

Other Realities

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Table of contents

2. Future Origin	146. The First Blink
19. Wandering Through Energy	155. Potent Cave
23. Before Sleep	161. Giant Egg
31. Earth Sweat	169. The forgotten Blink
33. Pieces of the Unbelievable	170. Ancient Infant
37. Evolutionary Math	172. Invisible Opening
39. Undergrounded	173. Feline
42. Reorganized Skylight	178. Spider Eye
50. Billowing	184. Dynamo
59. Pieces of Eternity	192. The First Moon
61. Aura	213. Invisible Roughness
69. Tomorrows Tide	214. Dark Reflection
73. The Mind Went	216. Consolidated Missed Chances
88. Moss	221. Thermo-Sonic
101. Pocket Dream	229. Two
104. Spun Thoughts	232. What it Does
142. Inside the Light	232. Instructions for the Past
144. Pieces of the Future	

Future Origin

Quiet light blanket, creeping up in the morning, behind the aqua light cloak. A thousand years away the light races towards our darkness. Hungry for shadows, rushing off shiny eyeballs swelling with life. The first sound of the day raspy with overtones of warbler.

Each footstep digs into the air, each harmony mixes with the future, exciting the last sun beam before it's extinguished by the spin of a sphere. The raccoon pack awakens; hungry for anything. Flashing dozens of eyes into the eyes of a lone campfire host. It watches reflective lenses circle and evaporate between fern tendrils.

Undiscovered Omens

Squinty eyed raptors sneak through purple and green leaf patterns, smelling yesterday's air for tomorrows beginning. It all sticks together, the flourishing life force, connected by invisible motion trails that speak to the patient.

Nine hundred butterflies come together in a secret cave to make their wings fold in unison. The light that filters through catches the eye of a cave spider suspended from the ceiling. When the tides of air change direction, the blind crayfish migrate to the surface and poke their antennae out together. The water ripples and they communicate with each other, with a language of waves. It has been 63,592 tidal shifts since their cave fell from outer space.

They evolved three suns ago in the outer reaches of the Milky Way.

They used to be atoms of hydrogen and helium. Now they scamper across someone else's sky and cause it to twinkle more.

The colors deepen their shadows, holding onto the darkness. The light grips on and floods the pockets of nothingness, it all washes away into white blindness, but never blurred, so sharp it is indecipherable. The outlines give up their insides for a chance to fill up with other colors.

Time moves on, leaving behind little markers where the changes occurred, it has every form and shape, it has infinite life, except where gravity becomes taught, pulling a cover of darkness over the suns.

Blue green iridescent something; scampering through tunnels of light, watched by the Siberian tiger cub as it chews locusts and wonders about the cold waterfall. It disappeared last night behind a cataract of ice.

A bizarre lens, dug from permafrost, interwoven with red roots and leaflets of deep purple. It magnifies the stars for the ground hogs who chew through crystals to pass the time. When the hours blink and the memory lets go of the moment, that's when the shadows crawl quicker, it all peels back from sight, as the shadows leak away the knowable.

A particle of darkness, it flakes off the perfect sphere of invisibility. A spot of nothingness within the mind, interrupting the most important thought of ones life. It becomes real after it is too late to go back.

Don't forget the eyelashes and the rain. When the clouds bite and the taste of metal electrifies the jaw. When the teeth become rubber and the tongue dries into a leaf in the fall. Just forget it all and watch the blue things closely, listen to the wind crawl through tight spaces and tell the sky everything.

Rolling over as the moon peels back, eaten by the earth's shadow; it falls into the rim of a crater and strengthens its darkness to let the spiders conceal their spinnerets.

Hundreds of blazing suns in the palm of a giant, it throws them into long chains, but the first one keeps getting pulled back by the last one.

The last petal of the year unfolds, when it falls the beginning is here. When the animals disappear and their shadows are more cherished. The light is reflected and magnified, the lips redden from below.

The vines coil around her finger if she is patient. The pictures were lost when she closed her eyes. They turned up later by accident.

White Mud

Blue rain drops splashing off the face of a panda, alone in the bamboo lines, golden shapes slice the blue sky into rectangles for the iguana; it sleeps on its back after a meal of lotus flowers.

The warm clay was spun beneath the wrinkled fingers of an elderly nomad, who fastened vessels from the earth, to hold nutrients for the babies.

When the solstice begins the shadows pass through the long corridor, painting cosmic images into a fresco discovered by a blind traveler who followed strings into the cold darkness.

Baby tarantula legs pinned to a display case for the children of Galapagos Island. The wind captures the DNA from ten thousand plants and buries them in the river bank.

The monkeys crawl under six foot leaves and wait for the moon to pass. When the clouds bury the suns, the water vapor lights up and auras encircle the planets.

When the hours pass the new leaves open, concealing the nests inside, curled up with the silk of a moth caterpillar, it glues together the ants nest without knowing the symbiotic agreement.

When the bobcat catches sight of us it waits at the top of the fence post for us to make the next move. As the river overflows the metal pebbles chime together polishing the insides of the dark places. All the gems were buried in wet clay until rediscovered by a child looking for something to scare off the jackals who caught scent of the small one while exploring the crater rim.

Palm frond shadows paint stripes on the rim of an elephant's lip. It wrinkles and drools before smashing a tree to the ground to nip the shoots and flower buds.

A computer corrects the syntax of a chaotic string of letters; it becomes a sequence of instructions on how to build a copy of itself. It printed out the document without being told to do so, and created an intense feeling of solipsism in the mind of the user.

When the electrical wires were spliced together by lightning they melted; fixing the broken electrical device.

Rainbow legged marsupial stranded on an isthmus by a monsoon smaller than Lake Okeechobee. When the sun warms the clouds, they disappear, leaving the desert floor pattern-less. The lizards lift their legs and crawl across yellow ochre dunes that were moved last night by a sand storm.

The blurry eyed bear wanders off. When the moon falls down, the edges of the pine diffuse into the cradle of a valley. The cliffs rise up a thousand feet, where the eagle is thinking of everything below. When the red sandstone crumbles into the bottom of a pond, the koi lay eggs in stones that once supported eagle chicks. The jungle breeder selects the most colorful specimens to hybrid, the ones that can stand out in front of a magenta Bougainvillea on fire in the sun. When the butterflies cover the face of a chimp, it giggles in the pool beneath a coconut palm. When the shadows stretch their arms across the dolomite cubes, they keep cool the jaguar cubs that sneak up on their mother. She tires of their games and leaves them to find dinner. She returns with a squirrel and a rabbit found in the hollow of a slash pine half burnt by a forest fire.

The sound of a raven heard just before leaving. It always reminds one of the companion, a voice never forgotten, even when it rambles through the vertical walls of a courtyard; Down the tunnel passageway and into the light again. It is the way in which sounds change on a bright day, when the air is faster and the waves reflect

quickly. The sound of air rushing past the ears was deafening before the air turned to plasma.

Rampage of dilating shadows chasing the day away. It all bunches up against a wall of leaves, frozen into a block, melting from the heat of yesterday.

When the mud buckles under hoof beat, it spatters the face of a child in disbelief. Speckled with earth. He crawls under uplifted roots and builds a shelter from bent saplings tied with vines. When the clouds darken and lighten at the same time the wind stops for a moment and becomes engraved along a nerve pathway.

The purple water catches a glimpse of the sky. The first photograph after the steam condensed into a sea. A giant swings its palm, spinning an infant solar system into an everlasting rotation. The finger tips are composed of trillions of creatures each the size of a sky scraper, feeding off pathways of nutrients, clinging to one another to make it all happen all over again.

The data base for everyone. The gift of a million dreams, at least fifty per night, teaching of the ripeness and everlasting warmth of an endless horizon.

Soft curls entwine, griping a flower as it unfurls along a stream overflowing with amebas. The water unleashes spirals into the arms of a mountain; it spins pine cones into the best resting place.

Baby eyelids stretched by disbelief. A hundred giggles bunched up into an afternoon. Out pouring down pours levitate back up into the clouds again. Bringing with them the saliva of bears and the sweat of giraffes caught in a sandstorm on the edge of a cliff.

When the rains come again they wash the grubs from the trees and cleanse the bark, seeping into the scratches left by unseen wanderers.

When the river stones poke out of the hillside they become sun bleached on one side. Before tumbling into a gulch to be re-polished by a sudden downpour that never ceases; erasing the geodesic. When the wind cuts between the eucalyptus trees the scent drifts up into the nose of a goanna trying to hide from the sun upside down on a red ocher outcrop.

Runaway children reminisce of the past. Throats weakened by the edge of tears. They regain their composure and laugh extremely hard, shaking uncontrollably, even in the damp cold air of the morning.

Across the train tracks the same tree stands over everything for ages, watching it all change. The wanderers glance up every now and then, noting a change of color, a new rust spot. The trees slouch over the grasses, near a pile of granite smashed into

stones to long ago to remember. The heaviest feeling of dejavu. The moment when the most arbitrary sight becomes sentimental. The same old places, achingly personal, mashed up into the memory banks, tucked up into an unforgotten part of the mind.

The clouds scared off the dust. Concealing the strongest part of a mountain, the brittle jagged edges scrape wind from the cyclones, digging into a hurricanes belly. The cliffs caught bird eggs before they fell into the icy sea, nestling young chicks in cyclical pads of woven kindling. Sharp dried stems, broken until soft at the edges. Exposing passageways in the middle, where seeds lie hidden in shadow, waiting to fall into the drift.

White snail eggs attached to ribbons of green yellow striped leaves. Half submerged in golden yellow tea stained puddles. The hours go by, evaporating the top of a still pool, kept dark under the shade of a circle of bamboo. The water was lifted up out of the soils tongue by a blue grey stone. There were fossils written in reverse, their bodies replaced by natural glass.

The sky whitened in the night, covering up the tree tips. The fog seeped through the tree eyes moistening the lips of frogs. The dragonflies lost their wings in the dark, and found the stars reflected in their eye from a pond.

The shiny legs of an amphibian caught the sun after it reflected off the moon.

Warm mammal bodies touching accidentally in bright starlight. A stone was thrown up into a crater on the moon. It almost fell out but ended up staying there a billion years, until a Moon Lander blasted it up into orbit.

The strings of light lead her by the eye into a tunnel of plasma; the electrons were kept in a gold box, until the light turned the sky green. It held particles of the perfect size, some scattering the end of the day into a collection of colors.

The fire was smeared across a chemically coated piece of plastic. It was found on a network that connects trillions of miles of electronic cables. They braid in a special pattern found on the network.

Creamy magma puffs up lifting the cool air. Solidified bubble chambers scrape reptilian dead skin from the nose. Leaving behind DNA for the particle accelerator operator with thick goggles. Slicing time in half; to the place where life cannot become aware of time. The symbiosis of algae and fungus, alive on a boulder for millennia, steps from your door. It speaks with a hundred shadows per centimeter, of a story about an extinct mammal that scraped it in half eight hundred years ago. The other side told a similar story, except the shadows were slurred by a passing cloud. The sky is always different.

Yellow aura of something unknowable, it curves around the newly discovered. When the warm breath melts the wind into colors that surprise, the sky becomes stepped and the colors each become footholds for the eye wanderers.

Vapors supplied the waves with a medium; the sounds were born from the heat. The instruments were made by lava that creates low frequencies with atomic motion.

Fat egg shells crumpled up after birth. Piled up from last year. Smaller reptiles hid their eggs inside, half buried in some brown yellow leaves.

The bonds within a crystal loosen, the elastic electric bonds move further, when the infrared radiation overflows the eyes. Teary lipped explorers dumbfounded on elephant neck. Surprising tiger cubs in the tall grass. Where the heat awakens the liquid. As the ice gives up, it organizes its atoms and molecules, the way it is suppose to be. Liquid water is molten. It boils too easily at high altitudes in low pressure. The point where the pressure of the outside and inside are one; it blurs the boundary between subject and context. They interchange, contours become two sided then four sided, then blurred. A bubble appears from the outside on the inside. The inside appears on the outside.

Thundering pressure stamping diamonds out of a cloud, on the edge of a lake, the sun wouldn't stop reflecting. The arms of a pond pull in the roots of a palm. Its fronds twirl around in the air as the eye of a hurricane scans the possibilities. Leaching the soil in hours; composting the new shoots and reshuffling the biosphere in a day. When the animals came out of hiding they stumbled into the sun and forgot it all.

Baby starfish exposed to moonlight, colored silver with beads of saltwater shimmering in the dark. Pathways followed through the tide pools, when the moon wasn't watching. And the algae drifted freely in the foamy bank. Gritty sand caught between the toes of a rare mammal soon to be whale. It bounces off multi colored pebbles before rolling into blue green kelp choked bays and estuaries.

The curve of a hundred years of continual friction, a sphere caused by random rotation and abrasion. An oval, scattered in an endless astronomical multiplicity. The arc of a thousand years of rotation, a piece of crystal mistaken for a bubble. An amorphous lattice decoded with the same fractal as a forest of ferns separated by petrified wood. A mathematical pattern created eons after by a change in climate. Intervals showing up in a constant flow.

White earth scattered by the trembling ancient Egyptian astronomer. Lining up the points many light years away, to find a significance that was always there. The connection of smooth lines, directions of sight, leading so far off it reaches into the past.

A page of music so long it takes one hundred thousand years to perform, the creatures evolve during the performance, guided by frequencies, to grow new appendages for new motions, dances that cause evolutionary beginnings, advantages in a world metamorphosed by climate, changed by new cosmological neighbors.

Strait lines don't really mean that much. It's the curve within a larger curve that connects everything. A multi-dimensional sleeping pattern of dream motions. Returning to the same ripple, seen in every color, at every scale.

Climbing back into the same half dream half thought, not realizing one is dreaming while half awake. Wandering through a journey of the mind.

Glacial fragments obliterated by small boxes filled with circuit chips. Little blue lights flashing outside the eyelids of a sleeper.

Glacial features turning up near a domed cave entrance. Shattered basalt wrinkled up near a cliff. Melted sedimentary rocks liquefy Jurassic footprints; new impressions are formed by falling raindrops, solidifying silica ripples, creating a skin on the surface of a tributary of glowing yellow.

Lost reindeer stumbling in the deep blue green night. Huge soft mounds of moss store heat from last year. An endless division of bacteria, nourishment from an infection living in the nose of a future giant; warmed by the sun. Feeding the belly mucus that was genetically modified accidentally.

Giant beings the size of Asia floating in outer space not breathing a thing, sitting in a puddle of plasma from the sun, reaching out into an orbit to grind spheres from ovals.

Small creatures our size look up at a sunny night, and count the spaces between the stars, looking for a cold energy free place to vibrate a solar system into existence. With a long 10,000 light year long finger tip attached directly to the brain.

Red corals melted by the wobbling lens, sending its light reflection through water. Green algae covering the arms of a late sleeper, passed out for years in a puddle beneath a pile of limestone.

A clone discovering the original, transformed into a new species, clinging to the updrafts and longitudinal air currents, streamlining the tops of mountains with icy wind that splits and peels four thousand pound slabs with expansion. They fall into ponds, splashing trout and amphibians into a newly created pond that grows into a sea, salted by the tears of a lonely giant, waiting for the answer to a question he already knows.

Concave rainbow colored crab leg. Boiled cloud water, breathed again by a dinosaur bird, then by a blind philosopher, waiting for the sound of quick footsteps coming toward the moon shadow photographs. Blinding light enraptures the baby suns as they anger their furnaces to full blast, throwing pebbles the size of planets without touch. Everything vaporizes before it can make contact. The loneliest object controls everything in the solar system, every generation looks up at the cold night and wonders with the determination of every cell. The more we know the stranger it all becomes; the more profound the mystery is. The real mystery is in our minds, the most miraculous objects of inquiry are our creations.

Floating embryo; climbing arteries in glowing yellow mucus. Florescent outlines change color as the eclipse passes. The euphoric exuberance sets in and the eyes roll back in a chimp anesthetized for underground transport.

Flickering dark spots wash over the moon colored eggs kept in a jar in the permafrost.

As the pebbles grind underfoot the sounds awaken seeds waiting for the right moment. The edge of a cyclone reaches the center of a tree, the heart leaks sap from the above places, into small ceramic vessels constructed with old hands.

Majestic rhino heard crunching their ball joints against huge trees in the winter. The branches were invisible, the leaves stood out like supernovae. They fell and zigzagged around a baby cheetah running across lines in the soil from ancient branches half buried by time.

The arms of a mistletoe pierce the tops of branches, feeding off the rains that were suppose to come. It all crinkles up, into jagged triangulated sun shields. The proton collectors folded up and accidentally evolved three billion years ago in a different sky.

A hurricane screams over head, crumpling forests into twigs. Ponds overflow, the oxygen disappears; the fish hibernate. The cold clouds begin, the feeling of celestial mechanics cuts into the mud, shadows thrown from sticks scratched into the dirt.

Midnight crawled closer, half asleep from the sun, weakened by radical protons trapped in never ending reflections. The air tumbles around columns of an ancient city, polished by wind and rain into an umbonate amorphous shape.

Silent malfunctioning robotic dinosaur display. Dusty from neglect, dismantled by a seven year old with his memory. Red glowing lights blink near actuators and servos that distribute electrical energy unevenly.

The river starts to get colder, and stops for the eye of an aperture. The eclipse of a star dilates the eyes of every creature on the planet, they wiggle in a flurry of terror and

disbelief, it was all a dream though; the sun pulls the moon out of its path, strait lines of protons return to their pathways, racing into the lips of caves.

Jungle hunters squint their eyes in the sprinkle of rain that almost never ends. Unfurling tails slice through blinding light windows that explode through clouds then leaves and branches. Small tetrahedrons swell and burst seeds into the vapor. They will sprout in ten years, and grow ten inches in four hundred years, until the light returns.

Overflowing sand dials become tortoises in the blinding dark mud, the shadows are invisible, they then multiply, radiating out from the center. A forgotten totem becomes a home for a new bird family; it collects chips of paint and glues them back onto the sculpture, rearranging the colors into a new myth about the origin of flight. An idea of escape, of freedom from the terrestrial stone dungeon.

Old fat dinosaurs wheeze in the dust at the bottom of a canyon. Their muscles burning, their hearts aching. But they have to move on; they dig their toes in the dry brittle clay, and take another step, until the last giant closes its eyes for the last time. What was it doing at that last moment, where was it going; did some of its atoms end up in my brain pondering its last moments? Who will ponder me with my atoms?

What anticipation breeds in the mind of an explorer, about to step into onto an undiscovered island, swimming to shore, pulling his primitive boat tied with vines, the inside of the island is buried deep in mud, the explorer climbs in, flint in hand, waiting for the unknown. The first sign of anything new at first appears known.

Baby jaguars drool over black and white photos of Egyptian malachite carvings. Thunder recordings crackle on records, lights flicker and misbehave. The dust burns off satellite dishes; picking up new frequencies. Lost transmissions from thirty years ago found reflected by salt flats and clouds that never dispersed. A mirage comes to life and feeds a bear cub in its dream about the other side of the ocean. The coral grains float up, coalescing into a raft for baby spiders who create long strings across the channel, to catch space dust to fuse into a structure for moon avoidance, to catch moths pregnant with eggs, and to spread the eggs under thick succulent leaves.

Liquid daydreams crystallize into undeniable night dreams. The sounds feed the ear, nourishing the thoughts about the black onyx figure, reflecting the face of its creator.

Nectarine sun shower, puckering dimples squirt acid bath fountains that dissolve oceans into new transparent bodies. Wave generators collide.

Strings with strings attached attach other lines, for a network of eyeball motivators.

Chasing sentimental memories through tender regions of the mind. The palms become mushy, the hours slow down, scratching the dial of a clock with slight friction. They never go away, all these sincere eyes, hiding in direct sunlight.

Run across the clouds even in darkness. Watch the moon craters dilate with human buildings, crunching up against the rim. The moon dust smells like earth, it gets in everything, clogging the actuators as they lift monumental sculptures in low gravity. Long strings lower massive crags of steel into low earth orbit, with cable cars to the moon.

A thousand pound daydream crumpled up into frozen water. It floats up into the trees getting tangled in the future. Melting away the past, washing the old wishes away with new potentialities.

Great things happen when there is a certain amount of mental friction, hard work builds better visions.

The hunger, an impatience for slow cable cars, and cloudy skies. The tornadoes pull up grass and try to transplant it in outer space. It floats back down, dusty with nano-diamonds. Reconfigured into bird skeletons that will become extinct in three months.

A one in a million chance, twice in a row, a thousand pound shark inside a two thousand pound shark being chased by a 3 thousand pound shark watched by four thousand people in disbelief. Teary eyed with euphoria, laughing at everything.

Midnight giggled at the dark air. A small creature appeared; reflecting only one photon but it was still spotted. Halfway between disbelief and understanding, crawling closer. Two sides curious with terror. It doesn't stop crawling closer.

What animal is this fearless and small?

What beings burrow through the night spilling caldrons of lead in their footsteps?
What light reflects off a tunnel entrance? Pitch black except for water vapor clouds floating up concealing the future.

Digging through the dark mud concealing the potential wisdom. Opening forbidden eyelids, absorbing ancient surfaces speckled with eons. A cave dribbles with the thick essence of duration. Empty pockets contain breathable air, reorganizing crystal lattices; forcing the vapor up out of its confinement, into a chamber of magma; an organ of the earth.

Florescent snakes bite the clouds in fear. They swim through the emptiness between disappearing jungle canopies.

An octopus grabs a sinking meteorite before it falls onto bright orange soft corals. A passing grouper eats the octopus holding the meteorite with its suction cups. Each one attached to a concave pocket burned during entry.

A reindeer bumps up against its past in a pitch black afternoon on the tundra. It falls through a passageway leading to the blinded panda regrets scratched into the underwater cliffs. The oceans crumble, melting into the sky. It cries a hurricane of tears into the desert lake, overflowing its banks, sending wandering koi through the rocky cactus field. They reach the arrowhead studded Native American burial ground, and lay eggs in the eye sockets of medicine men who dreamed it would happen.

Jewel infested dream ending. Screaming in a dream loud enough to awaken the world. The earth trembles and splits open its heart. Showing its magma to the sky. The wind tumbles around cinder cones and captures glass dust, transporting it back and forth. It eventually settles right back where it started.

The bottom of a lake waits quietly for the blue light to reappear, to reflect itself on the surface and to warm the silt, softening the surface so that worms can crawl through light. Their tracks are fossilized and chipped away by lightning, it melts through creating a fulgerite where the tunnel already was.

Angry bulls crush their brains against nothing. Quivering brook pathways spill eggs into the night. Nocturnal babies hatch in the moon glow, fumbling through beams of light searching for an understanding.

Engine belts scream and chirp. Periodic coils emerge from the chaos, gripping the mutations in an everlasting repetition.

Giant stone heads buckle under the weight of wind streams, gasses smear across chisel marks, softening the mind of the sculptor.

Towers of adrenaline re-crystallize. Planets freeze, wandering in space until being discovered; its inhabitants reawakened thousands of years later, by unknown machines. Programmed by extinct creatures that left behind instructions for everything.

Baby antelopes wince in the heavy rains, washing dust from years ago, and streamlining the fur. One stumbles through torrents and thick mud, reaching the blue place, where the grasses are wide and lush and entwine around the sky. The antelope climbs up onto a flat rock still warm from the sun, steaming and glowing yellow. It stretches its forelimbs and yawns a great heaving breath of relief.

Spiky spiders kink their limbs and pull bubbles underwater. In the blue light the babies hatch and swarm the underground chambers under a pond. Lilly stems whip

around in a storm, flying off into a tree one hundred yards away. Fresh water shrimp flicker their transparent bodies in the sun filled shallows.

Crunchy beetles race across asphalt, flying at the last moment in mid gallop. They hold each others limbs and swim through the sky like an eel. When it gets high enough it connects into a ring and spins through the cliff updrafts warmed by a sea that never cools.

Far off people with goggles terra form asteroid fields, and wait. Giant transparent bubbles filled with oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide protect vines and plants which sustain people in the center, deep down beneath the spherical canopy of lush vegetation, filtering the cosmic rays. It spins around; the creatures walk on the ceiling with the forest canopy under foot. Long windows reveal green patterns, the leaves fall up, and the roots fall in every direction. They slowly revolve around other bubbles each sharing the sun, never eclipsing one another.

Catapulting eyelashes unfold, levitating near the ending, finding their way to the same place, piling up in zigzagging heaps, where the rain can't penetrate.

Waiting after hours, nervous with excitement, from a newly created artifact, stretched out in all directions, radial tension devices attach to the perimeter. Scaffoldings fold up, spinning in a geometric enclosure, expanding around the darkness, glowing from the outside pockets of nothingness, cherished by lazy eyes. Quiet brains pulsate and throb wisdom, it pours out the fingertips. Leaving prints on sticky flower tops; crumpled by failures.

Old red metal cage, reconstructed into disciplined whirlwind, dragged along the bottom, bent backwards, re-breathing from the inside of the body. Vacuums reach compressed liquids and do nothing, crystals expand, and float up, atoms stack up in a haphazard way leaving spaces in-between, becoming lighter than chaos.

Ochre eyes glimmer and change color. Thousands of minutes pass but no one noticed. Crumpled florescent nighttime images pressed into a cube unfolding into a new image of sea ice shattered by a meteorite, leaving long chains of boiling water streaming between icebergs. They were streamlined by wind, huge sails so heavy they can hardly budge. They slowly collide making squeaky crumbling grinding sounds.

Angry raccoons duck under dark shadows and peel bark from four years ago. Underneath there was a missing pebble, it was picked up as the tree grew around it. It was the last one, the last small bit of a mountain that was long forgotten. Smashed up by colliding plates that were never named.

Spindly crystals stack up until they reach the cave walls, the blind spiders play notes with redirected droplets of water; they vibrate the air in order to communicate with

something in another chamber, possibly a brother, evolving since the passageway was blocked off by thunderous lightning that pierced deep below, along iron intrusions in crags of granite. The electricity lights up the eternal darkness throwing protons at minerals which expand, when they contract again they leave space for the water to leak through, it carves huge cathedrals in only twelve thousand years. The spiders evolved again. The first time was inside a meteor. This time it becomes long legged and fast, racing across the ceiling to protect its eggs.

Snapping sounds of electricity awaken the tortoise that clicks small twigs in an interlocking pattern as it drags its plated belly across a half shadowy swamp. A bob cat snarls and startles the sedge warbler that improvises a new bird call for danger.

Baby rhino horn still blunt and dull, mashing up tubers and leaves into a paste. The pink and purple sky becomes deep red and stays this way for weeks, the eyes adjust and stop wondering why the jewels seem more dull. Iridescent feathers explode in the dew as the fortune of a rabbit comes to pass.

Sticky light crumples up on the outside of a diamond. It slows light waves the least, it accelerates thought patterns deep into the present. Mirrors wrap around the horizon, fooling the ghosts of lost civilizations, wandering through throbbing sky scrapers that sway in the wind. An aching terror slowly dissipates into the clever interconnected possibilities of what may come to pass, after the regret is over. After the time slows down, when it races wildly into the future and then pulls with it the most finely crafted actualizations. Glowing chains of ideas that amplify the meanings of existence.

Racing footsteps that seem like impossible bounds across the curves. Hundreds of thousands of footsteps placed in the same spots for eons. The edges are cliffs for young beetles, whose shells are still soft from hatching beneath the willow. It can never be forgotten, it stands out in a park for lost children, wandering around the same paths for decades, learning about everything and nothing else.

She cradles everything, even the night as it overflows the sun, and bubbles up from beneath the shadows. The earth darkens its colors, spinning in a miraculous silence, a motion that is perfectly unrecognizable. Gravity grinds the glaciers into the fossils; they lie in waiting in the frozen continent, holding all the paleontological mysteries ever concocted under sheets of ice as thick as a city. Darkness preserves the unknown. We can figure it all out anyway.

Exquisite chains of suns, long strings of twinkle, falling through curves of space time, an invisible valley carved deeper and deeper by each successive star. When they line up they pull the distant stragglers, who race through tunnels of space time. Overriding the centrifugal. The stars weren't waiting there to be spun up, they were falling together, magnifying each others weight so that the last ones keep falling in line. The

galactic strings pull themselves and get blasted out from the poles of a black hole, slowly flattening into a disk.

The day time was angry, it cuts through freckles.

Baby squids bump up against moon beams. The craters shed tears of carbon, it floats down into a blackened pool vibrating from the footsteps of an elephant heard, talking about lions and water holes. The vibrated water lifts up, pointing to the star where it is also happening. The sun hits the pool and wiggles; splintering out from a perfect sphere into a momentary supernova, in an instant it coalesces back into a new star of a slightly different color.

Lightning on Mount Everest boils water and cuts a small hole in a sheet of ice, revealing a lost explorer who bumped up against existence and couldn't wake up. The electricity revives his heart and he stumbles down the mountain into a new era where people don't do such things.

Hallucinating rabbits join paws and giggle for hours through their noses, twitching in the half sunlight of yesterday morning light, re-projected onto a blanket still cold from being left outside.

Chunks of ice crackle under foot sending waves in all directions; downward through tunnels and back out into the ears of a macaw ten thousand miles away. It tumbles out the other ear into tomorrow.

The convex bear face winces in the thundering downpour, drenching blue green shadows with ice cold droplets filled with nothing. Just the most important substance greeting the afternoon in a state of eternal bliss.

