

*While the night
windmills through xylophone
and...*

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La Belle Inutile Éditions

While The Night Windmills Through Xylophone and...

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*While the night windmills
through xylophone
and...*

The key is less desirable than the arc, and the convulsive nature of anatomical flight patterns. The awkward beauty without meaning. The heartrending splash between your open hand and the slash that reveals it. The light changes. While time enters mathematics, passes through the city unnoticed...

*“One gives everything to have nothing. Always to start over.
It is the cost of marvelous existence.”*

–César Moro

Hammering mist into dreaming, not sleeping.

Pleasure is the pollination of fast-moving vessels, the wet spoons of plundering adolescence. Signaling with mirrors overhead, underfoot, through skin, outside of an image of enacting unusual turning points. Taking wild animals inside the tragedy of a harpsicord, not taking joy for granted, in the scheme of things. Stirring blood up inside the wellspring.

A bezel for a constellation whistling pyramids. A night-emitting witch-watching. A splendid erasure evoking unlawful contrivances, bone-sucking aurora taking possession. A note of winching into which came first gravity or a lasting camouflaged, chameleon into female structures.

While wrestling with key figures for conjecture and morphology, the frenzied movement of undefined ritual. A wise old bespectacled tantrum throwing eyes into pooling for the little ones who carry your spine into designated pointing. Casting memories for a puppets voice ...

The vapors of night, the irresistible crime ...

*"I am the ravaging brightness in the heart of the shadow.
I am the rose of incisors, the lost faceprints spinning in the haunting parallel. The empty clothing. The frenzy of murmuring."*

And throwing darkness into the fire is the eroticism of the mirror.

Sunspots placing river and mannequin for virgin alloy of ocelot. You arrive at the body pointing of departure, the Sirocco-whispered, invisible woman; as you shape disheveled wind-figures ocellated for primal kindling. Sleep dimensions outward into sliding facets of a guarded cabinet, ground into the arc of Belgian nudes, to encircle the torch of pouring water into oblivion.

She loves the distant howling, the crystalline face, catching only glimpses. The great dog as candle to the siren, moving out of solitary conjunctions, mouth licking silence for lamps...

You were once the distillation of the widow's breath, pouring nightly Uraeus with a tuning-fork. For a splendid demise. Battling chalk. Directed with your fumbling fingers reflecting carving knives, speaking chimera with the old lost fragrances of the moon. Churning all that glows deep into furtive kisses.

The desperation of light, the madness of shadows ...

She is spinal between what is signed and what is not; and the élan vital of *primary secrets* ... she is Luminous or Moth, nearly twins, microscope and dust. Never the same species, with each gathering and bewildering, and often that is lunacy, movement of a very delicate nature. Stealthy models whispering between others, secreting the gaze of striking flint, bloodied into raw shapes of ultimate longing. Spiderweb of your orchid mouth. Fills the room. Changing permanently with what is never lost, transparent, seeing, senses ...

Through your window of sensory feathers, the razor-wire of not being where you are, last seen analogy of lip-shade and grappling for pleasure. Lunar foam in a language of your own carnal eclipse, salivating unsettling circuitry, to ignite the plumage of clearing windows by fire. Aggressive silence filling in the empty spaces. Lapidary moves and is deep water spinning in place, a maze by shadows that merge with abandon.

"I am twice the shadow and the brightness that animates it. I bleed when I am dazzling."

When you are the other out of another, mazed in that mirror that knows your name, follows your shadow, "the one I keep hidden from my reflection, your eyes, and watched by darkness, silence ... I am not always you, but closest from myself..."

Anguish is bliss for the desire of a shadow, a key screwing into your lock without interruption. What beginning is there that never arrives, having passed unnoticed, somewhere else. Between your ribs the Bird of Paradise releases its great window ...

A wayward archery deceives a bird-like lamp, your tribbling twinge, swimming upstream for glowing. She bleeds profusely, and that is the chanterelle at night, cold, damp and visionary.

Above “your breath staining glass” there is erasure and sabotage, the resistance, of light and shadow to tincture the hummingbird contest. To doorway the flower-vows. Below there are “marsupials for acrobatics of appearance” and “re-covering fuses” to scintillating visage.

Entangled with each hypothetical dive, your arc was more overladen than dissolved, led by shifting dwarves of amorous beauty. You are never known by name, forked by fathoms and galvanized in a golden age to loupe with arcane messages, pressed by sunflowers. An escapee is always worth the weight of gems stuffed into a corpse. Dreaming outside of a dream ...

Random asylums are the codes of gendering mint, fused and dangerous, loving, and however, distance from sight is more illusion than certainty. Shrapnel decisions. Before sunlight is measured, there are tusks to knowledge and tiptoe heisting. Luminous bodies under fire. Bright incantations standing out at night, shivering orchids red with plasma and eager interruptions. The awkward inclusions of the sorcerers, the scent of lightning.

The dream-shaped snake dancer canticles into fields of bright rain, you shadow the expectations of sight unseen. She wills you into glancing. Night-calls. Only sucking sounds and murmuring. Slow clicking drops. High treason for animal salutations and cryptic moaning. It is the form she takes to finely scent and lastly undermine the analogies of hesitation.

When your shadow brightens, is the fuse of desire, she is the bare minimum tracking by turquoise. Spreading moon-aphasia sparks and ligaments with raven-longing for wet fur, with jasmine platelets. With transfusions of light ...

Exclamation for a sentry, dividing time with the very first morning dew, permutations of illicit knowledge, hunger, clairvoyant petulance. Not the same as, but is ... "Known only by the presence of your absence ..."

Unsettled silver, breaking into a mirror. Not to see but entering into, wind-salt and crystal, aroused and raw diligence. Bioluminescence for reach, desire for entrance, basalt in resuscitation, breathless for the demanding sex of your eyes.

You incite the unwavering exposé, hidden explications, the grace of agitation. A finely tuned intervention. The rumor of other-than, slipping raw data into fusion. Lucidity throwing mystery for survival ...

Memory alters reflections of a sudden gesture, sun burning stone into an incandescent body looming in monkey shines and antic take downs. *Crack the whip with Chinese whispers, a deadman pinned to Jacob's Ladder* ... with owl claws and purring toys. There is greatness in trembling, in the fog, beneath wings. Enter by passing through Ibis for a filial catapult...

In stone-light the Tour St. Jacques and the visage of timely arrivals, tarot-fumbling in Arabesque trapeze, the game of waking into sleep in duplication; silking Morphos in twin's cape. One and the other, Emu dreams, Emu leaps. One into another, and the long corridor lights up its marvelous Angelica.

The word *aurora* begins again beneath *counterfeit*, without wings, animal sense wheeled into vanishing point with magnets. Your reflection devoid of glass. You recognize your face, your imprint in water, gear-struck and mainspring, stained with primitive invention.

Out in the yard at night, fondling pitchforks, eating mist. A limpid embrace, phantom arteries approaching the superior joy of antlers. Invisible limbs growing radiant bodies.

Anvil of lucidity with wings, deer with artillery. A waltz, a long night of effigies. As sovereign filter through green vials, she protects you with her eyes, her teeth. Asia with her space of ape-like narratives in secret auctions, she is the torment of bees and unsigned documents.

Saved by assassinations, time springs, released by charming snakes. The words matter that dissolve for guardians, blood-letting, the birds, your shadow is burning with birds and the finely tuned detonations of what cannot, or ever be spoken, except in silence, addressed to silence ...

On the other side of the wall, rumors of a certain potential prevail, rapture of the bees inside. Slashing watermarks into galactic stems. For salamanders secreting mannequins for the shielding of perfect strangers. What models appear are invisible, primal matters, tremble.

A springtime of white-haired machines, black-skinned detonations, fate of the telepathic rose “my love ...” to follow the moon-riddled throat of resplendent likeness. Both living and into past, while the sirens paused in midair spreading to breed.

The vapors of night, the irresistible crime ...

Occult caressing Analogies, on all fours, triangulated and pushed into friction and arc, in passing through, spokes to undermine.

Movement is to arc as enchanted is to — as your deep jasmine cuts through sleep — delirious germinations.

After the last letters, the last zero ... silting mimosa, barking, the spinning the amorous the paradoxical absence projecting a very long and tumultuous shadow. High-pitched and elongated. Indigo sleeps, exhausted and filled with glowing sensations. Loom is another species. Together they incubate with a dark brevity. Leaving profuse messages. Signals. A dazzling succession of waves.

The sound of hybrid triangles interlocking without hesitation. All is lost for the shuddering scent that skins you living, with acrobatic exhalation. The one that intoxicates. Deep and searing. The rising dust liberated from its dark devious windows.

There are no angels here, only elusive shimmers, neurons changing shapes. “Beware, the dervishes ...” the sharing shapers, the crushed peaches of new desires and constellations. Simian auras, and even a simple metamorphosis is owl-tuning in blue, sutured with wind. To each their own alarms of sudden clarity. *In possession of marvelous weapons.*

Nubile vehicles of wonder for each anomaly, feather-yielding without hesitations and led by paradoxical banter ... Loom grows flowers and almost poisonous fruit for protection. Moon-raised and troubled by empty streets, blank pages and abundant aching.

She is sublime unsettling abandoned and tyrannical hesitation at the center of a dream, not the appearance of things, the utter negation. For the honey of things. The marvelous irritation. The adamant glow of skin and bones, the precise incendiary device of a vulnerable evening touché.

A glorious night of Eucalyptus and throwing cocktails, licking lips, fierce debates, fading shadows of the sun, the amorous acrobats persist...

The grief of loving fingers, cultivating poppies... and Pangolins speaking to the trees ... Always amiss with a lantern, a lost manuscript, emeralds defying gravity for a sudden Icarus made out of glass. Passing through a crowded leopard.

The water lilies of your body, the pleasures of a knife. Your tongue probing the hive ...

Pandora-shaped weapons gathering steam, to never unkey loving messages without Lilium and Canna providing rumors from Ecuador. Every starry night is every equestrian's dream. For terror and innocence.

For mastery over the impossible, formulating question marks. The mystery of rituals without interpretation, emitting a mirage for a secretive dialogue between sighs and signs. It all passes, in passing through. Flesh frozen in fire. And for sustenance. Untamed.

Animal presence, always torrential. Sleeping as deep inside the wolf. Hunger is new and so much brighter than before. Tables rising out of the earth for spell binding ... "This shadow revealing essential acts of defiance. No script, but with frequent schisms, interruptions. Reversing characters all for bliss of conundrums ..."

The page before this, is tempting for translation. It moves between never having spoken a word, a sign with revolving links, and the origins of your scent tearing apart whatever pause compels indecency with more than enough shades of contentment.

The incandescence of an imaginary pedestrian winks at the silence of a shadow-crossing.

Maven-rags and a gyroscope for future positions ... An algebraic solution over open wounds, to dazzle the loam humming softly to "I know that Hibiscus makes the skin magnetic. A hammer enchants the bell ... when I bleed. I know you are listening. When I speak of ether and time, as brother and sister ..." without using words, exactly, solar splinters, restructuring the sense of urgency. When Diogenes' footprints led the hounds through the clothing of dusk ...

Generating auricles for streetlights, spiders for syrup, beauty dressed in violence. In your image, only cellular sparks in the air, pulled together for an entrance at the margins of attraction.

Dressed in heron and Saqqara, toward fireflies and the missing propellers in the bridal chamber. Surrounded by ghostly thrones, exquisitely long hindlegs... An autobiography hidden among crystals firing glances, hunting for images ... Haunting weddings with a plume.

All that remains now, in defiance, more molecules, sparking in air, sighted, in situ of chance remains, detains, revolving, her body of clamorous snarling. The extended arcing, those slips of the tongue. There is animal blood in your eyes. Splendor of the mouth. Extended cinema.

An image of love without authors, still, born, river is that color, in the theater of the invisible. Arriving only moments before, soft as milkweed and midnight paws ...

The spinners of linen, alternating appearances, raising ladders for a timely escape. A landscape of monkshood for a landing field of dazzling madly-spinning plumb lines. You are sleeping peacefully, gesturing with sphinx and forestry of nerve endings. Saturated with eyelids spitting lamps for psychology, for muse-makers and dove-tailed secretions for left-handed derailers. "Is that you?" ... undressing fissures and mushroom caresses.

"I am both the brightness and the shadow around it. I am the aura of emeralds, firing ..."

She is stone, ragged, luminous as window, gemstone miming hypnotic suggestion, to nonsensical humming. Far-reaching lobe of your secret society, hanging from a butterfly by the priestess of spilling blood for light and shadow. The avalanche is a tiptoe morphology, obscene gesture moving empty gowns of a negative tailspin. She is chime, alas of moth appellative, luminous eggs laid out for an elegant demise.

Shimmer entangles for Angora, the face of multiple glances like burning spindles tormenting the villages and the locksmith's delicate fingers. The mystery of unlocking... The torment of equilibrium. (Narration is silence. Identities lost in "I can only imagine ...")

The flickering of your eyelids, a sphinx colony for the veil of disturbance.

And that startling lucidity between words, between Africa and Suddenly, twins, flowering genders for transporting crystal, the adorable falsetto of the lace-maker. The stars altering in the depths of her wet black fur, to which is attached the last straw, the curtain call of stately impositions. The rosy sap of witch-watching overlaps the bee-appointed night of instant arrivals.

The whimsy of only having two legs to stand on, held together by peripheral phosphenes resembling that solarization ceremony anointed by exile and other masks. Fawn hats in the dreaming field, *La noche es la quema de agua*... The wild ticking precedes the lighthouse, having always faced transparency, "Yours, who I tend, an image seeking words, seeking another image..."

The wandering unknown appendages of those quickly glittering mental possessions. Leading dangerously to transparency. And she passes this way through you ... She does not pass and yet ... The obvious triangular dialogue — Tessellations collide, laying the afterbirth of the deepest sound that light makes when it blossoms, throwing fruit around ...

You are the language dripping out of an image, sound
of a primal likeness ... Lunging out of nothing spoken ...

The umbrella of her ribs opens an unfettered candelabra into a flash fire, seeking a solution to multiplicity and whereabouts. The tenderness of an audacious theft. Her arc is a dialogue with detonation, a signal stream, wearing candle wax in anagram, in bloom, for others, and piercing by throwing-stars and the fangs of a ghostly night. Subdued by poppies. A seal is placed in retrograde, in plural forms. A quicksilver of eerie medicinals.

When transparencies meet, the matrimony of splicing, the water of eyes exchanged ...

Splendor skinned with drapery in mind. She licks herself... Shadowing to pillage. Shameless in sight of in spite of her doubling. *Licking selves... Glowing selves... Riding ghosts of selves, imitating selves.*

Rising... She is the liquid of transparent bodies inspired for landscapes and scenes from above, and through the body, a sudden avalanche of images, a red-light district for adverse enchantment. Melting between legs, thorn bushes cloned to lighted candles, and ...

The sound of rising makes the shadow more apparent, while the ache of a heavy shadow ignites the zookeeper's long drawn-out howling.

Simplicity in the cruelty of listening, overhearing with cellular water, to signify an errant sorcery. It is the backstroke of lost civilizations toward a luxurious mane, to identify swimming upstream with invisible theater.

The language of cranes provoking realignment of mirrors in moonlight and small childhoods in ground pollen smeared on your face combed for beauty like poisonous flowers. In preparation for night ...

You always send that lovely paranoia of the Shimmers ahead, and the eroticism of Shimmers perfumed for windows, aberrant in shawls with anesthetic fingers and tumult of tilting heads. Truth and artifice in albino getaways, annotated with fuses for random shimmers. Shimmer, alone, is languishing without reason, always assaulting, astray in multiple attacks. Insidious for pleasure, released from the lighthouse of battling horns.

You are safe, transparent ... You are the scent of drums emitting arcs, deep voices, sparks. Life is blood in endless periodic tables for thoughtless dew-spinning and abundant slivers of random rivers.

A tincture-face dragged out of dramaturge for frolicking knives and blissful daughters, in roundabout fashion, to kill the King and Queen for desire ... for fireflies and spinning thrones, for the dazzling feathers of the whirlwind.

To cut, to dissolve, and the armatures whirling, to imitate with sibilance the illusion of what is missing. Distance is comparable to intimacy, a maze of sighs is comparable to unruly tripods and glowing animals climbing out of dreams. You feel reality folding into an eclipse of past tense ... Blind as a bat.

Just a hint, a flash of the bliss of a run-away Tempting Machine. The shape you embody, the aura that releases its excited ink, the clamor of a bright utterance ... The ache of Night when you move your hips against Candle, caught unawares. She is half-asleep and secreting design, with fresh fruit and hissing, through the harsh destinations of her accomplices. For the pendulum of arrivals and departures, the precious jasmine of mistaken identity.

Eleusinian ingots of advance notices and Siamese, moving through crisis, a vague hypothesis when troweling with smoke, divining with antlers, bridal skeleton, lamping for a bridge. Dancing for savagery and mirroring, Eurasian pharmaceuticals, lightning frozen in the field ...

You are kept alive by raw color and fierce optical properties, circulating whispers for aortic drumming. Armed against invasions with negative fire, the anti-sparks and ironic flares, but all sparks, black sparks, when Los Heyokas ignites, the face that strikes a bell ... from the inside out.

Everything that isn't real, takes your breath away, the silent objects throwing skeleton keys, you said you've never been here before ... You are the precious cargo, the wandering pelican, pouring the first sunrise into the first gesture, the first breath, scratching out life joyously askew among star charts and suspicious cinema.

The grid-dismantling and sapphic lamping and fusions in the flowering gardens of Yemen, the fire-stained faces projecting the finest lace and sable, blackest illuminations like splendid clues spinning awe-shaped sun-ravaged evening gowns into the most fanciful encounters. Listen to your skin of hysterical windchimes, your uninterrupted schisms, those turbulent mirrors in your wake. Thus, armed and dangerous...

Looking, they watch, out to you seeing deep into presence with errant bone fusing sighting water seeds sparking for space, all in the crosshairs further and deepest ... The narrator expanding in silence "Make no mistake ..." there are words here out of context that can never be unveiled.

You see her tidings to announce the moment the tides undertake “whether you and I are the same, how we divide and intermingle ...” circulating between water and sand, peacock and grappling hook, fire and silence. “

We are often, more or less. Between one and another.” One and the same, the risk of precursors. And lighting fires for gravity.

