

SLEEPWALKING THROUGH SIRENS

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through the mirror, gathering sparks...

from the bodies of an onrushing horizon,
or a swarm of howling in the middle
of a séance always unfolding
for you, my love, as life is like that
these days through none other than
and all the others into
a ghostly obsession with fire

SLEEPWALKING THROUGH SIRENS

*"The minotaur more than justifies the existence of the labyrinth.
There's no need to build a labyrinth when the entire universe is one." -
Jorge Luis Borges*

*"I cannot tell you where I am, except in the middle of a midnight stroll,
perhaps where the annotator throws those sudden "inexplicables" through
the windows of an onrushing horizon, or a swarm of butterflies. Life is
like that these days, passing through none other than and the others..." -
Anonymous*

What can you see, if not invisible hopscotch and how true she wonders but misshaped and ill-fitting signs but not astray you think, for once a to and fro, you consider a knife for any decision, and half blind encounters for at last a shimmer and who's the former, and every morning thereafter a dancing urged, a delicate Medusa like wolf white pure and simple comes to lick your eyes and fur bright to altering, she knows for certain, what meaning is lost among uncertain plumage... You could go on and on for enchanted reconnaissance, even sign your name a number of times, to reflect a shadow barely a sign a howl to exhale against each common against all and be reached in time. It's not at all the same, out there and further in that leaves the rest to chance. You might see a dusk not knowing but certain, when only a shadow and a reflection you write that down and remember what password for that entrance and gesture for exit. Glimmer was a surprise. Armed and ultra sound. A gifted messenger, she knows and agrees. Your bearings maze for awkward decision to accomplish, out of sight out of mind, yet not while psychology of unknown properties measure, to animate, with invisible ties to bind you remember from then. You, she thinks, "I am not here, but thereabouts and on the way..." Arriving is like leaving, a gathering of magnets interlocking in appearance...

The wind, the sisters, the old watchman collide, with tremendous sighs of endless debris, bright and haunting as abalone. Where is the chlorophyll, when your color fades, a treasure for St. Germain always taking root. Translunar fiddling in the late hours dressed in gyroscope and posing for sunlight. Rubbing flint-sparked and illicit, armed to the gills in the underground...

Her sigh was the furnace of bewildering your configuration. The branding iron softens into a tenuous sleep ... The dew was burning and obsession was heavily scented. From that one to this one and into another, the difference is always the same and always an instant in time, always possible, always variable. And quite often the wind is like honey and hint of fire. When turquoise howls, your hands become unpredictable when you turn to close your eyes.

Your shadow throwing itself against the glance, passing through a portrait of gazing peripherals and the penetrating light of morning. A study for a double-blind and the scattering eroticism of a grinding illumination. Ravished by milkweed and other perils...

Oneiric on the street of the blind voyeur. The forbidden rose, the impossible trousseau bursting out of a shadow reflected through your body, on the inside, starred in absurd equations. A fierce debacle of communicating bodies, to hold up the glance for a timeless revolt. To bring them precious and back to life again...

Candle lights between her legs, an optical inclusion for a gem-faced dispersion, for what's-it-called and child's play. They disarm for blending and a river debacle to chide, with pin-pointing to sinister seduction, to synthesize to number to wax abundantly to wick with "what you take from plundering offers a language without mercy..." A fluid leviathan of facial expressions, while bleeding a landscape for identity. She is the fissure that sustains. She laid her eggs in your mouth. In your eyes. In your fever... She uses her teeth...

Brought down and radiant, when Sable leads the assassin towards the Grand Intuition, a rising dream-like motive salutes the gamete veiling and unveiling. Always a consternation in the cabinets of lunar street scenes, the Alpha takes command and alters it, when slender ovum overturns with sabotage in the wilderness, when in a bell-chamber a visitor opens an appropriate door... What is known for those words, to suspect anything? Breathing on your face...

You lift her veil to become blind and aleatory, troubling the world of visitors who light candles for shuddering. Winding threads for an exit, leaving only for a sense of touch, a scandalous position, an unbearable bird-like embrace. The abandoned lace of a burning scaffold, the braille of your unquenchable fingers. The orchid's grandmother impregnates the moon.

Anyone could have been. Seems a baffling partial of anything for ransom and trade, limited only by the color of who it was that disappeared one day and returned unknown.

The incandescence of an imaginary pedestrian winks at the silence of a shadow-crossing. Traveling by word of mouth... *La sirena trasparente*. That precious animal of water.

A vague opposition to be when you are, priceless cormorant, vein compelled and alter-bright, when lightning opens the seeds. Light interfacial with your epidermis releasing mercury disguised as a language for the speed of light, three quarters accident and two thirds pollen for appearances and pierced with traumatic totems. And only for appearances.

Constantly deciphering between us, thought and appearance reciprocating showmanship and guile, to change and transform, from anthracite to snake charms, and tobacco pouch to bell- scratch and cane pointer... You are that girl from south waters limping through the fields, a lantern wildly swinging, to sinister we go, divided by honey, whispering to loiter in whispers and drawn with imperceptible intentions...

Glimmer was mandatory, a casque of honey for wandering. A bird faced secretary no more valuable than a vice grip in season.

Infancy ignites the mainspring of seasonal discrepancies, more scissors-like and teetering than the innocence of unlikely conjunctions. The way you aleph in and out of spring-like contortions and convex models ... the ones that shimmer and invite ... the ones that pedestal for voyance, or the one that leads you through mayhem. Your model is lacteal with never-say-never analogies ... still ... one never knows what elegies pin-wheel their way through concise contracts and eerie messages spinning out of control. Your rib-cage is the Northern Lights.

Your body is the rainforest blue and tetrahedral cross-pollination of mistaken identity. Ocelli, slipping one, when you sleep, as a wind shimmer, to the acknowledgement of a blind seer, with the pollen of sudden gestures, as a formidable ventriloquist in a sea of ventriloquism. A wise display of iridescence to render the shape of visibility impenetrable, without fire. Eyes against radar, peddling furiously. The scent of light-bodies. "I am your scent, oval and overwhelming..."

"When I died before I was dark and luminous, intuitive flow, that almost ancient beginning for cartwheels and tales taller, I was sudden, only honey remained, silent and glowing..." As the frightful bloom and the riddled vulture to endless tangling for surprise endings. Shadow boxing with desire.

The invisible key cannot be found, but it follows the bristling of evening larvae. Rubbing bones together, growing dark matter in the gale between your closed eyelids and a young girl's dream... where radiance shaped the entrance hall in accordance with an abandoned chess game. A language without words, an ancient form of light struggling with phantom urges. Invisible bodies in cities without shadows. Only fuses... When Oedipus died, the moonlight rose.

Lead by a hag tipping finale, swallowing an idée fixe, the two-way mirror, as you turn incandescence into a one-way street, even, heavily forked into incessant humming, as a win-win for desirable matters. Light as dark, with oceanic feelers. The only way, she said...

Not always a dark forcing for the flipside the aftermath appearance, for often a brighter uprising takes dispute into converging shape, a double exposure for precedence. Primal equations polished into what could have been, to become what was lost in dispute. The unintended chimera of a lightning flood ...emitting veins with sudden layers to pass through eclipse-like and overflowing.

In the poison of her dust, Glimmer flowers with terminal transparency. A quiver with eros...

And wolf-mything in web structure, from body to body in stream fashion. Fierce messages after the inventions in the invisible hotel of what to do now, the forking gestures held sway “I was not aware that timeless duration was for you or I to know, to know and lead a singular climax... She was beside herself with figuration and rose night out of sun going down, rising...” The intrusion was without parallel. Reality was invaded by other words without description.

Ethos is the sweat glands of a birdlike cluster at the furthest point of light in the center of a mirror. An incendiary point of reference. A double dream of consciousness. Anatomy of somnambulance, swimming in the fields of pandering peripherals.

What belongs to one or another, the ones that tremble at night, the ones who give everything away, and those less likely to resist. Those who become a permanent fixture and the ones who cannot help themselves. Who seem ageless but understand their limits, who give control to a more telepathic sense of belonging and who mirror through identity in utopian fancy. All those fascinating etymologies attempting erotic sputtering for sudden colonies of light.

Erased and stalled, motionless in a telepathic menagerie, the transparency of widows fills in the dusk, while all the animals speaking to themselves with inhalation, with others to exhale.

There was always a slender thread, a whispering that enables the guise of silver, the shadows in the harbor, a body of mist rising you were often "the scent of knife-like emergence..." too unbearable even, when an irresistible scheme went foraging on its own. Only translation works for narrow escapes and feuding charmers. A tangible self-portrait is indescribable.

Never allow yourself to be overtaken for being overtly discrete. She is touched, that one, they whispered, in another language. A stray inkling without likeness, but overwhelming. A watery tremor with devouring plumage, but delicate, like kindling and claw marks. In deafening silence the *Selenicereus* blooms only once a year, for one night...

A lunatic device to fill the hours, grappling salamanders for unreasonable unions. A very different light to fill the rooms, the mirrors, the lightning in the garden. The objects to fire up the desire of changeling attributes, the here there tangle of erotic freefall into dancing crystalline in the arms of somnambulant address. You are known for that object alone. The rest is illusive.

Tutelary light cutting diamonds in your variations, ascendant blood lights for a radiant language on the outskirts of embalming, the very long shadows, all counting time and strangers like campfires landing in the canyons.

For undefined drapery and sustenance, gnawing on bones. The lenses form like the finest material through ancient movements. The doorknocker of aurora in the green eyes of leopard vigilance. She offers only magnetic zones sewn into your presence...

You are twice the forest of talons, tracery of moaning in unison, the spinning object of mirrors face deep in rising in silence through interior objects in gravitational clothing attracting water like a violin that howls. Through periodic eyes and bagpipe riddles, tipping your hat for a feline crowbar teaching orphic to wayward siblings. That, apparently, all that was needed.

Absent objects, bodies of fog, gestures of mist, in this space delicate and tiny the avalanche of your ring-finger betrays whatever arrival of early morning occultation tiptoes through Alexandria with pin-pointing.

Remembering who arrived yesterday, a way out of breath and skittish. While the Spanish mistress of sleep, Lunacy, earlier opened her flowers in the tunnels beneath the haze of an ambush, flowers made of whispering and coded one-liners. "I myself, have never been..." An unfamiliar object beckoning introduction. Another kind of constellation. "You are only a secret gesture... Nothing, more or less." Everyone gathered in mimicry. A negative of the source.

Theories of nothing and endless stories... "Trained to tell stories of you, yourself and I..."

Slowly unravelling. A sublime duration between suspicion and conjuration. Your face for a vase, a sibylline moment of delightful and taunting whimsy. A scattered dolmen of battling grounds, for a neural spidering effect to release the memory of ancestors. All that once assumed a central inclusion, more dangerous than identity culled out of hearsay. You're on your own now. Only an image.

“When the night structures tremble like young moths the color of burning chemicals.”

“Pistols will be fired then, for light?”

“If you spin faster, arrival is immanent.”

What sees itself in the mirror as night and day, a singular method of arrival and departure, with what shape ravaged into the opposite effect. Propelled by nocturnal awakenings, sleep spindles and eyelids shaping contortions in the city of time. A sweet-talking trance meeting to harvest approaching magnetism for baiting tricksters, moving by scapularies. With what words first spoken bright as howling...