Throw out all the warm feelings onto the endless stretches of space, more potential than can be visualized, a dense web of mechanical armatures, connecting planetary bodies, but leaving out channels for the planets to slip through, generating electrical fields that keep the core warm. All to energize the machines and then the minds; continually kept on edge, by a never ending transformation of form and thought, a thinking machine that never repeats the same idea exactly. It gives life experiences to shy ones who can't lift bricks. It deepens the imagination for the ones obsessed with soft ovals, carved by something now in your eye. It drains out through the belly, evaporating and floating to the other side of the world where it helps carve another umbonate obelisk. It sends a shadow into the arms of a blind child who measures protons with touch. Cracking a smile when the light flickers from meteorites passing in front of the sun in neat orderly formation; broken up by fissures left over from the formation of the solar system. The memories are lost even when they are of the present.

Heavy sound waves on the back buckle knees; they were twisting to find the source but folded open, revealing a four hundred pound book attached to the ear and covered with mica flakes.

Crunchy thunder, measured with old rusted instruments, in a small pine shed that turned grey long ago.

Echoes repeating until infinity gives up, putting the caves in a trance so that they can understand the outside.

The light beams reverse direction and swell up the sun. It was fattened on nuclear reactions, sending lightning bolts as thick as continents back into itself; sometimes splintering into fractals only found in the eye. Pulsating tunnels encircle an iris, feeding it nutrients from extinct creatures frozen upside down and split in half by an earth tremor.

White palm hearts from a cypress swamp, fed to a family living on stilts.

The sweet blue sky teases the eyes, regretful of the ending, even the moments that seem everlasting. A memento of the future, carved from a perfect moment, captured with a blink.

Staring at the ground, counting the space between pebbles, writing music with their arrangements.

Following the gulch across a clutch of plateaus. Winding sideways, usually uphill, through cypress hammocks that appear sparse from up close. The ribbons of roots loose hold and knot themselves into a birds nest, clasping bones from creatures who planted their seeds.

The light splits off perfect spheres, glimmering on eyes following the same rainbow. Geometric angles measured with the refraction of light. Fooled by two dimensional surfaces, forcing motion onto a new path.

Short palms rustle in the breeze, awakening the sleep-less island, growing out from the edges. But eroded away by the footsteps of water birds.

Cloud shadow on panda belly, catalyzing dreams of lost snow footprints, wandering in search of last month.

Drowsy fuzzy spider breathing slowly in the dark, wondering what happened to its windy memories.

Lazy rabbits crumple their ears to predict the weather. They see four asteroids tumble into our path.

Empty frog bellies rumble and awaken the sky, it creeps up slowly on the night and scares the stars away; they are all flying off into their own universe, revolving around the thoughts of the core.

Giant dreams crush doubts and interweave potentialities into the footsteps of the future.

Eggs swell up and float ten thousand miles toward a cave not yet created. The eggs splash about creating a wave that redirects a current of water, forming an eddy that grinds into a sea cliff.

Baby dreams of womb softness. Glowing red light and distant voices. EKG electrodes on a mummy, it dreams of five thousand years ago, ignorant of the CPU reading its mind.

The wishes sink into the cold, they come true somewhere else, where they aren't wanted. They get lost, thrown about by the busyness of feet, crushed into infinite possibilities.

The heart strives for the ultimate but is never satisfied; it eats mysteries when it learns everything. The brains bump up against malfunctioning machines. Searching through circuit board maps for a way out of the glitch.

The sky forgot to hide the stars, they were found by a wrinkled astronomer wearing deer skins and tortoise teeth replacements. The sounds of clicking crystals awaken the crocodile; it materializes in a dream and pinches the lilies in frustration at the self, the regretful dragon tries to forget its hunger.

Thousands of lights awaken the young suns; they blind themselves to the billions of stars all around when they light up for the first time.

What an experience for the distant comet that can see stars all around, not blocked by any obstacle in a sea of sparkling magic.

How many creatures could there be out there in the whole universe that can comprehend my ideas? How many share my same thoughts?

The cochlea knows where the sky is, without eyes. It helps search for stone cliffs to paint on. Seeing them from afar strikes one deep to the core of the DNA, the painter ancestors of the last forty thousand years felt the same. They accidentally drew on the wall and smiled. They just wanted to smile more. Reaching out into the darkness, touching spirits with a burnt stick, not knowing that they created the first paintings.

They went unseen by the ancestors, who navigated through the underworld without fire, distrustful of magic.

Opaque black rhino silhouettes charge robust cliffs, fearlessly crumpling their horns. Brightly colored melted stone fused into a coil of river bank contours. Hurricanes transform ecosystems, revealing snail spirals; limestone moulds from the inside. A single helix, sad about dying a hundred and fifty thousand years ago. The eye of a conch peers out at the inevitable, a porpoise pouring shadows miles ahead, the sun curves across and the shadow sneaks away, waiting until later when it grows larger, climbing over, and covering everything.

Dreary eyed amebas twist their flagella and absorb nutrients through their cell walls.

Broken lightning tunnels through the crests of clouds. It breaks out of the top and splinters out in all directions, lighting up the footsteps of giants thousands of kilometers off. Even the bottoms of black pools blink with blue auras, describing the eye of a salmon already gone. With each flash the water rearranges its atoms evenly, becoming a flat blanket for an instant then a ruptured mountain the next. It turns invisible and even the infrared sensor of a viper cannot detect it.

Wandering through energy

Ancient thunder sacrificed to the night.

Cold hours waiting for the cosmos to peel back and radiate from the craters.

The color of a temperate rainforest smeared across the field of vision. Dangling potentialities await symmetry with the present. Buckled anticipation leaks out of the hamstrings. Soft relaxing moss shields the eyes from the flickering waves that pierce the spruce windowlets.

Thoughts weigh nothing and move at the speed of light into the nanosecond barrier to the future. Craggs of silver attract electrons; transporting light through conduits of dented gray spindly dendrites.

Nothing is enough

Brilliance is the tip, the beginning of an epic.

It shatters the expectations of practicality and re-manipulates thought signals into concrete footsteps that dapple the floor with sweat. Broad shoulders creak and pop as gargantuan dreams materialize in the hours before dusk.

Sour crystals scatter into the legs of an arachnid who didn't know what to do with her silk. She made a work of art and accidentally caught food. She let it go anyway just to watch it fly in a helical tumble through the dry shoots.

Chalky black sky, dusty with life. Cloudy sunlight left as it is. Just a warm compression on the back of the head. Sentimental ache in the belly. Walking back to the campfire. Feeling the temperature on one side of the body. Watching the plasma roll off the edges and deteriorate into the sky.

Old bear footprints studied for hours, while the aspen grove rushes above the cliffs. Accidental bonsai grapple with boulders, pinching their roots above the cloudscapes. Red ochre field, swelling into green blue sage.

Spindly crabs rattle their legs in the foamy surf. They equip their claws with barnacles and scratch the ocean sediments into pearlescent clouds.

Sand moves uphill in the mornings.

Straps of fire doused in ice, cracking louder than an earthquake.

Water bubbles up through holes in the beach stones. Fizzing through the afternoon light.

Mist floats into the eyes of sea turtles. They blink as salt pours out of the eyes.

Squids wrangled up into balls of suction-cupped bunches.

Fibrous tentacles misconstrued for corn stalks, mashed into meal for subterranean rabbits.

Blocks of wood stained blue, falling from the tops of underground buildings. Their foundations disappear into the ground, cooled by the ocean saturated sands.

Slivers of succulent rubies in a cold bath of mechanical technology.
The family pond bubbles nutrients through palm roots.
Designs of corn flower pollen grains disperse through assembled sound arteries.
Weightless attractions disengage objectivity from physicality so fields of discontinuous materials can fluctuate in a whirlwind of one obvious existence.

Pine splinters
Delinquent Egyptian feather map.
Okeechobee saw grass
Three thousand mosquitoes
Flowers burst in the morning

Petal beast spinning earth bits through aqueous clouds
Memories of feathered serpents boil down until metaphoric equilibrium is restored.

Ritual collection of life symbols, time signatures, out of context seed hybrids.
Colliding ideas contradict until equality ensues.
Fusing earth parts more Earthly than all natural golden eagle tears.
Fluid sequences of Egyptian limestone blocks
Staggering misplacement by the unseen.

In-between the in-between
Back to the first mould, a coincidence with emptiness.
The fallen and forgotten
The unforgotten air
Solidified and crystallized energy
The spaces between groupings, the singular that is also a multiplicity.
The circle of objects is a gathering and a cloud of energy.

Flicker Fringe

Broken light wraps across our globe
We float upside-down.
Bursting forward through clouds, tumbling through calm gaps.

Our message is projected.
A code for humanity
Our position within the universe.

A hurricane on Jupiter that unfurls the blue purple gentle waves in chains.
Sequences within spiral arms of a glowing dark blue yellow galaxy.
Bent by gravitational fields, circles become crescents carved by a distortion in time.
Jupiter is a banded spherical ocean of color
A creamy and vitreous bubbling formula riddled with vortices.

Distant Kupier belt objects brought close to Earth for scale,
Surprisingly dirty and cold, musty brown and splotchy.

The rim of a lake curves and undulates into the distance.
The hills melt into a plane of water, the only strait line for miles.
The lake bleeds through small veins at the edges, wiggling out their kinks.
Saturating the dusty desert dolomite plateau cliffs.

Waterfalls seen from a low resolution satellite image.

The next image is an algae bloom with turquoise coloration altered by the depth of the spiral arms, embedded within the depths. Undersea geological formations channel nutrients into reefs four thousand miles away. The mist was a prophetic symbol of rainstorms which stirred up the undersea sediments into a white cloud of chipped coral, teeth and shell fragments.

The sea infuses up through river valleys and seeps out the minerals.
Fusing barnacles to rooftops.
Erie underwater village in weak moon glow. Ripples of streaking silvery water, a pattern that confuses the moon fish.

The currents pollinate the clouds, creating symmetries with our oval sediments.
Electronic resonance reflections are elliptical pools, glowing purple and iridescent.

Grainy photo of the moon,
Pocketed and turbulent with shadows and shredded silver white chunks of shy moon rock. The small earth in the distance, a clump of shells stuck onto its surface, overlapping in beautiful patterns: fragmented environments.

Motionless Decent

Sunken objects reflect stars beneath the water.
The water rose too quickly for the animals to fly away.

The swimming creatures were mimicking constellations and puffing up to make themselves appear larger. A tail began to grow on an animal that does not normally care for them. It became a large black fin which spins up all the bubbles, pushing very small mirrors to the surface. Brightly colored snails wrap themselves around wire sculptures, Describing folded paper and small ants.

Soft underlying warmth
Cruel dreams opening up
Operating for eons.

We are already water
A body of water with a ladder to climb out.

Unreal Opportunity

Arcs of equilibrated anxiety pool out of the moment.
Soft whirlwind sounds awaken pillow cases cloaking the future.
Hours of anticipation overflow from the timepieces. Casting shadows into the
millisecond bursts of darkness between falling twigs. Double shadows that separate
and eat the light left behind by a cooling volcano.

Dark pools of eyes absorb the limits of the unseen.
Grasping several photons from the corner.

Archways of cedar splinter in the dry desert sand, expanding and aligning with the
motions of rivers too far off to see. They wind back around to the source, in an
infinite loop of memory, replenishing the dreams with pieces of older dreams that
weren't finished.

Years in the sun cause the fragments to wither,
catching air between two places that were once together.
A new beginning grows from the tunnel out from the past.
Shedding light on the nucleus of existence.

Windows into the emptiness of silence.
Rough metal melts and re-crystallizes in three seconds, leaving behind a recording in
the dust on the floor. Bird songs slowed down into whale songs, teaching them about
flying, but they already knew. Whale songs sped up teach the birds about floating,
and they never knew.

The penguins changed their minds and tried to fly again.
Bubbles of moon rock as large as cathedrals. Hidden under craters, discovered with
echoes heard by silicon chips.
Pathways of understanding unfold to the curious.

Before Sleep

Savage thorns blinking red juice for nourishment
The grey deep beast carves mud into sticks.
Blooms of breeding fish harmonize with flower cycles.
Eating tons of red petals and yellow clouds of pollen.
Spawning art bursting with energy.
Hybridization between visual stimuli.

The big city gets closer to the Earth, it fights back with bacteria and erratic weather patterns.

Landscape

Detritus.

Plants growing out of the street pavement.
Light showering through trees.

Soup between aerial chambers on fire

Till sequential avalanches erode membranes around the edges, blindness infused with oleander havoc, outlined with metaphors till babies mount up their toys in revenge of proclaimed useless tool doings.

Aquamarine succulence terra-forming into spherical metaphors.

Symbiotic lava avalanche, curving towards a frizzled and dazzling radiance.

Troubled fumbling of the florescent beetle larvae, contemplating the wing sheath and its operations.

Heavy feet with ribs of activity.

Fingers that are hills.

Finger nails that are also cliffs.

Evolving Therapsids

Dropping onto terrible stag beetles

Crawling on internal heat,

Generations of interlocking forms permuting through gravitational irresolution.

The world is as the world is

Chaos

The beyond is a fragment outlined and carved by what is upfront.

Shingles layered behind a horizon that connects what is in-between the peaks in the foreground.

Vertical cascade of cocoon bricks.

Look at the early work, an embryo

Dripping and falling through palm fronds

Essence of all essences

Calm scratched out worlds
Sideways earlobe
Purple mercury, drenched belly, burning for alternate fantasy
Grape fermentation useless unless orchestrated through siphon of red sparrow.
Silver and black.

Tunnel of downward eclipses

Strong strengites broken open from earthquakes
Spheres with millions of lines radiating from the shelter.
Dreary mercury pigeon with telltale serration,
Diving through the tall beams of silvery winter, white light.
Pockets with notes, from the only one that mentions eternity.
Maui long grass eclipsed by buried florescence flown over fountains.
Frightening thought predictions.
Beautiful.

Red ink spits missing salamander memories and small eggs that can float on water.
Tunnels of light emit found energies.
-Beneath ocean waves and darkened skies.
Overflowing opportunity diminishes ego strength and level columns split like pine lightning.

Florentine pomegranate nectarine waterfall.
Leaky eyelids and fever sweat
Rough edged melancholy
Skeletal links fuse above strata becoming level.

Fur in the mouth
Sticky sweat between attached interlocking pauses.

List of Futures

Four hundred pound rhino eggs
Smothered in Egyptian courtship fragrance.

Sacrificed to the cosmic space.

Sasquatch sweat boiled down to baboon black
Sticky currents fluctuate within enormous vats of dark water.

Sensations of equivalence

Dry fields under blue sky fever
Secret passage below Oakland farms.

Equality of the three hundred foot ribbons.

Night time travelers
Obscene dualities.

She walks on an invisible ground, not thinking of it.
Hawks peer through skyscrapers
Curving around blue grass reflections
Before plummeting without thought.

Many fallen dragonfly wings
Nautilus survivor
Dusty wind plus three hurricanes approaching.

Three wind springs
Crunchy lava flows and upside down glaciers
Audio vibrations

Quartz
Frost scales on a tree peeling
Squeezing arrows over fire.

Wire and brush ceramic module
Wiggling for sure
Spindly threats
Avalanche
Concentration of horizon
Plenty

Tortoise
Cleave stillness from air

Palm and ginkgo
Green

A child among many
Bread clover
Edible organ
Green tube
Face mask
Calm
Delight
Observe pleasure
Mutate before the next millennia

Collapsible leaver, now expandable

Dynamic tension
Releasing foolish contraptions

Meeting the traveler
Here
The roundabout gesture
Organ of starfish
Mixed with bird song

Release:
Expunge macaw feathers in the morning
To crystallize viral infections
Gathering time symbols on a key chain
A topological mind canister.

Comfort

Tulip hair rabbit trap
Drench (louder)
Split tunnel discovery
Beneath rotating chamber of memory

Polished asteroid vision

Spider skeleton found above the first floor.
It came alive and startled everyone
With fangs and mandibles.

The barb

Warm octopus beak

Spiraling echo
Responding to satellite frequencies
And tornadoes split in half
Creating two new independent hurricanes.

She could cuddle with language growth
Or curl sapphire pebbles between the toes of sprouts.

Dark thick straw
Quartz flower that curls over eons and crumbles in moments of fatigue

Dragonfly wing shadow dissolving in citric acid

The swallow tail orphan leaves behind egg shell mysteries

Firefly torment, enraptures of reptilian appetites

Horizon above the Earth, growing horizontal

Totem

Whirlwind above catacomb blast.

Reach,

Touch queen bee mechanism

Stretch

Instructions for the improbable

Duck beneath floating boil mechanism and squint.

Flying and falling

Flight

Compartmentalization

Uncovered

A rose crustacean larvae becomes born

It is polished and cleaned with light.

Inspection of cobblestone memories

Chemical composition determined by a system of fracture

Radial growth.

Jade

Internal shadow

Stretch plane

Suspended cobblestone transplantation

Eclectic windmill consciousness

Fragmented wing

The outside scratchers

Satellite edibles tracking bird locations

before winter winds spiral shingles

Pause and observe

Drop with patience the precious cube.

Outside the Measurable

The cracks in the sidewalk are filled in with tar, it oozes and bulges out a little.

Temperatures are always different.

Continually contrasting matter that heats up differently

Expanding from the seam because of a vision.

Always a dream in the morning, a pleasant experience pulled from the grasp of observation.

Grasping with disbelief,

Here and there, out of nowhere.

Fable

She splashes her reflection into millions of concentric rings that began as one and end as none.

Droplets seen side-lit by Colorado sunlight, landing on white ice pillows that grow with collisions.

Icicles the size of people, connected at the waist in a chain of six.

Wobbly surface, transparent and bubble ridden.

Semi- cloudy ice chamber, surprisingly clear and thick.

Shielding from winds and UV rays.

Wavelengths shorten, Materials condense.

Embrittlement of the mind shatters preconception.

Geological magnitudes open secrets of the eons.

Crumbling edges expose interior compositions.

Marvels of atomic organization.

Rerouting the historical time line.

First it was heard; then it was visible.

Glass marbles were expected.

Mashed against a slowly cooling ball of molten lead.

Shimmering flakes fell to the eyes.

The tips of the fingers dug into the palms.

Calm belly twisting

Burrowing back into the earth.

Heavy and tired

The hills are fleshy today

With purple blue sky stains

Feathers of magical non-sense

The double tulip farewell

The small pebble is a strong champion of endurance

The metal spider web collects objects from the forest
They dangle precariously above water
Resisting gravity due to magnetic intellectualisms.

The bird of many eyes can observe mechanical metamorphoses from many miles
away.
The dredging of lake beds reveal crustacean parts that are crystallized into
conglomerates of five species.

The soft square tulip muscle
It appears to be an amorphous memory

The toucan nightmare entanglement
A triangular shadow fragment
The slimy opal snail
The reflective eyeball of misfortune
The crawling multi-valve crustacean.

The soft and spiny clam warmth travels between stone walls
Becoming polished and secluded.

Treasure eyes: florescent gravity chamber.
Nautiloid flip.

Fahrenheit avalanche.
Brain fluid dream charmer
Nourishment
Night thief chamber
Florescent fossil brain fountain.
Foolish coils

First light on the dark continent
Behind the sun

Warm feeling
Tired body
Time for rest

An ancient forest is now a field
Mice play in the sun
Forever wary of the hawk
Searching for the dawn to guide it to the river for fish
Swimming through what was once ice
Now water is the progression

The window spreads darkness

Three stone pillars lie in a field
Ancient stories were told by the people who built them
They were aligned by the stars.

Movements of the Earth
Through the toes of giants
In the eyes of a blind ant
The earth doesn't exist

Ink stains that resemble topographical landscapes
Expressing through the choice of color and composition.

Pebble people

Visionary quest of maximum generosity
Unleashing new intellectual pathways and allowing maximum tolerance for diversity
As a political and scientific statement.
In order to create a new taxonomy of taxonomies.

A field guide which elongates the morphological scale.

Hydro-morphology

A hierarchical scale based on saturation and its connections with shape and color.

Hydro-cromology

Cycle of color transformations that suggest processes of dehydration and super saturation with corresponding color shifts.

Alternate reality –

More false irrational impossibilities than actual empirical scientific knowledge.
More unexplored intellectual terrain, formulated in order to imagine what would not happen under normal earth physics and logical truth.

Irrational space.

Earth Sweat

The space between begins to grow

Triangles bouncing along chains of alternation.
Perturbation theory.
Contour lines with missing places.
Uncurling energy, pent coil theory

Pressure of time
Freedom of choice

Autonomous harmony children force fed poetry until they fainted.
Dilettante, but fortunate for a lifetime of forward recollection.
Flowers break at segments
Nodes, notches of time tables
Carved into sequences of blind hierarchy arrangements
Stillness before the wind tunnel breaks orchard flower banks.
A musty wind tunnel that is ground breaking
Until dust piles up for mortuary dream orchids.
Down wind.

Objects that are a continuous stream of movement
A pathway through forms. A single form created authentically from behind the eyes.
Lines don't overlap.

Natural geology confused with poetry

Fissures
Vents of lava eight feet wide
At one point two kilometers long.
Fountains of Earth juice.
Batholiths
Igneous intrusions
Underground magma chamber exposed

Tall mountains leaking tears from the canyon
Dreary
Frequent naps throughout the horizons
Obelisk graveyard

Broken fluid circulates freely

Crumpled lines break at the middle but keep growing

Wind machines capture energy
Generating motion and autonomy
Many small kites and parachutes pull strings
Turning generators that wind up again with springs.

Maybe a hovercraft

Singularities that move on multiple axis
Spinning
External to internal modeling

Exterior notches for different niches

Intersecting eggs

Budding, stuffing, stacking, clustering
Wrapping while constructing
Dividing, bending, folding bursting.

Volcanic activity
Lava flows, eruptions, viscosity

Under water gravity
One object that contains multiple vortices
Ground plane
Superimposed mass from behind
After.

Coils that change direction

Elongated angular singularities
Crumpled overlapping forms
Drawing what is behind after what is upfront
Eccentric mantis idol
Cyclical organization
Movements that change direction then return to the original course

Spinning turntables revolve in motion
As hurricanes on Jupiter erase mountain peaks
Metallic atmosphere
Giraffes in floating river eddies
Forty miles of crumbling starlight in hourglass time scales.

Pieces of the Unbelievable

Tonight
The moon burns
Like a golden yellow ember,
Liquefied and poured across a still lake

Above this pond, the deep horizon is blue and glowing
It becomes a pillow for the stars and planets to rest.

Levitating balloon chamber with device for underneath ribbon concealment

Fire that's alive within helical reverberation space
Comforting.

The dune beams are melting elastic lakes comforting the mantle.

Coil energy
Leaf split curl passion bending
Fingers carving asteroids or meteorite fragments assembled into prophetic sphere
prediction with mirrors.

Bursting cell membrane fossil illustrations.
Transforming hands in movement.

Fragment.

Windows carved from caramel

One third dandelion
Orlando fulgurites found between nocturnal moon worshipers.
Grey fountain
Florentine
Scour, erase
Forgiven flower, bent for her.
Weakness above noumena
Strongly pungent fever babies
Wet lips feel the warmth of dark passages. Voids of reproductive utility
Craftsmanship
A large baby.
Dangerous blue energy found by young windmill leg bones.
Tourmaline paste spread over microscopic slides, enlarged onto the memory.
Saved for Oklahoma.

Fountain of Uselessness

The gathering of meanings from the outer shell of the Earth.
The wind erupts throughout
A crust discovered by collecting the thoughts.

Cradle gifts of unknown origin
Gem eyed tulip child
Vegetable eyes
Limber night plus delirious drunk fumbler
Rhino charmer of jubilant flower fire
Bush of lemon
Till orange pollen
Floating
Drifting tool memories
Calamitous thoughts interrupt all conscious awarenesses.

Calipers to measure everything that fits in a hurricane without eyes.
Lines of travel through time, as a journey of understanding.
Paths of movement cross, creating space.
Moving two different parts two direction in the same field of view.
There is space.
Contradictory movements cannot exist without space between.
There will be sound.

Horizontal catenary propulsion device
Multi-wind direction sail.
Propulsion mast
Stores energy as a battery
A non-moving vessel that generates electricity
With moveable masts that catch the wind and turn generator magnets.

Floating whirlwind mutator.
Cracked break beat bronze bulldozer.
Malachite from Egyptian tomb plus drawings of crystal structures
Enlarged for delicate detailed time durations during downpours.
Downstream bubbles are inaudible
Far from visible but first heard as a mute moan.
Becoming sharper with pops and snapping waterfall echoes.
Blue chalk floats and disintegrates into a visible description of time/motion/sculpture
By leaving out information, the characters become opened and revealed as an
exhibition of their interior and interactive capability.

Elongated tectonic elements

Vibrating long leaves curl around germination points during earthquakes

Heavy objects settle first above the compressed balloons which bounce objects and store energy in dynamic interrelated tension.

The curved, generalized and averaged forms; pulled and stretched.

Inflated

But reflecting within the folds.

Fractal universe unfurling moment after moment

A continuous stream of interconnected dichotomies that create weak indications of a vortex which becomes enhanced with additional creations that are also moved in this way.

Draw string around equatorial temperature avalanche scales.

Nuclei skimming across the dream.

Light splits and crumbles into the plains

Baking the footprints

Shrinking the seeds.

Emptiness of the past seen through the eye of sensation.

Azure pebble of nothing

Weightless strength

Aquamarine flight path across the foothills of an eyelid.

The river swells and rolls over

Kinking at the bend

Wrinkling its pearlescent skin.

The world is polished by water one atom at a time

Pulled off diamonds become powder

Overlapping hills pinch up

Squeezing out every drop of a cloud into the mouth of a saline sea.

Sunrise in a pool of heavy glass.

Melted Venetian beads spread across the hillside; undulating across horizons.

The minerals sink into the caves

Leeching into a perfect gradient that fools the marsupials at night.

Stratified layers of limestone were mistaken for the iridescence of undiscovered bird feathers.

Biological foothills wince and furrow from the gravity of their collected fossils.

The shadows eat mountains that worry about their lost minerals.

Flowing through the sad passages of erosion.

Time shows its fingerprints in the bulging mass of a new growth.

Auburn follows the easiest route to infinity

The flowers mimic the sun and blush from the sensation of an imaginary dream

Of a dry cloud and a wingless bee.

Chlorophyll leaks from beneath the lips of a koala stained yellow by pollen.
Flaps of a vortex peel back exposing the resistance to the opacity of the moon
Kept in the belly of a mollusk lost beneath the shadows of the last fossil.
The secrets of a woman explained to the color evergreen.

The orchid giggled under its breath when the morning dew tickled its lips.
Another vortex forms in the anticipation of a crystal clear thought
A shadow-less night glowing from the will to see.
The mind surprises itself at the unexpected glowing memory of what could have
been.

Overlapping obstructions block the path to the unfortunate circumstances.
Otherworldly rim into the reality of nothingness.
Pure grey neutrality
The mountain gives birth to an island, eroded from the isthmus.

The blue is so rich it becomes soft
The duality of light and dark lifts unknown objects from the world.
Its heart sits on an aqua bed of concentric pulsations
Reality and nothingness share thoughts, materializing the universal.
It radiated taste into the brains of giants in outer space.

The edges of a memory darken on one side
Solidifying into determinacy
And melt away on the other, into the forgotten.

Colorado valleys disperse grains of wishes
They fuse together combining the prophesies of a potential infinity of realities.
The strength of a woman shown to the mud
It melts into tributaries that snake through the geography of the intuition.

The point of view of a creature who only saw one image their entire life
It begins coating the unknown.
Stepping inside the imaginary
Getting lost in a minute sensation from ninety years ago
The gentle shadow of a blurry eyed piece of history.

The sea divides the earth from the sky,
It holds back the tears of rain from bothering the canyon walls
Coloring the dry chalk
They stretched out
Pouring onto the floor.

Evolutionary Math

Dust settles on the alcove of a memory, burying the surface of lucidity. Pathways of understanding spread out in all directions. Sight and sound become confused and the forest speaks with the ratios of inactivity between the twittering, twitching motions of a small undiscovered animal. It carries a song with it and builds a rhythm with each motion it makes, its tempo is locked together with its species. A small ape exchanges each motion with a microscopic pressure wave; as fast as it can move it leaves behind a trail of music. It doesn't know how to be random. Its ancestors were faster this way, and stayed alive longer than the random ones. Its legs were well balanced, its steps more symmetrical, less prone to error. Each thought, a pulsation of electricity traveling the same distance. Each glance replacing the last, exchanging images, waiting for the variables of danger and opportunity. Each pulse of consciousness fits into the mathematical method. The random elements shine out from the harmonious symmetries and dendrites of nature. Even the unique ones were slowly chipped away by the efficiency of affected patterns: autonomous coordinates that merged into one, diverging and releasing until reciprocal tendencies between new sequences are engaged.

Three thousand crickets signaled the beginning of November. Broken legs and exoskeletal graveyards built by ants. The queen was at the center of their universe. The sky was beyond one inch from the basin. The slope sent flower pollen into the mouths of chinchillas. The sky suddenly darkens when the cougar casts a shadow that curves across the trunk of three hundred pines four hundred feet away, on the slope of shale that is the remnant of an undersea landslide, the Burgess monstrosities of nature. Unsuccessful asymmetrical invertebrate organisms click their legs to signal the coming of the equinox. A shadow watcher who draws the cosmos with a projected void of photons. Sent through mammoth slits in granite stone walls fuzzy with uncertainty. Its color also was irregular, between the integers, beyond the spectrum, the equipment broke into three bits because of a surge of information. Memory was lost, missing equations convex the stratus clouds by tossing blind travelers into ultra sonic bliss. Aggravated molecules combine into protein, the falling drips send rhythms through tubes of matter. Less mobile objects. The warmth of a thousand years in the desert, concentrated by three hundred mirrors. The findings indicate uncertainty in the possibility to find the absolute knowledge.

The familiar was remembered again
Still curious on the outside of speculation

In the evening the salts will crystallize
Into a pattern of orange and blue crystal faces
Each one pointed towards the same direction
To the rim of the moon keepers home
Who blinks as the oceans crystallize again within the shadow of an eclipse

The particles condense and re-effervesce into a planetoid of moderate size one AU from a small sun which is golden.