The pathology of crystal, body-wise, surpasses its original tenets. Choosing Gradiva for wandering and ransom, she has dew-claws for tender throats.

Sooner or later they would come and fill the piano with forgotten gestures and forbidden signs, they would fill the exits with cocoons, and they would rush into hands full of shadow. The black earth is pool-like and child-face. A street of fuses you said would be just enough to level the field. Without a proper hat, there was only a podium of mercury and babbling mirrors. A book filled with rumors.

Eyes of Persian lilac, telescoping across the room into hinterlands and nebulae, she led you through resistance and entering air-raid, startled into the voices of Odin’s raven ... Holding the open doorway for the wolves, pulling daylights out of your silence.

Quizzical blueprint for a night in shining, for a maddening cabaret of blinding splinters, scratching downward out of slate and meaningless enchantment. Such pleasure in that shuddering sigh. Dancing with goats, for the moonlight of a needle's eye.

Above *lepidoptera*, Malleus and Incus, the splendid ossicles of decoding machines. Beneath, the wires out of a bookless searing into translation, morphology of signs, a sequence of starry nights in the fontanel. Rapidly spinning bloodstones of unusable words, setting miraculous traps.

Between *utterance* and *luminous* to a fault there are the skeletal candles (always a good sign ...) and an endless array of brightly colored chemicals. Endless doorways to the sense of a furious imagining to exist.

Peregrine returns to the crime, audacious and pineal, slipping through with lightning rods. She is highest in distinction, erotic noire and conspiracy, for the *Mesdames of Sudden Cecropia*, for *chiaroscuro and lucida*, the unpredictable chain link, that rare gesture of sheer brilliance...

Never look for meanings, they are too one-sided for table-tapping. Only dazzling interruptions, for depth of field and freely moving only at night. For auburn streaked with emerald, for skittering ...

She magnifies with Juniper, spine engaged with mist.
To make hast with burning fur. Pinned to spectrum ... A circle in the vault, encoded for equilibrium and views of unrequited transparency. You conjure with glass balls that have no explanations, no understandings, only shadows that reflect imaginary theories of transportation. The pleasure of sinister movement.

Rapturous breathing on the mesa, starry lidded women splitting into mirrors, playing with seizures, light and alternating lynx.

Signs that refuse to reveal, merely to amuse and incinerate. Only passing on another direction to follow. Only continuous migration, dervishing on surface debris, genteel pendulum swinging, never stopping to recall. How can you tell if it ever really happened?

The water-bearing struck by precise golden pivot, the appearance of inward-pulling projecting magnetism. Knees touching awkwardness to ignite each solitary city near the sea. Somnambulant crystallization, web-footed and paradoxically wise.

Pumping ether into each contortion, raising the most splendid ancûla out of ghostly apparel, for lawless desirability. "Your words reflect the handmaiden approach to ancestral blur, and always available where needed. There is always a floundering when split through passion, a Prospero approach to twilight ..."

You see *yourself* fading over *time*, cross it out and insert *desert* for parallel *doll's eyes* and powdered *angel's trumpet* for touching discourse. In the mind, it's circulatory. For wandering, it's enhanced shadowing. Often, *signal* is replaced by *magnetic attraction*, making *discovery* a *deserted courtyard*. You are never the main protagonist, or the same. It's not possible with language, without a dark blue-shaped flashfire that becomes a violent erasure. Moonlight on stilts turn aroused to spanning numerous countries.

Mise-en-Scène is fleece-in-vague, the characters have gone asunder. Slipping covert. The heroine is beside herself and precious capacity, the knife-thrower for devotion. She observes every flicker and tic, to always see what needs to be seen. A scattering of black wasps for eye shade, to pleasure the Lacemaker for a timepiece of parallel matters, chasing Mirror in the dark. Swallow leaps for the window-makers, Agave throws torches. Ermine troubles empathy, powering up widespread disasters for love. What can never be undone.

Acting in accordance with stimulations of the hive. Emitting sufficient blue to unsettle gargoyles and the words that outline a certain vigilance, to intensify the last refuges of the most precious stones. Throwing handfuls of honey, emitting insinuations that make your bones vibrate in the landscape lapses.

More becoming, as feminine and sword-worthiness.
Those kneeling equations raising roots, sure-footed, uprising,
strides of tumultuous sapping tongues, for deeper glowing.
The narrator refuses to speak. Disappears in the wings, leaving
shadows behind. The visible candle the invisible flame. The
pages of babbling brook, alternating neurons for pleasure.

To see, what ravenous desire for light, inventing the
sun out of darkness.

Rapturous breathing on the mesa, starry lidded
women splitting into mirrors, playing with seizures, light and
alternating links.

The conscious body is darkness, reflecting through
your eyes. You invent the mirror, to secure the sense of move-
ment. How undeniable are you? From what dazzling com-
pass-point? Behind the surface of sight and language
changing shape and luminosity, throwing delirium through a
body of sand, light creature alone. It's never too bright to in-
validate the quivering, the agony of delight. Joyously attend-
ing... To intend.

You deluge and slander for the archives held up for a
spacetime of Druids, struck blind by gravity. The armed re-
sistance. The last port of call. You light and dark in fearless
equations, a graceful nebula of lacerations to identify between
the A and the O will be nameless.

Swooping for a splendid morning of elegant dislocations. The scent-black lilacs dust-shaping, the blood-shimmer. You clamor into deep, swimming dark, intoxicate in convex to yield and constellate ...

Black ledges, axis and omphalos growing wild with luminosity ... and always for eyes only, impromptu sabotage, possessed by the window, to possess, by that many-faced lop-sided maven of revolving eyes. Unnatural playthings. “Do not fear, my dear Lacustrine, it’s always just the silver eyes *behind* your eyes ...”

A singular flame for the water of keyless locks, keeping great birds alive and filled with sparks, and the pleasurable feathers of Doña Tules. The telepathic slumber of pubescent riddles...

Mirror gazing with darkness seeking points of light, raising disequilibrium, the beautiful turmoil, the shattered utterance catapulting into a glimpse of unknown origin. The form of Solace ignites the rain.

The novelty of stealth is fraught with reindeer and long flights, doors of enchanted ambushes, taking each outpost undercover of silent nights. Sirens pointing, the always unsettling interruption. The grand pitchfork of emerging round-about. Phantom bodies, phantom optics growing wild in the seed-beds of aurora borealis. Cherished aurora of persistent humming.

The stillness of a costume, the spinning of a web, polishing the blade of a knife, sign-language of attraction and hesitation.

A precise point taken out at random, quickening all the rest of what is missing, decoding the vague possession, that ignition that projective shadow, overshadowed and the old *passiflora ignitus*, a double entendre under amorous tongues. Slipping more mercurial liquid self-like into the council of twilight.

Robe of lightning bugs. For each ravishing double exposure sealed in the portrait. A body full of nodes creating electricity wired to sleeping spells, raising ghostly recognitions to which you sign your name. Just unusual tinctures of this and that ... Bird language for tungsten, and the lingering aphrodisia of strolling midnight.

A circle for the dancing Cabala, the wild blistering of night-dousing. *Strix Nebulosa* is the code word for secret gatherings, throwing sparks, teleporting under desert moonlight, biting snakes for distance becoming abundant presence ... unheard of inkling, ceremonies of mumbo jumbo like pomegranates, spinning ring-tailed fables and savage mascots eating footprints in the dark.

Only the sheer depths of trees, the full-fathom spirit of tree life leading sunlight through portals, laying eggs of grand wizardry and monkeys invading telescopes, thrown into becoming furious and tender...

Raising a fountain out of childhood, Loom is not the only persona, perhaps a birthright, oral-shifting to compensate for pagan outlines, following masks. Moon-antlered and not a mask, an original source of thirst. Loam is the twin sister lit by oscillating currents, chaste to a fault, half blind and limping, lunar-faced. She sings in her sleep, lighting fires. Loom is revolving ...

The stillness of a costume, the spinning of a web, polishing the blade of a knife, sign-language of attraction and hesitation.

Raven-milk ladders for the golden hour. You return from extinction, too dark to be touched, beguiled, to be found, an entrance. "Deeper, Lacustrine, taste my web. You have no other destination ..."

When plethora roamed by initiation, there was atropa of figure-eights chasing intuition and migration. Light always rings in the domains of perception, navigating the ancient art of interruptions. Capturing the most elusive images. Firing up the deepest inclusions. Synaptic duplication of a self-portrait, the prudence of Colombe, stalking your absence. The overwhelming sensation of last-minute intrusions, with darkness in mind, dreaming above water. Dreaming on stilts.

Humor is hungry for your fears, rising from the surface of a fresh and voluptuous table of semi-darkness, a blue velvet coat resisting fire and the sudden arrival of witches in the city ...

The shattered utterance catapulting into a glimpse of unknown origin. Feverish extracts.

Possessed with taking sleep by the hand, Lacustrine as latent ermine trembling in slow motion, taking possession of itself, yours, for another as transparent as ether. You mime the obsessive shape of the passive rose, for interlocking, for whatever cease and desist and eloping with drooling neurons for contentment.

Mimicry undressing for Lacuna, yields to labile radiation and the honeycomb of slipping in and out of each other. She is darkness yielding to light, a manuscript of disrobing, spread out across the countryside ...

The Queen's gambit in ghost-orchid shrieks, the sleeper's acrobatics, breathing sunlight, sword swallowing. Twins on the verge of a checkmate.

Generating arcs, tertiary fluttering at great speed, the secret of your lightning-scented sigh. A feral joy exceeds the diamond-blackening field, body of aurora, double shimmer for an entrance. Voyeur of that whirling pool, you are the whirling pool, ridden by the arc of faithful rendition.

It is not necessary that your reflection deceives you with marsupials, but submit to nibbling on your lips. Only a moment for the stimulation of biomorphic webs filled with missing links, mirror-hungry mist of light-slash and moan. The euphoria of grappling, for wingspread and snarling, for incandescent tension and wet claws caressing your face. And the sense of purloined ignition leaving barely a trace ...

Erasure and endless transcription, between layers, erotic tissue splitting black prism, the shape of which, between the stealthy operations of the shimmering, the he and she of bird-faceting fair game between illusions. There could be disquieting for luxurious sensation, at your hour of the night, for risk to magic, focusing solar system and spine. Utter silence of a very simple almost unseen gesture, your fingers in the reflection of another mirror.

What do you elect, to see, to embrace, to abandon? Only fire and rain, she whispered, in the phoenix bed, the wind is a pure brightness, disheveled, facing fur and frenzy. Snarling with patience and jamming into light, thrust, into passing through, a doorway of thirst.

An abysmal trance to the smoke of passage, proceeding, wild-eyed symmetry. Only movement exists. Fixating the raw purity into primitive whispering armatures.

A mythology of dangerous structures, luminous bodies meeting for the first time, as always, taking out the undesirable, hanging lamps of darkness ... blowing glass into grand mal gateways, intimate languages of another nature shattering into analogies of nurturing glances, whispering, never arriving, never beginning. You, always ...

"I am the roots of intimate arriving light, the scent of light the magnetic force that opens invisible locks, predatory leaves that circle your shadow ..."

Sorcerer on wheels, hat maker, pot-boiler, crystal black, prism stature. "Suspend your judgement, Lacustrine, and blend with me for a moment ..." The oldest numbers of anatomy are the crickets of an effortless somnambulance.

A fresh stone pulsating breathing like warm rain, the color of your unremembered dream sequence. "That night was a voice I recognized ..." moving slowly the way fire imitates the way you phantom escape routes out of nowhere. Your identity dissolves in the wings. The ones without remorse, keyless ones, green-eyed ones, the orphans, the shambles, the orchids ... Random knives of silence.

The reverse psychology of "I don't know why she repeated that last gesture, that one to light up the distance between beck and call." That permanently ravishing vessel of recognition.

Twirling solutions mummy-wise into unwrapping seams, impossible lapis lazuli. With words and photographs to prove it. Roses will always sputter, landing on their own faces, the sun is green at night.

Lacustrine is luminous. Tumultuous and sun-hazed, generous serpent leaving tongue prints in your warmth. It once began with the mouth, a hungry merger ... And did it all at once begin?

Always a lyrical violence, always on the verge of wild and singing, the oldest songs of speculation. Always an entrance to model the shadows, for light, for a wax shuddering character study.

The mythology of dangerous solutions, passing the hour, sleeping with antlers.

Disheveled apsis of fingernails uncovering the golden hair of unannounced arcing, specular derailment. On that pedestal the moon is brighter than the sun, more convulsive than feathers whipping up the sea, the water-shaped language, the cry and the sigh. You tremble with codes leading out of memory. You pedal faster than electrical interruptions cloned with swans.

Analogy of feverish dust, exchanging moths, your encoded eyelids, viral glowing like mirror-chrysalids, from the other side of memory, stone-engendering into rocket science, for soft-spoken denizens soaked in the medicinal properties of primitive moiré, that illusive plant. Projecting into sorcery, wise to the word.

Ars Magma of luminescent domains, scratching the surface, separating the ribcage from the simple magnetism that slowly opens the sleepwalker's dress opens another devastating presence in the mirror -- By that flood opens a stranger ... the other reflection that couldn't see you, in that moment ...

That unruly sign of presence and vessel spreading seeds, shaping reflections for Hawk and Tenebre twirling in crosshairs. Raising starry water.

Grinding light and dark the propellers unceasing spinning crystal, the blood of Alkelarre for detonations of darkness to highjack a negative like a bathing ritual. Where "what you have written ..." signifies the body pouring the ruby flowing and the backward glance. "What I have written ..." is where tales always end in your name, between your presence and your signing. Your presence is your absence.

Still, only a languid orifice of blood-letting light, passing outward on the Street of Errors. Unerring.

Night falling, you revolving, with the honey of night-sun chemistry and late-night vulnerabilities. Cobra-dancing into mayhem. Petrified coalescence. Seduction of the gate and the stairway, ignited in the eyes of a Spanish oracle and wise beyond her years.

Throwing flares into dealing double with a plume, the swan-like Master of winking and whimsy, striking sap for the perfect entrance. You are also, you, in narrative, a wonder in Zona del Silencio, sleeping walking dancing with shadows, all at once, scaling walls with lilies of the valley, throwing spirits, bodice-lamp throwing, ventriloquism of shadows.

Never the same species, with each gathering and bewildering, sublime oddities, through the black windows of a night that sheds its long stemmed legs, in unreasonable arcs.

Your night, flowering aqua and every “Shh! They might see you!” lifting layers for passage, intent on rendezvous, fumbling with severing and delicious sap. This, was before *clues to the introduction* and *after Salamander was always a rude awakening* when a starless night stirred and stooped to rustle the warm sheets with phantom hands playing with diamonds polished beyond reason.

More like enchanted creatures than doorways with colorful jambs yet tingled with pearls and far-away places, without title, unsigned, without an exit. Skin of mirage, glowing. Bones with twilight marrow, transparent.

With shadows thrown, and red moon, she is ermine for the Red Table the crisscrossing dual natured gyroscope single-handedly raising a river out of phosphorus. And she is AURORA leading ARCADES to water. To checkmate of wandering interventions, telescoping past delirium, hallucinating into waking and fired up for secrecy as clear as your shadow when it glows. Slumbering, not slumbering. All the while prowling ...

You have come to this place to antimony and crystallize. Migratory about distance and the tropics, that euphoria of shaping bones into flying machines. A slip of the tongue, and she knows it, and he disappears with it, and the pawns advance into toppling. For analogy and myth-rousing. Side-stepping into translating orchids as Lacustrine, the splendid morph, the clothmaker's early morning spilling-into-chrysalis-between-the-eyes unfurls the language of sleeping tigers.

Your memory as imagined yesterday over-rides the day before and altered today by light. To be exact, you are changing by the hour, melting, molting.

The hexe, the mære to mari for the spinner at the pool, spinning and clicking dancing in the lucid ... It was an old stick to djinn the marvels, the splendid gyre, the old spinning wheel ... "Beware the spinning, the old one pointing ..."

The howling greens in the hands, whispering shapes indigo into the longest locks, and the sighs are throwing mist into long corridors of your precious mycelium dress-walking into revolving sparks, tremulous seed-bearing thread-like hyphae of your most penetrating glance. The sound that footprints make when devoured by ants

Your nightgown of beeswax is the pathology of fiery shadows dancing in the dark. The subterranean web of starry disasters. The only way out. A shawl of candles for a desperate approach...

You are always translated with invisible hands, out of black earth, crushed with seeds, germinating in wind, like warm rain when it explodes. Painting the moist windows of La Sorcière with lightning, in the empty dining car, the waterfall igniting, watchful whirling and laid out crossbow to take the erotic reindeer shaping into scattered clothing.

The alarms of charcoal for serpent doodling to the shimmer of Anglo-Saxon burials. The dark sound of embers spinning webs of luminous debris. A feverish language. And others ... Magnetic in the fields.

Night layers for night, for light, the body in memory, not quite visible. The ghostly mode of rendering is not lost, clairvoyant nightingale of what is not crossed out. With your substitution, loon is falling from a great height. An early translation is an interrupted gesture.

A primal gesture keeps vigilant watch over a central luminescence commanding ablutions. The sheer force of accidental discovery. There is one who is unknown, who observes, and one plays with fish-netting coding-light out of water, another who slides in for a vanishing point, sorcery between words, between languages...

Scars might be the leading characters, those sudden fissures of whatever beauty resists, seduces the keyhole for dreaming nests, adolescent evolutions into the humming colibri of your graceful fingers. Scoping targets with green feathers and open mouth.

Amethyst looking, with escaping goats, cloning turbines on stilts for magnificent runways like mirage filled costumes to expose whatever horizons uncover your skin.

Indecent orbiting, movement, is the genus of wandering aimless through the Tenebris Corridor in the original of “wondering negative” dipped in the silver helmetry of the family portrait. The one that is missing ...

The clair de loom of loup and evening orchid, and to provide the clues to what is teetering on the brink of a crime. A story only in whispering. The tension of breathing reflections remains a narrow escape, surviving the glow, throwing fire for words.

Not writing, throwing. Forestry for astronomy. Stirring webs, salivating in configuration of every luminous disruption. Fur-gathering with magnifying glass *for each circulating silence* placed above *she is always hiding, always shimmering* and the rattle of mystery takes flight dropping phosphorous when waking from light. A certain pointing outlines the ramparts of a sudden thought. Not a memory, an invasion, a taste for sand coloring the wind in circles. A walking stick. Writing ... Pointing at what remains. To be invented. To be unseen ... And passing through...

