

Meso
Compound
sensssssssss-cored
Coral, line, barrier

A quest to, or, is it to distinguish axes chopping leaves amidst rain beading through the sudden shift in temperature you may observe whilst the constellation populating the celestial of that darkness which everything from floating dorsal fins to refrigerating channels succumbing to diagonal cuts desecrating the horizontal interruption of sight and lungs.

Pulling a silver a zinc coated hook, a revolving door, combination bonding at the interluding jump, plastic shot, of fast-paced printed interlocking metallic jets, gaudy ink infusion, break, snatch, press.

Breath.

A kitchen' scene.

Diurnal variation, veering, soaking through pavements, ceilings, gasping at window panes, alarming, one, two, three compartments. Wet soil, intermission, the main portal banking tolling orifice, Sophia, separated by ten meters of asphalt, birches, benches, meandering passages or clues of a buoyant path.

Red lights may distinctly align to suffused asterism, at their heightening, encroaching infrastructures, tingling through voiding elements which succumb to dust, terrestrial or urban, ante: the bondage of rhythmically fractured screens and loops aggressively steer through pectoral machines cables powering rancid sweat thunders. Blocker, lapsing green-carpeted rolls of matching, flipping coins, breeding numbers through triangular pixels.

A flying shade of orange peel burning gold, trembling ash leaking, leaking superior pardoning kindred-ness, barricades offering safety to hands manicuring a floating reflection over burning minutes of smoke. Could you contain a sporadic action in a tray, boiserie shielding vampiric urination.

Fuck your conversational attitude, syntactic paralysis a given?

At the altitude of cones of fossilised coccoliths and foraminifera, sheer white acid fabric sheets appears to be veiling a steady walk, the view, pointy, formulated at the threading rhythm of candles burning in the shadow brood and noon lightening, the sunsets shuttering countering recordings of camera lenses pointing at virgin nightfalls parades, the chores, the chores.

Was it midday or midnight?

Was it a blizzard,
was it a safari?