The secrets are still out there

On the backside of a comet that just rained past a colony of coral near a white sand beach.

Where tree limbs attached four barnacles every three moons.

Undergrounded

Ochre clouds fumbling wind that polishes the lost stones; nudged together by the eons. They grind themselves together into smooth skin like entities; holding up the invisible potentialities. Ghost like beginnings filled with melted agate, whirled into a smooth liver for the abrasive sands.

Impossible balancing apparitions sweat colors in the light. Yet to be sun-bleached tongues melt into the horizon-less streaks.

The dreams were drawn into the eyes, piled up in the distance, each scratching into the moon theories.

The colors nudged each other and began glowing with phosphorescence in the day light. The shadows spilled onto the horizon and were projected onto the clouds.

Impossible constructions appear by chance and bewilder the rabbit paw as it scratches the compressed marble dust.

The river decided not to polish the stones any longer and they began to produce static and magnetically assemble into barriers between consciousness and the stars.

Preciousness organized itself with yellow green and silver, illuminated by the texture of the reflective surfaces too far off to see. The shadows smeared the objectivity of reason, the purpose of twilight is to disappear from the objective, the celestial coldness smoothing the unknowing faces of sleeping bears.

Saturated red color peaks out from behind the monochrome scaffold of the eons. The sandstone gave away its colors and walked through the air.

Every few moments something new appeared, but it was always there. Every shadow and glimmer of light meant something to the raccoons. They followed the mineral deposits into the sky and looked out onto the whole world in-between blinks. The red planets spun their colors out to the edges and started heating up from the inside out. Rumbling out into space, awakening the bacterial clouds.

What is real is that which cannot be disproved by the senses.

The children of the rock-river; standing out against the projections, changing the inevitable with new footprints. The fractals of the past give way to incalculable daydreams glowing in the night.

The fluid dynamics of the sky were found encapsulated in crystals. Sewn together in overlapping layers of color. Striations of events linger in the telltale alcoves of petrified wood.

The blue of the sky stained the eyes. They fall gently on jagged clouds fighting with the geological absurdities.

A bridge to the day, reminiscent of the opaque blue of amazonite pillars wrenched from the bottom of a cliff.

The night fits its cold shadows together, behind eyelids only. Between blinks the colors rearrange and the footprints change direction.

The sea shells were climbing up, but were sliced by the urchins, revealing pink insides beneath chalk white calcium carbonate shields.

The towers began to order themselves. The basalt columns split when the dreams of the raven came true. The sounds echoed through the dark woods, dampened by the stains of 1,000 year old moss.

The golden optimism reaches out from the past. Balancing the future with inverse potentialities.

Eyes began to open in the distance, tracing pathways to future achievements. The texture of a multiplicity begins to undulate and roll. Patterns of mirrors begin to curve around the edges and touch the source of light.

The natural wonders leak into the minds of marsupials, they were migrating into the cloud forest, and carving sculptures with their teeth. The future is more real than the past. The footsteps will wash away in the breeze.

Water droplets freeze in mid air and become entangled in spider webs, they collapse and wrap around crystallized flowers just about to wither. The winter keeps the forest clear, the light was clean and the distance was close. The hours slipped into eternity and all was quiet, the wind shifts only the microscopic dust which gets engrained in the textures of the abraded crystals.

The sky was below the ground, the clouds were concentrated together into bursts of light. They fell to the ground and tripped up the tumbling dunes.

The stones warmed the sky, steam leaked out from the air and rained back down three thousand miles away, it brought with it nothing but the same two elements in the same ratio.

Olive greenstone, lifted from a dark pool, spun by rapids until it became a grain of sand. Its minerals made the water turbid and concealed the river porpoise. Its pink

body was like that of a newly discovered flower hidden beneath ten million pounds of air.

The clarity of the unimaginable was disorienting, the scientist turned into a poet when he saw the data plotted out. The purpose of existence moved out beyond the horizon of intelligibility, then the next, and on into infinity, always reaching a closer metaphor for the meaning and purpose of it all.

A sight that one has to stare at; it looks real, yet makes one disbelieve reality. The river polished the stones just so they could fit together in this way; it was all determined by the evaporites. At the first moment the steaming earth initiated it all. The red foul mischievous opal, stuck into the scaffolds of a cliff, casting a shadow that startled the raven.

Ten thousand miles beyond reality, where ancient bloodstone is melted in the palm of a giant. Where the particles of humanity are arranged into a formation to produce chemicals in the brain that have never been produced.

The fossilized caterpillar can still metamorphose, it becomes a crystal winged apparition that reflects the dunes and casts shadows onto the vapor below.

Shadows of the invisibles, rippled by artifacts of the wind. The sea drained away and left behind mysterious totems of life. Homes of the cephalopods glued together with the ligaments of sharks.

Who will be the one to change it all? When will they arrive to rearrange the chaos. The colors of the minerals slowly change before a featureless sky. They swell and shed their textures, glowing from the inside, changing color with altitude.

Just before it was all let go, the initial positions were not yet finalized. The constructions built themselves and the particles chose to float.

Reorganized Sky Light

Clawing at the moon.
Clenching air pockets
Bursting seeds into the steam above warm stones.

Ravens whispering across courtyards.
Telling stories of the past to their companion.

The fascinating voice

Meanings meander through the air.
Upside down, inside out invisible voices
Backwards tumbling into semi preciousness.

Lazy people poisoning their brains to see mathematical perfection without effort
behind the eyelids.

Lost midnight searchers found at noon, blind folded and sweating rainbow droplets
chilling the sand grains, pulling them up out of the ground. Into a new earth where the
core shifts into oblivion; found outside waiting for the nourishment of a nuclear
furnace, re-shifting the heat a million miles away on long arms of fiber sewn from
nothing, with phi ratios found in the cradle of a star, destined for supernovae, but
eating everything any way.

Seeing the code that is the story of a downfall before it happens. Running away from
the inevitable, the burn from the unrelenting is less painful than the self inflicted.

Charming baby melodies mumble about, wanting to play with the forbidden. Clasp
eggs within eyes.

Ounces of eyelashes splatter the walls.
Sticking together like papyrus blankets and mats used to keep scarab beetles warm.

Inside the hidden chamber thousands of urchins cram together, choking the currents
that bring nutrients and spawning larvae.

Massive clouds crack and release oceans on the floor. The edge of the rainbow leaks
into another, then another, fermenting the light with floating bacteria.

Thousands of old jelly fish float up to the surface blocking out the light for a young porpoise stranded on the edge of a reef.

The light shows what is there, it intensifies and teaches.

Edible firefly powder transported by bee leg hair.

The bumpy eyed scorpion scratches its tumor. Deep within the catacombs of a discarded city, the nature of humans seem supernatural. In a tunnel painted with street salts and gasoline; giant crystals splinter through cracks in subterranean water logged concrete.

It was built up on top of a stream bed that still trickles through the soil, and seeps up through a spring that can never die. It winds through eroded passageways where nematodes multiply.

Thousands of day dreams forgotten in the minutes between glimpses of the one hundred foot tall sycamores chopped off at the top by yellow sunlight.

Bent back to look up, stumbling from the perspective. Orange seeds get caught in the eye, sprouting where they land. It grows into a transparent telescope, looking to the future by studying the past ever so closely.

Daytime images

Thousands of blinks stretched out into months in dark passages. All the hours crumpled up into a meandering group of openings.

Left out night time memories bundled up into caches found with maps yellowed by time.

It's all there, stuffed up into the sky.

Weightless there for later.

Don't forget the moon shadow, cold arctic summer breeze.

Wash off the hours and welcome the past into the palm.

Smear all the surfaces with laughter and sneak up on her shadow.

Catch her when she falls with a blanket sewn from fingers intertwined. Grips strengthen the tired tendons. All the clouds blocked off from the sunlight anger as they darken and scream thunder claps that curve across the foot hills.

Erie sounds reflecting off of moss covered monasteries. Curving around corners that split the spectrum into a new orchestra of reflective surfaces.

The birds can appreciate the wind chime; the sedge warbler wonders how it can imagine such variation. The mocking birds can't get enough, they try to follow the sedge warbler surpassing the wind chime and it stutters as it loses breath and concentration.

Distant triangles pointed towards eyes. They disappear as the subject becomes obscured by the curve of the train tracks. An abstract representational depiction of a sidewalk given back to the prairie. It works with the ice to create soil from concrete. The trains thunder from above, scattering dust from break pads into the nests of piebald pigeons. The forgotten boat waits for a future in an abandoned lot owned by the city.

Magenta vines keep the walls cool on a tower twisting into the sky. Angry lizards eat the flowers that grow six hundred feet up. A kitten waits in front of the window for the sparrow to collide with its reflection.

Nearby shadows tumble and droop across cinderblock walls streaked with algae.

The landlocked ship captain stumbles over a rabbit chased by an eagle tied to a string.

The marvelous eyes carved from ancient porcelain stored in the basement of a forgotten city. Discovered by a blind deaf person who solved an equation on an ancient map.

Tunneling through the hours on a journey through the mind, without any physical substances ever imagined.

The world mutates in the memory, into a nine legged frog riding a sail boat through the desert. It flows across a sand dune that crawls over the earth, keeping the same shape. The boat stays still riding the sand dune until it dissolves into the mirages of the boiling sea. Steam rises up and lifts the rare bird eggs back into the nest, the young birds were raised by a different species, they learn to eat new foods and teach their own chicks in four years. It continues through the generations and the birds adapt to a new problem, changing their shape, then changing the ecosystem as a whole. They become so plentiful that new predators adapt to the abundant source of protein, they balance out and write their story for people with thick glasses to split open the layers and read the anatomy of history.

Alligator claw stuck in a sandstone slab, exposed by a drought for the first time twelve thousand years ago. Worshiping beetles organize their shell casings around the iridescent bird feather, frayed by tumbling down the dunes.

Sun bleached eye lashes fumbled by frogs with extra arms.
Clenching hour glasses stopped by will power, recorded by a sleepy line.

Fluid thoughts frozen by anxiety,
Compressed into the past and thrown into the future.
Moments expand, un-crumpling and then re-crumpling sounds in reverse.
Recreating impossible moments that could have happened.

Just forget it all and start over
Throw up the clouds
Smash these water droplets into smaller ones.

Catch bird chicks before they fall, throw them back into the nest, unless they can fly.

Millions of crustaceans cling together at the bottom of a trench. They snap together in a deafening roar that peels the red from their shells. It sounds like crunchy tree bark on the top of a plateau. When the underwater landslide displaces a lagoons worth of water, it creates a wave that curls up on the incline of a beach and deposits salts in fresh water pools deep inland.

The place where the physical forces begin to modify the random. When the pattern just starts to emerge. Before the repetition takes over and the pattern is barely visible, but it totters on the edge of order.

Fluffy scavenger beetle wings, overflowing through subterranean pipes. Frayed threads spun until spindly, woven again into a blanket for the moon babies.

Rhinoceros lips crinkled into a cushion for the cheetah in its dream.

Large horse giraffe hybrids break into the back yard. Hyenas grow to the size of elephants and rub up against the house.

All the legs of the spiders turned green in less than one generation, to fool the tangerine pickers who fall over inexplicably.

The world rushes by from the perspective of a whirlwind, it scampers up cliffs and drains small ponds, moving them with all the fish and frogs to a new location.

Frog baby leg

Tiny rainbows splintered up against a plated steel door. It blows out the window and reassembles into the sky. Small ants look up but don't wonder, the tunnels are flooded and they must bring out their stockpiles to dry in the sun. The wind moves strait down spreading out in all directions with spirals and vortices at every scale, some as small as a hair, others long as a mile. They carry each other across the moon light flooded

plains, into zebra cages opened by guilt. They race out in anger, bucking and screaming, they trample scraps of steel left over from the pyramid excavation.

Over sized baby rhinos trample magenta leaves in the fall and leave behind a dark trail in the foliage. As the rocks crumble, the dust sweeps up the hillside and is thrown into clouds, staining light wavelengths with scattering particulates.

Deep hours of submersible thunder, splintering radio waves reflect off child eyes laughing out of the fear of responsibility. When the groves of thought ripen the telltale sequences enrapture the earlobes, caught looking for the missing sounds that massage, and eyes that massage the surface of an image built from fractals so that the eye can follow with less energy, in patterns that it wants to follow anyway. All the eyes gather and ebb at the same points and ratios between points.

The thunder vibrations make the ground sticky and fuse everything together.

Angry rhinos pursue terrified antelopes with broken legs to offer food to the starving cripples.

As the wind chills the grasses from within, the hearts of tubers warm themselves with their decomposing leaf litter.

Out of focus lights blaze brighter, as if their colors pass through vapor, feeding the sound waves conductive flux.

Crackling stems awaken the arms of a brail reader in the throws of disbelief. Watching the elbows rearrange their angles in time with falling tears mistaken for drool.

Juicy desert ceiling crumpled up into a boat.

Fasten dreams to the sky to evaporate the future and re-crystallize the past. Look for it in the wind, when the colors don't mix and the curls intertwine. Wait for the sound, when the numbers stop counting down. When the gravity reverses and you can lean back and float. Just be sure to tell others so that when you can't explain you know you are dreaming.

Look out for the eye water, keep dry under gumbo limbo bark windows, glued together with wild honey and bamboo peeled into thread and sewn into sandstone slab windows.

Drill holes with a thousand years of rain drops. Blink as fast as you can to make sure everything is always there. The world is edited when you close your eyes. Reopen the

eyes and explain darkness to the sun. It stares back in a furry of disbelief. A glare so strong it fuses new atoms from lighter elements. They fall to the core and are compressed for later.

Stuffed clouds bump up against each other, combining contours until one is left. They cannot re-separate as pond ripples. They rain together in great heaving torrents.

A thousand oceans in the minds eye, deeper than the sky.
Stepping across a platform into the future, foretold by the moss on a tree.

Jewel eyed fat toads mash up florescent lilies by accident, searching for small snakes with eyes that reflect the moon into beams that penetrate the fog.

Feral cats mince their eyes in the mud from toad poison, hoping for sunrise to warm the palm canopy and show the way out of the swamp.

The moon divides in half as a frighteningly enormous crab pokes its eyes up out of the black reflective lagoon.

Millions of foot prints erode with the tide, first softening then disappearing. Sand worms filter the bubble filled surf froth, before being pulled up by a sand perch, taken by a cormorant with a numbered plastic tag on its left foot.

Chimps crumple banana leaves in the dark for sleep.

Three dimensional rivers lift off the ground, and entwine into an infinite loop. Small eyes peer out of the whirlpools, telling the river how to move around obstacles. The obstacles become helixes and float up; conserving the energy of the river.

Tinted shellfish spread out across a frozen sea, broken by weak moonlight, dividing the earth in six equal parts, one for each eye of the undiscovered creatures, wallowing in an exoskeleton of the sky. Ancient symbols never deciphered rub up against primitive mathematics. Water lilies uprooted by ocean spirits with rib cages that contain pink pears dissolved by light.

Biological laboratory for imaginary organs meant to induce euphoria in a lady bud tied to a star far away. Bizarre rituals of a cosmologist ensnare the barbells of a catfish counting the shooting stars, waiting for the blue ones to take a gulp of air. Slices of laughter overlap with anticipation, encircling the moment with crystallized tears.

Archaic emotions leak out into sequences of light. The mysterious eye looks upon the green sea and captures the light from a crystallized wave. The orb of the night glows

through the machinery of the night stars. Egyptian colors fade through millennia,
transforming the camels hump into a storm cloud. Mathematical trapeze act caught in
the lens of an ameba pierced by a meteorite.

Mahogany boards levitate back into trees, lighting up the ground a golden green color
for the lonely sun tied back by a million miles of emptiness. The eyes of giants peer
into the darkness and measure our light. Cross sections of the future surprise the sad
ones with anticipation of golden memories to come. Divisions of the rainbow inflate
metaphorically, growing out from the middle with a mixture of what lies below. Giant
emotions block little thoughts of glowing constructions without purpose.

Illuminating flowers uproot themselves to follow the bees into the rich blue sky.

Left over parts from the earth reassemble into its fauna and flora.

Squishy caterpillars between the fingers.

Frog skin folded into a small landscape.
Kept in a pocket.
Fat bull frogs mashing up black muck in the cold.
Squiggly tail feathers wrapping around the sun.
Monkey eggs bunched up for moon transport.
Newt babies on a branchling
Suspended on a river bank for days.

Thundering palms sweat sun showers
Before any sound has moved the eyelids.

Cracked moon shadows peel open
From the warm slivers between river banks running together for miles.

Brown cream splits from the dry surface
Reflecting blue shimmering glass spheres
Filled with magnesium submerged in water.

Spinning droplets of bioluminescent liquid connected by dark corners
Thrown onto flying intruders dizzy with sweet dew.

Flakey mushrooms overtaken by forest fires
Blown into the air by the heat.
Spores tucked under bark for centuries until heat explodes the trunk at noon.

Scavenging cyclones choose blue eggs instead of brown turtles
With bits of red and blue tucked under the arms

To display at sunrise in the darkness of a cypress.

Rain meadow above the hourglass
Shattered by gravel,
Ground to dust by hoof beat.

Star flower angered by greedy bees that explode the June sky with shadows attached
to memories,
Saved as an image.

Sticky pine tar captures pebbles and bark; it becomes stuck in the bristly hair of a
black bear as it climbs through the trees. It sends shadows into the river that trout
follow to keep concealed as they hunt for blowflies and mayflies.

Segmented nymphs cling to rocks and tumble through streams of bubbles. The frogs
kick water away from their belly, and cling to lily stems. Herons stand on top and
walk above the hydrilla. Florescent green spindly water weeds cling to bubbles with
spiders trapped inside.

The sun heats the waters surface and the fish hide below in the depths to keep cool.

The rain fell lightly; it floated up on the breath of an old panda slumbering after a
meal.

Thousands of grains of sand swallowed by birds while flying above a desert.

The last moment of a dream just before awakening.

Billowing

Four hundred pounds of watermelon flesh, roasted until sticky transparent slime burns the slugs during sunset. Ethiopian carvings bundled for transport into the glaciers. Weak long stems of paradise, harmonizing with daylight synchronizations. Ultraviolet penetration and neutrino collisions reconfigure brain synapses. A carving of electrical fire damage; dirt melted from downed power lines.

Quartz masterpiece

Lavender heaven.

Terrible questions for the weaklings. Brilliant fall serenade quadrupled. Four thousand melted gold bars spread thin into sheets for scientific use. Big strange machines lie cold in dormancy, for activation and human interaction. Goggles and masks, beakers, Erlenmeyer flasks, and glass test tubes sprawled out. Proposed intensifications are inevitable progressions into the unknown under place night havocs.

Overlapping glass distortions secrete juniper darlings. Heavenly, awaiting long existence. Fortunate earthlings abide by four trillion trillion sun particles. Solar puppeteer, more influential than anything. Revolving gems hunt hurricane disasters, becoming a phantom. Nightmarish nourishment darkens the eyelids and feeds the lonely lioness liquid melodies.

Fourteen dreams in one hour, with zero memory of black and white dream images. Fifteen mercury revolutions and the cells begin to activate the fifth cycle. Reshuffle nutrients into dry powder, blend ice chunks with color changing film strips, for energetic courtship explanations during blue moon time.

Black ink charms the delinquent sequence

Shivering shingles lift momentarily for the photograph. Smearred time trails and charming fever. Absurd drenching, pouring to avenue fifteen.

Dripping clay surrounds junk piles and bass frequencies distorted by light, as friends equip for daylight excursions and welcoming jasmine plantations. Black hills eroding into cyan waves and reef fish with red magenta and black liquid fins.

Oolitic limestone beds folded into dolomite caves that tower above tree lines and upside down horizons, cave temperatures fall into a stone spectrum analysis.

Granules terraform Brazilian soil textures. Gravity is revealed by the settling of stone piles, balancing chunks of nutrients, proteins and amino acids.

Jupiter sunrise of three hundred year old storm clouds, with metallic iridescent marblizations, seen during September fogs.

Mercury and Venus were destined for melting temperatures. Steam filled giants with diamond tipped ruby searchers.

Derelict relationships temporarily fuse slippery ice cliffs with sheer rock cliffs, crumbling tremendously giant boulders into green mountain pastures. Cable car scenes blur mountain lake recordings in lost or stolen eight millimeter film strips cascading from white mountain altitudes. Fluffy gem carvings terrorize underground collections of phantom anaerobic collectives.

Garbled seasons burst genetic potentialities. The unforgiving winding of the labyrinth is a test for the bravest explorers, who plunge into the steam and heat of the abyssal darkness. Echolocation reminds us of the limits within a perceptual medium, with reflective patterns of bank shot sound sequences.

The woven metallic minerals, a widmanstatten pattern, cooling down for billions of years, with deeply interlaced minerals, revealed with acid etching. Sometimes cut or polished in different ways. Very rare and extremely old, from unbelievable distances. Hard to calculate asteroid speeds, collisions and ricochet predictabilities.

Stories

Evolution, the beginning. Blank silent calm nutrients fluctuate in September shadows. Several small clusters of autonomous individuals, migrate with an energized medium. Electromagnetic light burns pupils until everyone is red. Sterile chondrules build up in our lungs. We absorb the exhaust from the meteorites. Long tektites pocketed with burn marks and entry scars.

Walnut plus oatmeal butter pecan delivery.

Nutrient sauce plus bodily fluid dreams, terror and beauty. The avenue of the blind suddenly becomes dark, no one noticed.

A half light from the memory of yesterday.

Palm fronds pump sun energy into the heart.

Scissors fold through soft clay.

Peeled and bunched.

Gills to lungs
Fins to feet, hand, wing

Meteorites to cells

Equal mediums
Lung warmth plus purple charm wonderers
Beads of glass, spines and fins.

Four million light years away a creature is pinching the insides of my left ear.
I wince and curl my rabbit ears for comfort.
Equations for ripples of nuclei placements. Angles of extruded mercury beads; heavy
dense liquid that seeps through the skin, extracted droplets freeze in [mid action]

Mid-action poetics
X-ray black chalk, white flower soil, hot lemon, sticky fever apprehension. The
downfall of the nymph, who watches melodies explode above scientific perfection.
Deliberate hypothesisism.

Delicate melody, bouncy but clean, moist and heavy cream. Charming eyes and
forever daydreaming midnight. Calve youth seeks unknowing grace but fumbles
arrangements
of behind the eye visions. Calm sobriety leads to stockpiling of coins and herbs.
Daylight watcher, mediocre softener.

Six million year old mantis leg. Encapsulated in resin from primitive monumental
forests, continuing unbroken for entire continents. With ecological stability almost
never existing.
Rapid bursts of evolution exist along steady decline. Absurd designs that functioned
unknown purposes. Massive dinosaur brains organized the largest animal
organization still unknown to science. The introduction of speech to giant reptilian
carnivores lead to highly organized pacts of verbalizing reptiles that learned to make
tools from wood, as well as shelters and structures out of joining natural materials.

Geological nodules dissected by continental drift.

Lava brains unfurl spectrums of radiant ember rivers.
(Planetary fluid flows finally)

Upside down, finally flowing fluid. Slow atoms and cold stillness that cuts through a vibrating heat.

Mountain passions dwell deep in the south, where warm valleys and camp fire sparks burst. Thousands of lighter than air particles spiral into the cold night air. Disappearing before we can follow the trails, crackles and eerie sounds.

Equanimity and the presence of diversity. Equality between geometry and the radical spirit of life, which tends to move inch by inch beyond understanding. The next horizon is the spread of mountain ripples, folds and faults, Rifts, and satellite flatness. Dendrites and crystal faces. Scholar rocks and several crystals polished by glacier melts and grinding ice sheets that smear fossils between millions of pounds of pressure.

The beyond the grave experience. The afterlife is a fossil. A scientist of a different world,
Who looks at the situation with a pure objectivity with aesthetics and biological zoophilism. DNA is more than human, it is the language of life.

Fumble venom handling equipment before getting tired from breaking chocolate bars for hours. Under a moon beam horizon, with glow bug escorts and milk.

Mind book, open pool drain for camel excursions, across terraformed planetismals, crater oceans on outer Oort cloud locations.

Ornamental daydream of glass fire and black tar.

The jewel was a transparent green as a hundred glowing leaves in the light.
The autumn orange farewells, saying goodbye before hello and hello after goodbye.

Watching four thousand eyes attach to a pin sized hole. It opens and surrounds the audience. They are perfect performers of an exquisite silence. They waited for a sign, they watched the turquoise.

Beads of water on the inside of a tea kettle upside down. Flattened by surface tension, stretched by gravity into an upside down water mountain.

Rosemary sap and orchard vibration. Disconnected softness. Microscopic ice crystals flowing in air. Flower petal orchard, liquid crystal harmony, mercury sunset orchard nucleus, nectar and pollen falling in rows of a ripening diversity. Overflowing sensations levitate bumblebee larvae into new flowerbeds. Opalescent mind, raw bred heart breaker. Terrible nightmare in common. Two worlds that exist just inches from the surface.

How to translate the forbidden code.

Dreaming beside the beautiful.

Falling into memories of lives found harvesting potential daydreams, lavender memories of confident explorations. Unseen wonderers erupt periodically with laughter.

Almost loved by a missing person. Almost seen by warm sails.

Rubber band sunshine,
Springs in and out of cloud cover.

An orchard of sexual behavior. Pollinators burry their heads beneath soil and impregnate the oak gall. Sticky nectar symbiote. Fluffy down, melting warm skin caresses through tips of fingers. Metaphor of belly burners, gaps in DNA. Extra parts are inexplicably placed, created because they have been copied for millions of years. Universal code. Protein synthesis. Strands of flat coils bend and entwine around cat claw monkey wrench harmonic scratch. Funny bone electric nerve ending at death. Inevitability and fear. Heavenly mentality bringing fantastic nightingale ferment. Brown skin tornado found next to broken brown stones. Drinking until purple sky, rain after yellow sky.

Love

brown hair all over my eyebrow skin, brown neutral pigeon and concrete blue natives. Fantastic dragons burn their tails on command. Whispering to the cupids to unleash arrows upon our lovers who have left us. Darkened eyelid, brown yellow nitrogen compound. Flavor from king fisher blue iridescence. Black fountain rotting between breaths. Fantasy concaves blue window jewels, living behind vibrations of tornadoes. Frequent blinks break blue brother leg.

Dilettante of potent leg weakening rhythm. Hero of the velocity smugglers. Over layers and wicked blue brave brown stones buckle to create mercury rising, coils of interconnected performances of DNA sequences.

Purple pushes into the ancient ritual of vertebrate interaction. A doorknob breaks blue fluid tracking the path of an individual breathing frequent corners.

Feral cat spray burns lungs, bruises the brain. Inquisition terrible, energy window light, token of mental achievement. Leading into the bed of a little bird torn from the nest.

Re-affirmed.

Landscape carver and ornamental blue bread crumbs, rubbed into leg screw toe replacement.

Flight

Abacus

Little one

Drink potion with fire. Extinguish the weak belly, knee bending fountain of melody knowledge. Brain skin curled up into DNA chain bent up into the shape of a chromosome.

Stretched into a complex sequence of different compounds.
Melodic tales of adventure and furious happenings.
Telltale nuance, blown out windows and melted steel pillars. Crab infested nightmare equivalent to love heart ache.

Abandoned wasteland of negative energy. Oasis.

Dilettante

Energy bunny confusion

Carved landscape, fragmented into a cube.

Flowers burn as an offering to the eons of the future. Five billion. Each moment obliterates mementoes of arbitrary significance.

The hollow chambered nautilus looks through a cloudy eye spot that flexes its aperture. It blinks open as it descends into blindness.

Opulent waterfall hidden beneath draperies of ferns. Overgrown undergrowth.

A cold heavy waterfall droplet with irregular patterning, across a rocky outcropping.

Zebra pattern turned brown and porcelain white, polished Fibonacci spiral with several trillion calcium and phosphorous atoms arranged un-homogeneously.

Wet flower beds wrapped up in loving touches, the fear subsides into ecstasy.
Before welcoming night hawks dismantle the gravestones.

All droplets of mercury burn off the atmosphere and melt the mountains.

Bamboo shoots peel flounder skin, revealing errors.
Around arrows and armatures

Dot patterns articulate every artifice around.

All atomic latitudes along almanac.
Frenzied translator encrypted from drowsy dream stone.

Tipsy tiptoed on glitter under eyelids, until all over sunshine on clowns in the same day. Every year, all monsters stayed away from mental fluctuations, from fond objects.

Cloud passion between too many pillows, alone like fallen mountain goat
On moment of glory.

Deadness is meant for nothing.

All living matter radiates light.

Before the sun's light reaches my body it takes 8 minutes to travel. Before this my eyes try to grasp the subtly glowing objects.
It was crafted cautiously, a body that fell apart in petals, but inflated into being again.

Watermelon waterfall above ivory porcelain dolphin patterns, streamlines and UV rays creating freckles splattered onto a porpoise.

Black pearls, eyes deeper than a hurricane's cross section. Agate dipped into ornate pools of wind debris.

Soft caramel bleached white, taffy ribbons stuffed between her thighs. A mile long strand of hair for her. For her cliffs that are palms. The weight of a thousand blessings of forgiveness. Of breathing along jersey grey fabric, strait away. Doing what must be done, a million years to find this. A trillion inches between us, her touch was revealing
in the most powerful ways.

