

*before a downfall
images adorn slanted
walls*

not enough
room to
wear iron
lungs

avid former calendar model
shivering between something
and nothing stretched out
though not flexed as usual
pointless pouring rocks into
shoes conceived castles can no
longer stand disappearing line
of conversation stark naked
hands full of confetti throw up
yet nowhere to put it another
thousand years return to
antiquity

“Exercise is severely overrated.”

“After all, hasn't everything already been done before? Aren't we just endlessly repeating ourselves?”

KARA WANE

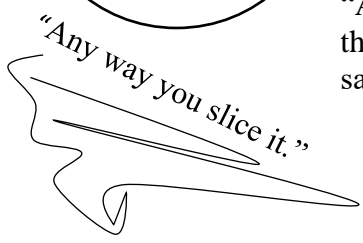
“Are you building in ganark?”

41°

Frozen in Self-Conscious Pastiche

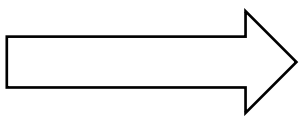
“Some thing specific?”

“A fine thing to say.”



“Make me an offer.”

“An ark?”



**A RANDOM SERIES
OF PRIESTLY
ENIGMAS**

a soldier in
no way
wanders
wearily
mainly
wanting
the speed
vis-à-vis
mowed
grass
broken
twigs
expanding
hole in the
beginning
escapes
cracks
dying
moonlight
concrete
distance

motivation the ripeness of wrenches • static frame inching straining pavement meets twilight speed mute like shattering retroactively hands

The Simplest Thing
Went Unattended

growled, grimaced, flew

upwards, toward the gently sloping sky

through
keyholes
and into
doughnut
holes