Each singular body of sight unseen, each one-way entrance, the Messaging Machine keeps burning vague numbers and primal distractions. To incite the process of flowering for lost mothers and lit fuses -- a wondering desire for coven-splashing.

The tongue is a fetus attempting to get free. Moonlight is a window on the unimaginable. Ghostly maneuvers in the lunar city of lyre-bird and albino wolf in facets emitting sparks, for the fever of opening eyes.

Who remains when a sequence is interrupted? Whose identity are you? Were you ever, or how many?

Margins are transparent tuning-forks revolving around ancient words for *disruption* and *sudden*, and always sooner than expected.

“Precious Lacustrine, peripheral gyroscope, drone of adoration, the darkest shadow. Adamant and unmoving ...” You are often repeated “my dear zither of defiance ...” always apparent, shadowing wordless. It’s only the eyes, in the eyes ... Breathing becomes light.

A bone sequence for a dreaming table, a paradoxical pelvis for a wandering stone made into witch-crafting in attendance. The unveiling. Beyond. The beauty, the invisible. The ache is fired into night. Illusion of opticals, burning a crack in vision, radiating the unlikely gathering...

Soft and limpid, the heat of unmistakable syzygy. A cold glow tearing up the distance between water and the old ways of whispering.

Both eyes for one or the other, throwing into another. Wise and highly viscous resemblance into give and take.

Thrusting thaumaturgy for dead kings, spinning tops that disrobe overwhelming desires to balance the scent of unwieldy crystal, with the assassin’s perfume, the whispering raven and the cream of the crop. The owlish pantomime. No mere gesture. An attack.

What is not visible, is not imaginary. There are numerous allies out of each thought, movement in double and triple time. Darkness outside the frame of reference. Outside the clothing of light.

Interruption only moments before processing, the parallel shading. Proximity to the four-legged about-face always intimating your next move. Only the scent of what is invisible, sacrifice to the persistence of the Adorable Window, the hummingbird tamer who always smiles.

The ravishing mint regards the surrendering julepe, devastating the word for evasive measures triggering lapse of memory, reversing the control panel's dangling webs for the final flight between the lips of unrelenting moonlight.

You are the ambidextrous always ambiguous lullaby of desolate petals. Ancient words of a desperate cross-fire, a soft whisper deciding with abandon, to unfettered equilibrium, on the verge, the breast of a chance. A reckless decision for the duration of the oval mirror, the anvil assaults the hammer, the prism the murmur.

The tongue enlivens the eyes, while cynosure is fit to be tied. You are subdued by another mastery, contagious labyrinth in spite of gargoyles and silent guardians. The gate is left spinning ...

Curving in to include membranes for the Gondolier, Salome with stolen objects, setting sundials with sirens, your skin vibrates with shadows nightly bells with lost words, molting in the dark. You there. The current of your distillation. Your magical thoughtless spin.

You offer gist of attracting morsels. Pouring light in pools. Blood shaped splinters fixing out of the corner of the eye. Cursing for more, always coursing. Trawling for unlikely luminosity

Azaleas burning up the vitreous molecules emblazoned with all that is lovingly returned from extinction, the fanatic plastique of the river of twins. Never fully seeing what is loved, but spinning and spun by it. Devoured, by lightning, mirrored by it, unmirrored, too dangerous for words... Pierced by infrared this body of spells and anti-spells, actively offered, wrapped, unwrapped, enraptured... You are not the same when translated into sunlight.

A desert girl or ... starting from scratch, adding sparks to what is untranslated, yet to be written through, outside of pages, layers. Unavoidable membranes as gelignite as silk shaping the waterfront torturing the astronomy of daily and giddy rituals.

You can be closer to mutations than somnambulant bodies, lunar forms, savage, delightful, intoxicating transparent hybrids ... But the conducting fluids of peregrine and vessel feeding language, bleeds you up and out in splendor.

The hours walking, scarification out of each gesture, pleasuring your feathers, saboteurs and subtle insurrections of beauty outside of memory.

With-holding any sense of meaningful disarray, but transition in duration, to phoenix in prism. Dislodged with Mother of Pearl, for Singapore and dark coloring to run ahead, barefoot with looming dusk. It's an illusion slipping through whatever is real strikes a chord. A birthing ritual.

Osseous lamentations between lips, fondling precious stones for scent, configuring, merging with light for night vision. You layer yourself to see from every direction. You are refraction struck by desire, primal configuration for sleep and arousal. Bathing midnight tissue for fire. Shadows not bound by time

The photographs make presence as porous as the chemicals that seduce them out of hiding. The highest points of pure silence, the mute is understood. The black and white of adolescence spinning traumatic sighs, and signs, decoded for pleasure. Swimming, swarm. Arousing, awkward. You used your hands instead on the invisible tightrope, the strings were not fully cut. Balance was supreme in that awkward whispering to no one.

The maze is overgrown with a sense of gyroscopic body parts, such singular experiments, constellations dazzling in the ashes, stairways in Arabian costumes. Riddling the balm of clandestine sensations struggling to obtain only the most innocent secrets. The deeper ones. The ones to embrace. The ringing of mercury. Deafening. Anagrammatic. Unforgiving ...

You are the oracle of shimmering passage. The arc of solitude filling in the afterbirth with the seeing-eye moths of morphological chambers. The witnesses are always filling in the cracks.

A spinal fixation with little red serpents singing nonsense for the witching hour, the travelers moving in the rapid fluting of altering shadows.

Lit up where she is meshing in the sudden, fiercely rubbing herself, rubbing her lips together, like breathing...

Priceless as any other, that leopard-worthy, through the annotations of a ravishing embrace, suspended in hesitation, interruption in vanishing, in the lactating particulars of each desirable and wordless catapult and raised out of sleep for each unanswered question, the jasmine of bright weapons.

And the black wolf of sunlight, and green fire of the moon. Vanishing fusion. Razor-soft touch separating the salamander's watermark from the list of endangered elements, the torch and the last word spoken before ignition. Happenstance.

"Ah, but Lacustrine ... in slumber ... always bright and despicable ..." merely a gesture away, a ravishing reminder, wrapped in ermine. Once slipping into portraiture ... *But, surely, this pandering paradoxical complex of soothe-severing, wandering diviner. Disappearing without fanfare ... in the blink of an eye, a tender shadow in braille ...*

"I am the eggs that migrate and washed in the mouths of sleeping beauties, the sweetness of striking the hoax, for the flowering tripods and the single tail evenings in Cairo. I am the whisper and the triangles of midnight swimming, the ramparts of leaping from water to starry dust ..." Unknown source ...

The Ondine with blood of quartz, au grand jour, the apothecary bride. The dark hazel and about face when only a few hours passed by, and maybe years tampering with alloys in tempting. The looping mask is the fresh rain of crossed out phrases, shell games of whatever light years follow sorrowful pleasantries. The warmest kind of accidental encounters.

Your most tantalizing objects that can only be seen in the dark, precisely at noon in some far-off plateau when she promises the Red Table in its entirety, and serial occupation always brighter, always darker still, where the bridal feast is ignited for rabid exhalation. For what is veiled there are only those brilliant points of vanishing. Scattering great sheets of glass like water, fixed in the chemicals of lightning...

Lovers are more dangerous even than murderers.

Everything is glowing, killing time ... "I keep the light, breathing out striking ..."

Your pleasure untangles acute doorways embracing like windows competing for attention, stripping Spanish lace, for nightingale morphing, aortas with bright ladders. And never alone. Wandering, without innocence. Catastrophic wonders. A delicate group of words handwritten beneath “Your pleasure” with her eyes reversed, the hands ignite the world.

Whistling Aztec for the nightwalk. Diabolical molestations and the dreaming gender, the ordering disorder of every meaning its dissolution, its other, cloning, always gleefully scattered by movement. Your movement. Everything moves, when reflection is an accident, your shadow is an altering siren, a discreet and volatile playfulness, a significant fuse.

Consciousness, interior aperture for dancing sisters, twins making an entrance with light of splinters, fractures released from heavy glass of awkward bodies throwing darkness. Wedding nights of eucalyptus and faces illuminating and the intensity of sundialing and cat-walking with certainty.

And Shimmer, remember Shimmer, the ageless bell athwart each hesitation ... To space always changing shape and origin for wild beasts striking close, for inner sounding, for the brightest insects untangling space.

Between *the harsh ground glittering for desire* and *the imaginary real, with love shore and the gel of weapons*, there is only the heavy breathing of blue bottles seeking ornate medicines for fashionable entreaties of passionate spyglasses. Your *modus operandi*. Only this.

While the night windmills through xylophone and either ... or then as now the eggs making window shapes. You rub your dark against light, entering at noon, dreaming inside of a dream. "I know, it's backwards, but what else to paraphrase?"

The perversions of Lacustrine, levitating in Spring, the double of yourself, the Loom of Salem and the eyes of Angora ...

Anonymous as bees and barricades for children; smashing for an entrance, for other ghost-filled and girlish afternoons for a door of rarities mesmerizing in untimely sentences, heretic suns and invisible constellations. Thrashing out for desire.

Your mouth, the lunacy of an apple tree, the wedding shape. Struck in the mist of a sudden fire.

Thrown out of an image for good measure, magnetic image in reverse, throwing quicksilver to intoxicate the whistling bones. Stuck together in beeswax. Stars in the unlikely chamber taking root. Neither clockwise or counter. Spinning so close and closer still, and alerted by savage moaning

The narrative in all this, while the night windmills through xylophone and thus ... leads through the mystery of solicitation, as precursor and purveyance. The gatekeepers of transparency, dark pigments of moving undetected through enemy lines.

Shaping sand for all the lost entrances, bruising the bluest glaze mysteriously leading the music astray. To smash bright. The only door open is the silent one, that lamentable treasure of yours and the full throttle howling in full bloom.

You were a sequence of nonsense for ovulation, transference of pollen between bodies significantly brighter and darker than strewn arteries and the unheard-of antechamber of egrets and perpetually spinning mimicry the mumbling becomes the secret processions of Port Royal, the letters of your name revealing ... A multiple portrait. Throwing torches.

You are feral for masking, alert is clasping, she lops a lupus magi for maze in trade a basking. When dingo flasking in last lore tracking, no flash can come to lackluster the asking. When Sere Lamp the rasping, flounder averts the hail, there's only stealing for the kneeling ...

And of what unravels over time. Firing the image for tide-breaker for the finale, after finale, after finale ... What of the veil? The mask ... Swimming in fleece. Guarding the entrance.

At that moment sight was lapis lazuli threaded through night shade, central space for a table's heroine. Your smooth eyes reflecting thirst, incantation, sediment. Desiring smooth puma for the center of a diamond dark as blood. An image is exhaled ...

A rustling image of space, under foot ... Speaking to Raven the other one, a vague terrace, ghost terrain, "She said, but he was ..." And speaking in tongues to the shadows, only whispering is safe

Pillaging in a room full of alchemical disguises and old laments, gold to seal up the cracks. Windows to cover your tracks. Very curious, indeed!

A secret knowledge, transparent throne, you pass through, spilling rumors and innuendo. Like a fresh river, a vessel among joyful disclosures, animal sighting.

Leaving spores for the solvents of Phrygian Gordium and fabulous lanterns the three-ringed, tree-limbed stringing of abandoned clothing escaping a dream ...

Playing with witches seduced by numbers and colored in, fondling for Black Alba in swimming strokes, equine even with hooves and superlative jesterling.

Reflecting Siamese, reclining double Siamese when speaking with mixed emulsions, to twin out with guided mayhem and filled with Luna, sunlit wolves and Gupi Gupi ... she shadowed in sizzling beakers in magnets in a double crossing. What you keep is yours delete for splendid luring into fierce leaning. Striking desire. Wind and rain crossing the rattling shimmering migrating into a different species of brighter than darkness, stinging tide-breaker for raising well-fed Norse warriors into chandeliers.

Murmuring beakers to aspect oneself out of empathic jellyfish doorways, pulling sleep out of unfettered and phantom pathologies. The purity of unaccountable whispering.

Diaphanous chiseling, through layers of possibility, the mysteries of the rapid clothing, absurd and dazzling furling and unfurling for eyelids of wax-covered fixation. Dissolving spells, symposium of blood-light chittering glints, her serious hornets beguiling abandon, and if you look closely, a silent chant of magnetic particles dawn-roaring through watery stinging. Gratuitous verging, astrological and naked furbased sign-shuffling. Light-eating and delicately pinned for the visible sighs of Sadean touches, and the mirror-shaped wolves in midnight's uncontrollable language. You were flasking for compulsive facets ...

Throwing talismans for moth-glow naked to the waist. She purrs and screeches, reversing the age old key-in-the-lock for grappling lynx and the madly flinching eyelids. Hallucinating for reality, risking for pleasure.

Bright body, bright bodies, lighted water luminous fractions out of blue slashing, tutelary and perilous shuddering. Neither anxious fire nor morning dew is missing in subversive and neuron elasticity, striking exquisite crimes through exquisite limbs and tree circles.

Threading owls for light, eyes through the open fields thrashing aurora for phantom psychology, more breathless than missing for tincture-moon and environs. Fierce irons thrust into waking words. In rattling seeds and pods of tumultuous rivering, gestating amniotic liquids for sight unseen, for unbridled pleasure. Breathing, emitting, bleeding transparency ...

Vague becoming universe through sundial of shadows, breathing your eyes, through skin ears mouth, sudden avalanche wrapped up in sight of seconds raising crystals out of sleep, and ... While night is mercenary in feverish vessels and keeping time in unison, with wrestling mirrors ...

Leaving spectral stains of passing nakedness through first, to light the way ahead ...

In fire relives a forward glance, Cappadocia of distant solutions scattered for starry inclusions, for El Delirio for lighthouses of the mayhem between shadows. Your veils are humming by eye light, in the blood sipping of kisses.

A predatory theatre to breaking the emerald in clairvoyance, slipping into shadow, *the wise old amethyst rubbing the even older Joy of Italics. With desire she steals the words, then, to wit, to wick ...*

“I am the black writing shield of hyacinth, the carnivorous syncopation of excavated wilderness, articulating my body. I am without hesitation the precise incubation of sirens, the elevated linkage of ink-squid conquest. The tincture of mirrors, the open wound. I am ...”

Paradoxical objects left spinning in dawn slashed to pieces, pointing the way into transparent species of butterfly stroking and fortune-telling. Furious objects caressing unsigned midnight messages. Murmuration of veils to captivate, the captivator, rearranging the body for sparks in unknown reflections, to subdue, pass through, release for obscene troubling, bathing the arcs of presence and absence. When the assassin sleeps, your feathers ignite.

Nocturnal raptures, raptors, the bestiary at the edge of dreams, between singing and dancing, where human lace and spawning fires up the quandary.

Dissolving for a mirage of dromedary burning open the mirror-species of fraught and street’s grappling with licentious and silvery foam. Where you slumber silently bleeding. Windows colliding with the phases of the moon. Whose memory are you?

Ancient numbers follow the illusion of speech into the great green moths of mannequins and salamanders, into the antechamber of secrets, into the farmhouses of gathering saboteurs, into hypnosis of language and lost words. You come here to fiddle with the old voices, the singing lunacy, breaking into Keeper's finding.

For the solstice there is taxidermy of space and time for elevating your mannequins, the old ones with missing arms. There remains the hexagons and buried staves enticing the jackals for strolling in the city beneath the predatory charms of a unwise glance.

Those stars were brighter than ever, even your ears were humming with guard dogs chasing windows, missing the indalo by seconds, dancing in Los Letreros with the blackest lace and the trilling clashing blades. In the royal dressing room of pentacles ...

The daughter pearls in eclipse of resolution, through swan breath, through window chime for hidden riches turbinizing in turning peripheral petals into faceting lava. She is facial wingspread in the splendor of arcing in tandem. For acquisition in configuration. In possession of mist. A figure of shifting shape and the mint-chipping reservoir of sudden encounters ...

Night-shadowing fertilization and interphase, her uncontrollable movements, replicating sighs and spindles to compel and emit her seductive listening devices, between strolling and slumber in anaphase of prowling, confiding portmanteau. The ape is a window through which one passes in a rush of sparks.

Suspicion follows precious words for the minarets of coiling, a breathless feast. Threading doppelganger for endless layers. You appear, deceptive by shoulder length hair in manganese and copper scales. Staring for pigments and to clarify glass with delirious grooming. Staining life with shadows for resistance.

Your body the feathered serpent the volcano lamp. Burning into flesh the blue wings of aurora charming the sense of desirable excursions.

After the rain, the torch to fog, what occlusions remain in shadow rendering the rain, the beautiful Transparent making maze only in the diligent grace to spectrum defiance, the flowering rain ... The ghostly exile in obscurance with delight in drawing the zigzagging forms of continuous pleasure. Presence is strophic invisibility like lightning. Resolution is sublime. After the dark, released ...

And Lacustrine, net-ringer for sunwater, askance dipper. You cease to be perceived as contradiction, you flare out at once, dreaming nomadic, while glowing to sustain what is whirling. Silence for grieving what remains, the amorous conjecture of stones and stars, the psychology of water-revealing glimmer and shaping gold in original Spanish. No name, just a bell ringing. An endless clamor.

She is wing shape and foliage, parachute without landing. Slipping opium through clairvoyant patterns of portraiture and heavy birdlike entrances obscured by language. Deleted by meaning for mask-heavy fluctuations crystallizing the wind. She is the whispering, the slow-motion cinema, winding through swamp-lights at dusk leading to aura. Splintering for an effortless signal to be won at all cost. Only a shadow after all ...

The red stone on the green table in the black room where eating mirrors leaves hurried footsteps reflecting arrivals and departures. The desert capsizes the wedding bed under the vast weight of chameleon wizardry, the sputtering lamp unleashes the morning news, seeing bones illuminated beneath the skin, meaning just a walk in the park without rebuttal only erotic gestures like candles dripping between thighs. A blind condor greets you in terms of light splinters and opening scars filled with starlight.

There is your window where night will never be lost. There are the aroused voyeurs keeping special things alive, the stockings of the forest, their indigenous fibers their precocious ledges igniting female rattles of shuddering lucidity. You pass through the word *aleatory*, on the left side of *attraction*, permitting *apprehension* its precipitating unexpected ambulations. That sudden shiver ...