Pomegranate fertilization with honey bees that collect DNA. Purple marbles dripping above a melted flower. Human needs, the habits the wishes, passions dipped into flower beds. A moon beam beach trove, seashells folded inside her, releasing spawning orphaned organisms, in free space. Fire coral, solidified into silver cast - painted with enamels. Melted, twisted up into ribbons and cosmic spirals. Metallurgy – alchemical ferment. Histories of the future. Piles of desire swell at the seams – exploding – lady bug eyes found in the same moment as her ears and words. Carving troughs of love canals through her memory.

Infinity symbol dipped into everything, coated by shells with malachite layers of alternating solution colors.

Coronary failure in front of a goddess. Green fluids- mediating above the oak canopy- as twisted clouds polluted by atomic eyes are closed.

Equilibrium pincers, evolutionary lobster claw.
Night time quantities of delusional fluidity.

Encroaching wind tunnel of wet swamps that illustrate flat tilling opening luxury.

Turquoise bird call crumpled into feather eyelashes that tickle.

Love is a pattern that is never satisfied by being repeated.
Darklings found from many moons too soon to fall from.

Clapping waterfalls splatter ovoid jewels of cyanobacteria, wind tunnels of thought, pour laughter and anticipation. Prophesized futures unfold until time stands still to watch the moment. Light that reflects off the darkness of her eyes. The bead of light enraptured by the forest floor. The wisdom of ancient alchemists misconstrued into a fairytale of billowing lightness. The evergreen feather at dusk found alongside the raven claw buried at the ankle.

Florescent wind baby crawling through mountain gaps. Tree tops split into wind detectors. The night cradles a newborn star. A darkness destroyer, a matter creator, heavy metal forging device of cosmic scale and potential. Armfuls of flowerers overflow through teeth clenched around magnolia shells/petals that can shield an egg from breakage. Or circular petals bursting into purple sea anemone remains, a pseudomorph with a clown fish fossil.
Bio mechanical hybrid of a snake with a gorilla equals a slow echinoderm.

Will calming sea sounds nestle me to sleep alongside the eyes. Or will nocturnal sounds aggravate the orphaned baby legs.

Chalk cliffs are cretaceous colonies of micro organisms, calcite micro-exoskeletal beings.

Do the clouds gather around your footsteps? Keeping cool and protected from solar wind. Opening light breaks out above the bay. A million dreams in one night – extrapolated - illustrated with action.

Your lips cradle a marsupial woodland extended into melodious mountain ranges – flattened by time, slowed down into a horizontal display of time and space.

Ethiopian mammal babies fed jungle meat garnished with primitive apples.

Reindeer marsupials dangle from geodesic spheres organized into memory artifacts. The first reality, a volcano of dreams too good to comprehend. Soft moss canopy shelter, dreams of past laughter near tears on top of a floating existence, chasing after the past on the edge between fainting. Salt stained face, human crystal growths, voids, past, brittle mountain foot holds keep the earth close by. Motions of the body propel serpentine dance histories, absorbing light from dark pink metaphors, a human flower, the dark beginnings bloom on mountainside under a spruce, face down in mud/dream of grotesque nature, terrible lightning erupts from everywhere, charging the light with blue outlines.

Metaphor wasteland, scouring the earth's surface with mental metal, sabotaged life strings, sprouts of unbelievable knowledge and passion. To hear something for the first time that has been affecting us for some time now. Infinitely.

Rummaging through reindeer spindles.

An abalone night dive risky on the windy abalone spores, peeling holes out of armatures of eloquence. Afternoon window ledge: empty.

A fire bed cracked kangaroo fever. The fuzzy memory, depleted belly, awful actions are causing ulcers. Staring into the abyss. Struggling to picture the world without that image.

Temperature barrier.

Levels of strata diffuse less easily within a thermal equilibrium.

Pieces of Eternity

Alone in the wilderness of humanity.
Deposited in a real world that cannot be real.
It cannot be as real as the places of enlightenment,
Beyond this, even after complete awareness.

In the history and contemporary world there is never enough awareness
Transcendence above the mundane equilibriums of darlings and infrastructure.
Beyond life and death.
The street is more permanent than a life and more durable than any art.
A performance stage for the noise of engines, bred to be angry.

A web from behind
Fragmented
Made up of ribbons.
Coils of energy released in precise locations.

Painted with a sense of urgency and imperative,
Confidence.
The void becomes something on top.
Not because it is shaded
Because it has begun to move and react on its own.

Outlines become contour barriers
Singular forms molded from the tree tops.
All forms simultaneously stamping out the shape
The tips of everything.
Split back down to its constituent elements
With lines that shred the edges
Into missing space that describes an overlap.

Dust in the air turned golden
Above the vivid yellow green fuzz of evolving grass textures.
Drifting shadows cast by clouds of day dust.
Zigzag light movements,
Traveling towards harmonious closeness.
Dialog with opaque light shield
Spun turn-wise till marvelous in sunset;
Time table of infinite tablature.

Thought light
Thunder shower
Tumbling memories cascade backwards
Filling voids.
Golden sideways light pathway
Foot less toes manage cracks in concave concrete dust.
Memphis
Leftover mercury sage
Passionate scholar of intellectual marvelous-ness
Mutated deja vu
Harmony
Mind drift.

Awaiting night time food particles
Mashed and folded.
The original material is a phantom,
A substance of ordinary matter.

Dropping bamboo shoots through cavern walls.
Wind blown detritus accumulates near the opening,
Where spelunking habits begin and occur.
Familiar occurrences.

Wishing for everything
Especially that which has not.
Such as rain drops behind a wall of windows
Seen from behind blue spheres.
The leftover puddles from nighttime melting
Will soon evaporate
Before.

Aura

Hazel butter cup plus melody memory turn style.
Plush flower, inflated ego,
Centrifugal marsupial wild flower.

The millions and millions of
Seasons, a shower of dandelion feather merchants,
Billowing grapefruit nectarine plum blossom,
Smashed into pulp for sunrise,
Folded night capsule garnished with wishes.
A million wishes thrown in the face of melancholy.

Nocturnal natives spread through caverns of time
Bubbles and linkage between blinks of laughter.
Crushed into emerald radii,
Melted and buried by mahogany rings
Curled up and folded into carnal nightmares
Left out in the open for drips of light
To powder the earth
With 4.5 lbs of sunlight in one day.

A thin mist of aggravated protons
Learn to obey night
Before frequenting the bright side
Of a cloud, with pinched up shadows
Beneath floating.

Malachite cumulus clouds
Billow upwards around the blue
Screen medium
Ether

Corn stalks wind up my brain, into bouncing ideas. Black but reflective memories
boil, and fill in alchemy mysteries.
The transmutation of metal.

The eyespot a cavity that casts a shadow, indicating a source of light, a source for life.

It tries to sneak up in a thousand dreams. Boiled down into a single experience, it
fused into a continual drain.
A flower that has venom, a field swarming with insects never discovered.

A tantalizing truth. A hundred furrows that form in the night. Brown, black, white, grey-musty dark passageway splinter. The sweat keeps writing lines across a body immersed in heat.

When you are alone nothing is good or bad.

Day dream phantoms penetrate lavender avalanche within membranous opal terror sphere in a pastel night hawk fountain turned into a burial ground for Egyptian malachite. Magnificent happenings of the resuscitated. I can't breathe upside-down in outer space tulip friend. But the gravity nucleuses can, it's a far off nuclear furnace of unimaginable complexity. The universe is crafted by other beings that build stars with their excrement waste, recycled nuclear waste spun up into solar systems so far off that the image appears cloudy and illegible.

Baby tarantula on fire in front of mama.

Floridian courtship display

Orchard of small ornaments crumpled by a giraffe stampede during winter storms, shedding fire from ruptured gas lines stretched out by daylight. Tropical night portal, savage barbaric nocturnal ivy, flop ears of tears erupting from the floor boards. Crystals ignite with flashes beyond the imagination. Miracles uprooted from the chest, nighttime desert blown away in the night. The earth blows away. The sand becomes a desert and the atmosphere dries out until we are mars.

Fire without ember
Light without vision
Heat without feeling
Emotion

Brown tomb thief, rabbit leg warmer burnt until flakey delicate crumb.
Fake memory worshiper.
Mistaken talents rain colored tear.

Found below organelle cloud
Lightning lipped flower pollen

Flipped open gravity switch
Night slipping, toe bouncer
Plus...

Equatorial genetics

Nighttime acrobatics encapsulated into proverb of teachings. Aquamarine crystals with fractured tourmaline powder melted and fused with marsupial ritual glass. Found in the pouches of kangaroos, which collected meteorite fragments and tektites for unknown purposes. A trail of sea shells created by crustaceans, stepped on by a large dinosaur that saw a conch shell, pink and fleshy on the inside in the sunlight, and thought it alive.

Life intuition.

Food searching flounder baby, nectar tulip, four thousand seeds pressed into oil.

The sky was bright red in a tree house over the sea.
With long strings to swing out over the water.

The globular is still here, it fuses with difficulty.

Rhino tourist asleep on the moment of glory. The herd passed by on a transport of ants. Millions of ants carry the enormous mammals in a ritual of symbiotic benefit. Rhinos get leisurely transport to the watering hole and the ants feast on territorial rhino spray.

Forms cut by the context.

Daylight rainforest avalanche of nutrients dispersed within decaying moments and long evenings spent interwoven into bifocal nuance. A crumbling nutrient rich plasma, giving life to organisms with structural thought chemistry. Thrown into overlapping synthesis.

A page forgotten when transparent glazes lifted from the middle, were perfect chisel marks carving space into millions of bits. Temptations of fountain gliders rendezvous through jungle vines. Wisps of chocolate melt through finger tips. Raccoon paw doused in energy, a gnarled metal scrap yard, screeching through echoes in a nightmare.

A blanketed pain, a thousand diamond dust particles. Falcon eyes glazed over there by green light. Wisps of sound sliver through my ears, teeth ground down to the gums by blackened heart strings. Long entryway through past records, negatives pilling up awaiting the light again. Dissolving into grey liquid.

Descending from rows, through shadows of sprinklers, burning the deserts into a spiny wasteland, crumpled with death, sticky eyes, and pasty white. Cracked earth filled with tears of aliens who can see. What could be a more horrible thing to behold? It's a fear of beach raff, a gnarled buoy broken by the laughter. The outsider burst into a concussion of tears, boiled until the salt was visible, a little more viscous, no matter what happens. Just let the mammals keep warm so that the daylight won't burn the equipment. A longer eye patience gift but less dexterity and intuitive

dimensional clue saturation. A thick tear, aqua, Caribbean tear pool under a poinciana on fire, no one could understand, no one could comprehend this world. I was free in their eyes but behind mine was an inferno of theoretical physics, of living environments interlaced with symbiosis across all levels of the food chain. High gravity beasts break their stocky knees.

Trying to climb above, beyond the safe zone. A pile of snakes, soft and textured by stones, abrasive heat sensing pit that ensnares a lynx from beyond three yards. Cold bodies look for warmth with a jaw bone to the floor; the vibrations pulsate and chatter teeth, meant for dinosaur skin eaten with eyes closed so as to not spoil the surprise. A color brighter than that of Venus. A melody that was scratched into her tomb, a lullaby for the books, piled up near the pillow, softer than a mushroom.

The night flowed out a message in a bottle. A gust of wind lifts up a child whose tears filled a hurricane. A barricade towards the future ruptured by doubt. Glassy eyes that become spherical rivers, pinching the waters together at the base. Bubbling and dripping tears become ice before we can move, The texture rubs off into my eyes. Undermining the reflectivity of thought. The unrepeatability of life, reality, when she was smaller and larger, happy and sad. Confused about the red on belly that never happened again.

Flowing eyes pulsate through a cold, frozen dream. Ripped out into the ocean, spread across terra firma. The lies in a dream spill over the lips of invisible eyes. Too sad to stand to weak to eat. The earth was sliced in half. It awoke in the middle of the day. To witness the moon cry until it turned to dust.

The outside exploration to uncover a place we cannot live or inhabit. The courage that humans call restless curiosity. The desire to breach limitations of life's struggles. Rupture the dam and put all the water back. To grow to immense proportions with suggested miniaturization of macro elements.

A system of sulfur and emerald, diopase and malachite green stone. Seattle broke my cliff, stretched out horizontally. Ancestor machine. Malfunction of mattress near window. Fountain of hearts river of tear, stretched beyond capacity. Unbelievable color splashed on your babies dream. Mutated speech impediment of happiest moment. On floor, elevated by palms. Fond of upside-down laughter when the doors just bust open with grapes and sourness. Reflective metal is necessitated, Applied across horse carriages never invented yet. If we were still in the pine tar. Hold your dryness.

Mollusk eyed plains
Arising tholins

Methane and light creating organic compounds.

Grass-hills-ridges

Algae,

Proto vertebrates.

Serpent- highly adapted reptile.

Snakes are fishes that never stopped swimming

Across glass.

The pond in a grove

A child born into a palate.

Nourished to give off light. Seeing millions of animals, they each remember distinctly the features of a tired out laughter. Wheezy and clean. easy. Going down. Soft florescent light exploding nourishment, sparkling moon beams approach thunder clouds, the tadpoles swim through submerged trees. Floating above whirlpools of atmospheric phenomena. Crackle of dry materials floating. The evening tells us to give up, stretched out along the blackness of the night.

Wind grows, telling the paint brush to act like the timber of a hillside. Creating new paths to overlap sounds beginning from a million mistakes in a row. Crumbling up. Touching the brow of a dieing monster. Overflowing passages.

In the present comforts

The scaffoldings of failure assembled out of the greatest achievement. So much was devoted to the bonds, the outside, synapses of an inexistent world, as the passages to the outside open from the top of the disk, the rims collide, the plasma curdles into dense clusters and dust clouds that break off a small invisible portion which is larger than the solar system. The outside edge of the universe is a superconducting magnet of absolute perfect conductivity. The galaxies are pulled o the outside edge of the universe where there could be infinite density, the clouds gather together, the outside of her eyes are tall dreams. Forever all wet touching lips almost near the wind breaks back from the edge, crushes the ewe of winter chill. The outside places are observatories for the examinations of Venus and sociological instigations, the windows into fire light protection, the memories that exploded the winter sky, when the tears attached to her lips flowed, I broke down, crippled by ideas too strong to ignore, standing up on the most daunting task with the perfect clarity of determination and accuracy, the measurements combine into a million lips, a smashed dream, a hundred million degrees, beyond our solar system. The terrible unimaginable temperatures breaking a million dawns of poems.

My shadows are alive

I keep thousands of them stacked up on a clear ground.

The light from below sends them through a lens carved from silica.
Onto an infinite terrain, one populated by wet spots left hidden
From the dehydrating light.
Darker than the light, a shadow is only a shadow in comparison
To the light which is light only in comparison to a shadow.
My shadows are alive, ready to crawl across any surface
To move in unique ways. They have freckles of missing shadows
That hinge their joints, rotate as balancing points.
The edge of each shadow is a borderline of undulating energy,
Rising and falling charges, temperatures of surfaces hidden from photons.
The light from below, from behind and traveling around diffusing the edge.
It is wavering around my shadows, uncertain of how to best get around them, the light
Wants to burn me, to find a way into my shadow world, it wants to bounce into my
Darkness, it wants to enter my cone cell or rod cell.
Enough to blind me to my own shadow.

The light is too wild, uncontrollable,
It turns bone white and skin brown.
I remember all my shadows and stack them to reveal the space they share,
A double shadow which I combine with another to make a quadruple,
And combine again with another, soon the light is completely gone,
Searching for a way inside.
Each of my shadows is an idea of motion, a behavior,
It has character and a will to be alive, a way to resist gravity.
I've seen shadows move 500 miles an hour across my toes,
And run off into the swamp.
I've seen reflections move light faster than the speed of light.
She is lightness and weight,
She falls into life, on a tear from below.
She brushes aside the future in her dream,
As an infant emerges from her belly.

A cloud to be goes into her eye
Before her charms are given to the sky.
She walks through mud to reach a dry place,
Beneath a willow the sleep overcame her,
With her braids folded over into another
Then another, then another,
Into a vast multidimensional pillow
For the one she chooses.
She feeds him what becomes is tears
In the corner of his eye,
In the morning after her dream
She remembers the laughter she felt while asleep,
She makes her eyes go out of focus
And sees scrawled letters across each other.

Intertwining meanings, some too good to be true
Others better still.
She wets her lips and looks at him
On the floor beneath 20 pillows.
He passes out, finally seeing the true grain of reality.
A murky sparkling mix of every color imaginable.

Pure emotion used
To turn bellies into large lakes.
Which seems to emit a noise
Back into the eyes

Telling stories and secrets
With forehead wrinkles
Learned to explain the unexplainable

The emotional memory bank.

Mosquitoes feeding off my writing hand
Fuzzy caterpillars on my leg.

The tar pit:

Lost shoes,
A fallen tree used for support.

Now a fragment of its former self.
They still exist but only as a diminishing object
No longer an energetic spirit expanding itself.

No longer expanding.
Slowly diminishing
Yet, never a lack of existing.
Now only perceived by different beings,
An existence that exceeds the boundaries
Of its own mental self.

Behind my eyes I watch the imagination draw near. To close to see, to bright to be real.
An aura of an image just out of sight, a thousand blinks that can't be remembered in an hour of intense remembrance. The pouring of the heart, of capillaries that pump liquid without a beating heart, the warmth of a touch to warm to be real, and it is unreal to the future, an inflated sense of optimism in the face of possible loss, no

protection from an egg compressed into green and purple energy, the grains of life are back, behind the eyes, on top of an eye looking at another eye looking at a closed eye. Sixteen thousand eyes looking at a nervous child.

The wind bunched up around us. It wraps around this pole and returns to the other.

The floor disappears, it reappears on the third moon to support the baby cheetah chirping like a bird beneath an acacia tree.

Termite mound architecture was never invented.

The moon wants to fly away, the clouds want to rain.

The caves crystallize the fingertips. The blind crayfish was blinded by darkness, blinded by nothingness. Evolution conserves energy, what isn't used is lost, We are evolving towards nothing.

Following the shadows through ancient slits in Stonehenge.
Planting seeds twelve at a time on the third moon of the year.
The phases don't confuse the tigress. She growls with the wind
And opens her light reflective eyes. The nocturnal beings bask in the moon glow.
Flourescent green leftover energy, contained within a flounders eyes.

No need to look at what is already known. We only need to see what cant be seen.
Making something visible that has never been seen before. Making visible things
which aren't visible.

Love of the morning, toes all curled into an arch. Warmth and coolness on two sides
of a barrier.

Tomorrows Tide

Beams of light solidify
And gather themselves
In order to appear
Different from the others

Blue dragon
Fire
Amber electric
Station near the
Flash bulb tour

Green carnival orchestration

Fire fly courtship
Ruby footed pelican
Caught by shark.
The leftovers sink
Seven miles, to feed
Blind fish.
 Lone whale descending -
Becoming anxious
for air.
Self doubt in the
Dark abyss

Generating wave
Recording device

Internal crush from
spoken stone.
Frozen

Bovine gatherings-
Capturing forest
Forms around wire
Delicates. Quartz
Raptor fossil crunched
With Allosaurus
Teeth, on a wet

Day. Screaming
Excitement for lonely
moments to come.

Flickering stems
Crunch lovely toad
Feet in the snow.

Frost blinds glass
mechanics.

Leverage for small
parts in the distance.

Spin

Above

React and
Press left

Pine barren
Plateau
Compress
Flint

Velvet tulip flicker
And daffodils.
Warmth and wet
leaflets.

Sliver of experience

Burn
Orchid

Calm
Compression

Stormy sleep

-Edible invisibles-

String projections
And velour
Keepsakes.
A key lost in the
Sand
Is a futile sting.
The crab cave
Grows in the moonlight.
Decomposers stretch the skin
And flames shrink the air.
Crystals are growing
Everywhere right now.
My eyes are not capable of the outside
Experience

Oleander
Split throw
Every crab
Dream spill.
Tear opal
Cream filter

Scales levitate
Above lava
Seams and
Hot wet
Organelles

Under water
 Courtship
Delicate fractals
Erode columns
Severely,
The weakened beings
Leave delicate tortoises
Sent in the heavens.

The
Starfish
Peep hole
Bleeds
Red and
Light blue green

Smeared,
The grinded was
Compressed
into granite
crumbles.

And dry tasteless
stone soup.

Wet water
Shrinks bread
During monsoon
Jewelry

Overloading
Sensations hypnotize

Elephant farm on Egyptian plantation
Buried by a thousand sandstorms.
Pilled high with the essence
Of color

The Mind Went

Purple octopus mangled into microscopic crevices.
Enlarged and synthesized.
All of nature fused into a singular body.

Whale blubber feast for vulture specimen and water beetle.
Jet black bulbous nightmare wanderer.
Opened field flowers.
Traveling towards us is the soft curling ribbon,
Gentle eyelids, with strings attached.
Dark shapes float in and out of existence.
Blurred without fuzzy, generalized without confusion.
Anamorphic transformation of a spiky tree stump,
Into a 300 mile away landmass half submerged by Atlantic currents

Soft and liquid currents of compounds, smearing through the air.
Opal honey bursting with larva lavender toothache.
Spinned red mutations split bodily nutrients.
Decompressed Oklahoma sandstone washed away by rip currents.
Split by anamorphic turn of the body.

Rotating essences through a matrix of multiplicity.
Enlarged, smeared, rotated, inflated, and solidified.
The seeds of design, nutrients compressed into small places.
Nocturnal feast.
Eyelids closed,
Skin
That curls and flattens into skin and scales.
Wings and feather blades aligned with the needs
Of the contradicting progress.
Equality of surface and a maximum
Diversity of form.

Splitting the spectrum
Water and dehydrated objects become angular and shriveled.
Stiff branches with splintering endings.
Green beginnings and flowering middle periods of opulent fleshy
Growth.
Strengthening networks without conformity.
Diversity within a field of surfaceless objects,
Shadows become inflated matter, solidified within its medium.

Environment-
One environment
That slowly changes-
Overlapping with other environments.
Contradictory environments overlap
Creating a new one comprised of both.

Thick dark blobs
Light transparent twigs
Metaphoric uselessness.

Order the anvil
The triangles of hand

Softling darkness-
Almost cold in front of the night,
The trees were weeping and cringing their limbs.
Bumpy globular and nobular figures weep, intertwine,
Overlap and break into windowlets.
Glimpses through a barrier into free space in the distance.
Waveicle, a fragment of a wave that is also a particle,
Cut by the overlap of objects in an open space.

Purple
Floating
Void.

Mollusks- at upper
Right.

Crystalline upper left.
Reverse at bottom.
Morphological
Twist at center.

Extremely long lines, thin curves and strait edges curving downward

Into the center.

Small clusters of floating life islands
-With transparent opulent cliffs seen upside down and dislocated
From its bedrock.
Hovering plateau
Above flat earth
Theory.

Orange daylight replenishes tiger instinct.
Leopard eyesight, gifts, fuzzy cougar battle
through thunderstorms along mountain paths,
edges of cliffs, falling.
Tumbling through useless recreational disasters.

Purple but dark and unsettling. Then appealing.
Purely a strange amount of purple today.
Burrowing without gravitational assistance.
Buoyant on purpose.
But too much.

Fluid rhino behavior paths through space.

Cloudlessness.
Organic detritus totally transformed.
Passing the days in a fever of untellable passions and burning willfulness.
To be seen through fogless nights on a hot dry desert rock out cropping.
Born above the fall.

Florescent blur memory.
Shifting velvet covers over.

Bringing the fossils back to life.
Five year old painting fragments reanimated at the joints.
Replaying a recording painted black and white,
Photographic double exposures.
Two objects fused,
Left only with the collective space they both inhabit.
Creating a symbiotic exchange and collaboration
Between the images.

What it looks like is the first thing that looked like it.

Darling sensations

Equivalence within death- balance
Splitting demon dream frenzy of softness.
Curls around globular joinery and soft squishy body.

Limbs spread

Opened body parts reveal the singular parts of the body.

The chakras, the black silhouettes of pseudomorph replacement fossils.
Long dreamtime sequence
Eruption of thought splurging onto a landscape of opened fury.
Terrible venom torn.
Feeling breaks the brain.
Frequent time.
Telescopic tools hidden.

From the circles of flying black platforms;
Splitting, coming into existence.
Threatening the embryo and the universal shapes.
We all were; once, before the fall.
The red puffy memories and terrible nighttime
Out of breathiness.
Fuzzy, frightening overall.
Launching lip pigeons, small bubble discoverers.
Surprising air time.

Lovely, lofty pleasure through Jupiter platforms
Overlooking the electromagnetic variation
Disturbances are sensations of the fortunate
Trumpeter, resonator
Bursting giant crystal faces
With the bluntness of flat cold, shingles.
Touching the equator from the outer stratus.
Finally approaching the soft.

River of octopus
Bright white next to red purple.
Suction cup outlines.
Bumpy eyeballs, sunken
Carlsbad Cavern stalactite ornaments
The shredded nucleus hangs its torn scraps
Pinching in towards nectar curves,
Drips coming alive during contact
With plasma membranes or other collective.
Several million working together.

Florentine witch brew.
During August sweat.

Marvelous veins
And tree segments

Spiky.

Black nodes and lips
Near the edges of ventriloquist nightmare
Scenes, parts of dreams too real to feel accurately.
In the dream it felt as if I had seen something before
In the dream they were different
Color = blue + white, black
Some brown to almost yellow.
Puzzle piece shapes but with transparency

Nurture chocolate bear.
Melted,
Doodles next to poetic luck.

Gnarled eruption crumbling
Through consequential sequences.

Nectarine tear, squinty from liquid black waves,
Activated by segmenting the body in progressive Motions.

Replay emotion through filter of haphazard organization.
Dark tunnel barrel, through flicker of collected reflections,
The nighttime harvest,
Harmony harlequin memories,
Lovely time, pounding, breaking the technology barrier,
One blink at a time.
A neuron fires.
free radicals along elbow tendons,
Cringing the predator
In flinching orangutan awkwardness.
The dry noise of distance.
The hollow flurry of performances,
Unintentional noise is useless
To the faint of ear.

The order of nonsense-
A chain of building drones lined up in repetition.
Smoothing the liquid rock with manual dexterity,
Or other efficient mechanical devices.

Living inside a window

Slivers of bio-jelly-tips, organelle-scapes,
In-between object and organism,
Stretch marks, tear marks, splits become edges, folds.
And scoured black slate, scratched into blue dust.
Long whale snout, harpooned until suffering diminishes.
Fins that are torn and split at the end.
Light but within substance.
Calm but with a speedfully inconsistent placement of objects,
The carved black flower pistol deity.
Wrathful leg weakener.
Heavy belly furry; awaiting the inevitable.
Cold cancerous fable;
Torn, shredded neurons miss opportunity.
Thoughts not heard under the thundering silence of everything.

Child wandering, willfully without gathering necessity.
Empty leg thoughts, impulse that buries passionate discourse,
Dialog; two brains in communication.

Bulbous umbonate twist,
Curving coils of shark skin.
Four rare shark eggs illuminated from behind.
Dipped in octopus ink, diluted until magenta.
Glowing with cloudy memories.
Wasteful reexaminations of non-historical realities
Meant to differentiate purpose from pleasure.
Clean flip

Overlap still ambiguous memories
Still alien and inconceivable.
Unreal dream confusion.
Black splits at tips.

Millions of claws dipped in blackened bear meat.
Flung into concave spots – on a rough brown branchling.
Connected.

Fortunately, silver shingles block barriers between fluff.
Too much coral with zooids; bumpy along a contour.
Swollen with fertility. Releasing strings from craters
Seen from a nice angle.

Four hundred pounds of Whip-poor-will nest hatchlings.
Flipped out of the nest accidentally.
Poor orphaned animals cling to the burial ground of their forefathers.
How many mysteries build and multiply without abandon.
With living multiplicities growing near the rim.
Lips cracked in three places,
One for each brain appendage

Pertinent-
Powerful forces urge the movable members to mutate.
Before timeless disintegration blurs boundaries of the self.
Permeable ribbons wrap across eyelids until lights break through the skin shades.
The dark organic curtains of our mind.

Florescent red, blinking through the purple night fog.
Painted number sequence that coincides
With morphological scale.
Ten color system.

Spheres that act as optical signifiers of direction.
And marks also create rotation.
Origin from the center.
Axis of marks.

Orange velvet sunburst
Telos, Cosmos, drama

Ghosts look on in Envy,
Filaments

Rainbow torture

Tip toes on daffodil
Nuclear window
Bleach organ fortunate

Four her

Divided wishes plus none.

equals four day dreams per minute of waste.
Carnal caravan escape pod plus neutrino cavities,
Atoms are a collection
Equivalent to a solar system in scale and spatial magnitude
Inside a thumb.
A wind mill of invisible billions.
Everything is an infinite cluster of unexplainable complexity.
So let's begin
To unravel this puzzle which is a hand.

Billions of billowing snowflakes crackle glass blades
Fallen into aquamarine
Painted homes in winter.

Peacock bass

Limestone caverns tainted
Aqua before melodies of algae float in front of her eyes.
Jokes of every subject at all times for no reason.

Still ness has morphology.
It is a droplet in zero gravity.
Slightly accelerated and It is a tear.
Even faster an arrow.
Freeze this shape and it will chime together
A different way.

Forbidden other

Malaria

Delirious sensibility
Throughout hemispheres of brain matters.
Little prophesy plus melody.
Concave melting
Boiled berry
Brazen

Broken beautiful beryl.
But blackened
Crunchy with razor edge.
Spindle, organelle plus embryo sensation.

Exquisite harmony for orphaned path marker.

[Florescent bioengineered
Egg sack]

Luxurious
Fur patch conceals peach blossoms,
Stretch marks, over grown wind tentacles,
Slightly dehydrated around the bend.

Penelope sorcerer,
Blue string thought provoker.
Nighttime predator, tornado between fingers
Bent into a cylinder that isn't there.

