruby for night standing upright to wing a sense of  
slipping into the ache of tidal flow. "Hush, Loom, hush ...  
alchemy invades the precocious lapping ... what forbids is  
an unrelenting field of landing flares ... "And the rest is then  
missing. And speculation. And wordless configuration.

And ancient time, nebulae of wise cracks and into excellent molecules, even ... lamprey of “hush, hush ... and hear the windows escape ...”

It all was, not was, a fulgent slumber, but she is as always, proposing exhaustion and the slippery essence of forking, mysterious, crossing to fork a way, in distant arrival as always a fabulous corset of touching consent, touching fresh seeds of a loving tender fury.

Shadow throws itself into light the way mouth wasps through yielding arousal. Walking eyes under strange fingers, steam driven empty rooms of inventing, for a spell later vanishing ipso facto the lovely beguiling ... umbilical webs tempting the twist of acrobatic projection to leopards and jewelry and palm reading. Taken what is given.

A windup version not by any means other than fire, but other, what matters, not without those blazing and all windows. That assayance of sudden awakenings, as voyance sheers through turbulent wing spread, moaning a distance. Invisibility of manipulating mothhood gentle fuse ...

Your message each time is *breeding dust*, conceiving shadows ...

“I have come windows through wonder with arrival  
to exit for each dreaming dust blown in your face. To  
whisper as untold and facet in the shameless gearing up to  
warble. Long in shifting. Tremble optical in froth and  
scheme to savage and doubled ... I am to covert shorn to  
disappearing in circles and blood lit by timing, lovelorn  
spark bred device. I am thus waking ...”

Sudden veil you explicate and weir plane conceding,  
overly shed, edge blur. You are winding updated for alas  
sudden merriment.

Heavenly bodies growing transparent mirrors in the  
center of a long list flowering where the world explodes. A  
secrecy among implicating veil time when African eyelids  
unlock shimmer and unfettered dawn fields, crisscross for  
salivating, interception. And quick change wrench in the  
metamorphose, in the getaway for presence. To seal the  
shimmer...

For other, than, doubled over and tripled, then  
combined in fire flight, while seized ahead of time. Taking  
years to task in *auricular mumbling* shimmed up and over  
replaced in neuron tempting. Thus received, landing  
darkness with diamonds intact ...

Fumbling in left field for sounding alarms, thorned  
and ink fed. When haphazard in miming glory this all  
tempered brainwash for twilight Loom dividing in unison.

The oculist bursting in the orchid with wheels twice landing, twice folded in the center, and no one the wiser still. Your distance contemplates occulted for resemblance, wheel dark and mask light, shore maker marker brightened under footing. Eyed to and moth in ...

A last wave always allude a looting to fleece, to leave a lancing.

Many times alias passed, each other, without then warning. Lamp lighting capillaries to teeth touched for deep allegation and optical sinister. In Arabic nights siren mirrored in black passing by and by, touching trinkets to lavish blending. Out of soothe saying Loom ... Loom ... Loom ... all greatly stemmed for the hissing ... tremble ... Loom for shifting, tremulous she wind spark air in rivulets ... pouring, instigate diluvium, all glass bearing, soon ... soon ... Looming ...

Throwing loam for possession, royal figures in the mix, all for telling ... All in all is witch listening, the telling shale tending ...

Macabre and multi shape, miss taking to other ... she along the lasting looked ... the voice that takes surprise ... A sentinel watch. A lynx to falling, enable your light to sipping blood ...

Your forgetting the end, imaginary body uprooted,  
your scandalous tearing and shedding, shredding to unsettle  
the oldest chemicals. Ashes for facing, makeup to blackened  
stains richest light. Projecting dawn possessed figures  
smeared, a time wedge in a centered city, a silvery eye into  
pin-point message, a ribbon around her neck. To a phantom  
clarity.

Still embodied form from memorized gasp, she  
brought you to suddenness, assigned by then as awkward  
watched other ... You were looked upon as offered missing  
link ...

You were looked upon as rigged to seed embedded.  
Fugitive release decreed, and on common awkward first  
born to irradiated spark. Most paradoxical lymph. She  
swarm.

Night feathering for Loom with doubled over and  
strings pulling time from shape taking, ravishing with lame  
gesture tainted in love with silence cherish skin projected  
anesthesia for night prism the hushed effective scimitar.

Oh, she slashed with Sabine is, taken triggered to  
rubies taking striking ahead. A lasting to take us all and so  
together and we slash ... We deem. Redress. Take heed. A  
mastery over to last.



By eyelight aiding and abetting, and thus edge-of-sparks you go then, other than but still time spin to hawk a daze all space undenied *as slashing we will go*, who smiles to leave, a space to tangle. When shimmer aches for whipping, starlight into shadow. Assuming flash through all through it. Mission complexed and well done down.

Species insightful traveling by animal warmth. A self-portrait in wax for each other dimension fulfilling negative enrichment. To woo to wit, side saddle into perfect dive ...

In Pollen Theatre, then into the precious curve, she shells to sea kells the orphan laments. What's the matter, transferred and adapted, she licked on a forceful nite lighted shell-shaped appropriated for fixing. You turn with exquisite undefined for concealed, and that delicate curve is throne in gendered diminished reflected plume and sign for what loss or removal ... but not that, intoned she masked it was rapturous to slide and recover. What was ...