Sometimes a message appears and it burns beautiful like a... and hovers in the air, searing everything between the shadow and the mirror in ways that interrupt even the fork in the road. "It's nothing like..." while the pyramids roam freely, an eclipse signifies the correct clothing for a colorful season of all those statues that merged in the garden.

Words that don't exist except with the help of various knives the color of dusk. There's nothing like it.

In the conservatory you were concealed alloy, with the proper arc and astounding with cooing. In theonyms of blue with spinning antlers, non-disclosures, filled in the physical sweetness of immersion, in the footsteps of a dark utterly altering pathology... With sucking sounds perfuming the skin. With stains left unattended for hungry inflections. For rituals of the glass-eaters bright as an aching spoken aloud, and accepted. You move through the surface of your gestures like water thrown upward like sparks evolving out of pores. Out of skin and bones...

The body is the chemical of delicious pathologies that become brilliant when pushed into melting. Uttering unrepeatable distinctions of sudden fissures, earth-like and moth covered. Delirium is timeless, falling with pleasure. Never blending without the scent of things released and animal close. The other as wild spinning, not another, the other is you. Clashing for innocence.

Proceed as if dozing, and lend with tending the primal dance through transparency. "How I loved her fluency with snakes and her accepting..." storming wildness with childish glee. Your voice is lost in remembering what to wonder when inking comes to wander and provoke, each admission to bodily form in altering. Each image speaks for itself, a storm of flailing to seduce ... one way or the other, the art of transparency.

Light has a royal lineage. Night is the blood of clothing in optical phases. Breathing is erotic harpsichord in silk and worms on a pedestal of trembling, agitated for a quicksand empathy. As silent film enters the way you thrust and grovel, how you throw yourself, how to hollow out and flux to espouse. As she clamors and takes no heed, offers and removes each random contrivance. There is the heaviness of glowing and magnification. Adoration of a swordsmith loop that evens the score... Those misplaced objects of affection.

Her beak glistens, her blackness captures sunlight and resembles intuitive, a landscape of pouring and trembling. The distance startles through even the most arcane of familiar numbers. When snakes and ladders decided to bloom, when Alliette counted from 0 to 23 fondling the horizon, when pooling, hanging upside down, what is poured into your vessel...

Effacing citadels with “catch me if you can” while “I’ll be damned if I know” in L'Art magique of ingrained anémone, to crush with each enchanted intermediate gesture and dropping the most appropriate highlights into place... To infuse “make me tremble” with seeing in the dark and fidgeting amorous, “take me alive” with that ever present “Surely you jest” even, before the first step ends at the beginning.

Ruby of the hammer to share its body of candles
with avenging marmosets as a bodice composing poppies.
You held aloft and flicker spoken for night walking you
are one of another.

The unrevealing, the staghorn trilling and that
singing fire, that owlish waterfall, blue as wind, always
vague plasticity of thought swinging, between light and
darkness, often elevated, in the animal kingdom... but
only those moments. Eventually knowing what was mis-
sing in passing, what was missed if not seen, never existed
but followed...

Language is name and space, for each identity,
each gesture. Seeing is without precedent. The arousal of
her name and mirror was lost in the adolescence of the
field of snakes, and only her image unwinds, captured, in
essence, quivering beautifully, in eclipse and constellation.

What sub-species of artifice desires nostalgia for
identity, without an abyss a ghostliness, for unusual at-
traction, for a star-field of irresistible hands ... something
you might consider, and double the effect, the structure
and the whispering theatrics of it. Training, for touching
in the dark, offering to guide the eyes with phosphorus
with supernatural scans of intuition. The spreading wound
licks the fertile rose, devours it becomes as real as you and
as you and another in dreaming reality, twins not far from
night, the city, a river bed of discreet incantations.

Our shadows speak to each other in dissolving, starting fires, opening doors, a spacetime apart, for the fascination of a garden, the jasmine of the heaviest stone. It is all to travel, heavier than stone, brighter than water rising, moving through that transparency of sight for your body and what is repeated, whispering, endlessly shaping passwords that connect flaws, coven flowing flawlessly, harsh running, triple flounder, bright ever forming light. A vessel spawn...

The entrance of the Grand Tamanoir, that voluminous veil of rose-lacerations for sideral attachments, a tender ravishing, so to speak. A shameless ethnography, persuading, instant and statuesque. The mother tongue posing with tell-tale signature. Blood root and telepathy in the gasp, behind you. As you fade into view plume out and otherwise a shade of mistaken identity, but as close as possible. What comes forward with each glance tears a fissure in what is considered to be not-other-than the spell of exchanging nights, and blood, and shadows.

The background is a savagery of raw colors differentiated from their origins. The foreground is a rich babble of scattering clarity, and in-between there is obedience to uncommon tactics. Silence of glimmering approvals with sensory details and empty depots and long forgotten chimera that ooh'ed and aw'ed and nodded with delight, when night flooded in through the windows like great moths, singing, mumbling spoons steeped in augury and eyelidded harps ...

The spider's web for a dancing gypsy girl, a landing site for white haired Gendenwitha and Etu, where Yoolgai Asdzáá meets Coniraya and Cavillace under cover of night looming. Apate was hovering and making furious with Atë beneath the mirrors of ambiguous links. At length's end the stolen hesitations fell in a handful of neurons, as it all should have landed, close to the Morning Star.

Gradations of appeal the river tress trees ascending spine wise, the shoeless and unlocked tampering, and "be witch to priming for the other toad stool arcing..." The penetrating oil of midnight's troubling parasols, the Old Guard throwing knives, splitting mint into mapping strategies of transfusion into crystalline.

As Tremor sleeps, beekeeping in the lighthouse mirror, of wind, a vessel in ashes. Her eyes a treatise to embrace the roots under fire. From every direction. The chameleon is not a mask, "yada, yada yada..." She smiled.

When you discover you're invisible, as throughout, in another assembly of nouns for gesture and verbs for movement... What dwells in you, for better or worse, finding Archimedes hiding under a wedding veil, without a clue. An awkward principle reducing the universe to a one-of-a-kind atom hidden in the desert.

Sleep trembling for salamander sparks, which eyes, pulling liquid angles into which eyes, for troubling axis. Which what, and who for rumors never dispelled, as with sipping while falling between them teeth touching, taking a cue for respiration... Which old eyes fumbling for which key to it all... And again...

One in two and two into three makes a swan like a window that isn't there evolving through, mimicry, is the tuning-fork of consciousness. When light is psychosomatic, the animal of your skin, transparent for luck, with moon-mad gestures toward mishap, and designed for each lantern face, in the eclipse of sensory fields. "I am that essential warmth to paradox the scent of evolving shadows, the veil of contortions released from perception. And I am the image of utterance, and the hummingbird doorway..."

As once before, still arriving more glassblower than Sadness, who is always a darker color with inside flux and arc, remaining present, for possible past. For koala imprinting with a shapeless synergy, bell-taping like a scaffolding of starcharts dipped in quicksilver. A musing in the dark. It's all possible, but no one knows for certain.

Invisible writing continues to haunt the irrefutable lacuna of the cherry-picker's impossible harmony. Only one number away from the sea, followed by a gown of chalk and the many zeros of disbelief. The feathers sting when they appear out of nowhere.

There's a contract signed on Hibiscus, the tender thread-bearer... She is a vague pathology of the Keeper of Nocturnal Fiddling promising gyroscopic precision, that well-played spin on devoted synchronicity. In the Sisterhood of the Black Moon, there is bathing in hieroglyphic mimicry, vase-like and red-like with slender thighs and swallowing gem facets. An immaculate metamorphosis for a purely innocent flood...

Into light, opened by light, and fed by night. An endless gift passed on to another. Dark affairs with darker matters comes to light, and erased, for other words... A shudder of carbon copies.

The corsetier is a visionary, lost in the water falls a wounded deer. "And when I died long ago, only honey remained, silent and glowing at every entrance..." A walk in the park. No one noticed. A splendid evening. There were sparks in the air. A memory of a certain elegant movement, kept secret and released only in the dark.

And all of the above, a most beautiful agony, a tender interruption as a reward, a museum of masks feeding totems before landing. Une petite mort pierces ménage a trois in delicate proposals meant to disarm a flowering eclipse undressing umor noire in liquid form ... who fumbles with keys and broken locks when the frenzied multiplication controls ignition and the heat of fabulous lures.

There is love in those gears and linkages, in that passageway, that shadow always transparent with child and Lorelei inventing to be a passageway there must be shadows to light the way...and empty clothing for the forest breeding with footprints. Reality has eyes behind the light, the oscillations cracking open your ribcage, the bird of paradise, released, it is... she said... your pleasure...

On the other side of the mirror, reflections come and go on the other side of the window, duration slipping into Vague, who sleeps unattended with magnetic attraction. A looming Vague playing with bees, between her legs, her troubles opened up like sunlight on water. And delicately began to wander...

Her body is an eclipse worthy of overwhelming arcs and a weapon between the two of them when breeding against time and blood-letting exploration and indecent positions, to improvise for a garden like a great wave a clash of mirrors arriving forward flowers of lightning. Through it all.

Equilibriums of a fell swoop, led by impossible feathers. What is acceptable and what is unthinkable, with cardinal points of fire and alpha null with murmuration and old precious animal dust.

The orchid smugglers dust, Glimmer with blue eyes, with green eyes, with silver, eyes of plural nightly shorn and shown, eyes abused by a séance of time.

The sun will eventually pass through your body, he wonders and then acts on it, in her own way looming. In the priceless red liquid of luminous assault and harmonious accents. To speak with wheels and oracular mishmash reaching in and grabbing a handful of bones for good luck.

The numbers on both sides of 0 are endless. They breed like shrewd awakenings.

In other words, I am still not possible, burning at sea, in a Moulin Rouge of speculation, abandoned in a body of quartz, seeing what can only be touched when lost in a garden. Waking a head of night, those ghostly remains.

In a cult fashion, divebombing into a crescent the laws of nature tinkering for lucidity. For an odd and even caress that defies the edges of a cornice. Throwing dreams against a morning of raw sunlight, an altered eagle. A haphazard equation thrown into a touch of ancestral clothing left at the scene of a crime. A sudden not unwarranted disappearance.

Exchanging liquids from mouth to mouth in the warm mirror of summer sighs, wildly swinging pendulums, dissolving external appearances to igniting... slipping through unexpected security zones, when androgyny and a Venus flytrap follow each other with earth air fire and water and richly deserved condolences... A languid scythe of condolences.

Reality is the space between yes and no. A delirious two-step, for baffling and ingenious forgeries. An isolated sequoia in an abandoned warehouse, held up, in space, the night watchman deliberates time immemorial. A slit throat for the joy of it. A dead orphan in spite of it. To sleep soundly while opening centuries for an animal thought pattern that overpowers night.

“I am your window, your dalliance. Moments of unsettling clarity. I am the particles of whatever main characters assume a checkmate of shadow and reflection, your king and queen...” In small letters. Moth-faced to assume transparency, what is understood, water for fire for soon enough, for the beautiful criminal, for stealth and Nubian pyramids and sun-washed pelvis for eyelashes. Shrieking and drooling a tender branding iron dipped in blood. Lyrical in translation... You place darker fragments in sunlight for indecent maneuvers.

Diving into night is like pulling Venus out of a dripping net, while *voce* and *folie* are towering pillars of an unmistakable ache in Portuguese scented swirling and bidding farewell, aloof or hidden in sight. But never forgotten. Changing identities in parallel and peripheral with a single caress before dawn breaks its glamoreshque statues into a ritual of recurring figures.