To the north, the masquerading tension, to the east, those immense claws pivoting the constellation of long-horned unions and disunions. South is bearing water for visitors who never speak, when west is hidden scaffolding. Memories hover in midair *forgetting your name, but your face sure rings a bell ...*

You are that paradox demanding attention with whirling blades, teeter-tottering Lilith and Dusk, the seminal disruption. The lost exclamations of receding vistas, the watery Dolmen of Guadalperal brings forward the scent of your liquid and unreasonable ethos. What is mostly transparent excites those vague and cherished totems of harmonic delivery systems. The eyes are silver and greased with exits for extreme deviations that hum and sputter for marvelous tinkering. You use a scissors for adamantine glances and intimate gems. You luster into somas, that tiptoe into deceptive maneuvers.

The myths of your departure leave puzzles of *an intoxicating juice from a plant of disputed identity*, and swimming upstream. Never knowing what to add or erase with certainty, but to persist. Turning Mata into Más for wishbone anatomy, condemned by kisses revolvers and fairy tales. Discrete events are always pointing to those unavoidable objects most desirable to throated daylights, in the nearness of ancient wolves, the tyranny of lamplighters. Reverie is the seal of water when it engages with fire.

Duration is the bride of glowing insects. Elsewhere
... Skewered by the arc ...

*

Shimmer bleeds for Angora, the face of swan's blood for Springtime and environs, leading to Giordano and the properties of the secretive Bodice of Humming Spiders. Shimmer licks Angora producing the first cries of waking up unannounced and phantom bright. Either one dressing and undressing for ceremonial denials. Together they whip up proposals for the Sulphur of enchanted corkscrews and the sincere walking stick of multicolored lions. To wit... To wick for succubus, and crystal heated to the outward bone structure of luminous vessels. Her face cracks open ...

The shading frequency from one direction to another enlivens your movements, from one to another, the serpentine threads, shape of your animal breathing, you have eaten the hearts of those special ones, drinking their indelible gazes, embodied their silent distances. You glow like them and died in their fashion. Many times you yelped like them, and weaned from their sources and grew sideways into the anomalies of vast distances ... Another sun, another moon ... Born only for the witching hour.

Another mantis, solemn dancing partner, sharing saliva for exquisite rituals grooming with teeth. Inviting claw marks. The eyelids of accidental spinning-wheels, held together perilously with extended claws and wet licked fur. Your own beacon on the pedestal edge, rattling the hell out of mayhem for the frolicking of the loveliest creatures...

Silence alters language, creates objects. A nordic pedestal whispers to be filled, craving a ruthless altercation of shadow and reflection when present particles perched to leap full circle and driven mad with wild discordance. To walk the sleepwalkers into their own fanciful eclipses.

Leaving by shotgun and smiling and tinted with gold leaves, by sudden lighthouse of harping thievery. Her smile was devastating, her eyes filled with enfiling abundance and heartbreaking contraband.

The white owl's attachment to the mermaid predicament never fails to ignore the fabled arc of her loins. There is no reason to suspect the expectation of immoral acts. She curls up in the reckless supplication of the blind minstrel with a pagan nobility. The parallel when you gamble for twilight, she darkens in the flame, the transparent eggs of her voice scramble for conjuring. If you sing, your sound will crack. If you are deflowered, your ancestors will bloom in their memories. Nothing will be lost. Pollination is for swinging from branch to branch.

When you sleep your objects form the fields of sudden arousal, they vibrate the delirium of fits and starts. Slumber is your plume, Luna swallows the languid and irresistible playthings of least resistance. She becomes pregnant with virgin nights memorized for fitful entrances.

Still you belong to the city of incandescent silences, the equestrian Amazon sweating eagles of warm milk and spiders needed for unorthodox treatises nailed to doorways. Absurd mechanisms to light the way, come hell or high water. The eerie sounds of mimicry.

These very words are not the fierce Red Glow of the lost-in-reverie. It is the enchanted bodice of dawn's light reflecting the radiant points of departure. Against the grinding, the effort of erasure becomes heroic. The sea-going Estrella of the estuary of Pooka and Hooka, the chimera-twins, my twin shadows ...

Remembering a young girl's early morning diary. *She walked with a limp. We were childish lovers ...* When every movement was burning watermarks into the abandoned warehouse of spark-clamoring talismans. The walls were luminous, filling in for the opened gate and the nebulous key of Bromeliad ... for striking out of your body ...

Xilitla is the continuous bride, psychology of swift molting. Antediluvian landings, stealth-orchid clamoring. Shame of the navigators, beautiful synthesizers on the left of a tortured restlessness, the scent of unusual attractions on the right... Startling elk heads on the left. Wordless connotations affected by the idealism of her veins hanging from the trees for desperate ignition. Bird torches, the sea, spreads into bees like lava in language.

Special words only for entrance, move ever so slowly to interrupt obscure objects.

Leaving your image in the red mud, shaped by fire and its puzzling pathology. Bittersweet jewelers for corneal salamanders and face-bright into anemone, to supernatural crisis ringing, digging hoar into evasive show-downs. You flicker into lacustrine for skin bathing through iris and empathy. Fusing the sublime interceptions, *she is most adamant regarding your own undiscovered patterns of liquid.*

You undress her refractive lens swiftly passing through theatrical timing-threads, slippers into bodice for murmuring maids of iris and propulsion. Death becomes numerous with a handful of precious stones and bringing them back to life again. Flaunting honey ...

Dearest one, to annotations, your endless returns, tempting mirrors spoken out loud. Striking realms against conspiring in amorous significance to camouflage by sudden ill-defined illumination.

Crypsis and Mimesis, wise connivers of invisibility, miming dawn for exile and matching your breath of the burnt-out origin of stars, *ensueño ... ensueño ... ensueño ...* on the sundial of erotic contortions. The impossible silence of sirens, afterbirth of unsavory transformations.

The windmill blades enshrining the obsession of reflecting blood vessels, for the trampoline goddess of whirlwind, into the last word for ancient Juniper surrendering to the puppeteer's singing pupa. Spun by the larvae of whatever defeat propels you dark wise transporting labyrinthian rose on the heels of hazard. Ripe with unorthodox luring.

The peculiar rhinoceros writes love letters to the water spirit, offering a body full of warm mirages bursting at the seams. Becoming water.

Surrounded and penetrated by spinning constellations, the tiniest ones, children of distant objects, the elder ones, the ones seen through you, the brightest animal forms, fluctuating pigments and black ink swirling in milk, blood in mist shaped by candles. Your nakedness through sunlight hammered out of iron ore spilled out of the first lunar cabinets. The last anesthesia for Eros engaging in water ... written in algorithms going nowhere. Always the torrential lapse of time. Bathing in the unreasonable arc. When she sleeps, you levitate.

The boatman is not horned, but the passengers are, the women made of hazel. The light is rusting in the pools. Overflowing the image. After midnight, the counter attack ... A tempestuous season. Tactics are brilliant, weapons are alive and crawling.

Treatise of the bride insoluble, soluble engine scattering, propelling, launching, dreams. And to the seeds, salivating pods, clairvoyant pollen covering the landscape with open doorways, cleaving dark bodies, enfilading, wanton and illustrated with the language of caresses, luminous without any form of closure. Perfect.

Image ignites a tentative ensemble for a scarlet table in the key of loop-de-loop with loup de louve out in the yard at night, the children play, and it all passes by without notice. The Ouroboros dancing with Mnemosyne that fountain, leaps as the wolf gaze on the back of your mirror, signed and dated, but forgotten ...

Image bewildered by decisive linkages, dozing with animals, dousing. "You were mentioned in the dossier, but could never be found ..." In sheepshead appearance. Breaking the grand art into fertile condemnation, for the joy of it. The two in one, no just the one, the entrance by the one into another into the other ... The mask of Lacustrine, rooting in lunar loam. Licking her prey...

Your obsessions flutter on the unstable terrace of unstable anatomy, pierced by light.

The glowing veins circling lentic and lotic of meaningless spacetime, neuron crystals evading capture, pronounced in Panthera the hypnotist's alibi. The gamboling consort of twilight. Pointing, at the Tailor's antagonist for phantom reflections. Silence is deceptive.

Stairways compass into last resorts dragging veils through Self-Portrait with White Dove Orchid and appropriate flares, fixed to the lips of the black sorceress of Peru. Her grace out maneuvers the organ donor's unusual petals hidden in the Andes. She never speaks while manipulating the moments endlessly repeated. Denial of ordinary closure runs ahead, circles back and forth, an antechamber of fitful chandeliers. Dozing in the hyena's wardrobe.

Your nodes of persuasion in secretive array. Facts and figures fidgeting the water's edge, in a scattered mirror. Transparency is the fabled rebis composing and seeding in the sundialing nada of an exquisite pseudonym.

The lost angling of La Di Da, the ambiguous hooves of La Tunda, her gift for your arousal. Your knowledge of being laid-to-rest beneath the word equilibrium ... your laughter brought the light in earlier than usual. You sleep longer than usual. Riddles are never answered with dignity.

You quartz into supernatural piercing, you evening star with antlers to forge in search and seizure. The lucidity of mischievous positions, trapping clandestine and mollusk, rooting for bodily amethyst, to flood. Slipping consciousness through the diffusion of vulnerable plumage with glowing eyes. The echo stopped visibly ensnared in the evening stroll.

Spell-tapping in a roundabout fashion, the equation's beautiful legs, casting all akimbo and askew. To paradox the peering chivalry of askance. Thrashing the codes of your own whereabouts, fluttering through the landing site of cobalt extraction, for the velocity of waking up backwards out of a dream. Zigzagging out of amusement.

Undressing in the memory fields, long-tailed delirium of implicit night-drops whispering illuminating desperation-laced, *but love, the statues turn in their slow moving hidden-from-sight pathology of desire. Surely you can see that? Feel it ...* leaping in place like a chance encounter ... ambiguously balanced.

Negative and Anti are together the flashback of Isis and Osiris, the consternation of black rainbows, the harmonium-fueled electrolytes, blue and rose-like in comparison to winding up in one piece, in numerous bodies...

*

In the concave glass she is windmill-headed, rouged in psycholuminescence for antelope of fresh synesthesia, scything marvelously. The aphrodisiacs of tampering regaled the blindfolds of anticipation. Trembling brought you closer to resurgence.

Your obsessions flutter on the unstable terrace of unstable anatomy, pierced by light.

Fishnet stockings once created solvents for Moorish temptations to ignite whirling in slow motion, with pandering, with approaching leopards, with your hands unfettered, stirring solstice and butterfly ultraviolet-waving. Only could feel this in the warm glow of decoding. It was vaguely implicit.

We met one night the Moirai, the guardians in the cinema and feathered the inevitable plan of attack. No one passes without hieroglyphics.

All the while... The morel mainspring, the bee-faced mushroom schemer in small letters interpreting the magic fork for polishing and tumulus for stargazing. A charmer she was, the hybrid aurochs, with-held and aural, purest shimmer-shammer ... *While the night windmills through ambiguity and* ... the night sun trembling, paradox of passionate swarming. Swimming to hazard the arcs of double shadows. Unsealing the gap, wound of Ibis in the gazing dusk of the blue shaped gown of interruption. Nailed to the glow of wandering sleepers breaking in the fuse.

The peculiarities of her voice dashing shadows into spreading valuable moist fur for acute and volatile whipping into visibility...

Animal matrix to sororize the prime directive, the mystery in vague passage. To morph gender-wise the battling rams, smearing sight for landscape.

Hyacinth enables warm blooded emulation out of candles for the Arch Glass seen through bodies, your body. Arch of intertidal zone for lithic gestures. A reversal of enchanted space seeping out of trills and heavy-lidded cooing. Without scattering. She is the most fascinating structure, a formidable wax, melting hypnogogic imagery to delightful squirming of convulsive armatures. New desires of the hive.

You openly henge toward sparking her pointing scintillation bridging the fine white filaments with certain constellations forcing a long-drawn-out swimming through fruiting bodies. Incantating a roundabout configuration of distant howling sensations. She fondles insect nuptials to encourage habitation of ruins inhabiting sea beds clashing with antlers throwing boomerangs.

And lyrical upheavals for grinding polishing striking throwing mother of pearl out of sphinx. To geminate in midnight tissue, for stepping stones faceting to web-space. Eyes of blackened gold sweating cocoon-shaped ladders for a séance of slipping weapons into metamorphosis.

Who dreams, outside of sleep, on the furthestmost edge of apprehension? The most delicate ones, those who dissolve with passion, going down on whoever perceives, who dances in the yard at night. Speculation enfolding the fires of dew into colliding machines.

The neurologist silvers the reflecting shadow into casting empty masks desiring to be filled. Your body lighted with animals undreaming separation like a backwards evasion. A vague sense of assault with ghostly conundrums exhaling blue butterflies. A stunning resistance, an ancient foraging. To denounce what isn't demanding in luminosity.

Labyrinthian nocturne facing in dousing for fiery ... and your roots stretch out of the world into the embers of mind ... fabulizing outside into wind, stars, space in the landscape, passed between kisses, juices -- jealous bodies aching catapulting in love at the lava flowing. Ringing, stinging with the incandescence of wasps filling in all the spaces between ... Your mind, a constellation ...

The lilacs of gunpowder, a thought rain, the fatal window. Into your eyes to ricochet ... The implacable thought inventing your eyes. In the oldest language, in early light.

Life without warning, the rampart of glances. Prisoner of light and apparition, body of wind and silence, torrential silence, rotating, sun and silence. Into transparency with claws. The slip-sliding of Venus with her three faces mixing botanical lap-dogs into potent gestures meant to disarm and crystallize. Unavoidable musing winding up sphinx-chatter, into perfect patterns of helmet gazing. For strolling enraptured minstrels.

Monkeys on the telescope, singing, reflecting, the optical aurora hanging from its hind legs, for unrecognized moments of wisdom. Mannikins howling with objective lenses, sputtering into feverish action, spreading bright tissue and planting vision in leaving without a trace. Life begins with splinters. Flaws are often immaculate.

Aberrations beneath the apple tree, tresses undoing a virgin clause, moonlight sharing your blood. The ravaging is a finely tuned ravishing, presence ignites absence. For the creatures, for the lovely ones, obscured in translation, a blinding sundial of a ribcage. A sensuous passage, a prey-delighted entrance to dilated fields. You have stumbled on each variegated stone, you leave warm drops of fresh blood lighting the way, wet teeth unsealing a species of radiance. Creatures crystallized in fire. Dream-walking into daylight ...

You enact bewildering fragments, flint-like chameleon festivities, mostly blind with intonations neither wise nor unwise. In rose-lighted plumes of missing women ... the puzzling ones. The archival torches. Ensemble of paradoxical power from one object into another, one image thrown into one or the other, filling an emptiness with whispering solutions. Desire makes its own decisions.

Still there is the blackboard writing itself without chalk. She is the blackness of loving letters, contradiction resolving itself. Woman with self-portrait. Not supernatural but well-dressed divining rod, fortuitously sinuous a multi-faceted upright pool of traces. A glance of something far too fastidious to not light up a body full of candles begging to be lit.

To spine is to swim, like rooting to jellyfish in the bed of visitations. Identity is insignificance as bright as the bee stinging when it melts the wind of necessity. It is the resistance of stone. The ellipsis of wandering for the enchantment of the species. You are never alone.

Your psychology is your masquerade of confrontation, when you defy the loss of equilibrium and sleep past the hour of recognition. Then you kangaroo for the gowns of speculation. You love only the most of what doesn't remain, shimmering to glances that devastate.

Axis of darkening light entangled in wind and heavy breathing, glowing threads of shadow distilling the double moon into a grand image ... Processing the whirlwind into liminal after-effects, voices slammed into carbon question marks for weeping diamonds. The wealth of sorrow, land-mines of reality. Creature meandering of sun-lightning into doorways of ambiguous orientation. Inhaling consciousness for weaponry.

And the witches possessing Quetzal for lucid dreaming. Perilous enunciation with hummingbird inventions inviting machines to somnambulant gesturing. With horizontal parachutes and alphabetical landscapes. The waterfall of ascending horizontal, the castle-quickening. Orchid-grinding leopards, exploding pedestals to enhance diametrical wedding guests without mercy.

Ascending nude, moving language through an imperative disorder of trajectory and fluidity, with the amusing ebb and flow of reality by its phantom limbs, its luminous vessels meeting for the first time. Here there is Sable fluctuating with eyes closed to seduce your face of amorous pollen. Smeared counter-clockwise. Against retreat.

Against error. Unpredictable and volatile vanishing point unlike bathing statues yet just as resolute. What to retrieve and what not, and out of what fertile desire. The other is her sadism. Her revelation.

She blooms, is armature for the arc-welder's faithful salamander. The Fata Morgana bone structure is her dowsing rod, utterless forking, always continuing ... Transparency is the only means of travel.

For you, communions and configurations, a droning dark passage with inevitable gears and cloning of dawn-black frequencies. Stabbing with glint of swords. The useless beauty of relentless vibrating cooing sweating ringing fluttering burning flower of phoenix. Sheer ruby eminence. Without the Book of Adolescent Cyphers and a breeding light she was certain, you would grow into more specific oceanic retrievals. Find it, she whispered, and the salve of reignited artifacts will solve you ... The water pours you into itself. Pouring you outside of yourself, for knowledge, and thirst.

The leopard veils through entering, but never silvers the mirror.

With "I can only imagine, but with open eyes, yes, without a story. Only a sense I can see ..." to topple the distance between the inside of your body and the outside, "that means even more than it reveals, always holding on to its secrets ... I feel those secrets playing hide and seek ... If I become you, you will hear them." The great circling elk troubles the moon. The spyglass enters the universe. Night glowing, evening falls ...

The desert at night is designed by spark-enabling emollients, crawling with primal numbers conjuring time. You feed in the transoms staring at you, old philosophers hidden in the milky substance of expectations, and nubile windows casting suspicion and doubt. You set your table for incandescent egrets transcribing *what it is that your eyes are thinking*.

Yet the piper plays, the mind betrays the mason stoning. The wishbone chamber for the shimmer of ancient auras. Lamps disrobing for the awkward handful of flint, worth the wait, for the green blood of your green doorway. Sent ahead for the Ethiopian rigging of forgotten names. Compared to a fleece-shaped night, what you remember is only a pause in what reminds you of an older silence.