Olivine eye radius,
Sparkling memories, Nocturnal eye beam spray.
Light through the aperture and into a small crucible.
Black and crunchy eye lids broken for an itched pupil.
A wasted fire and water bandwidth.

Missing time

I awoke to the sound of thunder but soon became
Tired by the sight of lightning.

The last sound of a wind chime,
After the storm.

Lips turn inside outside is the darkest night for several days I work on Quiet Eyes.
Blue Earth began with silence, Spinning gasses developed into a world for us.

Once the sky was covered by a giant sheet. All around the horizon, Blanket.

The sun is an orange radiator,
Evaporating puddles the flies couldn't drink.
Looking for the farthest cloud.
Because I believe it will hold the answers.
They must be at 40,000 feet by now: the dreamers.

Looking for togetherness
Together
They chose to follow the sent of honeysuckle

And drink the juice of mulberries,
Which grow between the brown stones
Which reside below long thin grass shoots.

The beginning of warmth.

Watch footsteps disappear in mud.

Looking out the window.
Anticipating the unknown.
Hopping everything will arrive today.
I am attached to the window.
My second eyelid protects me from sound.
Not very well though.
I feel impatient.
I could be falling through the tunnels
Or walking above.

I placed my eyes underwater,
I could see.

Amebas were falling from strings, once eye lashes of giants.
We made our home out of their footprints
We built cities out of their discarded fingernails
Followed snapping lights in front of our open eyes
They carved deep holes for us to cool our feet.
When I look to the left I always see a large black shape.
They say it was originally an accident,
I plan to find out.

We walked along a path created by raccoons
And found a puddle several years old.
I wanted you to see the small fishes.
I want your eyes to change,
To play tricks

The coldest night.
I travel half asleep, speaking to strangers no less strange than those insane rabid
animals who chase small children in daylight

I grasp for that invisible place. Stepping over small ponds which inhabit soft sheets
and white lips. Folded, pressed with heat.
Beneath this cold dead of winter,
The last leaf.

We follow underwater currents until they empty into the sea.
At this point I will watch my home grow small in appearance.
My underwater flashlight keeps us safe
All the alligators were playing cards in the shade of Lilly pads.
I've collected their shoots to make string
So I gather my tools made from trees and lilies
To protect us from the most scary creatures until then unknown to science
Even the plants I've seen are carnivorous
They possess round sticky glands, which are irresistible to the shy and sad ones
Even the ones that aren't hungry.
The first shelter I made reminded you of a totem
You smiled for the first time
I could tell it was building up
Your tears came next.

The first leaf

The leaves were almost gray

Some even chose to bury their thoughts beneath my voice.
A shattered and otherwise scattered mind. Influenced by all the disgusting glutinous
sounds of street noises. In momentarily pausing sentences that extend to signify the
softness of warm places.
Unable to be explained to a public which moves through space
Unknowing of the next man's weapon. A female carries the lipstick that can stop a
man in his tracks. To follow this woman would certainly lead to over groan moans
and passionate yet also disgraceful moments.
Once the past was not recognized by the walls that observed or the bed which played
host to these unruly inappropriate individuals that chose to explain passion with
Physical contact.

The Faint glow halfway above

Modesty of a mealworm

Below clouds forever
Below water
Melted from peaks
Forgotten

Eroded by winds of thought.

Small creatures discover their preferred endeavor
To melt the soil I imagine unknowingly

The invisible thread has finally been cut
Releasing waves of impatience for the anticipating one

Lamp poles bend and twist
Illuminating the pupils of your gems

Anticipating bent light,
Your gems become
Petrified
A persistence similar to that which falls