Pathos guards the unsettling agreement between an exposed clam and the breath of a blind man dreaming in peacock braille.

Cicatrice and Tilphussa go together out of the blue, and you wouldn't be here except for the friction, the courtyard of fissures, the sudden climaxes powered by the finest tinctures... But, for the warm liquors of warm breaths exchanged when no one was looking, and the disappearances that often lingered for many years. To amuse with paranoia without musing is the softness inside of stone, the long-winded still occurring disruption of a murderous flowering.

Time to dissolve all that it was mentioned, that flick of fluttering divided by pinpoint of black-timing and enhanced archipelago breathing rubies. Gone astray the time tables teetering on moon-skin. All those bones... We are a vastly churning in what she would never relinquish, Shorn, with her silences appearing and harp eyes that spin uncontrollably. Those deep structures compelled to interlock feverish toward peregrine appearances. Your name is even affixed to it.

In this place there is endless humming to scatter and "I am the hum of bees, I am the gathering and the bright of dark with perturbations and scorpion breath." In this face there is orchid fracture to deep anchor heavy as eclipse... there is nothing provisional here, what you see is what you get, what you forget comes later, with black moth body and incisions for dazzling the eyes being led by desire and cooing with precision.

A sleeping panorama scorching your personae, recklessly spinning, the earth, as it went past, only the footprints of others persist. Delicate lacerations, accelerated plumes, when crystal and fire augment clothing the bride for a sublime risk of nature. A perfect understanding of nature. The pollen of spontaneous ignition. A séance of manias... A siren in the theater of whispering.

The memory of your scent keeps the marmosets at bay. What enlightens is the ache of it, the fuse cancelled out by the wind of intelligent interception, and just two fingers at the moment of searing. The uneasy remembrance unsettles the center of gravity. No rabbit in the hat...

Stained by the sun that glows at night, in any chamber, stained by emerging claws holding on to your body of leopard ink and breathing shadows and a round-about fashion. That inexplicable moment of a dialectical eureka, "my love!" for a masterful family portrait of bewildering characters.

Quite often pathology follows the whispering enigma of hypnotic animal dust.

The ape is a doorway through which one passes in a rush of sparks...

You drag your mirrors with you, throwing reflections and primal neurons. The primary spring laddered with incantations and revealing almost nakedness. A cluster of humming, with distance and yearning, a dead-ringer for the altered empathy of unstable attraction. The unintended chimera of a lightning flood ...

Alone there is always the entrance possessed by owls, or snakes, you choose, the alternating current of being bound to a crossbow in the aura of flight and memorized for a backdrop lit up from behind. Your presence those limpid curtains terrorizing the mysteries no one can see without closing the eyes.

Sipping gender out of your hand, slipping into a backward glance, the last to leave a trace. Eroticism of endless mannerisms to freefall from sentry... and black tide lost in thought and illuminated by a crisscrossing of sudden lines randomly inserted, according to desire... Like a dreaming vampire from Macedonia...

Some are awkward in approach, others deny it, while evading capture. A delightful traveler, a great mirage leaving trails of pollen for gyroscopic communication and believe-it-or-not obsessions. You touch what isn't there, in space, purring in the mind...

A simple scratch to overwhelm, as Glimmer unfolds, the imitation of a trauma barely noticed, changes how light rises to the surface. Tearing up the gaze from one shape to another.

Clavicle into a double-cross, to conspire with happenstance. From the stone, intuition and troublesome luminosity. From the nearness of a backward glance, poured into the hardness of stone. It is often visible and cradles the face. One kiss and the world explodes.

You are flint-eyed opal in the loving black, night ricochet, clamor, in the depth of darkest moist, black fur of a starry night, somnambulance stroking fire. "I am presence not often denied, I am the convulsive about-face, denied, the double compulsion, cracked open, accepting thereabouts in the long flowering bodied gash-of-a-night-gushing-about-to-be-seen? As your first roulette wheel into the "I am night flowing ... I touch you, in either direction, animal, for light..."

Light calving outwards, down and out face of chrysalides, ascending tides and great escapes. How sinister the wonder in the long dragged out ragged waking, the beauty of an embrace between to-a-lure-alora and a lure leading to aurora, haunting for blue with torches and black stones.

You unveil your ancestral shadows one by one, and all are present, in darkness, wailing for light for sea the wind shown dimensions blown open for voice thrown otherwise, forked and held aloft by formidable equations... "Glimmer, my dear, this anarchy is not theater, this harsh utterance, transparent body, this fire of earth, cocoon of dark desire" to ravish the city inward.

Endocrine aura raising a glowing ribcage for monkey flight and obscure code for treatise through aorta and environs. Your singular birthright, lake of anthracite, messenger delivery by invisible points of light. All the living animals your star-shaped longing.

You can see her burning in the plaza covered with a scaffold of morning dew for starting fires with her shadow spinning mythology around her, with those compass points flowering madly and the ancient wares pilfering weapons and guardians from noon till lullaby's lost in space sharing bright liquids and fumbling encounters. It is just how she sleeps.

Your eyes burn with hunger, your lips wet with light, your sex of ashes and starlight. *For hundreds of years I was without knowledge, without a hidden street, where it is marked and coal fired. I was certain with medicinals to weaponize the moonlike fevers, and the trembling page with its incessant irritations and what is known now these glorious dates inscribed with arrows and alphabetical memories. I feel the whispering stone, the invisible ones... caught up in phantom limbs.*

The biology of dawn, your symptoms share brightness, a siren becomes visible. A siren regroups for status, for command of others. For silence, with breeding, to multiply. Seeding statues like windows throwing shadows. Breathing inclines toward the whispering of early widows glowing for portraits.

Drapery emits the embalming fluids of magnetic sinister ... reined in by summer rains ... A long drawn out trill pouring continuous siren shaped and vaguely mother-edged spears ... joining phases and on and on, and white through grey into black the blood splattered ivory of evening bones, endless greetings, still ...

How confounding are you for slipping through, and with what magnetic forces tangle with wild watery surfaces, with whatever amusing interruptions have you been subdued, or compelled to capture? The Chessmen and the Exchangers compare high degrees for cormorant dialects and pervasive archetypes activating immoral contracts. The dew of anesthesia is the essence of undivided movements, persistent and well chosen. Time spanning is another language.

A glance is just, not a glance, a sudden static opening on the anthropomorphic rash of otherwise all involved. The trace material of nomadic revelry, no strings attached with no translation in sight.

“Alors, Master of Incendiary Dust!...” With melting ice, the one and only the black orchid you possess with a searchlight and the blue dragon setting up shop in the cavern with the shadows of long and lost brides sputtering. With you the coalescence crosses the equinox with mist and a jaguar for loins, a world a part in playing, a shepherd fawning... That castle is the center of a geode.

In that space between you and the mirror, a slowly rotating constellation of unnatural design. Your reflection ignited. You see only yourself, or another time sequence... You see through, and for a few brief moments, you die, without waiting. You cannot remember that first momentous gesture... There is an image of it in chiaroscuro... A map of the city underneath, glazed over with a wealth of interruptions... In blue chalk.

And the endless signs, the signal fires, the out of sight out of mind messages delivered by empty cloaks for no apparent reasons. The thoughtless babble lighting up the scaffolding that bewilders the edge of sight...

A night of fetish obstacles. A phantom body emblazoned with amorous trinkets, dressed in witchery and rumor. Tip-top reflections of water unconvinced of sunlight and fare-thee-wells, to follow a city of flapping mermaids and a round table of kiss-as-kiss-can-do in the dawn house, a window on fire with forever sighs. Sleeping in reverse. Emitting fog...

She is labial peddling in night blooming antiquity and offers serene covalent under carbon allotropes from a great distance away, often with antics slipping out of character. Sunbathing to vibrate and throwing mint the way one balances glassblowing with archery.

Your breathing was lunar and unforeseen, hibiscus and stone wrapped up in the corridor while Tremulous unleashed her slender gears... for exhaling light, for conjuring, heat of spinning and spell bound... Figure the hourglass permutations for disturbance and personae near female quartz lighting fires in your sleep. Nailed by limpidus in fragrant délit by intoxication of the species.

Rumors of a bewildering equation with liquid inside, the solution, what was unheard of is now thrilling and burning fur and acrobatic with undulation and magnetic archways that polish the desert at light with tongues and soft delicious words. To fill in the gaps...

The wing of hearing, the horns of sight, will follow to lead the oracular dispersal of fiddling and being fiddled with time and lapse. It's not completely jugular, but collaboration insists on looking both ways while crossing. Always poised to intervene when the veils come dancing in and out of the desert. Lightning without meaning is the tremulous skin of revelation.

Night trembles here in this place, "as we met in the marshes, with our ladders" and gathered steam and a fierce light, there was the whispering of murmuration, the moaning in throes. The morning ignites to erase, for increasing, effortless and transparent in thoughtless and fiery arousal.

Muse is often unstable when forked and whimsical. She is reversed, and double-edged and never forgets. As the whirring of theoreticals wander effortlessly with their mannikin-diabolical-neutral blooms, the sense is untouched and effortless, storm-like and violently chaste. An indispensable aphrodisia ...

The meaning of a harp is circumvented by its long legs, and like a marvelous vessel, wrestling with its own solution.

The great Arum lilies pass by at this hour every day. The Venus De Milo's phantom limbs sparkle in the wind. But there's water underground that glows at night, the cocoons are released from the swooning low-key lovelies of syncopation and other disguises. She carries a flute from all those endless particles of auroral soundings intent on primal comingling...

Silence is the skin of spectral, the aural tension, aroused to the hunger of fluorite challenging the unseen matters, however does not matter, with fire she was glint of a glance for hovering backwards into light. Up inside it was thrown for interweaving to friction... So, touch, don't touch, there are reversals, never reverse, and transmutations everywhere. Whisper with precise placement of spelling arteries, change the urge to extend the circulating translation with incisions and last-minute flickering out, arousing shadows...

That wild dimension of Anemone, catapulting in from the outskirts of a sudden thought, is always a desirable gasp. The equation of disreputable fondling equal to the phases of the moon... With talons scratching for a simple doorway, a love letter emitting eyelids flickering for a memory that never happened.

When darkness drains, you are always rewriting your shadow, blue, as drained by irregular degrees and brighter spells of blood to end and begin in sight. Delirious perturbation of tenuous links, even... when stillborn riddled, a beautiful trauma lights the cherry flowered for only an image worthy shuddering, caracal into the same chills scored by numbers ... To arc into the twin of things resetting time.

While she became attracted to a spark, following a passionate curve that intruded from more thoughtful paradoxes... an intense anti-oedipal urging illuminated a portraiture of sudden arrivals departing like fetching a blush ... a metamorphing holiday, the swan of gender variables entranced by the vase of light-years the night gowned, grooming weaponry, the burning warehouse of swollen rubies haunting... Hunting.

The physiology of turbulence ceasing to perceive the lack of doorways, in the open fields the eggs of time tuning for nebulae, spawning in the lightning fields.

The invisible ones standing out more in the storm, more visible, more transparent with lightning passing through. More treasured not knowing “your shadow and I” just passing through, for years... while the whistling curvature stops beneath the arc, while the apex returns for sharp angles swimming upstream and shell-shocked into milkweed and pinnacled, by her face of scattered petals and sipping, drip, tipping over with a plume...