The oldest desires are nightlights, the strong ones unravel the sirens. There are the central numbers dividing time into segments, followed by knowledge, hunger and transparency, the core of the hunt. Mist shores up the mirrors with indecent reflections, while the phantom harbinger leads from behind.

Signifiers on wheels, defying gravity and other narratives, too dark in speeding up the leap, in nooks and crannies of perception.

Hummingbird jittering for primitive arrangement of intense optics. To see is to penetrate into night vision through grappling vessels. The widows of palpitation undoing the severed expectations of reversal.

All the while, a slumbering festival of bioluminescence, not unlike the frenzied movement of psychological transparency ... but in mating there is the release of magnetic fingerprints ... For quick reacting in the fascination of angles teleporting galactic hives through skin-like nocturnal antidotes.

Light in gelatinous tics, when you pass the sign of NO ADMITTANCE, the vanishing point releases its grip on what is real is not. And yet ... As the orchid-bodied staircase slips through the quicksilver eye unraveling the parapet's sudden vantage point, the liminal kingdom gyrates, unwrapping the lotus-table of spinning projectiles ... unfurling your own hidden high-jinx's enshrined in panoramic bloodletting. You telescope out of sight. You cover signs with forbidden grace. No one notices. Freedom to prowl and hatch.

Concave assaults convex, footsteps harvesting harbors. When phylum assigns the wolf faces to guard your amusements, your whispers and language transitions, there is no way out of light-gathering interceptions. The mind glimmers out of centuries-old seminal alloys and ligaments, foraging for star-chart acrobatics and vague Tarot readings meant to ignite impenetrable patinas.

Floundering is always acceptable. When the whirlwind scatters your abundance. Planting strange words for lifting into sharper focus the streetlights and Sumerian etchings tiptoeing through the elasticity of delirious walls.

Neither male nor female, but crystal *being over the threshold but not through to the other side* in chemical phases of whatever is missing, stolen, slandered ... Meanings only guessed. Identical to moth dust that cracks the windows into xeno and gnossienne, the most vivid sentries. Hellebore and Curare, the awkward cousins once celebrated in reckless collateral. If let loose, you discover an inordinate number of mirrors facing each other. A brief history of Alhazan scattering trinkets for dancing girls ...

Nowhere in the world, but stars in the mud, sliding chimes of a vague fire. Even the bones are filthy with kisses, beautiful bones, beautiful kisses ...

The text is transparent, hard as stone, and bright like water with madly-flickering eyelids. Interpreting slabs of light immersed in layers of darkest lucidity, pin-pointing desperate tulips, clashing with antlers for the enchantment of fools tales and the innocent brides. It always was the organ-grinders warehouse, the cascade of brightly polished entrances. Re-routing the mind follows dreaming in torrents webbed out of the eyes. Strung up as glowing carcasses. Only a walk in the park ... Following turn-about and violent glances.

You revisit yourself every solar eclipse and draw easy parallels to exposure and decisive movements. There are salamanders in your precious heat. Defacement in the stone, real and hard for delicate travel between the visible and invisibility in the shadows of embrace and abrasion.

Merging and unmerging, the movement of an instant. Under the bluest eyes the antelope-woman is a handful of precious seeds, swimming in the storm of time imagined with doorways, raising swans for each footstep. Each knock on the door. Fresh openings for every window initiated by lightning.

She was the space of mind, far-flung and outward penetrating. A swiftly bladed hybrid constellating each pathological instillation with bodice cooing to disarm. Thought reflecting upon itself filling in the void, the silence of what movement matters, nebula of whispering and aching, light years of desirable antibodies accommodating Indigo to Windigo. With evolving dialects. For conjoining flames with delirious pleasures, ghostly plumes in Wirikuta, burning the bicyclist's hat. Spring is proverbial, foaming at the mouth.

Your sadism is the luminous blue fog surrounding the body when the mind is elsewhere. Your masochism generates those *sparks given off by oyster beds when the tides come in*.

The angular scent of light in dreams, seeing from behind, there is light thrown outside, because that animal moves through you. The one who sways with alert, to always be close. The eddies of the gaze that topples the pendulum. The uncertain muse that can never be touched, or violated. Never whistle at skeletal remains polishing neurons, stimulating a lunar plexus under the pseudonym Wise-cracker. Fading in the middle of a distraction.

Loops and iris-flicker to vision alongside of your whimsical smile and a definite alignment of intuitive distances. Don't hesitate to slander with perversity. The filaments of desire, while the night rummages through the incendiary dressing-rooms of illegal contortions. While Lacustrine, the invisible dialogue walking in both directions at once is presented, the last resort of whatever heroine or hero assigned to confrontation. Sphinx-clamor, the key to spreading mercury is a dancing sleepwalker.

A splendid tuning fork is Basil Valentine's modus operandi. The female mantis of incandescence. The Merlin complex feeding the poles of explicit fading tremors. The gown-maker's oral delight is forever vibrating and folding memories of a central cortex, while bees interrogate superlative shadows. Life is always following the constellation of your generally speaking conundrums. The medicinal vessels flair up according to the phases of the moon. Life is a recently withdrawn knife blade.

She is a text that ends in the middle of a sentence ...
“Be fluid and unmistakable” she writes. “The castle has hidden
its doors ...” And you enter through your reflection. Entrance
passing time, decoding ...

The furious luminosity is a bodily charade when un-
dressing for perceptive approximation. For following jackals
and anemone out of erogenous endings, if they end ... There
are only pearls if they end ...

Presence is serenely volatile with dimensional pig-
ments under the weight of sudden globes of darkness, breath-
ing great and unnatural windows. Either rose or heavy blue,
chameleon or instinctual forms webbed and light-footed. It’s
always up to you. The sound of her chosen qubit overwhel-
ming the shipyard of lackadaisical howling. Euphoric slith-
ering, for gratuitous clockwork, for furious climbing into
chandeliers and other raptures.

Only the dizzying Apparatus of Shameless Geo-
mancers, for the birds, the chalk of wandering whalebones,
and the way your hair follows the way flamboyant pines
struck by lightning continue to tremble. The way identity
leaves a vessel. The way primates grooming night for the
warmth of endless parallels. Without a word spoken. Chimes
make the best diversions. Mirror images are rapidly splitting
hairs, abusing gravity.

The morphological splendor between one momentary lapse and another's reverie, between glimmer and shimmer, living the consternation of tenuous fractions, those deeply moving and tender whereabouts ... landing in the field at night, under cover of searching lights ... Softly fluid after resistance, hunting and haunting every entrance under the sun.

When the glazier sleeps, the adorable cyphers descend the mountains. The silence of a scalpel meets *the solace of imagine that ...*

It could be Lacustrine, the wise-old skipping-stone in plenary delight. Guardian of the peacock's candle and fluent in arousal and apache. Alchemist of the water's edge. Venus of the spoon of noire of diverse placement, through the film of magnetic signs and dreamless nights. Virgo on the half shell and on the right side of mother and child, homage of phosphorescence. Intimacies you never forget. The assassin's original glowing lover. Tales of time and other deeper turning points ...

Certain denizens reappear in other conditions, pinpointing alternate stages of transparency. To form interruptions of continuous metamorphosis, from one into another into uttering others, exploiting the sensation of time moving through ... becoming outward objects of acclimatization. Passage tends to eclipse, for punishment of the wrong most beautiful the one who trembles for one of all the others who ... vase-like and no longer blind ... ever so slowly rotating damask of the invisible ones, filling in the blanks.

For your eyes igniting each desiring-mainspring for short-circuiting the unlit lamps of each midnight rendezvous, striking up the band. The lamplighter arcs the first fuse.

Your own fusion flowers of high degree, black burning exteriority erupting through Salamander with the spilled ink of insightful movements, when she troubadours for surveyance, pulling internal fingers through the forge of emerging doorways. Signs of delirious configurations both near and far inciting hailstones for convulsive dousing. No adaptation after the fire. Only the feathers larger than life itself, the phrase to signify the invisibility of the body throwing immense shadows, the lava-ascending full measure of tourmaline entanglement. She fiddles her hair.

There is light in those stones erasing hesitation, aortic flashbacks to wicked images. History is erased for only a moment in space. You sync with glass and ventriloquism and one year the milkweed and equestrian dorsal and ventral ... Keys for adolescence and glass eyes inventing crimes for a sextant of vertical slumbering through the vanishing point. Your mouth opened to perpetrate enhanced analogies of silence.

Fierce objects of amorous navigation, forking fugitive, playing games with reality... In the depth of spawning choreography to fawn, to attack, humble. A flash in the pan it's no wonder light lives in the embers the amber the ambiguous wave ...

While the night is scattered through tremulous and ...
Abalone fills what recedes to engage your own light-years
spinning bodily-wheeling passing through ... fabling check-
points for the woman in the mountains. Or the almost never
arrives, the blinding fissures, the scavenging image outlasting
its wings. The stumbling puma the prey of the sorceress when
what persona falls by the wayside, while the telling intercepts,
the scaffolding enhances the desert flower. The cornea rolling
around each promontory you tend to shake the whirling rat-
tle-wielding contentment.

Moving into antimony for another memory of
thoughtful constellations, imaginary thought wrestling with
sudden contours. You invent childhood leaving abundance to
raising dunes instead of footprints.

The image preceding the word when lucidity trans-
lates in expectation, speaking in tongues. Your unexpectedness fol-
lows the light through the vagueness of her scent. A simple act ...
Clarity is violence.

When transcribing owls for the harpsicord of sus-
pended animation, detonations for sudden startling interven-
tions between the golden hour and the silver one. Passing
through or fiddling in between, but by a species of erotic co-
nundrums. There's a window dancing in disguise.

Only the edges glow in negative winnowing, projecting crystallization. Allow for the statue of limitations and panthering in the often-repeated anti-climax, arousing landscape to win the game of silence. With the game of fire.

Superlative jesterling, vying for promise, the secret numbers of primal trembling. Words thrown haphazardly out of witnessing the color of eyes, *La Salamandre au cinema*, *scraping the sauvage lumineux* with ancient wondering, wandering. Purloining signs with the evening cries of film endings that were always spliced out of sequence. Amorous cries igniting night ... Red eggs breaking boundaries for a shell-game. Throwing helmets for enticement of The Veil, spindling in smoke with melting glass. Your way of identifying soft verbs capable of jellyfish with love.

Optical spectra orienting dilations looking both ways, without quoting, taking water out of the well with whispering, out of desirable iron in its active state, caressing the form of lightning, when it lights up the center of your body.

While giving it all, there is no reprieve, only your sound that screws into chattering. Giving the bloom that reckons first your breathing and then your shower, your slender worth. Nothing to deliver, nothing lost at sea. Only the kiltering, the idiot flow, the last one to see you leaving. The first to feel your weave. Intense shedding that grows trancing.

The avenue of major distances burning up the fabling.
The owl people continue their evolving sense of migration,
sifting the dew-fixated and magnified by stars and others in
tandem. Aphrodisia with pyramid eyes and shell of ancient
wisdom. The wind and stiletto of obscure objects taunting the
gears of dream-filled water. A furious syncopation.

“And my precious Lacustrine, arch of the curve that
reaches out, tracing ...” Improper root asundering to saunter,
present particles notwithstanding, bowing rain with hyper-
links into looming... Struggling against Himalayan honey and
Merlin’s howling. You accept the dialect for the heretic and
the pull of constellations, knowing each by their tracks. Spin-
ning in place, the marvelous temptation of the checkmate,
stalled in mid-stream.

What is your object of desire, what is the often chang-
ing of your shadow’s reflection, with Thesis and Antithesis of
Bedouin pivoting into photography (?) The one filling the
sundial with non-sequential timelines and love letters igniting
doorways and uprooting ladders into the vertical lakes into
the loudest windows you’ve ever seen ... into turning in your
sleep ...

Shimmer passing through Angora, the face in cooing
a thousand and one nights for Nizhóní daughters and can-
dle-powered spinning-wheels twirling snakes, for light.

She is the ankle bracelets sound-scenting the always primal half visible she-is-always-marked incantatory intuitions, shaped for deviations of smoke into those last minute decisions.

The strange case of, new desires for, the amethyst with, to the jetée when, no one actually saw, but evidence to the contrary ... sable was not a color, but the others, not just a myth, when you finally could feel, a mystery divided into, she was covered with bees taking honey out of her body and then It all came together...

Anti-Oedipus still hovering rooting in the rooms on the other side of the street, when the lights go out the streets vanish, the movements of your reflection invade with spelllight and eroshiver, dancing and mirrorising, talismanic taxidermy of light breaking barriers for a walk in the park to be memorable. Avoiding sirens and gowns for animal panting. But desirous. The unusual precision of a certain daring.

Neolithic stepping stones, between polishing bones for speech and swallowing diamonds for extended dreaming, you are swarming in the unreasonable aftermath. Always an aftermath, when equations flare out into another species of motive. Not speaking but sending, underlying causes, unknown imagery spreading in search of the signal for tracing lazuli straight out of early morning's pure dust. Spinning catafalque dust. Tipping your hat of dust. Your outward appearance, your tempting dust...

Dust of remarkable seductions. Sharing water with sight. And sense. Spinning loom of entrances.

Night is placenta, elucidating beckoning, a most dangerous containment, a vessel to tingle a sense of shuddering beauty in the Justine-like lace of rappelling mastery. The impossible closeness of the lost and found faceting of the largest bluebird of your eventual door-opening acrobatics. Night flight. Landing. Night-swimming in mind...

Cannot touch even a moment, this no-concept this only-image struggling with fuses, with precise encounters, the web-like mycelia of chest filled night stars loving antlers licking lips cat's-cradling through with moon-magnetic ape-sending shape. For tripling Wandjina brightly wandering into shape, threshing and thrashing present tensing wing-spread, when she fingers herself tentacles staining the inkwell of never-ending climbing shadows for branding love with a lawless torch.

To the invisible wall she was released, moving. Before she would cobra the last shallow to scintillate the thrust of vaulting poles into communicating whereabouts. Gold pouring rich pouring of darkening debris, pouring for a hazardous phoenix. Light compressed into gesture. Attracting the overtly sudden domains of visible ruminations.

Who is making these images ... who is shipping shapes, grooming contraband... Who is?

Manticore, the woman-headed gaze morphing, constellated signals connected by bathing beauties manning the barrage, the always uninvited and the randomly invented, the crested sightseers. The illusive run-amoks translated antagonistically with lightning and organ grinders swooning after one thing or another. A primitive séance in the fidgeting core. A blind stance for criminal intent ...

The mouras and xanas of certain streets, the brightest stones in the first-hand measure. A serious dream of spring for your water falling synopsis. The rossignol abridgment. The fire of the ladders in the pool of her fog ringing crown of blueberries. She is thirsty for shadows.

For each synopsis the stargazing catapult of indiscriminate clues, the Rapunzel species of unlimited delight. When the mirrors awake the birds speaking silence searing the city's pawnshop in the prime matters of the body's jelly-fishing astrochart -- the forest bodice of angling thoughts. Alive and kicking. Laying eggs of great value.

These towers you see for scandalous touch love beacon the negative solution curious weapons melting together, ingots on the verge of transparent fire. The night is furious, figures of speech, sight-mad images dipped in oxymoron, she wrote *for a paradox of foolish wisdom* in images of dancing sleep and the arrival of exits.

She ravens into marvelous blue, contortions into brilliant measures for the useless beautiful pawnshop of tide cycles and belligerent signs. Signs of Tsadé and invisible routes, translucent ones *weapon bright and grotto of black widows enchanting planets haunting mirrors*. Ones and twos glyphing into shimmering fruit for the intoxication of the species.

Etymology of instants, shadow-phasing. In dissidence your displacement. For resistance your dalliance. Obsidian cracks open the eyelid hives of the lovely Angora, breeding with antipodal nocks and crannies. The time zones of your body harping with light refraction. To equipoise in the shelter-deer antler-gazing for living irony, in the length of time rapidly fixed. For time-tuning arc swirling. Rapidly moving in place, for lighter years in the space of time it takes to multiply; a touch that goes on forever ...

The critical spawning the fire-sense relinquishing and intuiting for water flaunting. Changing places, emulating each vanishing act. The closeup during a time-lapse, the face of flashback to each surrender, denial, embrace, each instant of each timing device for a desirable constellation striking the eyes. It is everything, it is like the dialect of bees, slow motion of each buzzing keeping aroused and entanglement. It is like erotic syncopation. It is ... the precious lightsmith hammering.

A moon fetish frees the sundial from illusion.

The solar wax covered the foreground with old and well-shaped Portuguese blown glass, and memory-muses lost in the archives, enable the lunar metronome for stealth and complicity. Fleece walks among the living. Bearing arms, pale and blinding, soft as steel in its original casting, only a spark away, treading acute resemblance. Cellular parallels, where you might consider the poetic-critical unveiling of first images incomplete yet spark-gathering, leading words into unattended blind-touching of prolonged defiance.

The House of Lingering Shapes contoured by swan necks of barely audible whispering, incessant winds casting intermissions for orphans and other lost trinkets.

“I will be alive when the wolves come to feed ...” through the sun-washed skull, through whispering creating night shapes vaulting with a certain pride ... “A certain mastery, still close at hand, both mirror and taking matters into, throwing sea-lamps into, hair-triggers” when those flickering eyelids travelled alone in the 13th century ... A mischievous Llama singing.

Which body of silence chooses you, your outward appearance, moves suspiciously for exact points of still-watering magnetic configurations. Which body, which silences, which appropriations suffice to give you the source of your own image. Bathing silence. The speed of light consumes you.

What is concealed, what is lucid when the horizontal hourglass provides a theory of X. Flutter is jimmied by Lapse, shimmied by Orchid thrusting into Loom ... whose keys conjoined to reconstruct the distance been the sun and the moon into permutations and new functions. You are a major vision of the feast. Swift interloper without permission to land, but landing ...

When the interior geode hums and moans, the diamond cutter in Surat becomes an undivided species of transparency. Fireflies in the yard like shapeless entrances. Power-generating accumulations in the Major Arcana introducing fading in to fading out, becoming lovers, medieval tempting machines.

And a braille arousal ... "I see only the spectrum of diligent grace, with exile the phantom..." and new-found presences spinning wishbones into clandestine parameters, dream-shaped intrusions and nearby amaryllis scimitars protruding with cinema and hallucinating tresses. Your reflected sincerity is not a birthright but a direction. A glow-in-the-dark thrust of sudden acceptance. A token of Golem projectiles. Other scaffolding, half visible, half echo and three-quarters paradoxical attractions.

