

between blood and that less exalted substance.

Multiple suns, whirlpools of suns.

Back then it was a partial war that more often left the houses intact. The dominating mural. Ah such romance, the same white lies you wink across your current indiscretion. Ebb and flow indeed, as if delivered to you, days old drowned man. eloquently encased in the bloating effects of your river time. A thousand so called stories, all trails leading back to the ghost who also points toward the mountains.

Please, enough with this bloodlessness, this apiarian climate. In an everyday decimated by something far more corrosive than mere history, true social sculpture resembles gangs of weed cutters in chorus. That is the music of life at this place of endings, not your rivers and cascades, your weary environments, acoustic contra harm.

This history as pollution of time, times ducting and shedding. Ah to be drunk once again on your cocktail of viruses. We, the dust people crave water so badly, and you go suspend the detritus of shipped histories in our idea of heaven... let us assure you, there are no altars within our range.

Please try not to read so much, especially that existential shit that makes you frightened for your non-existent soul. Books like that have a habit of gatecrashing the fragile parties of later life, knocking out vistas of total bleakness. Such books can stop a life in its tracks. If you must read, then go with the drunks, they are so much better at imitating your beloved rivers, something subterranean. And try not to worry so about the

end of everything. Believe us when we say we will tear that frigate grey from its blueness.

Ignore the prurient gums of product placement, and also those bands of encephalitic cuteness, masks of alien presence. Aside from their referenced ubiquity and stunningly thin surface they are sad and gone. So not here.

Against pretty much everything to tell you the truth really.

we

The counter-counter, the spec-time derivative, the specially declined, the valid no ones, the delete-delete, echo of future-ancient, the cantilever's warring ebb, the nothing-nothing dualists, this late late late lateness, the cash down, the peripherals

Speak to you from the stadium soaked his/i/ret/y of whatever. speak half-idiotic mid seventies experimentalismlo, speak of total absence, false modesty, and precious little. Find it pointless to go on about the failure of everything.

Live in hard reverb view-distorted paper liquids of la money dusk. Def zip, attendant rubber pulse and near-tuned engines. Or dynastic tracery. Or a million elephantine resemblances. Mach zizz, the skin of burned dynasties. Correct sound of loss in the phase swirl.

Isthis

Warredarchitecture banneredbreathless sportingods. Dressedprayer pyramidiccarpets.

Remove god from father

A) They are killing the child redeemers

Revolution exhortation, the surrender of words to a project of cleansing. The purported river time littered with history. Choked by a planet length of confluence, disturbed by obsession to transparency, a surface of surfaces. Everything as it becomes, is film. (spare a thought for the badly written)

the fatal cure for art. As data evaporates, acriflavine acridine event

Ghosts in the timeless days pursuit of ... We encase everything, nicotine yellow. We are not above devouring you, veins sirens.

The war we inflict on our lovers, the war itself, retrospectiveable. If not for the war in fact never ending, or rather the end of the war never ending. man's hair, a beam over the hours of dangerous mirrors and traffic fall. Amidst ness, bureaucratically maintained not-forget. Ah? memory, collectivity is tax.

Stupid though it is, and really quite also-messianic that face will give you detailed knowledge of how to control a city street with a few well placed men. Those devourers, tearing insects of scale, of bullet and blade. In the stillest south-facing cave, we, splinterine outcrops glimpsic in reference. Awed by the shard's glitter currency. prize the dust resistant. Readable, frustration is evidence. Greedy flaying natures, the heedless pursuit of the essential fountain, the bleeding victims only mere imitation. They love you fingers twitch.

In the name of Stendahl's feet with sun-fired urns we persist in a demand for immaterial building. This does not suit the management. Necessity vanishes like steam. The utopic, as in futile, milk of all dreams in one, our abandoned escape, earth's embrace, (d)generate vehicle self. Pinkish cloudlike bubbling chest wounds so lovingly resistant to the ocean's surface, oceans await our stalling climb to drop collapsing metallic fruit. The least hostile alliance. Meta- air

Turn, a teenage voice broken by trauma, whispers "all summer I wore black sweaters". to the five granite faces, those bastards of the century. Look, it is so by itself

Ignore our petite juene fille. She only appears to be scared. Perhaps, it's true she has been forced to kneel, the other who forbids our speaking, here now, ritual placement girl's tongue of a black crystalline fizz, planet cool. Our otherness swallows"

Indeed, she will wear black sweaters all summer and her complexion will grow sallow in direct correlation to her co-worker's ambivalence. Unpromising girl, her sweater of constellations of unbidden milk vortex.

We know, you are no longer interested in blackness. So many things vying to take your place. Meanwhile, the elevator to the basement fleet. European metal as a vampiric tide rises from everything metallic, seekers of your nothingness, high-pitched but gentle percolators of the last remnant still layers. Metallic ticks, chasers of the diamond core of communal futility.

IWE, in total absence of food we may be slightly given to hallucination. Strict measures and the logic of cities built over cities to confuse us. Risky while navigating the apparent transport system.

Still in the hope Christians will someday say something rational, that all the miniature Koran will finally find their way home through chants of disconnection. The everyday a lack of connection, nothing more than lost book marks. Constant starts.

The intraperceptual remnant request for drawings of planes that are buildings that are clouds. Drawing of a thousand dollars worth of one millimetre squared. The immaterial current, a Zen-like pulse on the free vein. Powered by dipping into the magnetic

But please do not say you buy the line of the 'ebb and flow', a pretty picture. If history is a river, then ours was diverted somewhere in the mountains. The weight of their fortresses simply overwhelmed our impossible position above the river cliff. Two thousand years. Now, with their claws wired together, they hang. So much blood rushing to such birdbrains they gesture at all kinds of heroic, salted with the treachery of disgruntled guards.

Our history is this, we the fervently unhistoric. In the deserts we learned to live on dust, became nothing more than pairs of eyes carried in swirling motes of corrosion. Our eyes, the only reflection left, became themselves the object of war.

While in those mountains they had learned to rinse cities clear, a development. Under post war suns ankle high remanence baked to the colour