Often the sun has nothing to do with you, when being pleased in the tunnels of El Morro, the moon holds sway over the armatures, the hypnotic armatures expanding and contracting. The obstacles of sharp teeth and the waterlilies collide, catching only nectar in flight the timeless chameleon of mathematics. The ruse of numbers washed over your body. Untangling tresses for the code of Omerté and her daughter.

On a morning such as, your starlight appendages, your see-through sirens in the attic killing time and, this as possibility...

Critical arousal of drawing precious threads into swirling stone-wise and speaking Lapis Lazuli, who smiles pleasantly while drawing snakes on the wall. When Lapis fondles Lazuli between childish takes, makeup re-touched, a costume change, a reshoot with vanishing with vaporous tongue in cheek...

The migration of wingless creatures that tend to furnace even the red liquid bearing affinity with a cherished girl in that sunlit shadow melting mirrors, swimming upstream and wickless... even before there was a King without a key to the hummingbird sipping. She was not alone in her sibylline trembling, threading needles for the moon... Despite ambivalence and native tongues. She looms as always in tuning herself.

There is no reason for, this biological loom spitting swans aroused by sighs and hypnotic fluids divided by spindles. Life is an object. In the feathers of a diamond mating with the claws of a great height, a far fetched psychology watermills in the chemistry of kiltering.

Opening with a pearl, mummified with a river eye-linked for dyadic tinkering in the soft summer trembling of sundial and hummingbird arteries ... on which level spinning yarns, when you spark between edges, when anonymous for lighting fuses the blink of an eye the gyroscope fandango your shoulder blades whipping up a storm, and the rooting always inkling the giant feathers guarding those lost secretive episodes of unbridled friction...

It all isn't just about you, or her "nor I, as it seems, lee la de da, da... or the other one..." Without author, the one who is the password the shadow play and the forgery that leads into translation. When the lamplighter turns lopsided with the weight of ravens, dips into a perfect curve and becomes one with the lamp.

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The rain as clothing as splintered and sudden glimpse, there the glow-worms feast, the rain signals fire with its tender claws, its piercing glance. Mutable, this soluble face through glass, lunar entrance for the Chamber of Unfolding Chrysalids partitioned by vertical planes hallucinating barriers to pass through, never alone, never distinct enough, you pass through, dissolved by rumors, transparenting by candlelight.

It was you, it wasn't, but another – It was you. It was a slender thread of one and another and then no one noticed the difference. A wondering dream-cloth, alive for an arc of certainty...

Apothecary mannerisms raising the hereabouts for night vision, in sight of those luminous things, the undeniable luminous things. And quite often when Attacus takes Atlas for a ride, your eyes, arrival by telepathy.

The behavior of what passes through each aural tic and wingflutter, with salivating touch, stooping to drink and predatory arousal, always, night opens bright being scenting blood flow. So alert to be evasive with tenderness and larvae spinning irresistible signs. The sleep-walker's desire for the most secret things in the movement of articulating bodies... Scavenging for other images. To define the hidden aspects of nature.

The sun rattles the windows, the moon throwing in the desert for atmosphere. The harpy ventriloquist sends each one of your names into vectors of spectral larvae, and the spheres slowly begin to spin ... see the trees rotating. Often the veilers and the unveilers configure each species of consciousness undercover and under fire. The pathological lotus, the assassin of high degree, a sense of ruthless articulation.

Your hunger is a handful of salacious whispers...

The weapon with green eyes and a silver lining stalled at the gate, the corridor with its widowed web of many archways, turning away the curious onlookers, while the women, naked except for the beacons, the pheromones filtered with salamanders and other incitements, pull consciousness out of a hat... The way you see yourself on the verge, the marvelous verge, the way you desire...

Quite easily at this hour the beautiful chill of the Black Angelica stoops to release the full spectrum of secretive triangles. Quite often at this hour the Others groom her precious handrails throwing miniature swans caressing the spindles that passed easily through the windows like lightning... She is parallel to the brandishing and the infrared ink of a sudden embrace.

To fuse incognito with jellyfish dreams and the sexuality of delightful contortions, the prime motors ejecting the littlest birds the winks and nods linger in the chamber paused in midair hesitations no longer dove or oracular.

And often desire is a face-serum and never specific when the mating season begins... There is beauty in the marmosets, in her painful bodice, in the mummy's flowers, in the reassembly of Osiris. Fragrance followed her shadow, spreading the aurora with sipping and the heat of hunger. The sting in the mouth of night compels the scattering of unnatural eating habits, more quartzite than wax to brighten the shadows that hide you. The reflections that revolve around you.

Lip-syncing through a curved view of sinister pleasures, what lacuna of phantom gestures between the optician and the oldest gargoyle in memory, turn into a dance of awkward poses. The oldest shuddering barely covers the sightglass of fashionable targets. Delirious derushing with the peddling umbras of longhaired salamanders spinning mythologies of sudden encounters.

The medicines of regret and quiet allures are the waterlilies of losing your way among candle sticks, finding the fierceness of a lunar disguise, the rapture of hydro-planing for a sundial dressed to the nines and muttering “Oohs” and “Ahs” for an antechamber of imaginary creatures. It is understood, when the lights turn on consciousness is shadow-dancing in Aztec. To be expected when visibility is a biological glaze arriving by courier.

Petals of rampant interference and tearing veils are the symptoms of insight for neurological space-time, the see-through appendages determining a Springtime spell, binding. Invisible splintering for a maiden voyage. The construction of a sign out of innuendo and curious tomfoolery. A struggle to enrich an obvious configuration of the no-tell tales of a barking genii.

Passing through sunlight, this is not sunlight, your ribcage, the arteries, the horizon. “Draw the horizon closer, see it come closer, faster, passing this way through...”

The mainspring of uncertain static revealed the fabulous lyrebird speaking in tongues, taking your voice for a stroll, prancing so deliciously. Beyond reason. The parapets arriving in great numbers from assiduous obsession to detail, to l’illuminateur for owl fancies and you move effortlessly through all that is real. As real as day, when it isn’t there. When moving just the right way..

You see yourself, the owl stopped for midflight, your eager breasts motorized against defeat, saving a nightlight for gazing. The last piece of the puzzle, missing, light posing outside of a cheap hotel. Beautiful as anything unexpected. The art of bathing in triplicate...

The statues come and go like visions of granular contentment, like the impossible erotics of what is not a dream, in mime, when the Assyrian cymbalist releases his ghost dancers like memories of talismanic gibberish.

You reflect the light to see yourself, you train the dark to surprise, catching shadow in the acts of spinning for seduction. And aching for more light. Craving Mayan cocoons spinning for spectral kilter... Only those primal intervals minotaur the playing fields, dancing for infrared and extending interstices of anomalous entries sputtering and whipping. A neurological duration. In the heat, jaguar smoke follows the curve, you follow the curve...

The fiery chambers, interior structuring outwards the salamander hiss of your body, pouring lunar pooling for an entrance to unfettered amusement. The capillaries of nightly inseminations absorb your footprints to conceal the transportation of dangerous mirrors.

A duplicate sense of touch enables a negative and dangerous approach. The subject is missing in action...

Playing with shadows in latin in Zempoala, the transparent ones speaking spiderweb and glowing backwards before pathology came to visit. But to no avail. You came later, so to speak, when transparency filled in the gaps. No one knows this. It haunts the light of day with a vengeance. Even lizards tremble with delight. It's not esoteric, but the language of excited inhalation.

Tremulous speaking veil, the see-through faction. Silent friction. You are a sequence of windowing. "I trace the Milky Way of your skin while the sunlight makes the black fur of your body a visionary dust." and in this place there is the endless humming... between the often and the seldom of a fresh biological eclipse.

Your point of view a stone speaking, beside itself, your whispering, moving presence. Your moment is concealed in "Ah, speaking stone?" and dispersal of a crowd. Hunted, or pursuing, leaving by plumage, sinking talons into the vanishing point of no return.

The gardener planting eggs in the maze of mingling shadows, the awkward girlish mechanism, the sunlight threading needles... A moment of reflection, casting doubt on the whereabouts the whenevers of whatever, dressed up in juju for night flowers and thrown javelins exceeding the amulets of moonlight. She blends into those visions of the glass-breakers. Luminosity continues the speculative ache of magnetic bodies.

Your ghostly anatomy surrounding the wings of
ilium and the telescopic entry of eager apertures is nothing to sneer at, or the release of honey invading the sense of wonder... As Prospero simmers in the prospect of dew for eager scaffolding, a signed contract dissolves the city for vague alignments and active conspiracies. All that remains is the sense of theory with iron-clad decisions and merciless playthings raising the stakes, in time and without, more ancient than any attraction, halfway to the cruelty of a swans belly. And with your hands, hooked into invisible fondling.

One superb maneuver these days is the moon under your skin that pivots on the bone structure emulating a spider's web, when it shines in the eyes of the animals that come close to you for light. The fanciful Subaltrnes dancing with streetlights attacked by young cecropia, night flickers when equations interrupt the glimmer of eyes.

The central fissures of Spectral Movement, eyelids blinking for rapid larks. An old language, stealing dark rotating membranes. For delivery and taken for a ride. The colorful obsessions for the magic arts, for the old jeweler's desire and the orphan hard as diamond...

It's not the same... It never was... They are still in touch... They go their ways, invisible, back inside moving out... They are not alone, they come with their selves and they are not the same... They seed each other, and otherwise... There is always more...

An almost equation on a pedestal, a sputtering end result of looming bird-of-paradise-seizure whirling and spark-gathering and conjuring with a pitchfork. The way you always remember her with unsettling tokens and ruby throated. Very soft emissions, fuse bonding with endless derivatives and uncontrollable tics. Morning on all fours. A mercenary balance.

Leaving by mimicry, and vague arrival. The Dwellers of *Wherewithal* exist as upright foreshadowing, when the horizon is reversed. Becomes your body, when your body is transparent, ambedo of intrinsic gathering. Horizontal anesthetic for hand mirrors for *Indio* chimes and face pollen ricochet through birdlike rendering.

The key to the exit is the scent of a four-sided Eleusian reflection, opened by your mouth and formed into a language of moth echoes slipping through the cracks. *Eios* and *Helios* bridging the gap for the Cabinet of *Selene*, the four-side octave. Liquid poured into talismans of diverse nature while “I am antelope bright in *Mercurius* translation, I am dawn quake for humorous numismatic design. I am melting muse tantrum, I evolve with fondling. I go down...”

She replaces the words when pulling fog out of your etherized shape forming a salt-worthy victim of sublime proportions. Her shoulderblades wilfully bring down the house...

You are mesmerized by the mechanics of her hind legs, coal-fired and bilingual and solarized for great escapes. The sewing machine reaches outward with subconscious attraction as she leans forward emerging in circles with cross-fire distinctions. Pinpointing for a 4th dimensional antidote.

... rising, not falling, from a great height, across a central tenet, caught in a downpour of noctambules and shady mares ambling in the outskirts. A dancing monkey, the Morning Star, when Phaedra sleeps and the hummingbird sips, and subliminal entreaties encourage promiscuous reflections where mirrors are clouded. The source of innocence. What beauty lives to kill, loves to... kills to live... Silence Landing in the courtyard. Tearing petals from your body..

Desert dwellers painted for motives in the center of night as it is known and understood, a duration of forked entrances and soft moans known only to the most fragile of creatures.