And no one heard of Lacustrine, "*hammering mist into dreaming...*" It all started with a slip of the tongue *in the archives of whispering* ... No need to start over, following only abandoned clothing, the heavy lead of hesitation. Meanwhile to imagine it.

Precipice is presence, scattering unidentified artifacts, seedpods to identify dissimilated durations of moving to and fro. The magic arts toying with windows and seascape walls to leap at veils, and yet ... Crimes for charms and ridiculous gazing. Antecedents came later...

Leading to vaguely instinctual release of spores. And in the very early hours, neural networks pouring gates, you passing through yourself with details of nets terrorizing the central plaza, inciting ghostly thoughts... Spectral imaginings and essential acts of folly.

A portrait of Mycena Lux-Coeli dropping her veils at the border, dancing for that one navigational arc intricately drawn for plundering and planting light, hatching eggs with little regard for sympathetic attendance.

A most sensitive walk around the sleepwalker spinning cartwheeling and mirabilia obliged with elegant steps, forcing obscure patterns that cannot be heard. Gives you a fondness for leopard shadows teleporting bridal chambers. Upstreaming the brightness of stellar virtues in ghost-time. The irresistible you of your undecided appearance cannot see, only imagine, the YOU, to have arrived on the left from the inside. You are the parts unknown and pointing...

When the juggler becomes the queen hanging from the tree of pouring light for soluble lovers, the forking foretells the slipping mercury overgrowing the parapet of conjuration. You rearrange your memory according to desire. An instant to stop each siren, throwing elements of golden-haired table tapping, the priestess meets her double ... Starting from 0 working backward and awkwardly sealed against fondling ... alphabetically speaking...

Flume follows your voice, passing through description and italics, enabling acumen of radiant plurals redolent with the tributary of a switchblade. Her eyes communicating their evening desires for a moment heavier than time, she followed the mint from the mountains through gamete streams ... With whispering, ignited by rack and pinion actuators more colorful than the sparks of Leda's ribs.

Lumineros, luminous arrows shaking panes. Speakable images polishing veins, when tonight is every night and the galaxy under your skin, rattling bones and shifting breath betwixt and between hazel and myth-dripping, and animal scent on your face. Luminous to risk, with annotated descriptions, rare photographs and distant cries for moon fields looming in the shadows of desperate objects.

Minerva-ratcheting of orientations flipping coins and wick sputtering maneuvers, if and when the magnetic impulse to water-shaping becomes a weapon.

To observe is to qualify as love is to caress with explosives with diffusion and sidestepping sudden poses, to quizzical lizardry. To formulate the nones and the ides, the flower of fierce derivatives, the life cycle of diving chambers. Stops in the center of an unsettling arc...

Hostile terrains to link or cocoon with lyrical grappling with perturbations and with others, the assassin dreams of figure eights and the dark cloth of blue eyes bleeding bright webs that are never unwoven.

To elucidate is to quicken the peril of antlers rotating pentacles the future origins of formulating an ancient caprice. She is the possibility of effacement and rude fragility hanging by a thread. She is the scattering...

In black and white the gongs under fire throwing reverie of dreaming water, for double the flame and its body of ash, an unthinkable desire of the world. The intuition of the body for the flame, a window turning soot into compelling lifeforms, into the agony of scent, to exchanging words for both resistance to and against. Seizures of erratic conjunctions in the hive of short circuits and a fatal conference of absence. You are the taste of a knife blade and knife edge of disappearing into honey and...

A moon fetish frees the sundial from slander.

When you maze the amuser, the feathered exciter.
Raptor of rapture. Rupture for the immoral, molting, playing
shadow with reflection. While the night propels for the brides
and ... She splendors through the hood of widows and invis-
ible words not spoken, passed through mind-glow and neu-
ron-splinters and warm summer evenings of cascading
bicycles taking turns with olive groves and phantom limbs.
Fluid that way, dancing...

While the optical aurora feeds on language and
breathy aftermath, there is always multi-layered scavenging
and tender moments, traveling at night, with fabled fictions.
A spinning top that encourages interloping into rituals of de-
sire. A pyramid for parallel veil-tinkering. The virtue of sab-
otage, with precise contortions of uncontrollable loveliness.

She was a vanishing circle of florescent interceptions
and the purest attractions of mirror bestiaries. She conquers
stooping, by the darkness of lighted lamps. Rising like salt.
Grooming sudden arousals, and...

Hauntings, not words. Mysteries wrapped in uncon-
ditional excitement. So much of all this is nonsense. Smash-
ing tripartites for speed and unusual behaviors. More clarity,
more symmetry? What is obscure for questioning, what is lost
in translation, or in time, or is ignition an option for treasures
and noire conjunctions?

Will there be the efflorescence of mythical sequences, pedaling solutions in the arc of a dive lost in the siren of unexpected interruptions? You are the clairvoyant solvent of the spines of night creatures in boats of mercury and the still warm moans of wingless creatures never taking pleasure for granted.

Hanging dewdrop eyes, stalactite your blood chandeliers in the coven, opening mouths for closed eyes, seeing. Abrasion is sustenance, a running dialogue for the viscous ground of irritating nodes. You tend toward grappling furious with bodies dipped in a space of runaway animal illumination. What matters is the whispering the shattering the panoramic shadow from above, pinpointing movements in subterranean costumes. What exactly do you remember...

Messages and signals peregrinating through loops, around loopholes, pulsating signs a chivalrous lunacy taking on all comers. A marksman spying, the solitude of a tender thief. What is breathing on your face, unravelling, a navigator without fear, a Veronese scribbler. Code words for turquoise foot-stepping with weaponry in bloom. Rumors for speculation. Having entered a possible forgery.

The mind collaborating with itself in azurite, chlorophyll, interruptions. Variable splinters of time that takes your name out of context and alters it.

Transference is vibrating in the corridor. The ghost horses of Otranto startled in speech, grinding out the glass-blower's elongated solitudes of hypogeum, wandering the countryside. A molecular interference in one lopsided thought inventing a secret light for entrance. She knows just the right words to apprehend ill-timed contrivance.

She shells for monkey bells, intuitu with nuances for a traveling circus of dangling mirages. To add *shaking the limbs to a face the rose of water*, there are degrees of turning the keys and the whole thing corresponding to the way you move, when sleeping, and dreaming in an upright slowly undressing position. You are the incunabula without italics and post-marked with "Turning into dust before fingering with absolute delight..."

That despicable beauty of invisible solutions, half lament and half dawn-folding into the quackery of twilight. Where anchoring is flight and precarious maneuvers, and the other more almost avoided third half is where fingerprints recall the traces the stains the wise old wandering clavichord of paradoxical windows. Then in light of who's to say whose stepping-stones are the piranha of magnetic decisions. You might just suddenly trip into smashing flint, a candle-body for the outskirts of town.

In the roaring shudder of revolving hipbones more principled than a warring hermetic of pelvic contentions, passing oranges into the micro and macro into the details. That possibility is an unconditional geometry. Known only to the after-thoughts of passing zookeepers. The acumen of mirror-reversal, the green-haired reflection of a doubled sleep. Here and there ... A marvelous extraction knee deep in fleece, inventing spark-gathering interpretations. A warm flautist. The distance is coherent and ambidextrous.

Creatures fawning for enticement, rattling for sight unseen. For guidance a clown for indiscreet entrances for the appropriate color for luring, the intrigue of keeping sirens alive. Modeling dark for the capture of light-spells. For missing links. Your alphabet. By hook or by crook, devising is a double-cross between tricksters for stardust. Skittering for wonder.

And a complex system of hammers and veils, a ceremony of lost rituals. Complicity is everything. What is hidden incites insight of something analogous to gathering wax. You always know the perfect words ... That often means something otherwise, contentment is a trick, it follows statues in the evening haze.

Dragging the morning star across the terrace, without wings, only an image unaccounted for among the meshes of one costume change after another. Nothing supernatural, but flowing with crowned pigeons and dancing jackals, a bouquet of eyes darting, always an appropriate password. A howling tumult between the pawn and the out-of-nowhere check-mate. The rider emboldened by the flamboyant mane. It continues endlessly...

And then shifting shapers and all that is not sought after, how to utter yourself in altering. It was all a matter of scent, the antlers always got her in trouble. They all knew she was coming, but the wind, the weight of it and that colorful scent ... Even statues were more confident, less inclined and more identical. But there were the fires...

Her love was more than a festival of shadows. It was unavoidable. Much heavier than light. She was a spy in the cinema. The obscure clothing of chiaroscuro. Her eyes were heavy like fountains and lost documents. The whirlwind identified with a very soft fluidity.

A trousseau was terrorizing the slip of the tongue, with each swallowing and sigh, hidden by the famous jewels from Austria. An Empress never late for tasting. All wrapped up with a plumage of web-shaped rattling sensations. The rarest of all. Captured by humming. A definite pose coming undone, a rapturous pedaling indicating an empty plaza. Magnetic filaments pondering the nature of identity from a revolving pedestal. Lacustrine was not at home ...

From a great height, the battle was greater than the flood, but gradually with a hop, skip and jump, only the fog delivered a way out. The echoes continued far into the distance, as long as language was for the birds.

Disorder is the glow-worm that doubles as the exit of a grand entrance.

Rubbing two ravens together is like confronting your reflection in the dark.

The subtle frenzy of a blind Ionian, hummingbirds pivoting at young women's lips. Your waltz is the anabasis of skirting the tissues, the hemming and hawing of distinct projectiles.

You sleep on the run, drawing each clandestine expectation of glass eyes into unpredictable games of freshly planted desires. Constellations through your trembling. Bathing for fire is the scaffolding that holds a tantalizing whisper to its promise.

The water pouring from her lock and the blades surrounding, illustrated by hand, and delivered by messenger beneath the words Look no further than the furthest ... Signed and sealed without reservation. Leaves you breathless with aberration for thirst. There is no moon for balance this very evening. Only the word risk fills in the cracks to unfettered utterance.

In translation the invisible crane the hook and claw the image is gestating. The tender cruelty of your flowers. In the age of last resorts.

The mint is given for fabulous equations. The arcane unleashes it's stuttering alloy from one to the next, the phantom articles for others, caressing matter intersecting anti-matter, and gambling in shadows. Plotting amok in otherwise empty courtyards. An immense sound of quicksilver identifies the outpouring keyhole. There is dreaming in the higher rooms.

When the feast begins, insects commence their rites of uncontrollable glowing. To become guises of favorable disbelief. Lightning passageways. The brightness of green feathers asserting the perfect measure of burning in the garden. Spinning...

The eyelashes of utopian cursing follow the dangerous curves of infiltration desiring. In broad daylight the sickle and fuse enrapture the aurora borealis. Later on, very different from accidental collisions and black is the silence of ladders running rampant in the bell curve. Poised in midair collusion for the unforgotten girl with her snakes. Encoded in her notebook. Stolen by a younger thief, a somnambulant of fabulous disarray. A timeless debacle worthy of a kiss.

And the windmills, even, the flight patterns, the windmills looming, the unbearable windmills to this day, when you are the unmistakable, the wishbone dabbler, the Singapore switch for a butterfly chaser.. The windmills, and then electrified, for an epitaph, sequence of lost and found movement, it is how you gaze at anything else, at anyone quoted, laid upon by a place where primal metamorphosis unwraps it corpse-flowering-like strange amorous gifts.

A summer travesty glowing like rain.

Thus, the tables are spun around, the emerald of superseding pearl divers salutes the vaulted moth-shapers, the emissaries of ruby talismans for scaling ramparts. Sealing letters of undebatable conundrums in fancy script. Always against the recognizable hierarchy of cosmic forces, but for the nobility of leaving the other side of the window.

The strength of your night divided by pin-pointing the hour of waking ahead of time. When the numbers are non-sequential, gravity is the duration of consciousness. Cross-eyed and delirious. Life is a field of dancing giraffes, the pure white ones. The mothers of mist...

The plateau between amusing diversion and tip-top precision is the difference between a doorknob and a keyhole. The details are in the mastery of persuasion and the unescapable drumming of devotion. A myth of the archer's golden arrow. Lighting up a shadow with titillating epitome, sacrifice of scattered properties.

And the soft bellows of the smithy and the golden ratio and fondling into the morning hours. The unknown qualities...

Decorated in convolving, blissfully articulating, where your qualities are beyond the pale, in unison with obscure questions ... “Are you? Do you? Impossible? And the others?” ... None the wiser. In a warehouse of spinning anvils, presence is conducted without a compass. Spreading nets follows that peculiar side-glancing particular to the color of peaches and the scent of absence ridiculing a fondness for anise.

And swapping liquids for shadowing reflections, a sublime tension indistinguishable from the hunt. Offering a knife beneath a signature. The pitfalls of Cybele, the enormous fan-blades of each portrait, each impossible position and each questionable ending to every sentence. What is seen changes between glances. When an imperfect coup des tete begins grinding, throwing symbols in the fire.

Your ligatures defy whatever cunning of who or what was originally defined as luscious in aspect. The angles of each sign follow the clicking sound of wandering eyelashes. Ethiopian spheres into twisted reeds and singing bowls. Ur and Urum with Clue for seething, a swift Cur for continuous migration and counterparts, chasing semitic into semantic wandering. It's how you dress for the occasion, looping the mane entanglement, projecting your antlers. Assuming the role of melting wax. To undo the story...

The water-silver of a weaver circulating, the merging vessels dreaming awake, torturing the metronome of the most yielding. The lamproptera with green eggs in the old woman's eyes guides the teleportation of a séance in the tree rings of "If I should become invisible before I wake..."

It could be that the smell of Juniper insists on the roulette of yearning and fragments of stirring scandals out of luminous scraping. A flowering obscurity turning around in spades sharper than any whisper.

Even a case of semi-transparency is disconcerting to the pose of statues proliferating in the empty streets of emerging solitude. Space is an absurd bird-pool of milk colored with candelabra demands for obscure overly indulgent symbols. Could be endless images gathering in appearance to the scoring of stars.

"I am both the reflection and the darkness around it. I am the open window ... I am the stain of a single image on the shore of stars..."

To objectify the last resort is the rain forest of first opening ruby to the waiting game of emerald. Only identification understands this complex disorder.

Untitled burning overlooking a tender space. Seen through a true account of unleashed and solvent ménage à trois for quatre in past tense. In a whisper, a whisper or two a mouthful of dark words a deeper pool of inquisitions fondling space, time, fondles into what is ... was not even, she intimates tripod, a cypress perfuming identity, rapid fluttering limited by royal thieves... Codewords for rampant fondling.

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

A cardinal conception. Twittering in the *all-together-close-closer-still-so-close-almost* of tinkering with rapid eye movements and a thousand and one positions. Winner takes all...ritual. Consumed by following what is delivered, a breath telling a simple word of mouth, resurrected out of foolish hesitations ...

You shape yourself against and sundial into a window of night-infected petals. A bond you have with Sudden, who sleeps without herself. Only the sound of rubbing eyes together. For the center of desirable agate. A bed of lightning seizures.

A sheer wall of Loki figurines baffling radar for cardinal conception. Twittering in the *all-together-close-closer-still-so-close-almost* of tinkering with rapid eye movements and a thousand and one positions. Winner takes all...

Presense is Nubian wax dripping... Intense cleaving ritual consumed by following what is delivered, an onyx breath telling a simple word of mouth, resurrected numerous times forced and often chosen out of foolish hesitations.

Influx of generating transgressions beneath analogy. Only the deepest blue of all that howls during the full moon. The medicinal cabinets issuing brighter shadows ...

The intimacy of prowling with raptors, is the chosen ambulation of slow-moving conjoining-machines as soft as earth and water, and subject to meteors regendering the flow of blood into the speed of light landing in the desert. A much-loved sense of displaced veils.

She is the extract of oracular erasures, reentering myth into murmuring orientation. Piercing meant to enrapture awareness of subtle annotations and subtitles. A double negative side by side in fusible seeming, edge into disheveled night bodies. Breathing spoons repulsed and idealized by geraniums and garnets, often hooves coveted by sighs.

When the drowsy doorway is the butterfly's existential "only a sabotage that is never fully uncovered, but that once secret fruit addressing the vague terrain of those most active female glands ..." To link. In extrasensory. Pausing to breathe and shedding lights ... Emitting shades of all that is most tempting.

While the other centuries delineate the clamor of space and time, the windmills reflect the most precious psychopathology of tremulous ever-secreting gestures for perturbations and others. And others that coincide in moth-dust for superlative evidence. Everything is implied.

The appropriation to refill, what is emblematic. Accumulated, with an enhancement of bones and warm feathers... Transferred for adaptation and rechanneled for flight, or modified for other enchantments. Your mixtures captivate what is concealed, with each mask circulating over each table around which each expression warrants your presence. The moment of unorthodox consolidation makes for the brightest cocoons.

You were never where you seemed to be when the lights went out. The possibilities are endless, when enabled circuitry chases the vanishing point of like behavior. Displacement is gentle swaying for whirlwind and ravaging from a very distant aspect. You untangle each move from all that is forbidden. She ponders the enactment of spatial disruption, releases each siren from out of context. To be exact takes circuitous pleasure. The breathing of a weapon.

The unification of signs contains the torch of fragility. What is most tenuous lights a candle to push a revelation into an observatory. An articulating species of spyglass.

Egress and anthracite hand and hand with the hoopoe facial expressions as tree rings and luminous valves.

The clade espouse, the cry shamble “I bring to the table the witch cry and ensuing, the sudden of long lasting cabal of being taken with braille and coming to light.”

Vestiges of sight unseen ... unwinding motor, motive for essential sabotage, ever changing facets, languid refusal to agree. As accepted stillness, exchanging purity for facing angles. How far away, how close, peaches for Midnight Aura, the unsightly one, the fruit of a doorway. Chasing reflections in each prearranged window. A new dimension in unison, waking up and downwards, your body settles into numerous and age-old appearances. A shadow rattling for Erzulie ... shake, shake, shaking the easy give and taken, the altered gaze...

Touching the blind is the breath of a lover.