Lit upon what sex was light ensemble and multiple forms, what openings offered for delight. What sex was darkness be entered who is most demanded in shuffled flow as power enriched window inclined. What eyes are taking, what owned she sake to the whispering feelers wrapping saturation. She reasoned season for feeding to the gills, fecund spawning, the fertile always a taunting a slip shod feathered a haunting, android moment (to witness) off to beckon with sudden forking...

Dimension multiplied by apprehension yet sudden  
as worthy travelers reeling, the fine mercenary intercedes to  
reclining, the nude shaking step by steep inside a sudden  
torch taken.

*For whispering helmets launched for owl transparency...*

To instinct a sea structure, to intuit, to see to, into it,  
for a few shillings ... lapping, a landing, attending, to intend,  
is by far ... a nonsense lingo "A fleecing we will go..."

An ancient scepter crawling specter the old owlish  
word sorrows, burning ground to ancient sun. Micare, mica,  
stellar cleaves, X ion as Na and Ca, through witch a lasting,  
a basal slither through eclipse, and you than, rather... A loco  
pelle a fluting erased.

Treason is always beautiful, like dust, a handful of  
silkworms, a slip of the tongue...

... was a beginning, the breath of Loom, for a Tepe  
token resuscitation and albino glow, lasting Loom of lead  
still fast as open door to ... Lady of the Arc, medicinal  
Loom, the haphazard propelling scribe worthy blue pages,  
that nonlinear spoke twirling.

You, she, it ... alas, a helicopter gamut stroking, light in escapade. Hypnagogic delivery system, a glow stolen activating fluidic phishing in hummingbird. And there you are the password.

What matters for orchid tremor through veil lent, in tempting other wise and others all the great wile and aside and inside ... fierce chrysalids eyed to eyelid desire...

You come and go to bride fount and lash the going under, light worthy seminal. And, Loom is alive, and bee ridden. Still a mess in the sun room, still alive and kicking, striking. To think she is all sand and glass. Alloy laden for what beauty kills to live.

A figure vague, outline a light to mirror, with up rise thrown in sight of shimmer ... Loom ... to dismantle ...

When shadow enters reflection, when night is opened sewing dishevelled bathing fur to interrupt this wild fresh wind hammered mirror she splinters, she comes to lick your eyes and fur bright altering flywheel of innocence. What beauty lives to kill, loves to... kills to live... Silence.

Noblesse oblige for decent salve, what equivalence of spitting image, other than...

Silvery, slime, snail like sleeping, nacreous and ever corresponding a constellation and then you move, and asunder ... and awkward quasi for ligatures for haunting ... constellation of fragments. Curved in entrance, transparent too with pleasure to pleasing. *The Thule of Afterlith, she is ticking, is written and memorized...*

Incandescent fiddlesticks, you love, her scent, fire seeded - messages delivered and lost in translation...

The only opening to sundial laying eggs of gold, with, screamed out, pin pointing gibberish. All the while, mathematically speaking ...

Gyroscope plumes of four quadrants, primal and fancy character, she intimates a babbling equation, a true contortion, a numerous baffle and to go not end in sight at all to leave a light a lasting. That once for fatal a marvelous interruption, lit for wondering.

She looms, the rapture of landing, with swinging wildly, hammer scented, instrument of triangles, numbers never fitting, but glowing and eggs ...

And the long stick pointing... Evening arrives by train, dragging candle-light that weapon of out rooting in shadows and dressed in gyroscope, witching sparks, a loaded stone. Still, born Loom...

The multi angled ancient to rapid fire, and all that between a trembling old as the hills “I might have fallen sooner, then as later...” for stoker throwing jewels fusing sparks between opposing doors ... Ancient provocateur. As the most wanted...

In site of paradoxical gestures. *Interlocking*. Loom, still bleeding...

When, after words to unruly flux, to the Rue of Rune, not at all too soon. To plover uncovered about, and around, to lune, when Loom is missing...

To wit, too wit, who too, to woo...









### *Explications*

1. Loom returns often to the scene of the grand interruption, but not by accident. Moving by somnambulance, appearing only in translation.
2. The light in question is generated by a leading aberration of gentle obsessions.
3. Mimicry is the pleasure of antlers. As exclamation and defiance.
4. Loom is an aleatory sense of not being who is apprehended in the heat of the moment.
5. Loom is The Veil in essence, but expurgated and unequal in balance, and certainly multi-dimensional. Like a fountain.
6. Pre-Loom was undignified, and post-Loom is feverish. Present Loom relies on tmultiplication and is unworthy of adoration.
7. When Loom meets Feather, there is the unequal hesitation, the rending to which there are no references. Day blending into night as the glow worms enchant the bell.

8. Lighted by sirens, the orchid-goat with all the enthusiasm of a voyeur harassed by a swarm of bees. Therefore, the supreme emulation.
9. Each missing word assumes the importance of a barefoot messenger.
10. A humming receptacle led by a serene bait and switch. Plugged into deviant calculations.
11. When the spindles clash, upholding a two-bit tumbler, albeit a masterful recovery, leaving a splendid doorway.
12. Loom is transparent. Her engine floods the horizon and the lights go out as they always have, gone out, for landing. For a sense of stealth, pulling up the shore and torched.

*Loom is transcribed to print exactly as written  
with few corrections in spelling, and  
adheres to the suthor's apparent intentions  
as not being a work of fiction  
but one of speculation and desire;  
and specifically one of experimentation.*