Glass scattered in statues for the flight of glowing insects with nuptials of waves and particles flooding the shore. Presence either sudden or slowly arriving promontories in the middle of things. The object takes precedence. Adoration is obvious. The alias does not translate. Yet, it spins...

In the age-old room of sighs, the signs and messages passing through, the enchanted objects of desire conspire and river, the undulating snakes light up the sudden tree ... even when you open your eyes. It is unmistakable. Even shadows gasp.

The aurora in and for the loon lies fleeing, the old orchid face, the lost angles raising excited states of salamandal divergence, certain mysterious practices in ultraviolet gatherings. Going down assumes the rules of image shifting. And only that. Infernal pleasures changing positions ... Only the attempt, the temptation to, when nothing exists to transcend to being what was, isn't. The wolf sheds light. The shewolf eats, passing darkness to her kin. The attack is everything.

Glimmer corresponds with nightfall, as prey, and delightfully savaged by intuition.

The revolving costume of Caput Algol the elder, travels by reflection and gyroscope. Light escapes. The golden hour swings by ambidextrous as anything. The lopsided pendulum with its endless children playing the secret games, the "why does Tecolote emulate the three-headed star system of Cat's Cradle, and always fly away?" or "what is the blindman's bluff?" fiddling under the magic table ...

An oddly shaped revolution of dreams unfolding precisely curved interpretations, the leopard key for a typewriter's revenge and the romance of shadows. You find your reflections under every rock, while no one knows your name. There are feathers for that. Flagrant derelictions. There is something sudden about it all. There is lightning when you bleed. The languid eroticism of a magnifying glass undercover of twilight.

To solve and resolve in the northern lights, tickled pink in a shadow of light, a dancing waif. An ulterior motive is breaking down the resemblances, while still warm still unfinished contortions shoot in through the windows, while most of which cannot be seen, causing the unexpected, yours, and hers, and a love story in black and blue, swan-like and tremulous.

Seth following Salakis for merging, while Loki mirrors loci fondling for Yak and hex and old andro-flux flourishing, interruptions for Lacustrine who survives by dint and no one the wiser.

The light is brighter under the skin, a vase filled with time. You catapult inside out, marking your territory with blood. For the rest she wraps her neck around your throat.

Humming invites the glow of nocturnal statues...

Nothing is that different if it can be stolen, emitting mimicry and throwing dice. At one time breathing was a gamble, and to identify as other than without seeing in the mirror of night and day, a singular method of arrival and departure. An awkward myth of desire, bright as leopard terrorizing solace, with good intentions beyond interpretation. A ravaging gesture to see the eyes tearing up the undeniable. Dreaming other than... Night blush, a knife slit, a pose, always, and without mercy..

Once there were scars through sunlight, then an early morning skeleton with eggs of transparency still running on lunar filaments. The objects pose for saturation, no need to lift a finger. Then came the eerie qualities of exposed calculations, the narrow windows of time. You were more constellation than delirious ritual. Your eyes, between her mouth and the crux of her vast wager, significant for a jackal-dancer ridden by a ghost.

A wretched and unsettling beauty displaced in the foreground, tipping the scales, a nucleus of attracting old positions. Spiral arms and spiral alarms in the garden of lynx, when being alive is what a hummingbird feels like on your tongue.

The eyes have it, there is distillation. They are the quasi particles of Eulalia tremble and the flickering removes of sentient nearbys. Your jelly is untamed, a lioness dimension. The primary cosmological gaze, the points of no return, when you shimmer, there is an endless pause.

“I am the alias of a sudden lapse, I am now the difficult field of lures...”

You are the multiflore unfolding the mirabilis of La Coste and its unsettling fevers existing only inside royal stones. Where light years ease their tensions inside the eyes of glorious women, where starry beasts of prey untangle the furthest regions, where the compass has stopped spinning, where trembling shadows bury the dead. It is very quiet when these things occur. Notes are taken, a photograph or two. Plans are made to leave the city. The mountains are arriving...

Playing with bodies for avenues of transparency, interruptions to dismantle, giving face “she said...” for imaging interface. When pleasure turns the mirror inside out, there is that cruel beauty of prurient gestures for an aberration in braille. Through the windows of an onrushing horizon, or a swarm of butterflies, life is like that, these days passing through “none other than” and the others...

The scent of your space echoed pure amphibian emerald and forceful seduction in the key of a very gentle and that oddly shaped harking, with fierce abandon. A glimmer of unbridled not taken for granted, but unsettling coalescence when the towers move at random, attracting narrations of the undefined, and momentary fires, and certainly undignified, without reason. But with claws.

The Alchemist on wheels, heliopause of reflection under the sway of imaginary properties ambushed by a sopping internal chandelier.

She craves the amber perfume of the tenderest lips, sipping opacity for dark umour and the vitreous body over-turning tables, sharing electrons for movement. You are both covalent and ionic, ignoble quartz to mimic those licking fingerprints off desirable surfaces, unfolding under that tender violence of a looking glass, beauty of a torn nakedness...

She is labial peddling in night blooming antiquity and offers serene coalescence under carbon allotropes from a great distance away, often with antics slipping out of character. Sunbathing to vibrate and throwing mint the way one balances glassblowing with archery.

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Glimmer of the alternating currents, the fair-thee-well tender of conspicuous wicks, lost in the eddies... “Was it...” she said, “fair game for the lead, or merely to explore those tricks of magnetic attraction?” And completely frivolous with transparent consternation... She was more than a simple sigh...

Opening with a pearl, mummified with a river eye-linked for dyadic tinkering in the soft summer trembling of sundial and hummingbird arteries ... on which level spinning yarns, when you spark between edges, when anonymous for lighting fuses the blink of an eye the soft gyroscope fandango your shoulder blades whipping up a storm, and the rooting always inkling the giant feathers guarding the secretive episodes of unbridled friction ...

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Breathing arterioles and venules, as the cocoon unleashes it's yearning for quicksilver. A double-take when it isn't you. It was, but another. A slender thread of one and the other and no one noticed the difference.

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Apothecary mannerisms raising the hereabouts for night vision, in sight of those luminous things, the undeniable luminous things. And quite often when Attacus takes Atlas for a ride, through your eyes, there is arrival by telepathy.

The behavior of what passes through each aural tic and wingflutter, with salivating touch, stooping to drink and predatory arousal, always, night opens bright being scenting blood flow. So alert to be evasive with tenderness and larvae spinning irresistible signs. The sleep-walker's desire for the most secret things in the movement of articulating bodies... Scavenging for other images. To define the hidden aspects of nature.

The sun rattles the windows, the moon throttling in the desert for atmosphere. The harpy ventriloquist sends each one of your names into vectors of a spectral larvae, and the spheres slowly begin to spin ... see the trees rotating. Often the veilers and the unveilers configure each species of consciousness undercover and under fire. The pathological lotus, the assassin of high degree, a sense of ruthless articulation. Your hunger is a handful of delighted whispers...

The weapon with green eyes and a silver lining stalled at the gate, the corridor with its widowed web of many archways, turning away the curious onlookers, while the women, naked except for the beacons, the pheromones filtered with salamanders and other incitements, pull consciousness out of a hat... The way you see yourself on the verge, the marvelous verge, how you desire...

Quite often at this hour the beautiful chill of the Black Angelica stoops to release the full spectrum of secretive triangles. Quite often at this hour the Others groom her precious handrails throwing miniature swans caressing the spindles that passed easily through the windows like lightning... She is parallel to the brandishing and the infrared ink of a sudden embrace.

To fuse incognito with jellyfish dreams and the sexuality of delightful contortions, the prime motors ejecting the littlest birds the winks and nods linger in the chamber paused in midair hesitations no longer dove or oracular.

At any moment desire is a candle-face when the mating season begins... There is beauty in the marmosets, in her painful bodice, in the mummy's flowers, and in the re-assembly of Osiris. Fragrance followed her shadow, spreading the aurora with sipping and the heat of hunger. The sting in the mouth of night compels the scattering of unnatural eating habits, more quartzite than wax to brighten the shadows that hide you. The reflections that revolve around you.

Lip-syncing through a curved view of sinister pleasures, what lacuna of phantom gestures between the optician and the oldest gargoyle in memory, turn into a dance of awkward poses. The oldest shuddering barely covers the sightglass of fashionable targets. Delirious with dervishing with the peddling umbras of longhaired salamanders spinning mythologies of sudden encounters.

The medicines of regret and quiet allures are the waterlilies of losing your way among candle sticks, finding the fierceness of a lunar disguise, the rapture of hydroplaning for a sundial dressed to the nines and muttering “Oohs” and “Ahs” for an antechamber of imaginary creatures. It is understood, when the lights turn on consciousness is shadow-dancing in Aztec. To be expected when visibility is a biological glaze arriving by courier.

Petals of rampant interference and tearing veils are the symptoms of insight for neurological space-time, the see-through appendages determining a Springtime spell, binding invisible splintering for a maiden voyage. The construction of a sign out of innuendo and curious tomfoolery. A struggle to enrich an obvious configuration of the no-tell-tales of a barking genii.

Passing through sunlight, this is not sunlight, your ribcage, the arteries, the horizon. “Draw the horizon closer, see it come closer, faster, passing this way through...”

The mainspring of uncertain static revealed the fabulous lyrebird speaking in tongues, taking your voice for a stroll, prancing so deliciously. Beyond reason. The parapets arriving in great numbers from some assiduous obsession to detail, to l'illuminateur for owl fancies and movement effortlessly through all that is real. As real as day, when it isn't there. When moving just the right way...

You see yourself, the heron stopped in nightflight, your slit eyes motorized against shame, saving a nightflight for grazing. The dark breath the howl, still missing, a scam posing outside of a hidden hotel. Beautiful as anything expected. The art of bathing in triangular dives.

The statues come and go like visions of granular contentment, like the impossible erotics of what is not a dream, in mime, when the Assyrian cymbalist releases his ghost dancers like memories of talismanic gibberish.

You reflect the light to see yourself, you train the dark to surprise, catching shadow in the acts of spinning for seduction. Aching for more light. Craving Mayan cocoons spinning for spectral kilter... Only primal intervals minotaur the playing fields, dancing for infrared and extending interstices of anomalous entries sputtering and whipping. A neurological duration. In the heat, jaguar smoke follows the curve, you follow the curve...

Talons extended for feverish kisses, the old brass knuckles sliding luminous into obscure bodies falling...

The fiery chambers, interior structuring outwards the salamander hiss of your body, layering lunar pooling for an entrance to unfettered amusement. The capillaries of nightly inseminations absorb your footprints to conceal the transportation of dangerous mirrors.

Playing with shadows in latin in Zempoala, the transparent ones speaking spiderweb and glowing backwards before pathology came to visit. But to no avail. You came later, so to speak, when transparency filled in the gaps. No one knows this. It haunts the light of day with a vengeance. Even lizards tremble with delight. It's not esoteric, but the language of fire.

Tremulous speaking veil, the see-through faction. Silent friction. You are a sequence of windowing. "I trace the Milky Way of your skin" while the sunlight makes the black fur of your body a visionary dust "in this place there is the endless humming..." between the often and the seldom of a fresh biological eclipse.

Your point of view a stone speaking, beside itself, your whispering, moving presence. Your moment is concealed in "Ah, speaking stone?" and dispersal of a crowd. Hunted, or pursuing, leaving by plumage, sinking talons into the vanishing point of no return.