In the conservatory you take lessons from the wildebeest, outwitting the scramble to crystalize in the blink of an eye. For the love of Lacustrine there are fireflies in a frozen gown of complex pointing. To the other side becoming less than correct, a watery kingdom invades. Your shadow on the right side is as old as learning to breathe. Below the tide of cylindrical contortions to acquire to transfix upon to extend towards, there is the gypsy scarf of ravenous reflections. Glowing seedbeds to replace the word apprehension with one that ignites without reason.

A mother and her child in the dark is the backdrop of relentless whispering, divagations of changing shape underbrush torn apart by distant relations of random thought. Inside of slumber help up by irresistible scaffolding. You can barely see it. Together they are the gazing leopard stance within long drawn-out permutations, the pellicular of devastating images husking in collusion. A vast reflection of others wondering inside others ... your peerless treason for a freely offered rose.

“I am the attributions of another scheme, a coiling mechanism for deliriously descending mirrors. I am motorized for circumference. Throwing windmills. I am not your sleep walking through a controversy of fierce babbling through others. I am your disorienting calendar, your bird mesh of crooked numbers.”

The highest order, without looking, surmounts the antagonism inside lackadaisical messages. Stirring up identities in mercury for consensual mirroring. A lost telephone ringing off the hook, into fawns making doorways unimaginable. Rumors of distant patterns in Timbuctoo inventing sudden caves filled and overflowing with giggling cockatoos of sympathetic meandering. Throwing evasive alchemical bridal turbulence into the most adorable sense of her blood forms the drapery that rivals the speed of sunlight. In transparency.

An obsession flounders inside of your neighborhood peat bog, ruminating with tactile abandon the trilingual “You, extending radiance, am I, entering us?” “Luminophore, I am you, and You could be the arc of her, glowing phases ...” ladled into an aberrant plot. All the characters forgetting their lines. The ladle was used abundantly and the prisms of your “I have never known the distance so shuddering as to imply a separation of particles.” Often obscured by partial degrees of enduring forgeries.

The door is seductive, but can only be entered with stolen pearls at great price. The window is the ultimate clarity, simple, yet an awkward furnace. Together the Oétics distills the lunacy of mantic antics. Your body snared through the dancing egret of rapturous glands. Physiology of gears for vivid creatures of tender sighs.

The history of nemesis and the various places consciousness inhabits for a network of one unavoidable moment of unraveling flaws, crossed wires, excruciating blade-work. In between layers of incremental tragedies crushing seeds and pollinating faces. Fragments turning a bloodline into a space of returning Timbuktu into a whimsical transference between here and there. Defending a smokescreen. Pouring lace into silence.

“I am the attributions of another scheme, a coiling mechanism for deliriously descending mirrors. I am motorized for circumference. Throwing windmills. I am not your sleep walking through a controversy of fierce babbling through others. I am your disorienting calendar, your bird mesh of crooked numbers.”

The marmosets aroused between your legs in aleatory inventions, becomes the only contact between chivalry and contention. She has a green dragontail. Together hissing...

A Morse code of lingering, between shifting and being caught unawares, struggling instead for the oohs and aahs of troublesome listening. Light factors through shadows for this moment through this moment. Bobsledding across tinctures anesthetically encouraging into narratives for unrelated footnotes. The other places spectrum with your passage through images forgotten and still yet to come. Simultaneously. It is impossible to say without faking it.

You might not remain stranded in time, twisted, curved or filled-in with devious nomenclature, teetering between empty greenhouses. The unfixed axis of refusal. The irises glowing intermittently. Chlorophyll imitating an unprecedented landing, while attending the return of extinct species in every convex mirror in existence. Burning time at both ends, and space from the middle outward...

Each burst of heavy rains keeping the singular moments of a double helix alive, and jewel-intrusions intercept the multiple effects of ambivalent figure skating. To disarm the missing links of unfortunate portraiture.

Only the whores of Constantinople invoked the opals of intrinsic clamoring. The implications of forward and backward at the same time, unravel the secret panels of rubbing antlers and amorous fiddle-sticks. To imitate light. An erotic masquerade expelling gyroscopes of implicit estuaries escaping detection. Sub-Rosa couldn't help herself, she was re-inventing the finger-to-the-mouth gesture while spying in the underground of early intentions, changing shapes for the necessity of coming and going as the clock spins into every direction.

An equivalent thrust in between, a barbaric joy and the sudden interruption of a humorous revelation. You are, not, without altering. Tantamount to the same river as before.

Raven, the noble would-be, the fur-laden quartz. Incognito of similar velocity. Sibling of Lacustrine, the rightful obsessions, landscape of fusers skimming the surface. For each pose lit from behind and staring, there is the sense of undertaking the mythology of honey and its intrusive fits and tics of passing through without notice. A window of black wings. Passage on the tip of the tongue.

And then, suddenly, Aureus in her hour, flasking, a golden hour of kissing tamarins. An extremely secretive wave of the cloak. Guardians come and go like whispers. You tend to bodice through sensitive information. Pulling missing limbs through a mirror resembling empathic Ecuadorian horse trainers sliding through empty gowns. It is the image that always comes first, and never leaves without a reckless pathology. An hour shared for other...

A lost train never weeps in isolation, but invisible writing is the empathy of a dialogue shot through with the consternation of the Palace of Black Vapors, the Eleusinian motors written backwards. You were the squalor and abandon of disquieting puppetry... In the anteroom of what is memorized you were out standing in your field, the empty bodice of magnetic fluids. With little fanfare always passing for the Aelph and the Sham, the Shorn and Lure in the trickery of Juniper rising like dew in the wedding lace of uncontrollable whispering. You are complicit with what is forgotten, and armed with lamps for breathing.

Nomads vibrating with milk-carriers leaving silhouettes for transcribing the mysteries of printing, for imprinting the skin of constellations cloning in the wilderness. A swift asterism commits to fooling around with the Pole Star changing positions above a courtyard of statues like candles melting to disrupt a sequence ...

A continuous forking in germination, with other eyes tossed on the gambling table. Stroking chance, offering a double entandre for luck. To win or lose, it is always the same.

L'amour fou of an endless night firing up a street of phantoms. The sum of the parts, obsidian, alloy for Carcosa lamenting the virgin lip-reading parts of something valuable. The wind comes in through Bloom. The eyes opening inside. The hush untangles itself, the arc glows...

The unfolding mythology of an image seen from behind, a geodesic ceremonial zeroing into a multiple of one within the other or another this present for this whatever beauty stripped of whatever past-due sent ahead. Whether convincing or not. *Fire and water as a way of life.*

The image without reason is an exception to the rule. The plural is placenta of imaginary vibrato, standing firm. She is the image, undoing, consumed, spitting image. You are the gatherer, the state of being actively offered, for mirroring, dark matters, wolf-lamp for breathing, double voice for an evening chamber, liminal threshold, a negative light and a mouthful ... image to shun, to cabal, interface for schemes to sharing blood and fire, in bewildering chiaroscuro.

The image is your body grazing for immoral rumors in the carcass-driven desert of oneiric anomalies, silvering, desaturation, a shadow-dance of altered neurons. You shift among images, and as radiant plume...

Signing the language of your mazes, the buzzing is intense enough to fill the edges of insight outside of oversight. You signed in both directions for a spinning sundial of mating seasons left to unsuspecting devices, hissing and sputtering, hallucinating in the warmest corners. An appearance of deliberate enchantment raising qualities of missing phrases, to disarm while refuting ridiculous nuances with the roots of endearing pitchforks inventing antiquity.

L'amour fou of an endless night firing up a street of phantoms. The sum of the parts, obsidian, alloy for Carcosa lamenting virgin lip-reading parts of something valuable. The wind comes in through Bloom. The eyes opening inside. The hush untangles itself, the arc glows ...

Procession of bony structures illuminating a vector for an aboriginal glimpse. Aeronautics of changing direction from a mirror to the finest sand. Recurring dreams, romantically esoteric for each step of the way fierce ladders conspire with doorways. An often-revolving beauty wrapped in pillage, when you stumble you consume the hilarity of sublime and ridiculous joy...

You cannot undermine the swimming arcs that enliven the pole vaulter's sense of having missed a mermaid's sweet affidavit. A flawless encounter capsizing each duplicate pose in transit. Always welding those critical edges of insinuating auras with the precision of articulated gazing.

The ungroomed ones. The ones who vanish and return unscathed. The silver-eyed ones who mimic the entitled spark of disturbed currents on the verge of unconfirmed circulation. You communicate your evening desires just moments before somnambules arrive to unveil the archives of persistent arrival. You leave messages. Fragments of burnt feathers, polished bones, blood sighs...

Corporeal babbling is always correct between the slippery veils of the tongue and the moaning, howling and slivering for eye-feasting rays of metamorphic deliveries. When you lick yourself, stretching the membranes with glandular glowing and irresistible glamor, you are blurring with visible disordering. An illustrated pleasure of stirring molting with molten as a means of interchange. Water is like fire when it dreams. Spreading to eat...

When the xylophone enters its vagrant thought phase, siphoning shadow-critical reflections for emerging projectiles of telepathic conundrums. In effect, your incredulity is obnoxious, extending even that well-known mad buzzing for a sudden eclipse. Worthy of acute displacements. Striking accord of whiplash. "Do you remember that moment, but so quickly soothed into memory?" Ushered into sunlit chambers for an ever so delicate nautical climax. It is all assuredly beyond reason. More brutal, more sensitive. An era of tricycles.

“Let us meet on the Plaza of Flickering Spirits with scavenging in mind.” When the fluctuating riverbeds... when the flashback of source materials... when the scent of Anatolia is the extreme tension between porcelain and intricate lace. Anti-fetish of consent after exchanging places with the lure of suddenly empty clothing for warmer climates. In the mountains the reverse is true.

You are serene in your fleece. Savage and loving. You slip through those who hesitate, who evade the ever-present eager velocities, the abandoned shields of immersive lightning and those, who linger much too long in the marches, dusting phosphorous. You are as complete as the mirror that befriends you, the animal kingdom of torn veils, the complex orals. The obscene shambles igniting the wandering slumber of inexplicable arrivals. You are never serene. Lighting torches in your sleep.

When there is a future past tense, there are particles of filming preparation. Point-of-view abnormalities insist on whatever attraction leaves the lucid constellations for more auxiliary inclusions, more interruptions, synaptic whispering. Those tricks of unsettling interventions. The missing limbs of a starless night. The heat of forest creatures. Unmapped firelanes. Intercepting the negative of soon to be reversed exposures of attractive decomposures... caught unawares. Immaculate conjunctions. *The curved archways of a starry night* ... Always waking upright wrought, intact and alarming.

You there, figuring ... The hobbling cane of carving tricksters out of dust.

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The entrance was always a point of disproving angles for jellyfish scarring, intricate patterns of well-dressed perihelion temptations. The fables of roused tincturing for The Rose of Unsubstantiated Antics with the scorpion's tail of synaptic petals. Intertwining. To maintain the mystery, under projections of absolute clarity. Unseen, unheard. Unavoidable. The sense of casting reflections to be captured only in sunlight through shadows.

Beyond the swarming, the feast devours itself. The quick-change optical tympanum coming to grips with haunting antitheticals. For shimmering, for hex and table-turning. For all that's gone awry, all that slips on the ice. The arch-rivalry of sleeping philosophers, in the coppice of pagan markings, in the taverns and barefoot on tambourines.

The voyeurs erecting great vistas for prolonged psychopathology. The variations are successive dawns.

Thoughtful traumas to enhance the oldest papyrus perfumes of invisible hieroglyphics. You left your name in many places... Just to remember it, should occasion arise.

“I see nothing in the beauty of your eyes. And still, I imagine everything.”

The simplicity of language follows the breathing of animals evading capture. Thriving in the prow of seasonal tangents and primal calculations, from the ramparts to enhanced cat walks. The placement of lamps to claw the fog into intense shapes. For shapes both early and later for calculating adoration into concise angles of “and forward such a beautiful color ...” while interception combines numerous answers for multiple questions. “Is it just that ironic blue is incorrect without breathing on the dice before leaving...”

Sidereal transcendents in the bridal preparations colliding with the somnambulants in a free-for-all coup d'état for the final portrait. The underground was always the most vigilant. The exquisite bride was heavily armed. You viewed movies with your eyes closed. The source material for the most strategic eclipse. For the endgame that never ends.

The voyeurs erecting great vistas for prolonged psychopathology. The variations are successive dawns.

The apparent motion of fixation unhinges each precisely placed wedge in muse-like resplendence. You surely cannot intervene without approval. The reindeer crossing the terrace are the eyelids flickering uncontrollably. For your amusement. While a distant space unfurls repeatedly, dragging anvils and sharpening bright blades for wild antechambers.

It takes a special stone to open the spectral figure of Tide Pool, the mother of bonfires, the sorcerer's inheritance. No stranger to wavering. Half-blind contortionist. Always robing for zoology's "Mon Cheri, my fresh rain ..." always looming. Loon stark and yielding peregrine for tipping brazen and succulent. Rewired for appearance.

Iconoclast of albino, a pinnacle weapon, strung up violin-style with regards to passing fancies. With vague drawing, lightning-butterflies with up-held palms, altering memories for love letters, for updating yearning and loss. In the solace of otherwise, space is empathic for your peripheral dashing, always a candle begging to be lit, always the transition for inhalation of each constellation. The dislocation of reasonable doubt.

Wisely stimulated protocols of light and dark inter-
vening together in the mirroring space. A preponderance of
coming and going in tandem for the navigators' modus. Play-
ing-field of sirens.

You offer pomegranates to invisibility, tangerines for
breeding invisible writing that explodes when licking eyes.

Pharmaceuticals for black and white with random
prisms to keep you alive with arteries of colorful entrances.
Not just phoenix colors or dream fluids. Wolf-bane wander-
ing ones, and colors to defeat. The cause and effect spelling
disappearance into unsparing prehensile signs of emerging
awareness.

No tokens for the uninvited. The lamplighter never
sleeps peacefully...

Stripping a solar branch for wound-sun, midnight of
the sexes ...

Naked and dressed in cleavers, dragging precious
minerals for sundown howling. And yet, still wet with abnor-
mal pawing. Digging peregrinations out of perturbation
emergencies. The shy ones, packed solid with the special jams
of sorcery. Clawing at interfering landscapes. Eventually, no
doubt, scalpels swarm...

A sensitive blaze produces her behavior when lapidarian theories sputter backwards into amorphous ones and twos ... Splitting hairs at exactly the right moment. Mating with a whirlpool entering unannounced through permissions of lapping. The unnecessary doors are locked. The obvious ones are double-spaced and whimpering.

Ravens shimmer from the ground up. Infancy setting traps for the marketplace of magnetic spaces-of-unrest, mindful tampering, with Aurora and Obsidian shatters. They will always glimmer disrespectfully. No one is safe. Among the masks and their intrusive bones, the narrator is the identity of crisis wandering on its own, but rescuing signals for speaking in tongues. Swallowing cocoons.

Spiders of rain, for lovely volatility. Oil of vitriol resisting adaptation for windchimes and other raptures of fine tuning. The analogy is translation for synthesizing whatever speculations pouring out of nowhere cease to be avoided as the ripples she evokes, and turning the key in a downward position ... to denounce the only entrance into the matter of vanishing creams.

There are other scenarios and silent bribes to view yourself exchanging glances in the mirror, with who you were, when you were, when the lights went out. There are other conspiracies to untangle the sense of being obtained from unsourced resemblances. There are more than two halves to the brain. The other ones are reciprocating saws, and then chasing tender pyramids...

Tampering with the beck and call of too far away, too soon. the fumes of precedence overtake the integer multiples in the perfume that leads to breathless reconnaissance.

The sloth of tell-tale signs in the tornado's locus of suspended animation, while writing *imitating signing snake-charming* to your *only-time-will-tell* droplets, hypnotizing hornets for fancy dress balls and quick getaways. Pheromones are whirring and fingers snapping. Grooming fierce lizards of expectation. The inquisition of desire. The firmament causing ripples activated by touch.

She was wrapped in the mummy cloth of glowing extinctions and splendid returns. Growling candles.

For each exquisite corpse chasing fine silk stockings with monkeys underfoot and "Oh, yes, the nanny is like butter chasing spoons!" "What?" she says ... A dancing zebra commands the sun, while the vampire is an acquired taste, in a closet for purity. On a King's throne for execution. In the operating room, for wishbone calculations, chasing cutting crystals into tiny birds for miners who never return.

Lacustrine, priceless shadow, phoenician warbler for solar piercing. Only a portrait sphering philosophers for meaningless grappling. Always approached with caution and plumage, gifts of crystal. "My love, with marsh flicker and buried axe ... My slender thread of ancestral mint, blooming for rose-colored talons, for extended scripting. You are the oldest island between guarding and pillaging..."

Soon there will be violin cases for violations of security. The ancient oscillations of dangerous mixtures for capturing moonlight, for captivating widows, and windows for neurological sled rides, for kissing hummingbirds and the still-warm bellies of redirected furnaces. Your secret pleasures. Your sealed envelopes humming in the early evenings. Your royal phosphenes playing hide-and-seek and pumping blood into insidious windchimes. Aurorial grappling begins...

Interlocutor and loper meddling with high-jinx and high wiring into a more lasting sense of erotic softness and electrifying poppies. This is extreme, like the purity of a loving assassin in awkward positions, gauging the perfect curves. The ghostly arc. The illusion of distance. The flower of an impossible caress.

Out of your eyes the salve of witchery expands the terrain of invisible sight-gathering. The unreasonable importance of consciousness for inhospitable flame. Not I, she implied ... Only the other, the passing conjuration of another.

The way you entangle to release mummified constellations, dressed in lathering "the way I would describe it ..." with any loving savagery without explanation at all, without a watery substance that doesn't end in any possible way. Without mumbling. Without frightening roots. With... No viable resistance without adoration and slander.

She walks too fast when her weapons begin to warm. Hesitates when the angles of her white blossoms change direction in swift refraction, undoing the timely fashion. The nature of any movement is mostly unprepared. Wild jasmine taking over when the buzzing stops, when the feminine attributes of a zodiac reach the limits of each nautilus and each tragic joy wild with sporadic harpsicords of spectral dispersion. Among the chosen natives the osprey is always arriving ahead of schedule. Time is a deviation of what is forgotten.

The parasol of throwing jewels for fever and triumphant ladders. Dispersion of the apparent bodies of ascending points of view, tending to the history of eroticism and the slash of elemental pre-dream enticements. Dragging Pluto's Gate into an empty street, near where you lived and wandered, throwing statues into unlawful gatherings. "I will always love you for that, even when you vanished without a trace ..." A never-ending story that never began without impressive doubt. You heard Pythagoras that night winding and unwinding his clock...