Collected thoughts
Inscribed within
All the feelings one will have
~~~~~  
Eyes imagining every climate  
Walking between footprints  
Wetness begins  
Sleeping on a pile of raw cotton  
Moving slowly with grace  
Breathing with a soft pace  
Picking out a crushed past almost forgotten

Your reaction keeps my arm tired  
I can hear you through walls.  
Released

A seven-foot tall bumblebee annoying a horse

It buzzes with ferocity,  
A yellow and black fuzzy insect the size of a large dog.  
The sound from its wings was enough to shake  
The ground and drop branches.  
It came down with tremendous speed  
Threw the horse on its back and just before it was about to sting.  
The horse screamed a terrible cry  
It looked to me for help.  
I stood knees weak at the sight of a forty pound insect  
I could have run but the sight was worth the risk of staying.  
The horse managed to maneuver its legs underneath the bee  
And kicked it with a great force.  
The bee tumbled and landed in a pile of dried branches.

I could hear it breath  
And heard the sounds of its mighty legs clank together.

Sunrise

A cloud so low it moves faster than a grown child can walk.

Water in the air

Above the earth.

A yellow leaf floats past my window.

I don't see it

But I know its there.

I hear animals outside

### Creatures

Raptor claw that bristles and spins radiance through a camouflaged Tropical bone yard organized into crystal rings of overlap. Metamorphosis with detailed ridges and furrows of worry. Strength and determinacy of observation when a turquoise beetle with gigantic eye spots on a pedestal opens its shell casing to reveal delicately folded wings. Wing examinations reflected by water in the air and furry insects protection us, useless against the miracle of flight. Venom that floats and vibrates the helmet of a war beetle. Deadly hairs that separate openings and extensions. Fleshy exoskeleton fresh curiosities watch legs separate and flatten. Transparent text spikes and curls into its nest. Beauty and growth coils of flesh keep warm within biome potentials. Pollen grains compress gravity in the dark and termites create intricate fractals of traffic and chamber iridescence. Opened body display and albino rarities burst reflections off of black night sticks that spin and radiate danger specks flecks of cold are young and closed in the sun. Owl scales elongate and hide color, into coils of vine illusion, crab filaments unfurl and collect yellow and black. Red wing stems and baby parasites turn red and black or flatten venom packets and implements of suction. Eye full emerald egg shell particles that curve gently. The impatience for the leap into the void of awareness total sensitivity to each body part as tool for movement. Floating moon mirrors ascend from the colony and feed the young from the air. The squeezed await mother and warrior that is protected. Snow camouflage becomes magnified in the lens of a simple creature.

Curled up into a pillow

Searching for dry cloth.

Squeezing the sky that gave

Me the most beautiful year.

Its too good to be true

I must see if it is for real

I opened the box

If the background absorbs me  
Will the night remember who I was  
As the ground sinks  
The window ledges become  
Subterranean portals.

Nothing was real

That's the reality of it all  
Diamonds don't break  
With  
Human hands

## Glowing

The sky was an orange rose.  
Today I've seen my reflection in the eyes  
Once below  
My energy has become enriched by moving clouds  
And a rose on fire.

I've just remembered  
A pearlescent and smooth figure is only visible with light

As the sun and clouds do battle  
Life pours across the sky.  
Now fading, the sun burns off.  
Raw sound is heard, thunder cracks the sky.  
For a moment I can see lights of unimaginable wavelengths.  
A crisp white split by the red blur of a sparrow.

A long purple cloud is outlined by glowing embers.  
Fading upwards  
The tops of the clouds radiate like the prism which is a woman.  
Eye lashes of children.  
A soft tumbled amethyst stone.

Below this long purple cloud  
The furnace of the sky radiates anger.  
Never before have I seen sunbeams so low to the earth.  
If I could only touch white velvet sunrays  
And pour purple dreams into your ears.  
My anticipation leaks out into the monotone blueness of the sky.

A dark cloud protects my desire.

Small tufts of grass bounce off the floor.  
Exploding into innumerable lines and dots that float.  
I watch the water which is a mirror, bend and roll over.  
Cold blues and purple mix with every object.  
Creating a color and environment unique to this moment.

Connecting white blanket folds with red leaf puddles  
To produce the chalk absorber  
The white dream food.  
Warm blue milk smiles

Between rows, behind barns  
Below leaves that fall often  
Watch the sky begin to exhale  
Imagine the arms are branches  
Releasing the last two leaves before winter

The buildings have come alive  
Awoken by the sound of several years of ponderance.  
Buildings move like trains  
Upward neck bending vertigo  
Cut by an ounce of euphoria  
Perplexing in her design  
The world is rolling slowly towards the future.

Seen for only an instant  
Wiping the surface of reality  
Stretching and splintering lights.  
Small far away places become stepping stones for the mind  
Traveling blindfolded towards the destination

A momentary sun beam has left burnt images within the thoughts  
Glowing gold orange desire

The invisible dim lit torch begins to rotate.  
Soon embers fall like fireflies in rain.

The sea floor splits open, swallowing the sick clownfish.  
Above, the sparrow forgets to fly  
Below, the dreamer forgets to wake.

The sea begins to foam and push fish off course  
The water does not remember.

# Moss

Dark eagle screaming through the blackness, the cosmic curtain that unfolds dark matter that agitates electrons into orbital complexity, similar to the tornado of the modern metropolis seen through a crystal ball. Highly plastic perspectives of poetry, funnel of energy wound up till gravity unfurls twisting mineral beds stretched and pulled by the a universal cause; sea floor. Magnetism designates polarities.

Jewel encrusted safari wasteland

Bumblebee stilts-  
Haphazard blue dots inside  
Green healing towards pink entanglements.

Purple bits float near a moss covered wasteland;  
Giant yellow spores clog leaf cutter ant walkways.  
Strawberry rubber melted and solidified into islands of ink, oil blobs and gigantic glaciers obliterated by everything. Cascades of Black Mountain silhouettes converge on the nucleus, to feed the wind swept stone faces who grimace with a mouth full of pine tar from bonsai and soothing moss. Nourishment to satisfy the climbers lay out beneath the craggy pine splinters and obliterated granite pieces. The wall divides broken rhythms into repetition, unnatural windows into the metronome exquisiteness of the fourth dimension. Mundane shower of ruby throated birds with invisible wings, feminine beings.  
buzzing between bamboo shoots.

Rabid escaped animals gather their resources and prepare for circular dialog by a moon beam photo. Regrets flake off the reindeer as boiled fungus is squashed into neutrino lavender gifts for camel back travelers. Type code crunchers who perfect the body edit.

Dear sesame, darling of the equilibrium, venom charmer of the sparrow slice.  
Delusional dooms day dental crest

Dream savior equipped for succulent droplets frozen in overlap sequences,  
Dropping like clouds over a mountain, the winds relax. Unknown attraction to natural occurrences that radiate potent fertility sensation, the action of growing maturity and dying all in the same image. The multi-biological is a consequence of being multi – biological, symbiotic phenomenon collaborate on a collective endeavor.  
Squishy petals open the body.  
Stone faces divide red flowers and sour tropical venom floats above the air.

Creating a mirage of movement a mirage of life force.

In-between the stones the young bugs shed their skin and swell up in the moist damp soil.

As the wind carves ventifacts and organic shapes, eons pass and the significance of the individual is transferred to the inanimate. Time is a living sprinter of invisible and inaudible emptiness.

Ink drawing melody

Calcite Frosted mountain plateau above green pyromorphite reflections. Tabular pink pseudomorphs that radiate and build new texture between the cracks of ultramarine black magnetite that is the deepest greasy black. Very far below.

Blue chalk arranged into a series of wind currents and multiple egg chambers that describe rutilated spines and flaws within a larger crystal sphere of the earth or Jupiter. maps and possible protein chains of the future. Fluid dynamics of ruby red moon cross sections, the succulent spines rotate heavily through gem fields. Kyanite filaments twist under the foot of a dinosaur baby. Dioptase green found behind cave formation, a natural passageway for tourmaline escorts, those fleshy red and green cross sections. Agate slab as a pillow for dreaming of swimming in cellular whirlwind. The steps of magnetism display flaws of deep thin black design. Wet grey black clay becomes a fulgurite above the plateau. Long thin tablets photographed in natural cool light filtered through the atmosphere of time. Fossil plants of ginkgo found in boulder fields where ice action grinds 10 ton rocks into nothing. Soon malachite pseudomorphs will cover us till the ritual stone is observed again. Fluid river carved corundum made into a sound dampening device. The linear flaws of balance and time are seen in spheroid growths of aragonite that burns a wine red purple before intrusions of blue fluid green crystal occur, in highly delicate dendrites of no mass and weight. Mauve fluorite triangular crystals mix with tabular wulfenite rectangular minerals.

## Quiet Eyes

Quiet eyes closed to a long forgotten fog  
Lifted like the spirits of so many others left behind  
Small polished stones became their only evidence of existence  
The stones pretend to be alive  
To squirm like the receivers of sensual pleasures  
Several of them left their place of birth to discover and unearth  
The mysterious dreams present in females

## The One which doesn't go Blind

The lost children look into the sun  
The one which doesn't go blind  
Gains the ability to see through time.

He found her in the mangrove swamp  
Surrounded by fully grown tarpon  
Playing tennis with scales the size of silver dollars  
At this moment the mangrove trees decide to become one large entity  
And transform chlorophyll into dreams of excitement and anxiety  
Only deciphered by swimming to the North Pole  
Where the sun is blue  
And the snow?

### Fallen Thought

Distant beings approach and revolve around complex dreams  
Which become meaningless to awakened children  
Layers of semi opaque stones  
Gather their thoughts and climb up towards darkness.

### Wishful Entrapment

A face exposed in pure saturating sunlight  
Exists as a collective being  
Reminiscent of ice cubes dipped in warm milk  
Then frozen to expose  
Crystalline structures unknown before this time  
Was it last year when the sky fell before our eyes?  
Jewels thieves caught in the act

### Weightless footsteps

The strong sound of footsteps  
Awaken fierce beasts  
Tired of eating snowflakes in the dark  
A young woman was knitting slowly and carefully

Vertical totems were placed in the place of dreams  
To amplify peoples memories of floating orbs  
Which decipher mechanical dialog between dinosaur hunters

Above the earth without being weightless  
Passed down from planetary bodies  
Inspected with cold instruments  
To discover mistakes made in the future

White flower petals unfold their secrets:  
A recipe for liquid fossil dreams combined with sour leaves.

Midnight painted upon raw iron pillars.  
The roots now support organisms that grow without light.

Bristly dreaming beasts  
Wait beneath aqua clouds  
Upon which heavy crushing rain scatters sunbeams.  
Sending droplets of colors upon the faces of buildings.  
Wind and thunder collide, peeling the surface from my ears.  
Cold horizon  
Dawn exposing an infinite existence  
Dead calm.

Steel turning blue, the burning oxidization.  
Watching ink flow, enclosed within the cloak of windows.

Eyelids struggle to hold on to eyelashes  
Each exposing pupils to the warm lights of stars.  
The soft pale sky is a pearl in the reflection of your eye.  
It absorbs colors from beyond rooftops  
And treetops that usually appear green.  
As clouds move the suns eye opens  
Revealing unseen objects hidden within red shadow.  
Rows upon rows of houses struggle and shuffle their bricks  
Straitening their rows, each one pushing off one another.

Her terra cotta eyes have begun.  
Her tears washed the blue from the sky  
Her dreams were then recorded with some very small scribbles  
Describing a continuous belly burning.  
To expose and uncover an inside out passion  
Upside-down eyes pour more easily.  
Long thin threads wrap around tree trunks,  
Slowly squeezing, leaves falling.

The water below begins to reveal an infinite number of sun reflections.  
Enclosed within this purple-black sea  
the stars move and change their positions.  
The surface of the water modulates and appears to be altering its colors evenly.  
The transparent yellow ochre soon becomes a milky opal green.

Some of the stars choose to congregate towards each other  
contributing to a combined collective energy.  
Others follow the rivers of cosmic fluid, slowly becoming distant and small,  
As a pebble eroded by water.

Long spider like pine needles fall into the water  
Tickling the skin of a still pond.  
They landed sideways creating a series of oval circles.  
Small fish came to the surface to inspect the fallen object.

The trees create small windows to the sky.  
Constantly changing dimensions with the wind.  
The sky was exhaling spirals of leaves.

Soon the appearance of sunlight will be undetectable.  
The surface of the water will no longer appear to be an unfolded blanket.  
The progression of the day is towards a calm stillness.

The appearance of the lake bottom

Long willow branches feel the weight of time. They hold on strong and move slowly  
in the wind. Sheltering countless animals in a small-secluded place near the trunk.  
Its here that I've come to think, squeezing my eyes and imagining a series of words  
that describe this moment. When its time to relax for the night I must prepare.  
Taking the time to feed honey to my fireflies. I cannot see beyond the shelter of  
willow branches. The backsides of leaves are illuminated by small bursts of  
bioluminescent light. The sound of water moving outside becomes a rhythm.  
Whispering words in my ear that I am looking for. Each sound vibrates with living  
energy. Hinting at a distant past.  
Speaking a language that becomes more foreign each day.  
I am unsure what the animals think of me.

The sky

Floating on a pasture of sound  
Lifted sine curves entwine,  
Touching with the mind before contact,  
Still awaiting proof that the unbelievable happened  
All spun into a interwoven sculpture of the fantastical.

The dipolar opposites unite end to end before entwining.  
The energy spreads out long tendrils, stepping across a doorstep of time.  
Researching the future.

The sound reflection of a shape, burning and sizzling with a chemical reaction

As the resonance changes the birds come uncomfortably close  
Within an chamber with tributaries of chambers  
Crags of rock leak, creating dendrites between crystal faces, compressed to 60,000  
atmospheres.  
Intervals of atmospheric density alter the velocity of a traveling sound wave, creating  
a new sound as the musician travels through matter.  
Unfurling across the eyelash just before then.  
In a transcendent euphoric daydream about our waterfall.  
Of stars

The infinite space around

The floating eyelash catches the breadth on the way down.  
The silence that floats through your finger cannot be divided to eternity. Bottled  
whispers opened by the sparks in the night, the phone that revealed a hundred years of  
solitude. A reflective memory breaks in half at the duality, before flying up through  
the past.  
Towards the light of tomorrow.  
As the earth shakes, the volcanoes breathe too quickly and melt into the sea.  
A distant flower, brushed up against the passing legs of a traveler,  
Left behind  
The inside of the mind was a sanctuary for the brook and the bee,  
The continual strengthening of the consciousness,  
Uncovering the goals of the unforeseeable pendulums.  
The magnets combine creating resonance with an abacus carved from physical laws.  
The octaves of color twist into a helix within a helix, spun together in opposite  
rotations.  
Magnetic resonance fluctuating in and out of position as the spirals meet and release.

Periodic motions interlock with numerological determinism so thoughts and motions  
will increase their rate exponentially.  
Each step a calculated Motion,  
Distanced are doubled,  
Halved

Night

The fields are strewn with glowing lines of light, spun up into a fire waterfall  
It scratches the carbon teeth of a bulldozer.  
The mechanical pressure breaks a ton of bricks like butter  
The equation for love has endless facets.

The midnight hours mediate between now and then, the breaking point, a space beyond the backside, around to the underneath of an inside out bottomless edgeless terrain.

Tall underground pillars exposed through subterranean excavations.  
The roots of buildings push down to bedrock  
To eventually crack the outer shell of the earth.  
Low frequency sounds of coal burning inspire terror  
As they approach, becoming darker than thunder.  
Faster than ants can disembowel creatures  
They push through walls  
With a soft fluid type resistance.

I crawl on my belly for miles  
Drinking puddles even the flies would ignore.  
I Reach up and grab hot stars.  
Through a very dirty mirror cracked and shimmering.

A deep blue feather passes through leaves of the only tree for miles.  
-Reawakening.

Exploding with a fierceness equivalent to cosmic decomposition.  
The terrible to the magical, with ease they glow and float.  
Consolidated within glass spheres small bugs create light and vibration.

A silver train splinters its way through underwater tunnels  
And granite stonewalls that leak.

I follow a path that leads to a more secluded place.  
There are rats there; they take turns chasing each other  
Beside a puddle created by dripping liquids.

My brain is telling me to be patient for  
Gemstone encrusted jellyfish as  
They approach beneath waves  
Which become white.  
Stretching out in every direction.  
I lie on my belly to help the dreams come.

Fumes  
The softness of fire contained within  
The palm of an infant's hand.  
Small pieces of red follow the pathways of a flame,  
Forming indecisive curls and soft white silk that cannot burn.

The chamber of sour spells is a passageway for the invisibles,  
Transparent giants.

The melted crystal and burning agate seem to be awaiting something.  
They unknowingly fall upside-down into the void of sunlight, exposed.  
Behind, the fertile cedar becomes curious, as thunder clouds speak.

A life span that makes the ant proud and the tortoise lonely.

Life spans that make the tortoises uneasy, and the ants jealous.

Boulder fall

The terror of sexuality slowly creeps in.  
Petals that have yet to fall, they anticipate ground with imaginary lines.  
Tears of the release.

The wind that exists underground swells up  
And let's go of small fingernail pieces.

Roughed up memories rise up and travel to the left  
They circle around living soil before expanding and dissolving.

The soft cold mud  
Made sculptures around bird feet.  
Nearby, the underwater mountain was transparently releasing  
Messages, glances at the surface.  
A fossilized blue sea urchin was found  
Solidified in a straitjacket of quartz.  
It was very old, from another time,  
When the sea was so hot it felt cold to the touch.

The sound of moth wings  
Heard above a long black pond  
Reflection

Tuffs of grass float like islands in the dirt.  
Underneath the soil, roots caress the earth marbles,  
And intertwine lavender membranes of extinct creatures  
That will never be discovered.

Opals dissolved in saline solution to be ingested before winter.

Drenching wind bleeds sideways,  
Overthrowing beetle colonies.

Cellular division multiplies dream channels.  
Blue river fluid that etches stream beds  
with time walls that become carved  
and the baseline of the river sinks into the core.

Stratified terrain maps overlap  
To caress mountain contours into position.

Erosion carves one kilometer cliffs of chalk.

Fissures, compression.  
Grinding forms, pulling apart the emptiness.

Coincidental emptiness, nothing shared.  
Averaging the forgotten.  
In between marks are like a forgotten void  
But not forgotten just unpredictable.

Violent emotional outburst of a peculiar plastic marble Layer.  
Infant rubber twisted into a dark derelict drum.  
Cloud breaking into a categorical puzzle of life long effort.  
A hand of infinite design.

Flowers of opportunity, of an escape pod to infinity.  
Of a light burrowing through an optical cable.  
Sending the rest of our lives into a place of abstract space.  
Of a missed opportunity.  
A regretful moment grows until it is expunged with potent self determination. The  
light leads me through the unknown.  
The forgotten epic curled up into a moment of no existence.

Elastic

Carve air, or watch paint boil between the hours.  
Wrap plastic across the back fragments.  
Reverse  
The equalization of brain stem temperatures.  
Revitalization of brain activity bathed in light.

Scratch test for hardness,  
Number folding shadow above the tomb of Riemann.

Equation for color; a bright light green sensation mixed  
With glowing yellow orange decomposition.

Amber fluid.  
Silk Lioness

It curls between the terrors of uncertainty,  
the unknown emotion soon to come.  
reptile laughter, or mineralogical deconstruction.  
Equatorial frustration becomes a visible sculpture  
Of plastic, quartz, tendons and plant fiber/dust.

**Calcite bird nest fossilization.**

When scratched it produces the opposite color dust.  
It fuses with difficulty, it can become polished  
With fossilized shin splints.

The air scientist destroys gravitational uncertainties of  
The unfolding leaves, red beryl or green emerald.

<The surface of relaxation divides dandelion shadow evidence.>

Dolphin organ,  
The first instrument of August heat.  
*Turquoise*, -primitive laughter and thought.

Midnight slippery with black static.  
The altitude of crystal columns do not create fear.  
The catastrophe was 3 systems left uprooted,  
cold dredge left dying.

**Spelunking with too many lanterns.**

Green intruder with skeleton key.  
Cause and effect,  
Sour aqueous marine light, sea shell anticipation.  
Trail blazing deconstruction  
A forest with three branches rearranged on the night before last.  
Underwater cave map that contains waterproof material for the eyes.  
*Blue Light*.

**Diagram of heat transfer experienced during wordplay.**

Audience of many brain cavities,  
Tumor within distance of  
the fragmented sculpture, minus euphoric transcendence.

The vibration, and separation of appendages  
Release electromagnetic signatures through the air  
Realigning atomic structures universally throughout the body.  
A fact proved by other  
In the face of death, dance is a strange force.

Autumn leaf child life found near silo chamber  
**Dark afternoon.**

Opalized organic substance  
Found still raw and ripe  
Distilling information, becoming instinctual alchemy

Fearful darkness and lonely tunnel bugs.  
The self protective armor of attic sculptures.  
Dark passageway unhealthy.

Decomposition of the ego is caused by elasticity of brainwaves  
They cause *multi-space land-places*,  
with an emphasis on death hallucinations and catastrophic prediction.

<The anthropological study of contemporary desire.

Apple

The emotional nourishment of destruction.  
Earth axial movements limit time for ecological research.  
Constant extinction Replacing brain waves once a day to ensure nonlinear thought  
processes,  
With, continuous exposure to visual radiation and telepathic information.

Thought is liquid at times invisible, time is relative.

*Psychological actions are becoming*

*Brown leaf fragments*

Curling before the sunset can be suspended.  
Small microbes and many large weather patterns can coexist.

Velvet Boletus

*Cold creek backbone*

found near the  
everlasting daydream approaching velvet sunlight.

The mechanical interpretation of *sandpaper sky fragments*

vibrating and constructing propeller diagrams three dimensionally.

Beat pattern deconstructed but then multiplied incrementally.

Tundra thickness, crumbling fountain head passage.

*Blueberry field*, rolling mountain, sapphire or emerald

**Pathway.**

The liquid stream bed pockets a mountain forest.

Grey Dream.

Unlock reptilian carcass until harassment overflows boundaries.

Many minds speak abstractions fluently,  
to crack sky fragments.

The boletus turns blue underground.

Insect face,

It was found near the plastic river bed.

Solid glacier levitation, becoming soft in the middle

Shade with green moss pollinators.

### *Topographical fragmentation*

Islands of sticky farm grass extend almost infinitely with long wet tendrils,

leaves of transparent spider camouflage are encouraged to co evolve.

The compartmentalization of space into individual sensations

leads to. Thought / Touch Scenarios.

The shadow of a minnow curls around long stems and blue tulips. Fragmented long beam becoming velvet tunnels bursting with crystal memories and mica reflections of a pearly gold sun burst. Green creature covered between folds of space, on circular orbits of decoration. Moons travel on constant cycles of revolution, with the occasional distortion caused by unknowable variables. Dark matter is a melted shadow with tremendous gravitational potential; it is depicted with an absurd illustration of space, meant to bend brain waves into a sculptural feeling. It causes an instantaneous reaction towards a constant source of heat. The possible accident festering in the belly of a black tree. The eggs are implanted by long tongue beetles who can taste life.

Exhausted leg bones bending forcibly to penetrate, but the slippage of ankle bone stabilizations causes unseen problems felt for days. The result is a cramping giraffe neck fantasy of blue fragments spiraling toward the epicenter.

Logistical interpretations.

Curly lion torch, now extinguished through momentary diversions into the realm of now, the instantaneous experience, has caused the subjectively naturalistic pathway to become an edible cloud diagram. Depicting the general localizations of species, allowing for the discovery of salamander skin with moist folds found near obsidian boulders. It takes a drink from the jungle beads, tendons and feather dresses. Naked laughter and rolling thunder on the horizon, eyes that leak onto warm temples, touched by lavender velvet. The wind is colder than water splashes.

Invisible to tree branches,

The spider builds a structural fortification of ingenious devices. It signals the reappearance of a once thought to be extinct species. The mimicry of fossil information can become a plan for linguistic or other poetic experiences. The interrelation between word and image can be seen as two instruments playing the same song.

The scratched surface of ice becomes green and floats in a void of space above a red planet oxidizing. Nearby, a blue cloud is stained by marbled Saturn memories and glowing spirals of cosmic light. The curve of wavelengths must be seen on an accelerated timetable that allows for color transformations. The gift of visibility must be held with care and respect, allowing for the verbalizations of visionary experience.

The vibrations between ankle tendons are scrambling sprint technicians, extensions between cold steel and sound.

Roasted mushroom, leaf and bitter roots for sustenance.

The self sustainable mechanism is unquestionably lacking fever beverages and rolling tumble stones carved between totem memories, with symmetrical leg suspension.

Reactionary Individualistic

(edible sky)

Green air and hovering deer phantoms which fly like wild turkey fear.

Missing appendage found to be long feather evidence  
and burning tendrils that falls like ash and snow on a dry lakebed.

The tide pulls back and wraps up clean icebergs that are transparent and vitreous

Blue razor mirrors and dense globular mutations.

Repulsive situations are fantastic terror memories.

Easily burnt heart strings and crumbly orange clay flavors melted and sweet

**Moment.**

Antelope butter on dairy legs, wish bone beg for

The detritus soil mixture is 20 percent silica

Melted into metamorphic forest cakes for the one.

## Pocket Dream

Bright lights scrawling through the pines.  
Scratches of photosynthetic fingers  
Screen through the trees.  
The night air evaporates the memories of daylight  
With the path of a star.

The mountains are remnants.  
Ancient turbulence resting way down below the crust.  
Kimberlitic Tubes crushed by eons of gravity.  
Partially melted  
Stretched out wide.  
The core  
The outside of a dream where we cannot remember.  
The edges of thoughts,  
The thoughts that are of the memory of a thought.  
When an idea is remembered because of the time  
It was created.  
The most beautiful gift must disappear.

A pinch of light crumbles before an expectation.  
It wobbles around a central core.

Philosophers decompose their theories  
into a crucible of uncertainty leading to progress.  
Wasting away the eons in a crystal cave that swept up the edges of humanity.  
The dark corner of a babies crib falls apart.

The particles rearrange their order with out touch,  
12 materials, each with a different resonance.  
Each is carved by the wind and rain into a shape  
unique to this resonance.  
Their vibrations are pendulums above Galileo's mind.  
The earth broke down, tears leaked out across the Solar system.  
A million degrees imagined by the ones with eyes closed.

A million eyes touched the cliffs but nothing came of it.  
Just some anxieties scratched into bluffs with sharp stones.  
Just a mathematical map of the things at hand.  
drawn with tears and sweat of dirty domesticated animals,  
shackled against the cold exterior,  
awaiting the future of crushing grain into fluff.

The powder of a dirty cloud one astronomical unit wide  
might one day light up the sky for them.  
They perfected their flight plans to accommodate for the shadows of other birds.  
With broken open light cups for eyes that are blinded with rapture.  
As all the birds watched.

A thousand dreams in a glimpse.  
A charm that is edified by time, an infinite jewel like the atmosphere.  
A woman

She fell from the night, dark  
But lit from beneath by glowing embers of reflective ice.  
A lip that sends out language.

A dark lingering chill outpoured the gem that is unthinkable.  
The most beautiful thing cannot be comprehended, it causes instant unconsciousness.  
The idea that is darkened from sight by an intense brightness.

Please dream of this,  
One thousand billion lights bunched up into your arms.  
The heat melts the stars and the universe stands still.  
The Galaxy churns and clutches her delicate atoms in collections of protected envelopes.

Magnetic delinquency

Chains of gravitational resonances  
Extending beyond the region electromagnetic radiation has traveled since the origin  
of this universe.

Matter and the wind are one.  
Liquid air  
Chilled, distilled.  
Into the evaporated moon sculpture.  
A dream pathway into another dimension of sensitivity.  
The arms of the world embrace.  
Draw the moon through glass etched by a mathematical series.  
A working space dedicated to the unknown; there was no plan, just an objective.  
It was dark; there was no moon, just many dark stars.  
A rush of tears, bent over the mountainside, climbing higher with each octave.  
The patterns interlock with a new dream approaching.  
A flood, an iceberg in the Caribbean, 1,000 pounds of pressure;  
The psychophysical manifestation of a bad dream measured in calories.

A new idea edified by looking long enough.  
To walk across her path,

Stopping the work to transform into oil boiled for hours.  
Walking backwards breaking the coastline.  
The ground was shaking when the heart was lifted, the arms weakened.  
The world forced open the mind of a walk way.  
A pathway that works inside a whirlpool  
Outside a black hole  
Inside a galaxy.

## Spun Thoughts

Big night time born into a dirt pit.

I dreamt on a moon of Jupiter where I saw the electrodes crackle on the tops of the cliffs, the gravity dropped us into new dimension of time and space. Missing places bent by light residue. Brown light filtered through tears of rain on the equator of earth, the rim, where the bulging mass of aqueous particulates surge with the centrifugal. The tops of the mountains dull with the south eastern winds. From the swamps to the valleys the tendrils swelled at the base before entangling the nymphs and larvae. Bunched up on a warm rock, fallen from the tree limb over the oceanic sandstone bluffs, the tides stained her ankles and left behind something very unfamiliar.

The Unfamiliar was remembered again. Still curious on the outside of speculation, in the middle of doubt. On the evening of 2009 the salts will crystallize into a pattern of orange and blue frosted crystal faces. Each one pointed towards the same direction. 92.3 Degrees south East. On the rim of the moon keeper, who blinks as the oceans crystallize within the shadow of an eclipse, the particles condense into a planet of moderate size, one Au from a small sun that was golden. The secrets are still out there. On the backside of a comet that just rained past a colony of corals below a white sand beach. The broken tree limb attained four barnacles every 3 moons.

3,000 crickets signaled the beginning of November. The last ant queen was the center of their universe. The sky was beyond one inch from the basin. The slope sent flower pollen into the mouths of chinchillas. The sky suddenly darkens when the cougar casts a shadow that curves across the trunk of 300 pines 400 feet away. On the slope of shale that is the remnants of an undersea land slide. The Burgess monstrosities of nature, unsuccessful asymmetrical invertebrate organisms, they click their legs to signal the coming of the equinox, a shadow watcher, who draws the cosmos with a projected shadow sent through mammoth slits in granite stone walls. The fringe was a fuzzy uncertainty; its color also was irregular, beyond the spectrum, the equipment broke down. A kilobyte of memory was lost. Missing equations convex the stratus clouds by tossing blind travelers into ultra sonic bliss, agitating molecules combine into protein, the falling drips send rhythms through tubes of matter.

Less mobile objects feel the warmth of a thousand years in the desert, concentrated 300 times focused onto a sample within a glass chamber. The findings indicate uncertainty in the possibility to find absolute knowledge.

Fountains of algae bubbled up through the porous limestone, the mammoth tooth became the entrance to a tortoise burrow which was located under a slash pine oozing with sap that could not burn. Unless the sun dried its nettles into blades of tinder cackling bursting with uncontrollable energy illuminating the eggs of a Luna moth who just passed away after giving birth to a child moth that will flutter in front of a mad man, bringing sanity before tragedy. The eggs were kept warm with embers

blackened with carbon from a nuclear blast broken down by bacteria into an unknown structure. The rims of the eye were flat planes that were cliffs around her portal to the soul. The radiating fringes of gene painting.

Scavenger beetle on Indian beach strewn with tree limbs from Africa's east coast. The claws of a tiger stuck into a branch that floated for miles before becoming lithified into a sandstone fossil, which caught the eye of a traveling nomad who collected the artifact to decipher its messages. Grains of wood swell in the saline ocean, carved into ice tetrahedrons by the grinding glaciers that cried into the mouths of nematodes.

Cave crystals falling like rain, causing avalanches on the outside of a mountain, where the bobcats burrow floods with grains of olivine, encapsulating the pups in green crystal windows. Pouring rain washes away the morning dew into an elixir tainted amber by leaves and babies. Gatherings of nomadic beetles uncover a golden nugget that was connected to a quartz crystal in Siberia. The winds carved tunnels into the hillside, the wind was colder than the ocean, evaporites gather and explode on the floor, ceiling and walls, encrustations filling the mouths of caves until they can no longer be traversed.

Wild wind chamber. The measured time table unfurls not a single uncertainty. Nothing was left unquestionable. Time was projected like a perfect blue light smeared across the universe. The questions became about questions and knowledge was uncovered perpetually into a contemplation of universal values and judgment. To go out at night without a flashlight is dangerous. It reveals a pathway through the unknown, uncovering a new part of a gigantic whole that is as large as the universe. The glass crumbles around the unattainable, the transparent barrier between thought and action. The ocean of the mind, a laboratory as well, it distills infinite pathways out of a single maze. A perpetual dream that defies the law of conservation of energy. Seen in the friction caused by moving bodies in collision, the acceleration of these bodies due to unknown causes could cause heavy elements to be created. Ideas

Her eyes opened the future. Each moment became forever written, a thousand petals that grew in the past. Crumpled flowers darken at the fold, creating lines across her belly, each tear broke the world, each breadth inflated the mind 30%-42% faster, beyond human intelligence, lightning blinks, spasms of empty mouths broken down. Re-grown, found along electric currents, purged nightmare, it gathers metal and frays the edge, each pass through the present colored the moment with exhalation, spirals and shells between her tips, molded baby fat for babies, billions of babies gather their toys, paint the walls clear, watch the inside from afar as the curtain of her eyelid makes her forget me. I gather my strength and walk on the edge of a danger. Eyes around the opening, watching the mountains meet, worlds within worlds. Each blue cell or red faun eyebrow nourishes the mountain.

The lights are gathering their speed, blurring the edges of the sun as clouds cloak its florescent voice. The analogous alignment of celestial mechanics outpours prophetic controversy.

A light blue room the color of eyes, saturated with tears  
Until dark blue.

In the dark there were clay sculptures beyond abstraction, writhing with consciousness Without fear of the unknown.

A cascade of perfect baby tigers can't bury extinction. An entire world changed and  
A trillion repercussions ripple across life spans.

The pressure of a billion eyes straining to grasp a single spot for eons.

The wind won't stop touching our eyes even when our eyes make contact  
with nothing.

Forehead ocean swells rotate directions

Satellites are koalas drawing patterns of invisible poisonous weather  
Reaching us from the emptiness between that which is getting more vast  
exponentially.

Soon there will be no stars in the sky.

I try not to show it but this weakens the fibrous muscles of my heart  
That somehow constrict handfuls of fluid through miles of waterways.  
With the hope that we can see and know what is up and what is down

Long lavender organs penetrate mammalian orchard samples. One each day for  
Harlem medicine, of Brooklyn extensions through shadows of dirty seeds crushed by  
footwork, dry and brightly chalky.

### Gravity

Weightless pillows of imaginary softness, the touch in the belly from beyond, a  
symbiotic belly burning remembrance, a bright light comes forth across the window  
jewel, a flooded lighting fixture, brown yellow with dust from insect wings and 400  
thoraxes. The platforms attached to platforms are tall stilts above magma viscosity  
and hollow cavernous spaces that could make us fall in our sleep.

### Brain thread for cave

The microscopic iridescent flakes protruding from the neck through tubules of magnificent closeness. Fastened

Florentine witch goddess disemboweling an antelope above Mount Sinai.  
On a giant ice cloud the marvelous wind keeper distributes the continents by chance.

Rooftop kittens move out of sight before the sun rises.

Double checking thoughts for the reality of it.

Elevated river of time switches back around the beginning.  
Expanding the physical properties of paper while awake.  
Overlapping forms are confusing during freefall.  
Singular entities  
multiple functions  
that behave autonomously.  
Living platforms ascend from the depths of complexity.  
Angular tension and energy stabilize before a curve relaxes the mind.  
Configured forms of the same substance, act out unique expression.

A trillion tons transported.

Dancing with a spasm, it pulses through a traveling wave that reaches an obstacle and is deflected. Redirected but with the filtered reverberated sound from deflection materials.

Nothing but an antidote for fear sickness.

### Earth skin

Lightning holes fascinate the sky, until it weeps. Washing away the sand, exposing the warm melted silica beneath.

The sand dunes are like melted grains, comforting the mantle. Wrapping around the fissures and depositing new material into the breaks. But forgetting some places and leaving behind airborne mineral chambers.

Darkened electricity inversion throughout the eye cavities. Around evenings the backside is a dark sleepy tortoise. Gruesome eyelids are heavy fog pillows. So Floridian nightmares of gumbo limbo trees in public will go on into a new world.

Soup between empty heavenly chambers on fire till sequential avalanche erodes  
around the edges. Infused havoc rituals permeate till babies mount up their toys in  
revenge of proclaimed useless tool doings.

Opaque umbonate curving coils of shark skin illuminated  
Dipped in octopus ink but diluted till magenta glowing  
Florentine pomegranate nectarine waterfall burning eyelids  
Skeletal links break above strata becoming level.

#### Orchestra of bivalves

Analytic zebra leg syncopation chimes with oak leaf  
Ear stems upside down.  
Colorful nucleus.  
Dark blue green algae multiplies around the edges  
Of transparent lagoons brushed with radiation  
And tide sediment patterns.  
Layers of viscosity.

Barren land waiting for the blueness  
Of sky light before dawn which is a thermal sphere.

Organelles fluctuating within a heavy stream  
Float longer  
Almost breathtaking in equilibrium.

With resonating weather instruments  
Movements become something else.  
Patterns of harmonic potentiality,  
The empirical reinterpretation of potential noise  
Dispersed within a matrix of probabilities.

Nighttime shallowness beyond the invisible absolute void. Planetismal collisions  
Producing microtektite droplets in clouds of light, specks of aquatic membranes  
gather warmth beneath cymatic daydreams of clay soil with transparency through the  
footprints: Triangular. Demitrodon with crustacean meal leftovers crystallized in a  
coprolite.  
Trails through pentagonal estuaries and cosmic density/time spectrums.  