The gardener planting eggs in the maze of mingling shadows, the awkward girlish mechanism, the sunlight threading needles...

Your ghostly anatomy surrounding the wings of
ilium and the telescopic entry of eager apertures is nothing to sneer at, or the release of honey invading the sense of wonder... As Prospero simmers in the prospect of dew for eager scaffolding, a signed contract dissolves the city for vague alignments and active conspiracies. All that remains is the sense of theory with iron-clad decisions and merciless playthings raising the stakes, in time and without, more ancient than any attraction, halfway to the cruelty of a swans belly. With your hands, dipped into invisible fondling.

One superb maneuver these days is the moon under your skin that pivots on the bone structure emulating a spider's web, when it shines in the eyes of the animals that come close to you for light. The fanciful Subalternes dancing with streetlights attacked by cecropia, night flickers when equations interrupt the glimmer of eyes.

The central fissures of Spectral Movement, eyelids blinking for rapid larks. An old language, stealing dark rotating membranes. For delivery and taken for a ride. The colorful obsessions for the magic arts, for the jeweler's desire and the orphan hard as diamond...

An almost equation on a pedestal, a sputtering end result of looming bird-of-paradise-seizure whirling and spark-gathering and conjuring with a pitchfork.

The way you always remember her with unsettling tokens and ruby throated. Very soft emissions, fuse bonding with endless derivatives and uncontrollable tics. Morning on all fours. A mercenary balance.

Leaving by mimicry, and vague arrival. The Dwellers of Wherewithal exist as upright foreshadowing, when the horizon is reversed. Becomes your body, when your body is transparent, ambedo of intrinsic gathering. Horizontal anesthetic for hand mirrors for Indio chimes and face pollen ricochet through birdlike rendering.

The key to the exit is the scent of a four-sided Eleusian reflection, opened by your mouth and formed into a language of moth echoes slipping through the cracks. Eios and Helios bridging the gap for the Cabinet of Selene, the four-side octave. Liquid poured into talismans of diverse nature while “I am antelope bright in Mercurius translation, I am dawn quake for humorous numismatic design. I am melting muse tantrum, I evolve with fondling. I go down...”

You are mesmerized by the mechanics of her hind legs, coal-fired and bilingual and solarized for great escapes. The sewing machine reaches outward with subconscious attraction as she leans forward emerging in circles with cross-fire distinctions.

Pinpointing for a 4th dimensional antidote.

... rising, not falling, from a great height, across a central tenet, caught in a downpour of noctambules and shady mares ambling in the outskirts. A dancing monkey, the Morning Star, when Phaedra sleeps and the hummingbird sips, and subliminal entreaties encourage promiscuous reflections where mirrors are clouded. The source of innocence. What beauty lives to kill, loves to... kills to live...

Silence landing in the courtyard, tearing petals from your body..

A moment of reflection, casting doubt on the whereabouts the whenevers of whatever, dressed up in juju for night flowers and thrown javelins exceeding the amulets of moonlight. She blends into those visions of the glass-breakers. Luminosity continues, the speculative ache of magnetic bodies.

Desert dwellers painted for motives in the center of night as it is known and understood, a duration of forked entrances and soft moans known only to the most fragile of creatures. Glass scattered in statues for the flight of glowing insects with nuptials of waves and particles flooding the shore. Presence either sudden or slowly arriving promontories in the middle of things. The object takes precedence. Adoration is obvious. The alias does not translate. Yet, it spins...

In the age-old room of sighs, the signs and messages passing through, the enchanted objects of desire conspire and river, the undulating snakes light up the sudden tree ... even when you open your eyes. It is unmistakable. Even shadows gasp.

She replaces the words when pulling fog out of your etherized shape forming a salt-worthy victim of sublime proportions. Her shoulderblades bring down the house...

The aurora in and out for the loon lies fleeing, the orchid face, the lost angles raising excited states of salamandal divergence, certain mysterious practices in ultraviolet gatherings. Going down assumes the rules of image shifting. And only that. Infernal pleasures changing positions ... Only the attempt, the temptation to, when nothing exists to transcend to being what was, isn't. The wolf sheds light. The shewolf eats, passing darkness to her kin. The attack is everything.

The revolving costume of Caput Algol the elder, travels by reflection and gyroscope. Light escapes. The golden hour swings by ambidextrous as anything. The lopsided pendulum with its endless children playing the secret games, the why does Tecolote emulate the three-headed star system of Cat's Cradle, and always fly away?" or "what is the blindman's bluff?" fiddling under the magic table ...

An oddly shaped revolution of dreams unfolding precisely curved interpretations, the leopard key for a typewriter's revenge and the romance of shadows. You find your reflections under every rock, while no one knows your name. There are feathers for that. Flagrant derelictions. There is something sudden about it all. There is lightning when you bleed. The languid eroticism of a magnifying glass undercover of twilight.

To solve and resolve in the northern lights, tickled pink in a shadow of light, a dancing waif. An ulterior motive is breaking down the resemblances, while still warm still unfinished contortions shoot in through the windows, while most of which cannot be seen, causing the unexpected, yours, and hers, and a love story in black and blue, swan-like and tremulous.

Seth following Salakis for merging, while Loki mirrors loci fondling for Yak and hex and old andro-flux flourishing, interruptions for Lacustrine who survives by ruse and no one the wiser. The light is brighter under the skin, a vase filled with time. You catapult inside out, marking your territory with blood. For the rest she wraps her neck around your throat.

The exquisite black swirling sap in its ferocious travels from hotel to hotel, as the shimmer of no return assaults the great window of gazing Sumerians.

Nothing is that different if it can be stolen, emitting mimicry and throwing dice. At one time breathing was a gamble, and to identify as other than without seeing in the mirror of night and day, a singular method of arrival and departure. An awkward myth of desire, bright as leopard terrorizing solace, with good intentions beyond interpretation.

A ravaging gesture to see the eyes tearing up the undeniable. Dreaming other than... Night blush, a knife slit, a pose, always, and without mercy...

Once there were scars through sunlight, then an early morning skeleton with eggs of transparency still running on lunar filaments. The objects pose for saturation, no need to lift a finger. Then came the eerie qualities of exposed calculations, the narrow windows of time. You were more constellation than delirious ritual. Your eyes, between her mouth, significant for a jackal-dancer ridden by a ghost.

Shadow of frolicking ravens, a girlish figuration downloading neurons sparkling and whistling, splitting images caressing in triplicate. Veiled in breeding, while you are an irreplaceable quiver without parallel, a conjuring template feeding on archetypes. Blurring the edges, you are plausible when the lights go out, coalescent and tail-feathering into the attic. You candle-wise into a mirror, leaving codes of arousal, self-altering with a frenzy. Time is coming...

A wretched and unsettling beauty displaced in the foreground, tipping the scales, a nucleus of attracting positions. Spiral arms and spiral alarms in the garden of lynx, when being alive is what a hummingbird feels like on your tongue.

The eyes have it, there is distillation. They are the quasi particles of Eulalia tremble and the flickering removes of sentient nearby. Your jelly is untamed and lioness dimension. The primary cosmological gaze, the points of no return, when you shimmer, there is an endless pause.

Playing with bodies for avenues of transparency, interruptions to dismantle, giving face “she said...” for imaging interface. When pleasure turns the mirror inside out, there is that cruel beauty of unspeakable gestures for an aberration in braille. Through the windows of an on-rushing horizon, or a swarm of butterflies, life is like that, these days passing through in one other than i and the others...

A Lilith turbine spins the heather into lifelong as-signations, tunneling under one lyrical wives' tale after another, for consort and grindingwheel, for Scheherazade and with transparency ignited by hypnogogic fuses. Another tale to be seen through outward through Auvres or Ovaries, as a question, to possess or be possessed. A rich gathering of inexplicables for wandering mirrors.

You have never resembled the Virgin of Immaculate Perception, your promiscuous punctuation points are likely to resist an audience. Your eyes the color of blood-stained sheets, the scattered rose petals, The regret of thieves.

You are the multiflore unfolding the mirabilis of La Coste and the desperate tremors, its unsettling fevers existing only inside royal stones. Where light years ease their tensions inside the eyes of glorious women, where starry beasts of prey untangle the furthest regions, where the compass has stopped spinning, where trembling shadows bury the dead. It is very quiet when these things occur. Notes are taken, a photograph or two. Plans are made to leave the city. The mountains are arriving...

Playing with bodies for avenues of transparency, interruptions to dismantle, giving face ishe said...î for imaging interface. When pleasure turns the mirror inside out, there is that cruel beauty of unspeakable gestures for an aberration in braille. Through the windows of an on-rushing horizon, or a swarm of butterflies, life is like that, these days passing through inone other thanî and the others...

In the vague essence of perhaps, and the tuning fork of interpretation, the vowels and arcs of passing through unannounced.

The scent of your space echoed amphibian emerald and forceful seduction in the key of a very gentle and oddly shaped harking, with fierce abandon. A glimmer of unbridled not taken for granted, but unsettling coalescences when the towers move at random, attracting narrations of the undefined, and momentary fires, and certainly undignified, without reason. But with claws.

“I am the alias of a sudden lapse, I am the difficult field of lures...”

She craves the amber perfume of the tenderest lips, sipping opacity for dark umour and the vitreous body over-turning tables, sharing electrons for movement. You are both covalent and ionic, ignoble quartz to mimic licking fingerprints off desirable surfaces, unfolding under that tender violence of a looking glass, beauty of torn nakedness... The Alchemist on wheels.

Inanna-laden, with introductions, false starts, the forest taken for a stroll and undue taken for realms of hearsay, you rub her fur for talisman. For the darkest signs for alloy and potions, you dip your hands in her mercury for mirage of intuition, lost footprints, old messages and heliotropic shadows.

Never misdirect the sense of fading with to and fro, magnetize it, burn it, fondle it and eat it...

Navigating nautical into numerous, with lapses in decorum and monkshood, the magnet flowers outward and repeats itself for cunning the opacity of arrival. She is interface plugged into the Alas of Imagegoingdown, but licking fingerprints off fine royal my unfeathered friend, a loof, indeed, a tide-lid for species seeming...î Loading rituals into a getaway, a vessel where the universe hides and the sleepers slipping in and out of view. Ignite for midnight.

“Always, my love, there is always...” as she is opaque and always arriving, perchance to dream... while burning water fills the abyss with every shred of evidence, most of which cannot be seen or too dark to untangle. As the wax alveoli and accumulation of changing clothing, she is leaving in the most orphic of tangling chimera, from wishbone to emerald, in seven easy steps.

“I am the dancing fallopian, the interstellar, infalling and jovian. I foam and luster with conniving, the slick Sinbad scintillate with maiden duster. Shimmer me with condolences and clamor, take root and gel with wise contortion. Just what have you got?” As the gesture fiddles... As Anomalous imitates the observables... Tuning fork of the tides, through body language.

Everywhere was both or more at once, with invisible dressing in pharmakon, your eyes a slow gyroscope hungry for reflecting nebulae through your skin.

Where Ecto and Endo compare the unfettered morphing of runaway soma in the lost voyages, there are migrating intentions for precious receptors. She is what the mainspring is to the center of gravity, where the eyes have it and twilight gathers its fierce nodes of fresh flights of oratory into where the sentence ends, suddenly, un-completed...

You are a shameless mistake with amorphose shape of mist. You are quadrahelix in the harlots quiver, the ever present sabertooth go-lightly into dust. With each word defile and delight against the always, dangerous tongue. You are code flux emitting..."