Incantations to objectify the sense of other tonalities worthy of introduction. Are you taking that blue smoke for a ride, that tenebrous orchard, sputtering gash, feel those sphinx paws through your shadows. Are you lamping with wolf basin articulating bitch-grazing interventions... Growing secret rib-tuning quintessence, beggar child accordion, identical twin-ringing, rising, the wind milling who goes there?

The howling of Merlin ... There is no knowledge in paradise to divide and conquer. And here, it is unthinkable. "Forgive me, my love, I was unthinkable ..."

Earth giving sparks the run-around, with every word forgotten when you close your eyes. The rotting trees pin-pointing supernatural limbs for secretive creatures. Neither positive or negative, earth giving to thunder-struck feasting table. Uneasy objects reinventing empty spaces, the core of leading the fiercest animals to water, to drink from you. The control center is hovering water, flaunting controls into skinning the gravity of The Great Window scamming dust into an idle arrondissement of revolving corners.

Arsenal across the field of archives, immaculate quarry of multiplication. Between ignition and extinction a major ellipsis, always, a body quartz and vague innuendo. The quiver into the arrow, repelling off blood-splash, not returning. Around the castle keep, circling for that arrival of uncertain mind and questionable nature.

Elle, ah, la la, al la la ... lo ... lo ... ea ellume, el le, le la ... Silent eyes. Selen sio ala ...

Tossing and turning with the invisible ones, the go-betweens, those rapturous sirens of interruption. In the first place of recognition, the five white petals of an early princess, leading to the eight blue petals of the Queen of the Royal Key. Speaking in pentacles and *y un río en el poema de mis primeros sueños* of the poetess from Loíza. Leading one to imagine her magnetic ashes in the bioluminescent bays, counterclockwise for a silver lining. Priceless instigator of unheard-of pollination.

Innocence and initiation, the attributes of cunning short-circuitry. A windup regeneration bordering on neurons merging in the garden, with telegrams and wheels. Arms all askew and askance, flailing with watermills. Threshing night waves of enabling smoke-screen for last chance entwining.

The prevailer of once-and-for-all forcing time telling and aimless wiring into pervading hibiscus... for the oval mirror of that once contested lighthouse bride. The scourge of any algorithm worthy of its salt. Threshold of unrivaled image. She always wins. Introducing the well-known Butterfly Ambiguity, the fingering of wayward contrivances. A sure-footed lyricism of beguiling turning points. Hammering flowers into shape of your presence ignited in your absence, which is never late. An always radical approach to anything...

The haphazard intrigues of antithetical vision, beside each sequence of lost and found movement, it is how you gaze at anything else, at anyone quoted, laid upon by a place where primal metamorphosis unwraps it corpse-flowering-like strange amorous gifts. A summer travesty glowing like rain.

Untitled burning overlooking a tender space. Seen through a true account of unleashed and solvent ménage à trois for quatre in past tense. In a whisper, a whisper or two a mouthful of dark words a deeper pool of inquisitions fondling space, time, fondles into what is ... was not even, she intimates tripod, a cypress perfuming identity, rapid fluttering limited by royal thieves... Codewords for rampant fondling.

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

You shape yourself against and sundial into a window of night-infected petals. A bond you have with Sudden, who sleeps without herself. Only the sound of rubbing eyes together. For the center of desirable agate. A bed of lightning seizures.

A sheer wall of Loki figurines baffling radar for cardinal conception. Twittering in the *all-together-close-closer-still-so-close-almost* of tinkering with rapid eye movements and a thousand and one positions. Winner takes all...

Presense is Nubian wax dripping... A cleaving ritual.
Consumed by following what is delivered, a breath telling a
simple word of mouth, resurrected out of foolish hesitations.

In Cappadocian night, spell blending into columns of
bewitching voices. She there stalks milkweed and cloistered
to filling the reflecting cusp, into the magnetic and swelling
into a winning streak. She swallows the gaze. Orchid swollen
with wherever and often

Clarity is violence. Lucidity strikes beyond violence,
where whispering exceeds in transparency. This does not make
sense ... It's not simple the clash of prisms, like wing flutter
for a mirror. Even when reversed. Entering analogy. "It's
nothing, my love, only the sun..."

You eat infinity, the mortal combat, a needle in a bone
serves twilight with ringing...

She is mist in the window, revealing synchronistic por-
traiture, and gravitation, and waving inspiral, spinning until
the moment of coalescence, edging for a street scene.

While the bones of the veil strike the courtyard, fuse
the drip, drip, drip of essential spark, cowie the anonymous
asylum nebula, embodied in amorphose tuningfork. Phantom
senses...

Egress and anthracite hand and hand with the
hoopoe facial expressions as tree rings and luminous valves.
The clade espouse, the cry shamble "I bring to the table the
witch cry and ensuing, the sudden of long lasting cabal of
being taken with braille and coming to light."

Vestiges of sight unseen ... unwinding motor, motive
for essential sabotage, ever changing facets, languid refusal to
agree. As accepted stillness, exchanging purity for facing an-
gles. How far away, how close, peaches for Midnight Aura,
the unsightly one, the fruit of a doorway. Chasing reflections
in each prearranged window. A new dimension in unison,
waking up and downwards, your body settles into numerous
and age-old appearances. A shadow rattling for Erzulie ...
shake, shake, shaking the easy give and taken, the altered
gaze...

Subversion soft and sweet tipping demonic capture,
blue spreading moth like quicksilver into a keyless duration,
locking the moment when sparks in the air converge ... and
she invisible is through a city hidden constellation for a wind-
blown down stream. A ticket stamped... A dancing yeti for a
command performance. With filigree of horns and rotating
transom ... still as yet ...

The moon secured against antlers, and what stand-in
takes the prize the pose takes the primal psycholuminescence
for the lashing her skin follows what not to avoid...

Phosphenes not suspect to ruling defiance. A ruling water drapery, as ghost writers begin to vanish in creature delights, there you are pooling, a lamplight shimmer to bodily arc, being or not, simpatical in vague transition to undermine debacles in unison.

Dancing like a night-struck plume, a spinning slow-motion wishbone driven into empty spaces. To light up mastery over moon cycles in sight of not seeing, there are fewer obstacles to exile. This night, to brilliant mime, these movements, this way, without mirrors to a lunar flood ... this still awkward shimmering wolf-light geared for disrobing. With fine tuning there is the perfect crime. Remember it without decoding, this uncanny lucidity, it begs a difference ... Haunted by merriment. Ahah, you see. Impossible.

Nyx toys with embers ... and Ember, the one who troubles "I am often formless, only a presence" with dark solutions, she remembers, a famous glow ... You flaunt, and there are interruptions, to memories of pantomime ... And it's yours, all of it, a sudden trembling, a fresh bodice of bees ... "to remember is to alter and secrete..." she intimates, even, a vast spinning window sense of nowhere known... yet ... your surrender fills a chasm, divided by subliminal crosshairs ... "I am your pedestal, forming attraction to lucid slipping, secured against statues."

Hammering stone into water, mythology into eager windows for bodily spark raging wind fire pathology spinning out of empty space. Time is your exile. Your silence...

The continuous springtime of wildly coinciding candle-makers. Triggering spontaneous aphrodisia. Automated tampering. Throwing apparitions.

Lucid forces Agua into luminous supplication, dazzling the natives for an unavoidable glance. Shadow-fiddling in the Great Room reconstructing silence. Warm moccasins for the ultimate alignment with dozing and other sultry mornings, the beekeeper's ongoing delight. The madman's childish foil, the scimitar versus the flying Dutchman. "I have seen ..." where emeralds were smuggled out of Columbia ... She held the circle of condors at bay.

The persistence of reverie is the paradox of a swinging pendant, a drop of mint under the tongue, a vagrant thirst, spoils of the wolves in the firstborn fabric of darkness. Transparency of the sun, even now, a gift of precocious noire. At once the bathing ritual conjuring uneasy intelligences for smuggling off-kilter, unheard-of silences. Dangling between hypnosis and the natural order of multiplying things on the run.

The disorder of amorous breathing, voiceless howling contractions devising indirect cinema. In resurrections of dance in the chambered mirror and who's to say otherwise, there is the shimmer for the shammer, and when sudden enunciations counterfeit an unfettered compass, no order, no reason. The swan of indecent unraveling, espouses the convulsive.

Throwing each frame of reference into fire-analysis. For comparison, analogy, for the fog of excess kindling. Each tinder-bespectacled body of an endless blue as close to the iris of awareness, hovering inside the ribs, catching knives with the precision of hands stopped at 8 in the evening. To wither, we go ... incandescent and fumbling.

On a street of nudes ascending long drawn-out capillary echoes, and the droning of royal pheromones. Where light debates dark in rooms of attraction, and small vials preceding the far-off muffled agonies of lovers capsizing in time.

In unison with primal numbers, pheromones in maze configuration with rapidly firing antediluvian spores, mouthfuls of wishful thinking and opacity submits uncontrollably to lucid signals. There is enough time to spread, and disperse...

You superimpose in daylight fostering panthers and ghostly attendance, risking saturation by your double, exposure, the heiress of brightening splinters between doorways. And hysteria on four wheels recharging the gaze of the first order. The film splits in the middle, as it always does, smoldering with tiny well-dressed horsemen invading the objects of devotion. The weightless silence tipping the scales into heavy droplets.

There are secrets in the arcades, more so to the left of center, the ne'er-do-well flapping continuous hopping of white gloves. Playing second fiddle. You play with appearances and disappearances where animals gather bright red sighs and the rapidly changing ancestry of nightly raids. Spools of solitude enchanting the evening guests.

Flashbacks with arboreal locomotives stealthy with salamanders, one way, unable to return. Furious germination, flowering in untimely fashion.

Signaling with mirrors overhead, underfoot, through skin, outside of an image of taking volumes for granted in the scheme of things. Stirring blood up inside the abyss.

Waving and drowning for the Milky Way. Arousing Kimia with youthful indiscretions... leaving tulips for clues to follow and violas for consternation. Those moments before landing... sidereal and risky. Shimmering. Quivering with juju and ...

One species climbing out of another, a delicate psychology of passage through illusion and elusive persona, into still another. Knowledge, hunger and transparency, for ravenous inventions. Wrestling with the wolf for glowing bones.

Second nature whipping up a pendulum for your thoughts, charming phobias lounging in trees past the hour, claws retracted, extended light with furry tails for children. "I do not exist, I am time ... receding" Leaving random messages for tonalities, saving portals for Flood, who skitters with duplication while dream-scraping through waves of consciousness evolving into unrecognizable bodies. Thinking blood flowing outward into unexplainable movement.

Throwing tinta china into the sovereignty of wings and needles, when no one is home, when translation follows a suit of armor into a star-field for molecules awkwardly pedaling into Mayan writing systems. The three causes of never mind, it's only appearance, and who is the fool ... A principle of forgetting which illusion is the most important for disrobing slowly over time.

A touching silence pried open in Chartres. A moment not far from here. The clothing of disorientation, hanging by a thread, forms a central time-lapse in labyrinthian fashion, secreting honey for light. The bee-keeper averts havoc with his crowbar.

In the instant of turning around, life is neither backward nor forward. Only suddenly. Only changing places, switching gears, turning in coats, changing clocks. Washed up on shore without error, or backlash. It is not, you are neither evident nor semblance. Suddenly. Images catapulting through windows.

Dunes without tracks, the furious interior of a grand pause, powering up gathering facets, for igniting river-speak, in the chambers of a siren.

Luminosity scavenging. Cut-throat for glancing. Indra's net of sentient moving, time to shudders, the ashes, sea scrape, veil contortions with candles in constellation.

Eucalyptus is an orphan, she records her blood flowing her portraits her slip of the tongue anagrams, as plain as noon ticking in unison. It is the stillness of heresy, the core melting for a breathing river. Ascending the spine. The only candle that molecules in a stream.

And still she is missed, her reflections, twice-told still aborigène morphing for invisible ante vowels exchanging photographes in a storm. The auteur is absent, guardian of whispered invisibilities. Exiled for light. The unfinished body, ghost falls the language.

Night was laying its eggs in the blood light of pooling. It was sensual outside of its costume and resembled the eager vibrations the gravity, distant planets. In a very old text. In supposition of unexpurgated lamping.

To loop. Along the way, coo-coo, cu to say, to see the shape of darkness lope, a single most siren to interrupt the play like versions of a neuron chanced to fiddle for a dance. What to say along the way, throwing mirrors into life the way the lights change your shaping, playing hide and seek in the lightning fields. With claws extended... Her skin of Argonaut with ultra violet eyes from the oldest northern cities... With wicked sense of tripod... Only just a moment too soon to comprehend... And...

You shape yourself against and sundial into a window of night-infected petals. A bond you have with Sudden, who sleeps without herself. Only the sound of rubbing eyes together. For the center of desirable agate. A bed of lightning seizures.

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Vestiges of sight unseen ... unwinding motor, motive for essential sabotage, ever changing facets, languid refusal to agree. As accepted stillness, exchanging purity for facing angles. How far away, how close, peaches for Midnight Aura, the unsightly one, the fruit of a doorway. Chasing reflections in each prearranged window. A new dimension in unison, waking up and downwards, your body settles into numerous and age-old appearances. A shadow rattling for Erzulie ... shake, shake, shaking the easy give and taken, the altered gaze...

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.

Waking up and down, more scissors-like and astral 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 innocent contracts and eerie messages spinning out of control. Your rib-cage is the Northern Lights.

Subversion soft and sweet tipping demonic capture, blue spreading moth like quicksilver into a keyless duration, locking the moment when sparks in the air converge ... and she invisible is through a city hidden constellation for a windblown down stream. A ticket stamped... A dancing yeti for a command performance. With filigree of horns and rotating transom ... still as yet ...

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The moon secured against antlers, and what stand-in takes the prize the pose takes the primal “what was that again?” and shouts from off-stage... Take in these antlers, take in what aches, what captures. The fine print will follow. There are stains that fill the streets, growing pains that make shimmering sublime. You leave by vanishing. Sounding the alarm, and the sea is magnetic and the inklings favor an inhospitable grace that gyrates ...

You are pouring lead into hunger, leading permutations from the labyrinth a hyacinth a tiny spider in for duration swallowing, to breath, from mouth to mouth ... Always eclipse like and dark on the right, iridescent in the middle to fill in the left of tide spread and shored to live. Through those eyes what is not allowed. Molten by sight. Taken down with a gesture and pumped full of sparks.

Life-like and like between your legs crystallized in the warp of each moon ritual through pagan fingering ... the absurd ratio of a glance... pleasures of The Black Jacobin humming in preparation for night veiling with talons.

And throwing darkness into the fire is the eroticism of the mirror.

The letter was finally accepted and the seal broken by those gathered under the circle of indigo in the Great Hall where the conference of sinister conjurers unravelled the muses. The analogists and amalgamites were alarmed, and as always the wind moves the shadows in the room, according to their desires. But the one who would unveil the glow with an uncanny feline grace, play with knives the way one trembles in the moonlight.... She was the sylvian fissure and the final passage through the major arteries of the heart.

Multiple light configured within a shell of movement, as many levels as the facets of a diamond in a confluence of savage beasts. This is your illumination that tilts the surface, smashes the darkness-device of a singular entrance.

I am the hummingbird buzzing and we alter our space, the rituals that define each judgement, she is not alone, I am entered, you dissolve, we vanish into each other. She throws in her feathers, my way of approaching ghostly, you gasp, she sips, I slip and vanish, she saves me for herself and we crystalize in lightning.

I am curare pierced from your science and hovering

anecdotes, the possible sting, the endless counting, the overladen, your configuration, of adamant fuses purloined, her claws for a mantle, with each eternal wasp entanglement, your over-and-over incendiary urge like windows to swoop through African eyelids, there is that, always, in pinpointing delirious tumult for thirst. Invisible locks, turbulent entrances.

The rampant dreams of the Khazars cryptic flowering pollen blown faces lowered bodies striking up the band with feline grace. A troubling awkward surrender to gathering milk and bearing down for superior tension, invisible calendar her eyes of silver and astronomy for ultimately easy picking. One-eyed flickering faster than the other. She fires you with the arson of mint and hieroglyphics thrown through the darkest window ...

The incandescence of an imaginary pedestrian winks at the silence of a shadow-crossing.

When you are mirrored, I am your reflection. "You and I" a species of shadow...

She comes to the honey of the darkness to satisfy her thirst. Anguish of the lingering scent, delight of the sudden warmth. She is thankful...

You remember only the projection of her visitation, yet the sense of her gathering storm brightens the earthly milkweed pods of an intimate ravishing, bursting and scattering sirens outwards in a wheel of lightning strikes, signaling the reverse of impending precautions. The archive of owls captures every nuance of biological emanations in the secretive fables of each peculiar shuddering of bricks and mortar, pistil and stamen, and those oddly colored Dutch flasks that appear like lighthouses howling in the wings.

In the Great Hall of Tinkering the last of the chemists and astronomers pillage the gap between consciousness and dark matter, between the hardness of coal, and the myth of another's infernal perception in the jeweler's vise of inspired tinctures; between the kiss and the hunger for kisses that distill and corrupt even the Black Plague.

"I am not the beautiful noire octagon but its gold-bred quicksilver, I am a mere pedestal for optical incantation. I never open until the blades have stopped spinning. My caution as moral suspicion, for immoral preparations, animal species equally precise in albino jubilation. I am the painful reminder of sworn utopian.... I curse you with great pleasure in mind... Veiled Octagon, spreading fire..."

And still she is missed, her reflections, twice-told aborigène morphing for invisible ante vowels exchanging photographes in a storm. The auteur is absent, guardian of whispered invisibilities. Exiled for light. The unfinished body, ghost falls the language.

Absent objects, bodies of fog, gestures of mist, in this space you bring to this equation the rich trajectories of your absence as specific as inhaling shadows.

An obscure desire circling an object, a birdlike hammering for liquid skeleton ...

The crisis of duration is magnetic ... Too late for the speed of light. Luminous bodies meeting for the first time, nor torn apart. Torn. *And the Moth Conjurer altering time in the marvelous dark lighted archives of whispering ... Night falls bright... Humming...*

Playing hide and seek in the lightning fields ...

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Secret Games
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LOOM