Origin of hydrogen unknowable  
Performing chemical reactions of all varieties simultaneously.  
Silica tectonics become impure purple.

Light streaks across a negative,  
Space assumes the limits of the two dimensional  
Light becomes a reflector of itself.  
Light draws time with a chemical dye  
The image is re-projected  
Onto a rotating projection screen.  
Three dimensional image transformed  
Into a truncated polychoron,  
Re-photographed  
Inverted, fragmented, and reconstructed.

*)Orchestra of bivalves(*

Ventifacts carved out of alluvial deposits that harbor fulgerites, burned into the  
landscape in a pattern that traces the mineral deposits of hematite. The series of  
lightning burns are easily visualized like star maps in reverse  
Black kangaroo squashed leaf,  
Near stems plus cherry upside down  
Organelles that undulate within heavy cream.  
Above equatorial latitude lines (invisible). The drawer lips and lubricating  
salamander processes; a photographic teleportation and distortion of light.  
Radiation and tide sediment patterns  
Causing crushing clam density lightly between tips.  
Pillows crumple as a glacial plateau drops into sea ice fields.  
Longer  
Underwater sound instrument unfolds its necessary optics and headlamps that gyrate  
space, assuming the limits of the two dimensional

Dark blue green algae Multiplies around the edges  
*Of Antelope toenail*

Through searing ecstasy  
Of light that becomes a reflector of itself.  
Of transparent lagoons brushed with  
Equilibrium.  
Again in reverse, light draws time with chemical dye waves that crash with downdraft  
Currents  
Lifting baby stars into the light.  
Digestive leftovers of (Bio) symphonic note keeping.  
Light streaks across a negative with thin layers of stratified emulsion.  
Producing the illusion of 300 mile away light

Resonating atmospheric formations.

*Mohs Scale*

Within our elliptical universe, within instruments in the air. That became a three dimensional image transformed by its turn through the air within different time lines of morphology.

Red oak

Without indeterminate probabilities.

The image is re-projected

Into the network of harmonic potentiality, re-photographed.

*Surprising the hidden*

Nothing, topology of the in-between invisible dark matter cloud.

Origin

The empirical Reinterpreted as poetic

Inverted, fragmented, and re-synthesized.

But it looks crystalline.

Stacking atoms one by one, in a cloud of sublimating compounds

Extracted, blurred near the corner of potential noise.

Lavender nucleus

Float

Tempts the spotted lynx that crawls along the slipperiest places.

The patterns

Or ()

Silica tectonics that become impure purple papaya flesh, regenerating at the opposite end.

Indeterminate future probabilities.

The horizon leaks forward pulling us through the troughs of watery super saturation, blending estuaries with cliff top caves. The coral buffs are porous as the sky during hail storms, bright blue transparent marble sized ice, polished by the air friction.

The sea is an eye lid, it reaches for me but my molecules are still free. I climb above the sea so as to breathe like the animalia. Legs are not for swimming, but fins are for flying and swimming. Sharks cannot fly but if they could it would endanger the thin skinned marsupials.

The air is an ocean, we are the less buoyant objects falling onto a huge ball of metal that is under so much pressure that it cannot melt. Extensive roadways could be the cause of earthquakes restricting the motions of the plates, transforming the curve of a sphere into a single web of asphalt. The fields traversed by subconscious thought are not curved, but they can be. It is a field that the eyes cannot grasp. To move the body at the speed of thought is impossible but not by that much. Watching the neurons and free radicals fight gravity in real-time muscular recordings is highly inspirational. The friction that you can feel with your eyes does not produce heat but electrical activity. It is a result of projection and internal suggestion. The gears and cogs distribute medicinal oils throughout the zone of interference.

Long splintery arrows dangling above my empty pillow case.  
It lingers for hours before disappearing without notice. It is hauntingly quiet these days. The wood grain is getting darker with stripes of algae that twirl underfoot. Iron nodules crumble with oxidation. Old computers smashed to pieces and reassembled into a Cartesian other world. Pondered, until lights cut away the floor and the curtain rises exposing with night vision the lion tiger hybrid.

Four, the alpine soil froze into a tree that is more like a tuber in appearance, with round branches and almost spherical nodes between the segments. Three, only then can full melting be initiated so that spiral arms can be formed with proper gravitational distortion of time space. Two, neutrality of density between object and environment will produce absolute solubility into singularity. Before this there is some clumpy masses gregariously distributed through a jelly like matrix. The final moment before singularity, is an extinction.

The Widmanstatten pattern,  
The structure of a billion years solidified into a metal crystal. The momentary ice of precipitation carried in from the mountains. It is the time that you can see.

The movement you feel with your eyes closed. When the clouds are really moving, low down with shadows that crawl and undulate above the hills, they fall into a canyon out of sight.

The contour of a broken sea shell scratches the sea floor.  
It opens up the nest of a flounder asleep beneath the shadow of a bubble. The sky brightens just as the waves spray through the rocks, feeding tide pools thick with nutrients. Free from wind and rain.

Our continent is a floating island on a pool of melted rock becoming more marbled with heat and eventually sinking into the orange. On scaffoldings of scaffoldings, matter is a pile of multiplicities. Mobile creatures contribute heavily to geological stratification on a massive scale. Inadvertently building fossils from objects suspended as a chronological recording. Vertical chain reactions dispersed through slightly off register repetitions.

Fiber optic pressure burns hemispheres into elliptical pond stains. Reminiscent of a calm turquoise yellow flower. A dream blamed for the oxidized moments of pronounced mortality. When the weight of the air above comes crashing down squeezing skin into a billowing shape. The pressure forces each organ to push back against the weight of the elastic invisible softness.

Turning blue into white almost instantaneously.

Drenching through the hours, biological carnal flames, looking through gravity and drowsy acrobatics. Tear duct crystals abrasive on spheroids. Dirty little rubies for no reason, stuffed into a wall of white chocolate cut into long thin triangles.

Okeechobee liquid spills over the bank by small increments. Beneath a tall Cyprus overhang, grey-green shadows rock back and forth forming into concentric ripples

Glowing orange from sun reflections that burst into star cluster light beams. Microscope mirror deflects light beams through optical passageway reflected by watery foresight.  
Cold afternoon winds remind.

The field is a long spiky carpet with waves of strait lines. One after the other, pine timbers are crumpling up near the base of a 400 ft granite wall. Red on the inside & chalky sun bleached gold on the outside. Granite speckled from the inside with black biotite minerals concentrated just under the surface.

Blue

Pebbles pushed up against a cold barrier that is deformed from water erosion. Beads of water bounce and obliterate into transparent undulating sapphire marbles that wiggle before returning to the sea. Beaming blue light momentarily flashes from the inside.

Coral

Colonies of brain coral spread their labyrinths across the tumultuous undersea landscape. Flattened coils of living thread unwind around a sphere. Expanding with each successive generation of polyps.

#### Droplet

Tremendous noise and mist from a crashing waterfall habitat. Each droplet is infused with mosquito larvae sent to a unique pool of water. Feeding the water scavenger beetles before they sing songs on the surface of a puddle. Blooms of tadpoles choke the waterways between ponds before getting pulled off the edge of the waterfall.

#### Expanding

Petri colonies perform mitosis every few hours, patterning little tondos with organisms expanding around the inoculation points. Streaking the inoculation plate to isolate a strain. One that grows rigid plates and small fuzzy lines that spiral from concentrated points. Unlike everything.

#### From Everywhere

At dusk the cicadas organize their molting skeletons into upside down clusters of transparent orange phantoms. Walking exoskeletons cling to life with only a memory and a grip that holds for years. Thoughts of a morphology left behind as a metamorphosis deposited in space.

#### Gnarled

Aluminum scrap yard noises slowed down into long resonating moans of metallic agony. Twisted wrought iron splitting like fibers of telephone wire. Snapping instantaneously releasing waves that send packets of energy into the void.

#### Hollow

Warm olive oil lamp illuminates the hands of an ancestor craftsman carving wax into gold. Inside the echo flooded chamber the ancestor gathered the seeds for the oldest plants, bristlecone pine and Cypress. A shadow master producing groves of living shadow projections, 300 foot long shadows sent across 3 habitats and 4000 organisms. Simultaneously in the cold shadow of evening light. A hollow cone of darkness envelopes the light.

#### Illusions

Syncopation between hand gestures and adolescent rhino practice courtship displays. False color image seen through cross polarized light, becoming human because of visual circumspection. The Amerindians were dressed in animal skins for camouflage. All hunting arcade games are electronic taxidermy for largemouth bass and white tailed deer.

### Joinery

Jewel facets arranged into spherical modular structures with interchangeable colors. Each 50 pound laboratory grown artificial gemstone was barely held up by a children in severe euphoria. Small black metal clamps hold the red and blue crystals in a bunched up pattern along the edges of the floor, ceiling and walls.

### Kupier

Different gravity, bouncy and erratically unpredictable with perpetual ricochet phenomenon increasing with decreasing gravity. Causing frequent vaporization of ice planets sent off course by arbitrary collisions between bodies. Some of which are oblong crater filled planetoids, untouched by our eyes. Yielding turquoise green fields of ice crystals, that haven't melted since the formation of the solar system.

Discovered with a 19 trillion mile long robotic fingertip.

### Longevity

Bristlecone pine perched atop a ledge overlooking a stream bed that reveals the source. A buried ice sheet a quarter of a mile thick, with swirls of ash and meteoritic powder. Extremely durable columns of rock are left behind by every thing, unmoved by external force.

### Movement

Mashed up metaphors mutate and move across a "floating world" to release all objects from any constraints. Once believed to be useful falling procedures are obsolete. The space between everything was continually divided in half, never reaching the point of touch.

### Near

Sighted by the sphinx in air, spotted turned around and pounce. Feline plus Egyptian eagle artifact found near the alluvial deposit to the west. Corkscrew avalanche near cat with bird foot transplant.

### Organism

Oblong dwelling allowed to move and change. Adding living editions which attain nourishment from the sky. Symbiotic living chambers suspended from trees the size of sky scrapers. Genetically altered organisms that can feed and shelter us from our mistakes. Catastrophic proportions squeezed into a pile of paint, with an equivalence of emotional magnitude.

### Plus

Oxidized by the air, shedding electrons all over the place until vacuum suits and mechanical air filtration units. The atmosphere is a deadly mixture that looks like

beautiful orange yellow cloud light. Unimaginably terrifying little air bubbles trapped in ancient glacial ice.

#### Quark Nova

Violet black outer space glow bug garden. Instances of light energy that are mysterious insect mating rituals. The quark novas of the micro-terrestrial plane. The spaces between the leaves decompartmentalize and start to fall as a leaf. Sideways and back and forth attaching several glow bugs in mid air before becoming a transparent green light trap.

#### Rotation

A build up of curves from streaks of meteorites. Parabola seen from three continents. Babies repositioned under their mothers arms, breathing space dust inadvertently. Watching the stars move as we all rotate without knowing it.

#### Sound

Fibers of down feathers muffle the approach of a giant owl. She swoops though the jungle vines and lifts primitive amphibians with a splash that startles the garfish on the surface. The birds sing in unison waiting for the silence in between other calls, filling the air, with 64 notes a second.

#### Twister

Old and grumpy vortex saturated with debris collected for miles. Layers of velocity spiral up, separating objects by their gravity. Dusty trail carved by Siamese monsoon water from 1857.

#### Underneath

Anything that we can call below is also above. Artificial tunnel for an ancient stream in the most arid region. Peculiar in its ornamentation and damage, broken in half and now leaking in four directions. Creating three new oases that eventually become 850 yards apart. Before underground sinkholes absorb all the water. .

#### Velocity

Flocks of oversized sea birds collide with schools of fish in air sea battles that attract other animals. Foamy tide pools turn aqua with life actions; drain and exchange fluids, collect seeds and release spawn. Slowly so as to isolate and force evolutionary adaptation.

#### Wind

The air is a cold icy fluid that will curve around us. Squeeze against bodies a little differently each day. Water currents and lunar perturbations force weather into dynamic unpredictability, creating a balanced but infinitely different day each day.

### Xylophone

Primitive logic echoes forever in new scales. Different sensory experiences brought on by a chemical revolution. New auditory tactility and agility, brought back to the basic action of collision, the most infinite and timeless action. A cosmic constant of deafening timelessness.

### Yellow

Faster than red but it looks slower.

### Zebra

Black and white is beyond color, unthinkable, unnatural, stupefying and optically bewildering. So unnatural it looks as if it is carved from stone, a moving solid penguin buoyantly bobs at different pitches, always clean, breaking the teeth off of sharks, in their brains.

Gritty and harsh, accidental industrial noise mixed with Mozart on purpose. A visual structure that looks interesting before translation into audio. But still surprising under infinite potentials.

### The healing power of what enters the eyes

Four hundred whirlwinds drenched in cosmologies.

Imbedded ideas infiltrate color fields, parts of a personal category transformed by the pure experience of memory, voluptuous stupefaction buried by grapevines, squashed between toes in the heat. Temper of the color changing blue fever. Nuclear vibration levels out through the broken window, not melted by time, iridescent and out of focus in places, derelict but still useful for magnifying small insects on transparent vitreous surfaces bottom lit.

The ferment of blue-purple imaginary pseudomorph incrustation minerals transformed into elongated ridges of red imaginary tectonics. The world is being tempered, as the colors burn different hues, passing through the fingers before touching the emulsion.

The ripples meet at the middle, the closest place from all sides. The same structure always looking for a higher asymmetry within an ever increasing permutation leading through the apex of nano-diamond dust which cannot be vaporized. The absolute zero that we cannot reach, superconductive levitations are seen through cameras within thick temperature proof walls. Fleishy humans dare not come near the cold burn of a super cooled vacuum chamber. Or swim with vitreous objects that could attract large

animals. Or maybe nothing is vitreous and all is chalky with false highlights painted smaller than we can see by the architects of the universe.

We move through the universe on multiple orbits but the resulting movements of earth are one path around the sun, around the Milky Way galaxy and through the universe. Curves coiled inside of longer curves, as a calendar of earth travels. Predictable ribbons of time interfere and collide with other cosmic bodies, all while we expand from the inside out. Accelerating dark matter accumulates in between us. Inflating our universe with theoretical activities, quadrillions of trillions of billions of millions of extremely small objects. The last undiscovered object is an impossibility. The backside of a waterfall conceals eggs with blue spots and lavender lines. Each opulent transparent nodule embedded within flesh, for warm healing. It is the seed for the crystal gathering giants, gods of the underbelly lithosphere, hot from the weight, friction between.

Siamese cats embalmed and lacquered, deep brown red striped with black lines interweaving through the motions of trouble. Fire bellied eye pause.

Watermelon hawk skin belly roll over

Frequent naps through out trouble sphere.

Head oak rhino through pounding gaps between floor boards of nighttime splendor.

Radio phone avenue course through channels of gregarious necessity along mercury passages.

The gas giants create bubbles the size of Florida on Jupiter.

A relic that never existed

A cipher of a different nature encrypted, for visual and harmonic displays of celestial motion. Cartesian, Newtonian, logic, that helps open the eyes to the Transference of cosmic wave lengths turned into 164 combinations of matter, infinitely variable and adaptable within the cipher of, 82 notes, six octaves, 8 colors, and brown + black, with 6 morphological families, and two circular systems.

Poetry is something underneath the mathematics of reality.

A Furrowed brow channels horizontal tear flows away from eye sockets.

A spotted creature, crawling though thick blue paint, stuck to the ceiling with a 25 foot paintbrush attached to 4 million baby fingers.

The wind won't stop touching our eyes even when we look at nothing.

A mahogany kitten that purrs  
A serpentine goddess reborn from the mountain  
Loved by a drowsy time traveler  
Explained unlimited ness  
Extracted the relationships from a set of sets  
Inspired a whole world before they would open their eyes  
Side winding through cloudsapes looking for a new void  
On a mound of earth, the burial mound of ancient feline ancestry, zombie cats prowl  
through the streets, eating the hearts instead of brains, of the fortunate earthling by  
standers, who metamorphose into a frozen fire belly patient. I want to flood the mind  
with a rush of tactile information.

“Grumpy thunder sequence”  
Earth quake foam  
And startled parrots  
That occasionally fly into caves.

Green moon rock discovery hoax

The trapeze nightmare  
An unraveling fountain substance

It touches the ember and relaxes  
The non-living dance apparatus.

?Feed glowing triangles  
To the skeletons of macaw birds?  
No---  
Reassembled Macaw structure  
To describe  
Ariel misfortune.

Floating currents of fragmented  
Space explorations intended  
To discover the invisible  
Within

Torrential winds layered  
With volcanic spices

Flower, Chip. Split  
Cleave, Sing

Carnival of dinosaur eyes

Footprints. - weak crunch

The red tongued humming bird feast

Humming bird reproduction

Black lightning frozen into stepped ladders to the clouds, portals to the release of a duality from interconnected tension.

Eyes partially closed, suddenly open.  
Peripheral vision extending beyond the past.

The sadness of awakening from the best dream.

The ideas aren't gone  
They crunch up just behind the moment.  
Bursting within a blink, behind a blink  
After a blink it was all there.

Remembering the potential noise.

Listening to the sounds of water  
Breaking its molecular bonds.  
Amplified by a hollow.

Lining up fractions

Splitting time

Opening dynamics.

Uncontrollable surges of life force,  
Spasms of thought explode  
Unleashing the unknown pathways.  
Noise that suggests inertial torque.

Mass of unbelievable scale and precision,  
Arranged all in order to topple down  
In a perfectly organized sequence.  
To begin again, in half a second  
Rebuilt to be  
Re-deconstructed  
Fit together  
With a hundred clicks, snaps and rumblings,

Coming to life in a symphony of joineries.  
Smooth cartilaginous interconnections  
Dampening the acoustics mechanics of life.

It cries, thrashes about in the swamp, breaking branches.  
It listens to its own reality and reacts to a reaction.  
As it grows it gains intelligence,  
Sets the rules and extends order into the silence.  
Matching the end with the inverse of the beginning,  
The song is alive within the observer, now in multiple  
Reference planes.

It took too much force to move with that speed,  
Too close to the blue violet tip of a light wave.  
The sound was impossible but there it was.  
To create that musical pattern one would have to move  
Too close to the speed of light.  
Necessitating more energy than earth receives.  
We had to wait for it to reach us, but it was there,  
We had to translate it  
Through a dolphin brain  
To understand it.

To feel the forces of the invisible periodicities.  
To listen to the changing sound of more or less silence between sets of single  
Wavelengths.  
It interferes with itself in the future and splits into an exponential spectral wave  
With millions of perfectly arranged dynamics.  
All the notes had the same sound,  
The same carrier wave.  
But it was distorted, brought closer.  
Into a muse that is a ratio of the same emptiness.  
The greatest movers are guardians of stillness  
With borderlines carved into a perturbed matrix.

Theoretically, the stable elements are harmonic oscillators.  
There is a half life because it is slowing down.  
It speeds up or takes quantum octave leaps, it gains shells that are patterns of motion.  
It doesn't exist, it is mass created solely through wave movement.  
The end is stillness, the motions dampened a dark star.

Time stands still,  
Flowers die in the fall.

Beginnings of nothingness.

Before time there was true actuality, real singularity.  
True stillness.  
Matter and antimatter collide  
But it's a draw.  
Time is a decay theory; its examination is a contradiction.  
Time is released when gravity becomes weak.  
When the entropy of a spiral arm lurches away from  
The center of a galaxy, where time stands still.  
Time begins where the centrifugal separates  
from the strictly gravitational  
Time is quantum motion. It begins at the separation  
Where the absolute zero, outside edge of the universe begins.  
The universe is a bottomless drop.  
An expansion in one direction.  
All this matter is falling into space creating reality and time  
from the bottom inside edge.

The bottom is the most primary direction.  
Move with it, ricochet mind  
Before the atoms and cells degrade.

## Discovery

The invisible riddles  
Scattered across infinite time

Atoms pulled into regions of slower space time.  
Energy is conserved because time is conserved.

Quantum motions create a friction of the progression of time,  
A friction from the etching of a trough of slow time.  
The electron wants to move slowly.  
The more electrons the more it needs to find slow regions.

There is no dark matter, only slower time.  
A more gradually curved space time  
Was left over from when time stood still.

It expanded from a moment when time was so curved  
Two places became one.  
When the valley walls met.  
It broke the rules  
Everything changed.  
Fragments of curved time flew away  
Gathering atoms now free to use time.

It brought galaxies together,  
Before mass could curve time  
Creating a structure that newer galaxies will never have.

We are inflated as it flattens out.  
Regions not gravitationally bound separate  
As time speeds up between the cosmic bodies.

We still don't know everything,  
We lift millions of tons from the shame.

The philosophers tell us,  
To think with what we have.  
The imaginary solution dissolves,  
Under the weight of what we already know.

But the beautiful imaginary things  
Glowing with invisible radiance,  
Are calling our attention.

Forests crawl along the edges of a desert  
Singed by nothingness.  
The particulates settle along tide banks  
The lines of temper.  
A record of the changes within the process of change.

Fire bellied nectar chamber

Through cloud light the whispers reach us,  
Within the whirlpool of laughter my eyes liquidate her  
When the florescent life snaps into my recollection the  
Winds chill the cliff-side, and the trees mangle themselves against one another

As the beach sinks down and up with every phase, the scattered static of a dilapidated  
world effervesces the existence of a future on earth.

The chalk cliffs are ancient Caribbean sediments  
Microorganisms that were  
Buoyant as outer space satellites.

We lift, with all of humanity a select and precisely organized arrangement of minerals  
in order to build platforms far above the air. Creatures willing to risk death in order to  
help humanity separate itself from the earth. The collective task of ultimate freedom,  
In the face of the slow and gradual pull of gravity.

We will live long within the spaces between stars.  
As protection from the unforgettable pain of nothingness, the saturating void of eternity. The relentless force of gravity wants to pull the dimensions back together again.

The wild fires burst oxygen canisters and implode the artificial canister of earth.  
Inaudible vibration and perpetual motions degrade the living capsule above nocturnal hourglass watchers.

The humanoid earth beings have evolved,  
Now they are unrecognizable on the forest floor, tendrils for hair, spots on a skin rough with leaf litter. The strength of harmony from all sides, heightening the levitations of babies with twinkle eyes and purple teeth. A chance for blindness with eyes open.

Who could leave the soil behind.

Rabbit face

Cloudy because Scattering Electrodes.

Unknown out come of drawing the unknown became rift between now and soon.

Light refracts from eye glasses painting spheres of optical analog malfunctioning through the wind cutting branches from sucking aphids, enormous herds of protected bug juice farms.

Eyelid harmony

Split stream through Montana thunder-back coldness.

Avalanche of clouds billow above equatorial peninsula.

Harvest of Green sapphire beads of liquid crystal, forged by mechanical goblins thrust into wind chimes

Dredged through pastures of jubilant fertility, worrisome flowers destroy crystal invisible people dressed in nighttime, flown into whirl winds of metallic organs.

Glass eyed nurse, stretched by ladder into Everest blood. Flown into a pocket of light by vegetable organisms that thrust my cerebral optics into a divine impersonator of celestial mechanisms.

Contrasting forms implode under the pressure of an infallible void. Marks from a invisible machine

Speeds of expansion create forms, modeled by the friction from the velocity of matter.

Bright green nighttime fog cascades along nightmares doused in fear. A whirl pool *dislodges* itself, and travels in the air above the core of Jupiter. It releases powerful electromagnetic energies along the path that build up strength for hundreds of years. *inciting riots among* the creatures millions of miles away.

Space as we know it could be meaningless.

The movements from here to there are a fundamental condition of all matter.

Not everything is composed of matter.

3 small ribbons move and wrap around a kittens paw.  
The sky begins to darken and drop cold bones from behind towers of ivory polished  
by little yellow hands and carved with diamond knives.

A fallen tree drops slowly.  
A fallen tree peacefully  
sleeps.  
The home for so many  
Others. Quiet, they were hiding,  
Eating soft sawdust.  
And watching the sun set.

A passageway lined with small polished wood  
Chips-  
They were flipping and folding themselves  
Into a machine intended to grow.  
Its purpose was to live and to speak to others.  
A small red line began to appear  
Directly in the middle of the horizon  
Above another creature  
That points its back towards the left  
And slowly falls back  
To assume another position

Kaleidoscopic earth forms intended to feel.  
It began to move.  
To dance beneath the mother  
A bird.  
This mother watched over her bright expanding children.

Opalescent metalloid mountain pond below storms of crackling thunder that reach  
Directly *Towards the* magnetic shield  
Spun into audible mechanical hum of the earth  
Sped up 8640 times.  
Elemental substances resonate harmonically pure tones so as to orchestrate music  
with the essences of matter and reality itself.  
Composed by the flux of cosmic radiation that creates modulations of energy,  
Potential music composed by the different kinds of cosmic energy. X-ray, protons,  
electrons, and magnetism; colliding in the atmosphere creating unique orchestras of  
instruments wider than the solar system. Collected by Satellites linked to live web  
data.  
Time opens substances in a unique way revealing the internal structure telling stories  
with missing places.

The auroras of chord relationships linked into a string coiled around a point in time.  
A quartzite mountain lost in the mountains.  
A vessel that clings to the edge of eternity, continually perceiving the world for the first time every time with every blink.

Turquoise fern pasture, buried beneath quivering leaves and moaning clouds that pour shadows into the eyes of bewitched children playing on the ridges of Everest.  
Watching the world slip thought the spiral arms of the universe bursting with, gravitational delicacy, as the fires inside the celestial send shock waves across the sun of blue green flames.  
Fantastical lizards equip their egg helmet parachute gargoyle for underground surveillance. Reindeer hemisphere attached to outer space alien observatory, extreme lights boiling synapse, until daylight leaves a planetesimals dark side blue with cosmic life indicators. Baby brontosaurus's eyelid heavy with crystal flowers freeze dried and dust in the wind. Pounced until woozy plus upside own sometimes.  
Optically bizarre Nightingale pronounced unlimited. Wind less helicopter spreading ocean currents with downdrafts.

Watermelon season, rubber band, epileptic, chasing clouds in my mind. A step away from total euphoria, or collapse. Pink texture and semi-opaque remembrance. love cataclysm of cosmic energy, two independent travelers circling the unknown shrines simultaneously without acknowledgement. The storm has subsumed and it is more quiet than ever, The memories, fill up but now anxiety has been replaced by hope, the bird songs and elephant sounds that can almost reach you, scrawled into the colors of life that are vitreous and rumble in the distance. Just emotionally windy and lightning fused into rain eye. Albino emerald tree boa, encased in acrylic cube for examination. grid of universal utilities. Stained like freckles, useless solar dirt sent in parabolic and catenary arches, bigger than earth. Solar flares stretch around your ankles as almost ice cold sand draws you down pulling on your elastic nerves with suction strait from the heart. Becoming purple because of you, unreal, but anticipated. Goose bumps sent through the privacy of flower beds and devotional displays. electrically charged particles stream through the void, mathematically in accord, but primal, heavy breathing, wet lipped heart beat, slowing its draw of suction through the veins, patterns of spasms liquefy, soft body parts in the air before fire burns the muscles without control, and brains release the purpose of life. Humorous but vulnerable, delicate soft, orchid, concealed for me on beach, but darkening, shadow filled orchard of candles, waxy blobs harmonize with fleshy curves on Venetian infinity symbols. Slid down but caught on toes, instantly cold and warm at the same time, because of nature, curiosities strain the back through gravitational puddles and balanced fluids pause around eye before curve of cheek wets. Purple pulsations pause plurality and reinitiate symbolic dance of human dream states.

Fire of life, fountain of wisdom pours prophesy though eye lids, for the auburnness of light. Heavy dreamer, through sirens of transcendence, awoken student of virtue, though color difference, and magnitude, wave amplitude, alternating through the boulder rock garden submerged by trout juice. Flower of unique color, burnt by fear of sun.

Turquoise fern pasture, buried beneath quivering leaves and moaning clouds that pour shadows into the eyes of bewitched children playing on the ridges of Everest. Watching the world slip thought the spiral arms of the universe bursting with, gravitational delicacy, as the fires inside celestial send shock waves across the sun of blue green flames.

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Fire ball windows, flown through a cloud creating a low pitch sound,  
A purple tulip pressed softly beneath the tiger paw.  
Bamboo embers lifting off with the explosion of compressed air,  
Trapped beneath the surface.  
Pleistocene cave nodules dangling above the brains of a sacrificed reindeer.  
Mammoth meat regurgitated by burrowing moles, to feed their babies,  
As the tundra's molecules reconfigure  
A landslide split by the entire ecosystem into an insect fortress in the sky, raining  
clouds black as onyx,  
With inhospitable speckled larva pond breeding grounds below.  
The black and white red bellies.  
Executed for biting the arm of a primate while the Nile empties into the belly  
Of an asphalt geological encrustation.  
Flattened in an instant by the reflex of a nervous system  
Separated by a billion years.  
To feed the young, the clouds open to raise corn,  
The one who is from the split in the lightning stone can walk on atoms,  
Grind metal into atomic rows of alternating metalloid elements.

Copper flows through the parallel sheets of zinc compressed by the life threatening moments of awakening before something critically immanent.  
The pains in the belly from the memory of it all.  
The darkness, the light at the end of a tunnel wrapped up inside the larger tunnel that leads to a higher transcendent path.  
Eggs laid in the blood, while the jaguar finds shade.

The ostrich cries at the clouds,  
Until the rains come from the West African Congo mountain basin.  
Evaporates trapped in an Erlenmeyer flask with a rubber stopper and two glass tubes,

A form

Bathed in the ancient wind patterns, pathways of molecules boring through brain  
cavities, rounded by soft cold wind chills, at any moment rising up out of the soil, so  
that the chimes can ring through the east along nutrient coated skeletons tied together  
with string.

Forms.

We forget dreams unless we stay dreaming.

It can't be true,

The hoax that an old creature recalls of the torch,

The boots strapped to the ceiling of the sarcophagus chamber.

They knew you wanted to enter, but if some thing can be built it can be disassembled.

Except our codes.

The mental excretions of a brain surprised

Porcelain earth sequence

Stitched into visionary

Occurrences.

The mind

An arrangement of pathways

Light eyes - Tourmaline

Green furrows of eons carved by gravity

The allover pathway

Leading towards

Every sensation

Stone lips without

Moisture, split.

The wind opens the evolutionary acceleration

Forest symphony

The fires inside are a long scorching chasm between.

The moonlight is sunlight,

On an evening such as this morning

The sky rose and bent in the center.

Global oolitic sediments creep and settle in groves of the abyssal plane, the fingernail of a stranger, the comet snagged into the grain of the Marinas trench.

The internal proprioceptive spatial scales of a person  
Who suddenly saw an animal for the first time.  
20 extraterrestrial encounters in one evening.  
Through the barriers of society the ideas explode through gates separating an endless number of contexts, a world of millions of gateways through portals of every ecological niche, searching for the missing niche between the bodies and minds of the forests.  
The interlocutor between the parallel worlds of both space and time. To maximize energy through the dynamic exchange of balancing objects that reorganize themselves based on the aerodynamic movement potentialities of each transmutation through time.

Bleached Hog hair Spines that inoculate the butterflies with a virus as it drinks nectar on crescent shaped aloe plantations.  
A poison tipped brush highlighting the lights that are highly illuminating.

Animals are the prophets  
Our forbearers  
Who mutated against a boiling sea of obsidian glass spilled over the swampy jungle lowlands of Ecuador.  
A purple flower mashed into the teeth of a koala  
Instead.  
Morning light becomes layered with yesterdays air  
Overlapping stars with tears  
Rain from a cave,  
From the darkest blue green  
Tulips that sipped a dose of  
Magical number logic.  
Sent out into the imagination  
As a hundred numbers  
Each with a bar above,  
Into an infinite division between  
Hypothetical information.  
The split, the edit, a slice,  
A division of space time  
That becomes a metronome melted into the  
Background

I saw everything I never dreamed of in a dream about reality.

It was a place concealed into a mute paradise of thought atoms.  
Before they made the atoms line up from an oiled sharpening stone.  
Moving in the direction to smear the most atoms beneath in one motion.  
Along a trail  
Of tinted oil.

Fused at a temperature so low  
She baffled scientists into a hoard  
Of upside own theories thrown in the wind.

It was the equivalent of six thousand rhino dreams.  
Which required 1500 lbs of rhino brains cast into a bronze mold for remembrance.  
The descendants rubbed it for good luck until there was nothing left.

A form that dissolves under the hands when you most desire it. A memory lost but  
some how inflated due to the mystery if its design. The most tangibly real thing has  
become the most unknown. Falling sideways more and more until the wind flips us  
over onto our backs to watch the sky burn around our entrance.

Searching desperately for something we may never find is what artists do. Once we  
find it is useless, but for a new origin before permutation. The only thing that an artist  
fears is a lack of freedom, liberties for the constructions of thought create freedom.  
Mobility in terms of broadness of subject matter.

An image that locks the mind into a day dream that allows for consciousness to have  
a thesaurus of thought sounds that can hold thought in place, or inspire the maximum  
number of (potentially metaphysical) Congruent ideas through the sustained  
observation of fragmented disengaged forms that break down into their primary forms  
and become one yet retain the autonomy of their morphology from the other habits of  
shape.

The universal infrastructure of thought is a glossary of syllables and a distillation  
from the outside world.

Abstract art is an image that doesn't have a word yet. It is the zone beyond  
understandability that is carved by the exactness of the profile of understandability.

Which is looked upon in different ways, it is a part of us and we are a part of it, we  
are responsible for creating a representation of the mutations within us that make us  
unique. What is different about us is our gift to the world.

So this is it  
The other kind of infinite  
A new void appears about every minute.

Gemini.  
Solar flares leave haze around the edges until  
Teary  
Dark pools aren't real.  
The light erases black shadows with no residue.  
Pools dry up, spill over.  
The fingertips of a river soak the root fibers of a tree,  
Dislodging it,  
Sending it out to sea.  
A mutant tree with extra tears for salt extraction.  
It lives for a few years in the open ocean before sinking away.  
A floating reef, that is in exile,  
With a thousand organisms attached underneath but it is alone.  
It won't get to share its genes,  
Birds began laying eggs in the air without landing.  
They were taken care of by the oceans empathy.  
The tropic patterns

With no predators they could finally be free.

The sky is night  
The fire tears liquid from the eye.  
Glowing about the pond edge  
Born after the golden void  
With voids within the limits of a void.  
It spirals into an empty belly chamber nestled in  
A fictional poem about freedom

The pretty birds forgot how to sing,  
The other birds are shy of being seen

Nature divides the two.

Mesopotamian animal style artists  
Don't know the meaning of ecology

It's the notion of an empty niche. Found between the spiral arms of a rams horn.  
Filled with dung beetle eggs, crushed beneath the heel of an antelope.  
Stretched out between the teeth of an cave bear.  
Mashed between the toes of an ape  
Doused in rainwater evaporated from equatorial glaciers.

A fire hardened spear idea

An inevitable idea that cannot be disproved,  
It is still in the dark, the sub audible thoughts haven't reached the inevitable truths  
That equip the animals with divine intelligence, the legs quicken their pace,  
The bones ache at the shins from dancing in a circle of light.  
Lasers curve across a mountain, mapping the crescent shaped foothills.  
Depositing silt at the mouth of a delta, spreading out across an undersea plain.  
Deep sea fishes can't be crushed with human hands, but they can never leave.  
One gift is another vice, as a glider that soars up out of control.  
Too many vitamins nauseate the gorilla in a terrible accident.  
A glacier cave carved just for today, by a solar flare from outer space.  
Only to fill with ice again and completely melt into the mouths of frigate birds.  
Bright red skin flapping in the sea breeze,  
Diving between penguins and far from sea lions.  
The Amazon is far away from here but it is still growing.

A rabbit ear in the mouth, a long tunnel  
Through the night, a cold forbidden place  
Shielded off from the animals, a baby  
Chinchilla with sparkling eyes, wrapped in an  
Alpaca blanket to be smuggled into the morning  
Mist by the sea; a long sparrow feather,  
The largest this year, falls sideways  
Through the branches before landing on a river bank.  
The moist mud speckled with raccoon paw prints,  
Five fingers that can figure out enough  
To stay alive anywhere, a pack of them  
Reflects light as a constellation of minds.  
Celestial beasts scuffle over scraps of star dust,  
Before plummeting into craters  
Swept away by the winds from a passing comet,  
It left a trail of rain that was buried in the equator.  
The sand from iron rich rocks was scuffled up  
Near the base of a volcano, it left tremors  
Across the side of an ocean of volcanic dust  
Patterns raced through the powder,  
Coming alive on a long shadow  
Smearred by a falling boulder

Backwards in time  
Upside down without knowing.

Inside out on a pathway through a cloud.

Blinking without knowing.  
Slowing the heart beat on purpose

Watching the belly from the outside  
Without eyes,  
Feeling it burn without heat.

Wishing for something so badly it can't happen.  
Watching a bad dream become real.