Light hovers with subliminal intent in dark fold, for under cover, for locus solus and only moments from "I am lithic and snake-stick, hybrid sentinel..." and twice as feline as any two-bit slice of heaven sent, and it's all in the mouth, reciprocating, pouring from one into the other and into another, back and forth the magnetic pulse thrown into voodoo poëtica... with a touch of a torch, seen and filed in the archival womb. The great astounding pause of ravenous flowing. Flowering.

Not the agony, the delirium of a still starry morning, not the story ending in a period, the obscure and unfinished, the expectation, the sleepers slipping in and out of view. The blind locksmith ferried by the mute gondolier plus the invisible handful of feathers for navigation and the grand ladles transporting light backwards in time.

When parallel lines converge, night and day as in altering speech patterns, undressing the vampire of 'yes, please' and 'No, never...' Enclosing stillness in your image. Always...

Midnight is the wandering trousseau, obsession is the singing spoon, the single most in reverse, the way in, the cinema takes you for a spin. With the door closing by itself when the passage between one moment to the next could take a life, time, a move, meant to be. Beneath and behind then, the chair folds its wings turning stone into light, followed by the spyglass on wheels and the bluebird of trembling loaded for bear. All very well and child's play, not soon enough, and almost too late, to see. You see?

The sublime vague in the middle of a sentence, unorthodox shallows pulled under between consenting appearances, the lightning tree. The unsettling center of gravity where the witch flower entangles with the observatory, and the hair-raising flux rising and falling agrarian blush of robin's eggs and the startling, black-skinned ergot of merging, crisscrossing shadows. You correspond in a backward brush of amethyst.

Steadfast in the warehouse of glances, as fiery as anything moving out of pale larvae, a desperate confrontation, a delightful gaze elevated to the rooftops catlike and nubile. For a cinematic stabbing, filled with mercury and the scent of possible dreams climbing out of the body.

The hissing vessels of Artepheus, as if to know intimately of the mating cries of Cornu aspersum. Follow the curve of a dreaming shadow, her eyes wide open and the scent of being lost in the corridor of fleece. Hidden in a secret book, not far from life, to reveal the fictions, the shape of artifice, your mad flickering in the garden of desperate measures. Loading rituals into a get-away, taking root for a delightful centerpiece. The bright mechanisms reversed, the foreground takes the Avenue of Risk, feeding the sirens for magnetism.

Still a sever, my love, by chance, a river alas deflowered for sumptuous through takedown of plunder and see-through, you would appear when led most bright takes arms. The tragedy of light appears the stolen gems to innocence to bird vision, to switchblade tinkering.

The old sight seer fumbling for the key in the weaver's cloth. The chime of an asymmetrical sense of indecent whatever-you-call-it prevails in tutelary dispersals, and seldom caught in the act of revealing. "I am not quite invisible, I am transparent and slander, once through sand melting division into facets. I am new born and hag thrust of deserted places. Disreputable beauty containing the first breath and the last, the music of a maze and to the unbearable perfume..."

The immoral properties of space networks in time, at the drop of a hat, the pin prick, the shell-shock of secreting auroras when not looking. Either way, this is not about you, only the code and the unlocking, the bright projections, in the key of Morphos, high-pitched and embedded in a devious purity. “I drink your blood and vanish in the blink of an eye...”

Even the thought of becoming transparent defies gravity and endless speculation. It’s all a matter of recognition. Endless transformation as an urge to accept the act and movement of fire, it’s very design appears to echo starlight colliding with and ricochet into further interruptions, producing a twin-like resemblance, toying with hysteria and other ghostly margins.

What happens is forgotten, only those moments of becoming more window-like than reality, leaving only a spark behind to resemble the beginning of it...

...traveling crystals are far livelier than flowers without a vase and endlessly malleable, while transporting night whispers of pollination. A Milky Way species of forgotten activities, unsuspecting as anything less abrasive as droning in words that express nothing but the most tenuous of intrusions. It all follows abundant moth visitations in total darkness.

The shadow irritated into phantom desires dressed in all or nothing, obliterating the farce of reflections. The desire to leave nothing behind, but that moment of almost rampant disbelief. As blood becomes visible in tree-life as a fuse toward scattering vampires, gusts of wind pass through, but eventually the possibility is surely a pleasure beyond relief.

As befitting a stealth anchor humming on a fire-shaped anvil, a resonating complex multiplied by the echoing gargoyle, confront in sphinx clothing ... the way you look both ways before crossing a street that isn't there. A very heavy object which cannot be lifted without accepting the uncertainty of who, what or why the signals switched places, one summer shaped morning falling out of sleep and hissing. A paradise of love and savagery.

Tails entwined and sipping between the lips of a kiss, hummingbird hovering, taking a cue for respiration. Hovering in disguise... Translating body of Umbral, sooner or later as a point of contention with dialectical arrivals exchanging places, flooding into embracing fog...

To amuse is perfected, the mysteries remain, as clear as ever. You mobius into cornerstone and entail with delightful incisors.

While the old peasant throws mirrors, the theoretician opens windows for bees.

“I drink your shadows, swallow your reflections, the remains taken root, I am your light, whatever turns dark and ancient flower, I swallow your liquids and begin to shimmer...”

Hauling Psyche to portraiture, plumb-lined and doused, a stab in the dark. “I am raven-complex and misalignment, statue hearsay and fit to be tied. I am obsidian compass for intelligent ignition long since l’ombre des autres, in the space of shadows, I enable shadows...” To disable those older childhood contortions, pouring into ambedo skinned and high collared, green haired salivating reflections played with while passively vampiring...

Moving orphans around in space is the salutation of orchestral tides. *When Oedipus died the moonlight rose... there were great waves wandering without a trace of ancestors...*

You are the shape of barricades flooding with moonlight the final reinvention of history, glittering in the beartrap of unreasonable entrances.

And then you are an equivalent between mirrors, into one and through the other, as night swarms into sun, you are then as another through the mirror that rejects your pandering, enlivens your night looking for mime and mimic. When you stop dancing the universe becomes your body thrown for a ride for a shotgun wedding. The antelope passing in a herd through your absence, then felt as quaking as body earth in conjoining arcs.

In the chest there is blood root for posing origin and trapeze and well-placed lures turning night gales with distracting measures and running through olivine shields. Upright and exasperating, injected with the archival dust of structural metamorphic first drafts. Language is not words, not resembling special waves, images that are not real. Translating igneous into spark-gathering, while keeping alive all that cannot be seen, seen...

To embrace with weaponry is the release of salamanders, the splicing of your spine in one light long stream to a light along the seams. There is no reason to believe the means.

In the meantime, knowledge, hunger and transparency crystallizes and becomes gelatinous, falling out of a dream into a triangle with escapades of the snake charmer and the hidden words tearing up the blackboard with webbed feet and a thousand wingspans. Hallucinogenic fingerprints leading the way into that intermediate frivolity...

Moving quickly with awkward precision and to Ecuadorian eyelashes hidden from the sun, feathers first and salamander strides, you amount to a sinister debacle of early morning resemblances and a herd of walking sticks freshly aroused and amorous, and swindling moonlight for illogical ancestry. A panorama of pointing for lopsided encounters, stirred up for the empty clothing you enable for marvelous getaways. Suddenly pollinated for flight.

Finely tuned and firing on all quirks. Ojibwa for ignition and resemblance, where river entangles with spindle intrigue, following a convex for neurological firewood. Both feline and feral the girl in the hand mirror. Throwing mercury for uproarious displacement. The phare of light particles a shade of Sonambula as in the mirror, gathering sparks. Girl to the handful of glass.

The wildly unpredictable passage of pyramids through the city is often enough to suspect changes in weather, fluctuations in space. Analogous to arousal in lovers. Variations in wishbone temperaments, abandoned children and paradoxical sleeping habits, in the wake of laughing hyenas. All of which induce a glorious exchange of excited whispering, and “I love you” and precise weapons of operation. Stealth is everything.

No paradise or infernal but you, when sleeping, the length of your body of strange mirrors and optical instruments when shadows are present. Apparently, contradictions are a shady deal...

What is the object of your worlds? Decay into beauty as offered spectra with talons, hearsay of an “ally ally and allele, Eulalie and aloop” designed for camouflage, and a portrait out of the blue. Passing quickly through with nary a sign. One object into another, one for a fish-tail, one for a leap, one to do injustice, another for the women’s voices in the arroyos. There’s blood on my hands...

The lighthouse of amniotic fluids changes the shape of provisional customs and installed paradoxical wandering beside yourself, maintaining a phantom likeness, night dust and apex. An obscure object and its obsession, with the hummingbird as a bed in the boudoir of water, the bangles of a dancing girl, the headlights of steam...

When you can't see to it, a silent cry follows through it breaking up time into the most desirable medicinals, night drips like honey and the romance of contortionists in the manifest and latent gardens of tungsten and isosceles, bodies take space alive when the evening falls...

Too for loom a lack, a loom a Gila, she tracks consensual fragments grooming...

"I live to be your scent, visiting those parameters you insist on, I am a sun that isn't there, a knife fading in contact... And I missed you by only moments, as any of those possible passings, from behind or coming to..." as the passive siren into infernal angles scattering aphrodisia into each acknowledged assessment of theatrical balance. You curve into significant lark. The fancy propellers for unnatural jargon. The alters come to life, to term, grappling with intangible lures.

Covered in essence of innate slandering sextant, in larval bathing, the syncopation of arriving guests bursting with moonlight. Projections are rampant with memories of fiery distillation and muse-shaped ambling and the way you disguise your gestures with only the flickering of your eyelashes bursting through the keyhole of a lost continent.

“I am vanquished in wonder to mainspring for plundering, by hourglass sight-seen out with Horus and taken for a ride. Olly olly oxen free! when the moon is right and the eddies top hat in slipping unison. I am down for it...” Sappeiros is blending when shape comes to clowning for irony and shimmer. But memory skips a beat. Light becomes an eager doorway...

Grinding stone and night liquids and after the light there fell guano and midsummer fiddling with pollen for invisible gold dust, with diagrams of pointing, and a single gesture that hangs in the air on the secret levels of Escalas and Papillion the one-eyed cat's cradle.

The taste of gossamer nudes lighting up the anti-sense of transbearing for leaping devices and that “If I leave a sign for trembling, to spin, the oval discourse is winding tokens of spreading and devious lures. No one is the wiser.”

There is no supernatural in your language, only the image is electrifying enough to wandering neurons and babbling through the gauze of the guise. As partials come and go like porcelain adolescence, and puppetry is burning peripheral striking moments more night bloom than feverish touching what desire demands. Light is breathing incantations, unloading sacrificial precision. Only moth skin for conjuring... Hunger is desirable. Playing the elements is contentment...

You go down and web out, spin orchid wise and antler rings, the mother tongue where the eye candles hiss.

Of this now was, she is breathing, light spears into random distinction. With disarming candor, a silkworm dalliance with molecular pandering. Ambiguous arousal of crosscending planes landing in the garden of trigger-fingers melting as the vessel-trembling hocus pocus of passing through sleep on the way around.

Not to mention the oh so wild subliminal eroticism of passing through alive...

Magenta fingering Ambergris with denials and threads and giving in this way, sloping that way urging into it all hori hori and released, a blurring into hood winking. And dripping wax for silence. While posing for invisible ink...

Alhazen chasing pinholes for each automatic pose with annealing exquisite. A critical devise where light is substance for dragging dreams out by the tale's end. A scope honing its prize with animal shaped evening, as up close and personal the horizon is touching. A gathering of magnets assume the gaze of inventing pleasurable constellations ... those visitors of origin to yourself...

The poetic embrace is the nitroglycerin of erotic mania when it moves and when it doesn't, when it plays with its tantalizing veils. When it sheds and reveals and when it arrives unannounced with its geometric contortions. Filling up the cracks...

Descending to inquire, a geyser for unrecognizable, for sweet disasters in the open doorway and to all that will not bloom. When the armed and dangerous is let out to play, with clarity and ambiguity swimming together, without certainty, for a single strand of pearls... When scented mummies in the moonlight dance, a marvelous sashay of unreasonable reflections. Splitting time into levels of contortion.

Buzzing and purring to another with delight, and held together with antimonies and neurotransmitters for fruit-saturated pottery in Ghana. Glimmer is a memory of a single entrance. In the poison of its dust Moth knows, flowers with terminal transparency.

The hearing cycles changing direction with tongue activated seductions, counterblockade by Sapphos umor the tender thread between turbine and comet, there were uneasy exchanges when offering, yearning when electrified, crystalized at turningpoint, penetrated by reflection. Firing up when the lights go out... learning to fly was a dangerous connundrum.

Fata and Morgana are lovers possessed for an eclipse, a vial of antidote with bird shaped hind legs verging on betrayals of morality, and bound up in veils of an emergency landing without wings or stilts, skidding into a bed of water on the brink of lava for such as ship shaping ignition, which bears repeating in spite of itself.

In the swindle of a crux you found the exquisite corpse the other time of plumage and mist of splendid solis in solace for eating the window of whatever and not quite. The jabbering arc of you too and gaze to begin fiddling in full view. Merely an unrelenting trace that turns for touring. Antagonized for what is always ruled with inexplicable volatile and growing petals. when there is no escape...

Transparency through the horizon rubbing dark arousals while throwing neurons against the concave edges of a refusal to engage. She was never an interruption against an intimate hide and seek. When light is a web as gender aroused as water spinning with larval Xs.

The singing larvae set the city on fire. Purity erupted in the middle of a body stained infernal. Moving by serratus magnus, by tilting and rotation and ulterior motives.

Waking up from memory... A cellular field circulating light for underground, a form of language splattering pinnacles slipping in and slipping out, for lunar rituals. A diamond in a vice sliced for each possible thought, when savage wondering enters a breath of wider openings. When a chance encounter spins in opposite directions, your event, dear clavicle, is pinned like a butterfly on the shuttering belly of night.

You lower yourself and web out, spin orchid wise and antler ring, the mother tongue, where the eye candles hiss... With disarming candor, a silkworm dalliance in molecular pandering, you pose in the garden of trigger fingers for an accurate hocus pocus, passing through sleep on the way around and dripping wax for silence. As no one is the wiser still.

Dissolved by the sun infatuated by each lunar appearance, "I am Peregrine out of the ribs, stone beating under transparent skin, I am the mummy's revenge and glowing in lip-sync the albino flight, a language with knives" and a dream that is not a dream. A feather of another light, a pointed hat for delirious breeding, a twice engendered soft spot whittling through another precious nature... snarling with hunger.

The anvil bodied matrix not your face the shape merging with dark matter, a sudden veil a roaring parallel fondling space. You dig faster, clawing for edges, the way the glassmaker sleeps thrown through lightning, spitting out sparks. Silenced with a soft gasp and uncovered with talons, a hundred years later...

Interpreting an image, by way of torturing glass with the glassmaker's erotic tuning. A rush towards a nonexistent pathology bristling in the wings. A dialectical mist as dangerous as an evening rendezvous with enchanted crosshairs and points of intersecting webs. Meaning is nonexistent.

A silver thread, a river keeps the tiny horses alive, a sleeping Matilda who comes a babbling for you. A swig of still mouth under a dairy moon, a shot in the dark for a long lost alarming...

Buzzing and purring to another with delight, and held together with antimonies and neurotransmitters for a spitting image raising phantoms out of quicksilver.

The hearing cycles changing direction with tongue activated seductions, counterblocked by Mystery, the tender thread between turbine and comet, there were uneasy exchanges when offering, yearning when electrified, crystalized at turningpoint, penetrated by reflection. Firing up when the lights go out... learning to fly was a dangerous connundrum.

Sometimes a message appears and it burns ever "beautiful like..." and hovers in the air, searing everything between the shadow and the mirror in ways that interrupt even the fork in the road. "It's nothing like..." while the pyramids roam freely, an eclipse signifies the correct clothing for a colorful season of all those statues that merged in the overgrown garden. Words that don't exist except with the help of various knives the color of dusk. There's nothing like it.

Invisible writing continues to haunt, the irrefutable lacuna of the cherry-picker's impossible harmony. Only one number away from the sea, followed by a gown of chalk and the many zeros of disbelief. The feathers sting when they appear out of nowhere.

Analogical cleavage gift-wrapped for an inflammable ink that ignites the book of imperfect nights. Windigo breast-feeding into a doorway... A curve on the left leads to your abode, the Heron clicking, pine-sapping, knife-wielding password. The fear of fading becomes you.

Shadow of frolicking ravens, a girlish figuration downloading neurons sparkling and whistling, splitting images caressing in triplicate. Veiled in breeding, while you are an irreplaceable quiver without parallel, a conjuring template feeding on archetypes. Blurring the edges, you are plausible when the lights go out, coalescent and tail-feathering into the attic. You candle-wise into a mirror, leaving codes of arousal, self-altering with a frenzy. Time is coming...

Beautiful as like a beautiful... when it was as one follows two raised out of three, the old ∞ enters without knocking as would Glimmer in cinema.

A chance encounter between a handful of dark matter and an articulating sequence of impossible coalitions drawn together in the moonlight, where the wheelbarrow and the zebra collide in midair, suspended in time for a moment of obsessive gambling and incomparable looting: "Am I asleep, or only dreaming? Did I imagine you tearing butterflies out of my face? Will you love me in the morning when the hour is neither here nor there? Does the earth fondle human remains, becomes aroused? Does the light fade in your presence?"

For each moment in life there is non-life lingering in the aisles, and phantom-life just off center, along with soon-to-be and never-was, and tree-life, above left, lord-ing it over shadow-life, anxious and crystalline near reflection-life following in the footsteps of fire-life and ether-life...

In the codices of Extreme Sanctions, under secrecy of promenades and deployments, lives and endless rivers and flights of fancy, fatal-lives and solstice-lives; they are she-lives and he-lives, intermediate they-lives and other-lives of question and answer, not altogether distant from, nor separate from night-lives and day-lives, distant emissary lives moving through all-lives...

“Shh, don't let them see you, or all is lost!”

Diving into the light of silence and opening playful phantoms. The image is present, preferring intrusion and threading luminous into absence. Cryptic and thus obvious, crawling out of spinning arcs, digging fire out of sleeping bodies. They are not asleep. And there are those dangerous plumes...

“...and I morphe for you and outward moth, as dark and demanding with the likes of Charvín De Huántar for a night plaza when drinking spirits. Cecropia, Luna and Hawk then beating the precious ones when the wind stops in its tracks... As Glimmer is the sister, the transparent and the arc given a flounder for a memory fluttering in a great fire, a fluid as plasma, psychic pause, for oceanic tinkering, a loon alone, aura as heavy as dew like hammering an altered anvil shaped for combat, torn and altered, a vessel spawn delivered via courier a love letter with feathers like a forgery unable to float like a beautiful... beautiful... like... a spin to Heron top to tuning threads over all diving enigma of the endless arc. The missing lynx, the ingrown anchor, and beautiful like.....” And amiss amess always down to rise ... Aglitter overtaking shambles to bathe in loom, an anticlimax, allerotictactic, asomathrown... Beautiful like anness, atailend, lasalamandramannequick in luna... Also a loss elliptic all

Footnotes and Appendages

Gendenwitha: Maiden, transformed into Morning Star by Dawn.

Etu: Personification of Time

Yoołgai Asdzaıai: 'White-shell woman', lunar deity

Coniraya: Moon god. Fashioned his sperm into a fruit, which Cavillaca then ate, and gave birth to a child.

Cavillace: Virginity goddess. Ate a fruit, which was actually the sperm of Coniraya, the moon god. And gave birth to a son.

Apate: Female trickster, the personification of deceit, and wiley snares.

Até: Goddess of mischief, delusion, ruin, and blind folly, rash action and reckless impulse who led men down the path of ruin. She also led both gods and men to rash and inconsiderate actions and to suffering. Até also refers to an action performed by a hero that leads to their death or downfall.

Chavín De Huántar: A palace in front of the high Andes. Is it the "House of Night"— as Hesiod wrote of the dwelling place of the gorgons

Glimmer is not notable, but slipping brazenly at the end of a pause...

For the others, those of wild countenance...

The Act of poetry...

Transparency is not clarity, but a slash in that realm between here and there, between quantum and outright universe. It isn't even a stain, but far livelier than flowers without a vase. It both opens and closes the gap between pathology and dream theory. The shadow irritated into phantom desires dressed in all or nothing, obliterating the farce of reflections. The desire to leave nothing behind, but that moment of almost rampant disbelief. As blood becomes visible in tree-life as a fuse toward scattering vampires, gusts of wind pass through, but eventually. The possibility is surely a pleasure beyond relief, even shattering to see through what is as malleable and forthcoming as that moment between light and dark. Even the bright thought of becoming transparent defies gravity and endless speculation. It's all a matter of recognition. Endless transformation as an urge to accept the act and movement of fire, it's very design appears to echo starlight colliding with a ricochet into further interruptions, producing a twin-like resemblance, swallowing hysteria and other ghostly margins. What happens is forgotten, only those sheer moments of becoming more window-like than reality, and leaving only a spark behind to resemble the beginning of it...

Q & A

The year of your birth?
The wings of a rocking chair.

Your death?
Prenatal springtime.

In between?
The roar of a constellation assaulting the mind.

Movement?
Spacetime with negative catapult.

Color?
Lucidity with paradox.

Gender?
Inebriated quick-change with petals.

Childhood?
The fifth amendment.

Thought patterns?
Colorful forgeries.

Language?
Rampant slip-of-the-tongue.

Romance?
Wherewithal conduction.

Dreams?
Witch hazel with mirrors.

Ancestry?
A brotherhood of thieves.

Destination?
A spectral interruption.

"In its distant pages it is written that animals are divided into (a) those that belong to the emperor; (b) embalmed ones; (c) those that are trained; (d) suckling pigs; (e) mermaids; (f) fabulous ones; (g) stray dogs; (h) those that are included in this classification; (i) those that tremble as if they were mad; (j) innumerable ones; (k) those drawn with a very fine camel's-hair brush; (l) etcetera; (m) those that have just broken the flower vase; (n) those that at a distance resemble flies." -Borges.

“

Books by J. Karl Bogartte

The Secret Art of Photomorphose

Wolf House
Secret Games
Luminous Weapons

Primal Numbers
A Curious Night For A Double Eclipse

AURÉ

Transparent Bodies
Selected

The Spindle's Arc

Mythologies

And Still The Navigators...
New And Selected

Spirits In The Albino Hotel
Throwing Antlers

LOOM

While the night windmills
through xylophone and...