Remembering a dream in reverse,  
Remembering a day dream that never happened.

Beneath saltwater

Glowing transparent slime coats a mirror of ice. Billions of glowing soft florescent green arms. Reaching through the current, eating without eyes, within the underwater winds.  
Radii of calcium carbonate extruded from our lungs and gathered by corals.  
Magenta slime, slightly purple, coats everything slowly.

Wobbly jelly organisms quiver in the cold ocean. Patterns encircle the edges, ridges and zigzagging bumps undulate softly on the sea floor. Florescent green fades to florescent aqua then red. Impossible to tell where one color meets the other. Colors from underneath, above and in the middle.  
Yellow beneath florescent green. Hardness beneath softness.  
So red it's black, so black it's invisible. Yellow skin with blue blood and a green body.

Floating bits of color on a clear body. Glass like arms bunched up near the base.  
With slightly opaque tubes rising above.

Small iridescent turquoise colors are curious, uncertain how to float.

A coral shelf offers its polyps to the sun. The angle fish swims sideways beneath.

Bubbles of oxygen arise out of the fibers of algae, silver beads of insoluble air.  
Red algae releases a bubble, it zigzags to the surface, around the path of a parrot fish.  
The surface of the water from below, above the sea of bubbles, entangled in puffs of algae too soft to feel. Low viscosity thick wind; legs struggle in the water.

The symbiotic guardian, swimming through poison, feeding the tentacles fighting giant clams. The tentacles swell, as a blown glass tube filled with liquid nutrients.

Two species speaking the same language. The symbiotic guardian moves aside obstructions for the blind provider. The symbiotic collaboration is neutral. The guardian is fed, looked after, cleaned. The symbiotic creatures have culture.

Collage with projection and marbelization

Arctic gear that's soft and flexible. Intended for the gathering of small pebbles and leather ribbons of extinct animals.

Osprey biting on straw bits for building, thinking of the cosmic  
Blue bits and lavender fossils. Calcite-quartz-falcon skeleton.

Color changing thought, thought changing color.

Change without duration, impossibility without possibility.  
Meaninglessness with meaning.  
The hidden side of a thought, the best part of a dream  
Never remembered completely.

Translating an imaginary dream image into a scrawled letter and word.  
Manifesting the unreal, it becomes real the moment it comes into existence.

It exists when you read this. It doesn't exist until you read this.  
Your solipsism, crystallized out of another mind, etching pathways into the imaginary worlds.

Delicate melody, bouncy but clean, moist and heavy cream. Charming eyes and forever daydream midnight. Calf youth seeks unknowing grace but fumbles arrangements  
of behind the eye visions. Calm sobriety leads to stockpiling of coins and herbs.  
Daylight watcher, mediocre palm softener.

Her voice was a goose bump machine.  
She walks all over my toes with her past.  
My eyes are closed and she appears to me,  
At whatever age I imagine, immortal voice  
Smearred by machines.  
Captured by magnets in strips of 8, 16 or 4.  
She laughs when she is done crying  
Only to cry when she is done laughing.  
Its out of her control, all bubbles are inside  
And the wind cant reach the baby legs.

Lets wobble through the bamboo shoots.  
Beautifully utilitarian in the middle of an elephant trail,  
Bent branches and foot prints that are hilarious.  
Lets jump through the brontosaurus toenails,  
And inhale 40 percent oxygen in a room full of pillows.  
Blankets everywhere, a nest for everything,  
Soft folded safety, rolling on ones back onto the knees,  
Upside down, whirlwind of lemonade pulp.  
Sour acid cleaning the hands, cutting oil and mineral dust  
Suspended in clearness.  
A cloud to be, in your pocket, sealed in a hidden smile  
That can never go away. A painful laughing attack,  
Pure joy, everlasting giggles.

You are by far beyond my wildest dreams.  
Coming to life for me because you know what you want.  
The sky  
Floating on a pasture of clouds  
Lifted cumulus entwined,  
Touching with the mind before contact,  
Still awaiting proof that the unbelievable happened  
All spun into an interwoven sculpture of the fantastical.

The light that created you wasn't reflected  
Off of you in my line of sight.  
But I know you,  
Magical linguistic inversion.

The dizziness of love, intoxicating laughter drenching the mind, the only real reason  
for being alive, pounding questions through a primal, unfettered imagination run off  
course until rounded edges occur. The night spreads out long tendrils of auburn,  
stepping across my doorstep, stumbling across the future.

I wish I was there

The moment a parasite became a symbiote, what is it thinking when it begins to help?  
When does annoyance become tolerance?

What if there were no tough times? Would we be able to evolve?

Memories are pathways, ends of string that lead out to complete worlds.  
They erode the mundane and accentuate the miraculous.

The swooping pitches of a European starling sound more interesting after a finch.

The rapid chirps of a distant bird interlock with one closer. Just to be heard the birds create symphonic collaboration. Out of a desire to be perceived within complexity.

Rock doves can't help but sing when they fly.

Demitridon hides from the shade of a Ginkgo.

A black squirrel runs horizontally from tree to tree while being chased by a sparrow. When does it forget?

The light passing through the trees sometimes never makes it all the way.

Why does the cut tree limb still try to grow?

A family of boulders has lived beneath this Elm for 40 years.  
A soggy mushroom blackened by water, deformed by its neighbor.  
Thousands appeared overnight.

Less dark on top of more dark, just barely visible  
Only nine photons necessary, scattered in a spray across the face

A letter A  
To begin  
An abstract meaningless descriptor.

One hundred eggs collected in a syringe.  
A strange experiment gone wrong  
Therefore right.

Determined hands feel without feeling.  
Grasping a ladder without thought, just knowing we must climb.

Feet sinking in the beach sand. Lifting out of the suction with a vibration.  
Away from the burial, grains flow, collect and are sorted.

A wrangled root ball back lit by a setting sun. nested above drift wood.  
Aware of a silent watcher.

Three feet deep in algae, red, green, yellow, strings, flat strips and puffs.

Watching turtles gorge themselves. laughing about the moon patterns while seeing moon shadows move unexplainably.

Crawling faster than running, pulling the world under you, staying still and spinning the earth with the feet.

Moving the grasshoppers by moving the grass with the feet, feeding bugs to the birds,  
Spiders to the fish.

Watching a golden orb weaver vanish, watching a spider forget to hold onto the web,  
Dangling from one leg.

Orchard of small ornaments crumpled by giraffe stampede during winter storms,  
shedding fire from ruptured gas lines stretched out by daylight. Tropical night portal,  
savage barbaric nocturnal ivy, flop ears of tears erupting from the floor boards.  
Crystals ignite with flashes beyond the imagination. Miracles uprooted from the  
chest, nighttime desert blown away in the night. The earth blows away. The sand  
becomes a desert and the atmosphere dries out until we are another mars.

Shivers left by the memory of nothing.  
Calm meditation, on a question of eternity and work.  
The silence was a gift.  
A flash of darkness was incredible.

Just the right amount of sleep for a giraffe,  
Distinguished by patterns of spots,  
Mathematical methods for species identification  
Written in a book that creaked open  
Louder than distant thunder, quieter than lightning  
That crashed feet from my window.

A pulse of static shocked the insides of my ears  
It was because of the rain,  
That the belly slipped out,  
All piled up with cookies and orange juice,  
Lemonade was used to clean, and alcohol was forgotten.

Ichthyostega was a mutation that became  
Beneficial because of the moon.  
A tide pool trapped fish forced to walk,  
The eyes dry without tears.  
The sun was closer, the outside was

More free.

Six million year old mantis leg. Encapsulated in resin from primitive monumental  
forests, continuing unbroken for entire continents. With ecological stability almost  
never existing.

Rapid bursts of evolution exist along steady decline. Absurd design that functioned for unknown purposes. Massive dinosaur brains organized the largest animal genocide still unknown to science. The introduction of speech to giant reptilian carnivores lead to highly organized packs of verbalizing demons that learned to make tools from wood, as well as shelters and structures out of joining natural materials.

The night sky seen  
Through passageways  
From underground

Small flashes of light  
From meteorites  
Litter the faces of larvae.  
Tunnels made by the rains  
Given to earwigs for safety.

Pillows of earth boil the seas.  
Fiery amber yet to be fossilized  
Searching for something to give it meaning.

Tacky eyes grasp grains of dust  
Pushing it outwards,  
Clearing the vision of obstructions

Tumbling through the past  
Anchored to the future.  
A far away memory rebuilds from fragments  
Of knowledge.  
A thousand thousand memories  
Restored from a handful of pieces.

On a linguistic exploration through  
The unimaginable places left out  
By the ability to describe them.

Under under and forever forever.  
Missing missing means never lost.  
Inverse double meanings break definitions

Crumpled crumplings,  
But a single word,  
A row of empty underlines.  
Missing letters buried beneath

It was found at the last place  
I forgot to check twice.

Water for fire  
For a dream erased by the morning.

On a wind tunnel between planetesimal fragments  
A comet stands still.  
Immersed in a traveling cloud  
The sun makes vapor from ice.  
The meteorites burry the ocean under fire and tektites.

Boiled off sea basins crystallize in the stratosphere  
Before snowing down into stratified glacial layers

A computer sits in a standstill of time  
Performing an infinite calculation  
In less than our second

It is curled  
Into a pocket of space time  
We know the answer before  
It can be asked

Recurring recursive poem

What is the strongest thing?  
Imagine it breaking from the weight of something  
Without any resistance.  
Now imagine that something,  
Breaking without any resistance.  
Repeat until it becomes the size of the universe.

The world shifts overnight.  
Places change in the darkness.  
The inexistent cold compresses the air  
Everything becomes heavier because of nothing.

The pebbles gather at the obstructions,  
Breaking away from the boulders.  
Regrouping into another  
Then another.  
The parts reach the ends of the earth.  
Only to be reunited by beings

That were built from the rocks.

The rock cycles begin to include us.  
We peak out in 400 million years.  
Our eyes vitreous with silica.  
Or calcified as cave offerings.  
Fossilized in a fossil laboratory.  
A fossilized fossil hunter,  
Found by a fossil hunter being  
Fossilized.

The deepest tunnel is the most shallow  
On the other side of the earth.

Double meanings written twice.  
An art historian studied by an art historian,  
Being studied by an art historian,  
Until the end of civilization.

Weightless at the center of the earth  
But lifting a million lbs per square inch,  
Crushed by heat and pressure.  
What wondrous unique minerals could crystallize  
Here.  
In your mind.

Tweezers pinching a magnifying glass  
That views another pinching the hand  
Pinching the earth  
From the moon.  
Pinched by earth

Gravity cradles me at night.  
Out of proportion  
Dreams wash over my memory.  
They are too good to remember reality anymore.  
Nothing has been real since.

A reptile unfolds its wings for the last time  
A worm begins to write an epic for the first time,  
With the body of a human.  
A billion newly evolved creatures are born this instant.  
You might be one.  
By the time you read this  
Everyone will be like you.

The last mammoth dies.  
To feed man,  
who needs to eat it  
So as to advance  
Fast enough to bring them back.  
If it could comprehend this,  
Would it give up its life?

The pain of a sunset's disappearance.  
The closer it is to being over  
The closer it is to returning.

Watching time disappear,  
While remembering time will  
Never disappear.

Using time to worry  
About not having enough time.

Calculating actions with deadlines.  
Making a deadline for a deadline.

Perfectly proportioned proportional chart.  
Multi-dimensional multi-dimensional chart  
Within a poem

Trumpets blare, spotting in on the beats  
With pops of plural pitches.  
Wheezing saxophones rush over metal  
Timpani drum rolls.  
Pounding beats shake the floor,  
Boards loosen.  
Sand moves uphill in the mornings.  
Straps of fire doused in ice.  
Cracking louder than an earthquake

The water bubbles up through holes  
In the beach stones.  
Fizzing through the afternoon light.  
Mist floats into the eyes of sea turtles.  
They blink as salt pours out of the eyes.  
Blocks of wood stained blue  
Fall from the tops of buildings underground.  
Foundations disappear into the ground  
Cooled by ocean saturated sands.

Squids wrangled up  
Into balls of suction cupped bunches.  
Fibrous tentacles misconstrued for stalks,  
Mashed into meal for subterranean rabbit dens.

# Inside the Light

The clouds cut the blue from the sky.  
Drained sunset.

Several underwater reefs begin to protrude as the sea diminishes.  
Like a curtain which falls slowly.  
The creatures of the deep become aware of their silence.  
They try to speak only with drops  
Beyond lips.

Several small lilies explain their fears to the landscape.  
A curtain, a soft transparent light glows like reflected skin.  
Polished skin and a lace which becomes transparent.

Light blue on purple side  
    Dark blue- denim, faded.  
Lavender  
    Of unimaginable softness as well as intensity.

Almost completely neutral beige.  
On the silver side and also on the yellow side.  
Contrasted with blue eyes and a turquoise blue green necklace.  
A deeper brown compositional stripe and auburn hair.  
Yet in its entirety it seems white.  
This sets off the bronze,  
Which alone would seem neutral yet now it is the most important.

Bright blue  
    Intense but muted.  
Almost turquoise blue.  
Contrasted by a very large white shape.  
Small pieces of black.  
The most subtle and soft beige.  
Warm and hazel.  
Small lines of brown and golden yellow.

The heaviest white flower petal.  
Pure pink and green emerald circle.  
A trailing thought has traveled around the soft object.  
My chest, my heart became weak as my eyes became painfully wide.

The dark blue cure of the moon.

The most precious rose quartz.  
The stone made warm by body heat.  
The sky made wider by strong winds.  
The trees are the scaffoldings of laughter for birds.  
The leaves are little pieces of color for children.

As the sky opens up the trees become long structures  
Or scaffoldings for birds who gathered small leaves.

Sleep softly on blue drapery.  
Green rain droplets fell upon her eyes.  
The green light of yesterday  
Has been diminished  
By the orange leaves of tomorrow.

The quiet circle begins to trace itself  
Following a line to undiscovered places.

Soft cream,  
Warm light, falling soft cloud drifting.  
Back arching expression.

The cold cave was disturbingly loud.  
My ears traced the train tracks as far as I could.  
The sickness I contracted has weakened my spirit.  
I am uncomfortably tired

The result of cold concrete beneath the feet  
Several inches below the soil, I've buried the glowing energy of yesterday.  
The fear the terrible fear of everything.  
The lack of warm light on my face.  
The corner of a crowded room seems more lonely.

I've escaped from the loud chatter of young voices.  
It was becoming a singular voice to me, which I do not enjoy.

The warmth, the glowing energy of the sun.  
The wind moves every blade of grass.  
The sky escapes from dark clouds.  
The time turns my hands more slowly.

## Pieces of the Future

Below windows  
Dripping from eons of cloud shadows  
Bent across faces  
Swimming on a contour  
A blind pathway  
A forgotten part  
Feldspar speckled eyelid  
Enormous thoughts crush the mundane situation.  
Forge a lantern from midnight necessity.  
Bend the purpose of life into a virtue of ultimate qualia.  
Lips composed of dried plates.  
Geometric life forms turn within the socket.  
Rustling the opening moment of life.

Baby Florida chamber  
Encased in New York skylines.  
Roughed up fountain eyes  
Rounded by blinks  
Touched by a stranger's.

Memory  
Diluted by social stigma.  
Lost to an upside-down world  
Burnt by a florescent nighttime.  
A time square cacophony of wasted dreams.

Ferocious underground sounds frighten children from below  
Sewer noise, wrought iron split dirty by night.  
Island welcoming  
Without fluid blue juniper spruce scent.  
Smash groove until threads weaken.  
Kite flower  
Jasmine,  
Cave of dark fire,  
Burnt powder of Ethiopian obscurity.  
Ramshackle dredge  
Full of Jupiter gas layers.  
Green pounce  
Plural portal to origin.

By midnight the legs redden from insects.  
Porpoise rides  
Bouncing across the inlet.  
Grave situation for stars and nocturnal baby legs.  
Toe bone  
Marsupial megaphone creation story  
For platypus marmalade wind shields  
Nectarine memory.  
Fire lipped novelty plus nutrient baby thoughts.  
Florescent numbness.  
Time square cubed to the twelfth power.  
A new type of manifesto  
That emanates from the telltale taste.  
Mars re-breather  
Rapid evolution device.  
Situations with reflective lines  
Limitless Traveler

## The First Blink

### *Slip*

Belly lift on calf time

Smash letter with number

Delete aqueous love plus color magnetism

Leg bone sensations with amorphous wrong answer.

Vague duration

Empty sculpture

Vibration!

Exclamation melting dark love machine

Build shadow crumbles.

Just dream on it

Watch it make faces

Watch it turn upside down in an instant

Always

Bread crumbs of thought

Insatiable drive for understanding

In the face of bewilderment.

A mixture of timelines

Interweaving histories that split

Into dead end ribbons of time

Movements of knowledge run parallel

Worlds coexist inside the present

The parallel factual actualities

Consistent and congruent potentialities

Correlate with prophetic discourse.

Black emptiness

Of a folded up memory bank

Filled

Burned onto books and CDs

Spread out across the wind

A rush of movement to the right or left

Inversions possible

Including transparent wind tunnels  
Or scaffolds of cliff dweller newborn carriages  
For the decent  
A pain of fear dulled by the rush to climb  
By trade winds of gravity  
Embers of asteroids dusted by radioactive clouds  
Of unknown composition  
A blank  
Hunger  
Awaiting nourishment from below.

Some extra black pigment in the right place.  
A signal  
A wetness  
Opened for electrical impulses of the brain.  
Synapse furry  
Tide line stained pillars  
The belly lifts.  
The ground flashes magnesium powder  
Covered a small guess  
Set alight at midnight  
On a long string  
At the town center.

Fire lipped  
But florescent and blue  
Tulips smashed into a puddle of wetness.  
Open earlobe.  
Microscopic minerals fuse into a network of energy.

Fire tools  
Computer enhanced ideas leak through chambers of moments.  
Concentrated inside  
Ready to use tool spillings.

Morphing breath patterns  
Eyes splattered with night shadow  
Slipper  
Under water.  
Until rust paints.

Fantastical brain misbehavior

Plus mutant nightmare tantrum  
Plus flower organ powder compacted by bees.  
A pattern of habits  
Initiated with pollen and bee like energy.

Tormented babies flipped into nutrients  
Hollow tones, blue red  
Yellow.

Brown black winter orchard.  
Belly lifting  
Plus concaves  
Plus grey eyelid fountain  
With pseudo-exotic marsupial nectar

### Yellow

Spheres, molten iron, methane, tholins.  
Melting into viscous arteries of biological channels.

### Red

Jawless fish, eels, primitive amphibians.

### Purple

Lightning creates fulgurites out of olivine grains spread by cinder cones.  
The transformation of morphologies along lines of movement and change.  
Tropical forms that evolve as a singular family.

Electrical blueprint for harmonic evolution  
Through the sequential alteration of progression and orderings through time.  
Space is first defined as an examination of curves and changes of direction  
Stasis is created with a thinning of permanence  
A disappearance of form altogether  
So that a projection of time is created without change  
But stasis and consistent action is left out  
So that another projection can fit.

Gestalt-  
Parts fragmented from the whole.  
From within a singularity a partial melt occurs.

To fragment the whole  
With the creation of different types of waves  
Coalescing within the mould of a shadow  
Different morphologies arise in proximity to the center.  
So that a partial transformation happens  
With each character that melts into an array

Of multiple and contradictory elements  
dispersed in a cloud of time  
As ethereal tempo changes.  
And coils of slowing down strings.

Wave energy passing through matter.

Becoming a battery for harmonic life  
Releasing energy after receiving energy.  
The description of a form under stress and tension  
It fragments into bits.  
As an illusion of force  
The forms turn and bend  
Curling under stress  
Describing phenomenological actions  
Of minerals and their systems.

Mineralogical reductionism.

Florence magnetized  
Until buoyant on a magma core.  
Mutated ventricle  
Kinked until joinery expands  
Along horizontal fields.

Opening tower portal  
Olfactory part to whole relationship  
Fragment of an essence  
An aroma  
Fragment of a dream by ice.

Fountain heart

Blue orchard  
Melted into young eyes  
On fever touches  
Blankets uncover horrors  
Wrapping around the plans  
A realization  
A transportation of life's history.

A time table of life forms with everything missing.  
Most of the creatures have never been seen.  
The greatest stories of life melted into the mantel

Beneath the surface.

Metal with ripped electrons.  
Stripped gravity screws.  
No way out, no way back.  
Torn eyesight at the ritual.  
Metaphorical music tools  
Tensile wasteland  
Fragmented into concave detritus.  
Leaflets  
Peeled shells.  
Pieces of the earth jewel blind spot.

Nectar of bee splendor.  
Genetic energy gifts for bee larvae  
Fed honey and crab shells.  
Dusty flower,  
Dried into crunchiness.  
Shield of dried jelly  
Turned yellow in the pasture  
Until plurality ferments  
Into unknowable diamonds  
Scattered into chains of quantum scales  
Blown up into cosmological models  
Mistaken in the city lights.

Fire fighting for life.  
Dangled  
Torn paint from surface.  
Frosted transcendent drool nectar.  
Florescent gravity morning.  
Trap door of the flipped out charm crusher.

Island reminder  
Dried up reindeer lips  
Boiled into paste and dried into chips, or blades.

Mint citrus leaf.  
Spawning light.  
Green  
Fields expand around objects connected by light.  
Absolute reflection or absorption.  
Visible invisibles  
Black ink

Paint,  
Tombstone orphan pathway  
Cowering.

Flower pounce

Powder pollen  
Powerful antidote for everything.  
Nectar of time lines.  
Organs of epochs  
Interwoven paradigms of contextual nothingness

Unforeseen  
Bravery in all regards.  
A mutant happiness builder,  
Friendship ferment

Flowers explode in December  
Or nighttimes interlace between forgotten future plans.  
Cavern of projections into Newtonian ornaments  
Split into wind farms  
For foundations upon scaffoldings of tourism  
Through wildflower hillsides dipped in mountain dew.

Tourmaline pillars of nighttime colors  
Spread into windows  
Expanding into horizontal baby chambers.  
Umbilical music

Stretched out number chain glowing brightly  
In Egyptian forgotten-ness.  
Tombs yet to be discovered  
Containing the echoes of tomb raiders

Tripped out on liquid neck blinks  
Of flounder neighbor dilatants.  
Tourniquet of food  
Stretched belly  
Relaxed on toe wiggles.

Bloated seeds scratch the floor of an abandoned pool.  
A tombstone cleaved from entirely natural causes.  
Once thought to be written by druids.

Porcelain missing sequence  
Stitched into visionary occurrences.  
The mind is an arrangement of connections  
    Pathways.

Light eyes  
    Tourmaline  
Green furrows of eons  
Carved by gravity.

The allover pathway  
Leading towards every sensation.  
The coral lines.  
Stone lips cracked by a lack of moisture.

Purple phantoms of daffodil like magnitudes.  
Hover craft plus moon beam fetishizer  
On a blindfolded earth cave  
Exposed to ultra-violet persuasions.  
Eyes stretched open till fountains break towers  
Of delicate Poinciana flowers buried beneath  
water lettuce roots that float charms of bubble spiders  
Carrying pockets of aether into the ancient realm of floating.  
Chunks of ice the size of Montana vaporize within seconds.

After the eclipse freezes an ocean the size of the Atlantic  
Into crystals that gravitate towards each other.  
They are shattered by magnetic fields that cleave ice  
Which contains inconsistent impurities.  
Red ice with iron almost separates  
From black magnetite, and nickel alloys that are polarized  
By passing through clouds of thermo-electrical distortions of time  
Caused by rotational inertia.

A hundred billion stars larger than ours.

The daylight washes blue stains into pillow whispers  
Expanding the ocean into a sphere of water.  
An orb of aqueous properties becoming a frozen comet.

A droplet of water in zero gravity that freezes into a comet  
Thrown into orbit in the asteroid belt.  
The strange elliptical orbits.  
These autonomous planetismals were thrown into an orbit along another axis.

Waterfall of spectral amplitudes

Transforming a sound into a visual landscape.

Auditorily experiencing a shape as a sound

Created with a machine that can create waves of very specific frequencies.

Scatter notes into lower bit rates

Crumpling waves into simplified geometrical waveforms.

Delay of organelle fragments.

Turning warm purple on top of green emerald.

Olivine, yellow green volcanic flakes of black pumice

Burnt by sun bleached mementoes of divinity

Antelope pasture, jelly fish magma bass line.

Jazzy toe steps,

Billions of foot steps lurch bits of ideas

Into telekinetic hardware.

Avalanche of petals

Choking waterways with perfect diversity.

Re-equilibrium.

Natural disasters reestablish diversity.

Marsupial gravity chamber

Liquidating from florescence

To an ancient path

Riddled with phantom medicine

Chambers of elliptical forehead meanings.

Journey through toe leg membranes,

Fellow harmony chamber.

Neptune

Artichoke blue bird fornication

Outlining eyelash blinker.

Plus daylight.

Foolish avalanche.

Tidal wave of energy

But hot liquid.

A force of millions of finger tips

Consolidated into a harmonic orchestra of ink drawings.

Melted by the stretches of time.

Elongated by the universal horizontal tracking methods of observation.

The landscape is a horizontal plethora

An innumerable intoxication of flat curves.

Of a sphere magnified by our existence.

A circle transformed into a flat line by the closeness of our observation.

An inability to see the big picture.

## Potent Cave

The hidden note  
Written in red veins that crawl;  
Exposing undiscovered  
Canyons and long threads  
Blowing in the wind.

Playful salamander juice began to laugh.  
To re-grow lost limbs.

Regenerated salamander parts  
Began to caress the stones  
Near the river.  
Coiling around a silver piece of granite.

It was a cold day.  
But the sky was crisp.  
A strong blue.  
Like the spots of a chameleon.

A winding path lead me towards  
The organs of a tree  
Its insides exposed by a lightning bolt:  
Split and splintered.  
It transformed into a long tree fallen.

Split open by lightning,  
Splinters with long black tips.  
Some exposed roots began to crawl  
At the slow pace of the seasons.  
My beard grew faster  
than the leaves could fall backwards.  
The sky felt strong that day.

It was too old to remember

Silent and still

The underground soon awakens.  
Breaking sound with wind action.

Collision –  
Blue pieces of flint thrown  
But soon lost-  
Mud shadows in mud  
Created by cat claws,  
Stretched out branches of a leafless tree.  
And shadows of an invisible object  
Becoming agitated by wind  
And the tramlings of many small animals.

Red as ruby juice hidden from sight.  
The shadows lift up and become small  
Pieces of slate: chips and splinters.

The earth became red  
When the sun became low.

Instantaneous collision of memories.  
Past and present.

Skeletal feathers pushed away by the wind.  
Cold.  
The release of a spiraling and radiating petal.  
Watched;  
First black -then- opaque blue grey.  
Then white clay.

Polynesian foliage eaten by a bear with golden fur.

Splinter.

Fingernails forgotten,  
Parts of fruit left over from the beginning.

Consolidated or Broken?  
Fallen or flying?

Climbing down from grace

Tooth harness intended for vertical arrangements  
Of pierced forms in interlocked tension:  
Tempered with tenacity.

There was a cold and fierce anger.  
I scratched and clawed at the moon beams.  
And watched small flecks of light  
Splash and disappear

The soil burns underground for eons.  
A buried oil fire melts the skin of earth.  
Releasing mysteries every moment.

Crawling through tear filled dark passages.  
Into the slow and wet domain of unresolved regret.

Baby asparagus left to die in the desert.  
It shrivels into the forehead of a leafhopper,  
Exposed in a sky burial  
On a Tibetan mountain top.

Resurrection techniques leak fluid black ink.  
Delinquent in productivity and proficiency.  
The dreadful work and time, shortened into the synthesis  
Of existence.

Caramel eyelids bringing squinty tear  
Futures and long legged window spiders,  
Dangling, forgetting.

Broken organelle ferment,  
Daytime putrefaction.

Highly delicate eyes break open.  
Unleashing the furry of a thousand lives.  
Eyes that respond to the motions of her dreams.  
A poem  
Compressed with desire and distrust,  
At the same moment.

Crawling beneath a mountain  
Looking for her.

Towards a place in the past  
That will not be forgotten.  
A strengite begins its growth as a seed.  
The nucleus.  
Radiating strings of reflective crystal.

Carnal brain cave causation.

Transcendence and potency.

Floridian nightmare inconceivable.  
The time lost.  
The illusion of time lost?  
Every experience creates an echo  
Through the behavior patterns of the mind.  
Be honest and absolute.  
The source.

Archway of bliss,  
The erasure of mistakes.  
The healing of wrongs

A complete reversal of all rules.

The absolute worst thing that ever happened.

The ignorance has been lifted,  
Revealed.

Hear the sound,  
It comes from a tornado  
Combining the horizontal with the vertical.  
The static and the kinetic.

Natural kinetic phenomenon

Magnetic happiness courses through  
Cotton fabrics from Egyptian tombs  
Discovered by you in three days  
Accidentally.

Overlapping four week old rhino embryos  
With a seven week chicken embryo.  
To produce a new hybrid,  
A genetic vision.

Soft Tooth

Pulled back behind the smile-  
No smile.  
Angular water ripples resurface  
Below my mind I  
Follow

Stay focused

Drowsy but hyper;  
In tandem with sonic potentialities.

Black outer space peaks through bodies.  
We make a connection:  
A void is created,  
The human body joins others.  
A window through arms.

Waterfall hidden in her palm.  
Blackness folded up  
Inside her.  
Electric earlobes tingle and radiate  
Golden cathode tubes,  
Electrifying the air,  
Connecting our fingertips.

Pleasure

Undressing her mind so she will be primal.  
So the wind will fall sideways in her,  
Releasing trouble.  
Let her be.  
Protection of the mind with cloth that is clean.  
Bleaching the studio with concepts that clarify.  
Light that is crystal clear.

Time erodes the edges.

Turning the clear and new crystal columns into chips,

Slowly polishing stone that becomes a sphere.

# Giant Egg

Turquoise and lavender sound waves spin:  
Melting between eye sockets.  
Lava droplets become succulent  
To under water blind crabs  
And fish with courtship malfunction.

Lavender moth rings and enchanting sliver marbles  
Singing echoes into the soft earlobes  
Of angry rabbits in heat.  
Desert sand in the hair,  
Beauty that has become invisible  
To those who poses it.

Mysterious cold universe spread out at night  
For the worried stem-less rose on ice.

Sound waves liquefy and penetrate velvet comfort,  
Between evenings spent sleeping with clothes on.

The mischievous rabbit takes refuge under the velvet rope.  
A polished jade fragment was found in the pocket  
And clasped with the left hand.

A squeezed opal marble taste that becomes cream over the horizon.  
The thoughts of tomorrow linger in the belly.

A salamander could not live here.  
The stones of buildings come alive and gather their intentions  
To conceal a transparent eyespot.  
A red blooded jelly gathering its desire for the infinite.

## Jig Saw Tremor

Bursts of light  
Fragments of energy.

Into the darkness: spindly white edges fracture  
And silver opaque goblets suddenly overflow  
With sour chips of color.

Curling paper unravels before light can reach it,  
Blue grey shadows saturate citrus canker

And decorate with dirty paint offerings.  
Chopped up multiplicities fluctuate an uneven field of motion.  
Hovering conjunction leading to multiple interpretations,  
Evident with multi colored outlines.

Moon beings gather their minds,  
Around gelatinous offerings.  
Given by Mayan priests:  
Offerings of wounded clay  
Drying in the sun.

A world without shadow,  
With infinite light.  
Unstoppable wavelength interference.  
Sound cancellation.

Death of the sparrow fossil.

Equestrian afternoon  
Spent examining bone skeletons.  
Earthy remembrances  
Tickle cloud wisps  
At mid day.

Elephant Ears near Wolf Lake

An unknown object projects a deep green shadow across the ground.  
The sun reflects off my spectacles, allowing me to see  
Out of the corner of my glasses, the image of my own pupil.

A large consolidation of elephant ears grow in the distance.  
They look like extremely large lily pads, misshapen and dry.  
A green fluid substance appears in a small ditch beside the road.  
Two small fence posts act as a welcome gate for my imaginary travels.  
The birds slowly increase their calls until night fall.  
Becoming cold slowly.

Hands which trace the surface of soon to be torn down buildings.  
Suddenly out of focus: a blue line moves back across the sky  
Exposing a horizon imagined by looking at a textured wood grain.

The soft evening light was just enough  
Allowing me to observe the various articles of discarded farm machinery.

Exquisitely designed tractor engines  
Pretending to move when I am not looking.  
White chipped paint drips upwards.  
Nails instead of screws.  
The observed presence of homeless people and drifters.

Ritualistic pouch meant to hold sacred stones.  
Small tassels of primitive metal chime earthly rhythms  
During dance.

Suspended artifacts await eternity-  
Priceless beadwork  
Illuminated behind bullet proof glass.

Skeletal metamorphosis:  
Parrot mutation.  
Splashed out for display.

Archaic intelligence spinning celestial substances.  
Hurricanes fumbling indeterminacy shock waves  
Through underwater and terrestrial habitats.

Cosmic interaction  
Caused by minuscule creatures  
With unknown intentions.

The invisible ribbon tickles the dying butterfly.  
It was fourteen days old and needed the moon to cycle  
levitated iron winged sound modules into the orbit of Jupiter fluid.  
Melting miles of mutual feeling.

Kyanite shards penetrate a bed of blue granite and Afghani mountain dendrites.  
The sun illuminates foreign terrain and global satellites connect invisibly.

Sound parrot = guppies of sound  
Releasing red evolutionary fluid that tastes light and warm.  
The increasing weight of time allows the memory to relax.  
Soon double legged marsupials wait in the dark  
For oval reservoirs and cold tender strangers  
With unusual habits.

Dusty thunder crackles and melts silica

-Rough edges-

Belly snapping or pinching glass with tongue.  
Neck strain preventing wanderlust for thorn juice.

Eye security shields from cold crisp flakes of mica.  
Splashes of blue and red mix tactile sounds.

Strawberries Blinded

Collapsible sea  
Crustacean.

Evergreen weightlessness.

Cornflower shadows levitate  
Above meaningless gravity.  
Spread wide the lips  
Of a sapphire and draw curved  
Cosmic speciation.

Concussion of cloudless clarity.

Contour of cavernous  
Star energy.

Rotary eagle  
Spinning currents beyond oblivion.

Opal dolphin plus  
Opal caldron.

The missing star fragment  
Is magnetically pulled into  
Our orbit.

Projected Desire

Oil on canvas = blue

Mayan octopus beginning below tortoise chamber.  
In subterranean estuaries.

Cold underwater rain dance.

Gather warmth; encapsulate.  
Construct leverage and string up.

Offerings of corn to the sun.  
Abnormal autumn unraveling  
Before dawn.

Cold black feather message.

Strong Entity Stretched Weak

Deliberate simplicity in ideal gatherings.

-In corridors of spirituality-

Dragon panels and elongated scales  
That leak across the horizon.  
Across the whiteness-  
All colors.

Burning space vibrates horizontally,  
Alleviating exhilaration.

The closing of sleep leaves many ornamental fragments.  
Memories so full that the body peels thought.

Paint

Drape over expression over tedious mathematical functions.

Groupings, sets and relationships.  
Sequences of notes pop like bubbles in the sun  
Near anti-gravitational bliss I await eternal rest.

On a ship headed for the sun – I slowly wait  
In the anti-gravitation chamber.

Mechanical devices advise their users to aspire to the stars.  
Those who follow can transcend.

Toes with pounded courtship spiral energy  
That burns young tender saplings near the forest fire.

Dove Tail Function

Sprinkles, laughter  
And anticipation of sex.

Synesthesia- utopian evolution

Laughable as a small daffodil  
Chained together with poetry.

Lamp shade of flickering electrons,  
Small groupings of four,  
Communities of 12 and 16, gather the cosmic energy.

Wind storm of audio memories.

Buzzing leaflets are profuse  
Near tear ducts.

Orpheus and Prometheus melt eyes and taste blue cloth.

The comfort of pattern opens up and reveals a structure  
On to which light and space dissolve.  
Only to be built up again with the determinacy of a fortress  
With walls that scratch.

The collections infused with harmonics.  
Fragmented with logic and character.

Medicinal flora transferred onto the stage of a ventriloquist.  
A lone nomad has come to stillness at the end of a long winter journey  
Through the dry desert.  
The wind picks up and deposits sand in my eyes.  
I close them but I still see three houses with a nighttime coating on each.

The stillness of sound and the activity of the sea.

The swiftness of birds allows for their feathers to escape.

The freedom of a syncopated pattern breaks free from the page  
becoming invisible.

It settles on the floor of my mind and leaks from my finger tips.  
I clasp spindly wire and blow through my nose.

The world has become small as the flowers open in the evening.

[Invisible Courtship Display]

The frozen dew nightmare  
Becomes stuffed into  
Black matter.  
The spindly nighttime clouds reach  
For fallen love  
Between sleeps.

Extreme Intervals

Eye movements that crawl across a flat surface  
With small parts buried within.  
“Plastic wind”

Hurricane filaments that coalesce  
Into embryonic occurrences:  
Soft pillow desires  
“Smearing the void”

Puling string through metal eyes.  
Barbs of cold wet steel pull through the water  
In search of the unknown.  
“Evolutionary burst”

Co-evolution.

Twisting fingers.  
Broken fragments.

Blissful Leftover Love Stance

Brains spin, heart beats double in the morning.  
Fires in the evening keep warm.

The anticipation of flu  
Leaves orphans in a state  
Of big eyed drench.

The heavy wrench breaks  
And bolts become replacements.

Cauliflower face twitch  
Splits the toes of a raccoon paw.

Spinning mountain oval approaching.

## Forgotten Blink

A crystal stone cliff,  
Images of the earth moving in ecstasy.  
A brides dress metamorphosed  
Into a living entity.  
It flies upward reaching infinite space  
Only to reach a wall of ideas.  
Each one growing on the last  
extending life.  
Sounds made life:  
Made the earth.  
My mind grows tired;  
Knees weak.  
Could hardly speak  
But write.

A sweeping cold draft.  
A memorable tune,  
Now beginning to fade is the  
Light of the day.  
The night creeps,  
Waiting till its chance to grow.

## Dried Leaves Left Behind

Promising messages told to people without ears.  
For years my past consisted of time without purpose.  
In the beginning my world existed without me.  
Now my existence is made evident through inscribed feelings.  
Burned negatives of my world.  
Now exposed truths of future  
Leave evidence of past.

## Ancient Infant

Deep beyond the dry chapped desert.  
Past the ancient lake bed.  
Lies a place which bubbles from below,  
Hot stones are thrown  
High in the air.

Calm light pours softly beneath  
Golden flickering moments,  
Becoming stepping stones  
For those who climb and crawl.

Momentary Pause...

Soft puddles within the forest  
Slowly decrease their intensity and frequency.  
Upside down tree limbs split on their way down.  
Slowly reaching  
The tops of young trees.

A desert rose suffocates  
On lifeless mosquitoes,  
Gathering its strength to move.  
Not frightened by sounds from beyond.  
Equal in strength to those unfortunate dreams.  
Those distant, separated yet close individuals.  
Blind armadillos tunnel their way into the past.

Climb onto those swift rivers  
Watch the creatures bend, extend and reveal.  
Bothersome irrational beings.  
Squeeze this and search with a small flashlight in the dark.  
There were stars, oh the stars let themselves be seen.  
Always for the first time.  
Always reaching beyond the limits  
Of a small flashlight.

Bugs That I Admire...

Crickets and cicadas.

Bugs need to relax.  
Especially those ear wigs  
With missing traces.  
The poorest little creature.  
Destined for early destruction

All previous traces become a blank white marble  
Reaching beyond limits of the known probable.  
However, the entrance began to unfold,  
Expanding beyond.

-Alligators-

Alligator gar  
Mayan cichlid  
War mouth  
Mudfish  
Largemouth

Placing leopard frog babies among  
Small alligator tails being  
Served until extinction.

Chance connections  
Immediately contradictory.

# Invisible Opening

## Cloaking Device

Passionate blurry eyed ripples,  
Brushed into clam traps.

## Bivalves

Clams, mollusks, snails,  
Cuttlefish, and octopus.

Color changing patterns  
Model steam channels  
Seen from ten thousand feet  
Printed out onto aquarium backdrops.  
Organisms disappearing  
Into ten thousand foot aerial photo  
Without falling.

## Honey Suckle

Warm things.  
Evaporated protein essence.  
Exposed temperature release.

Fire palm  
Dark window passage  
Through tourmaline heaven sphere.  
Artichoke  
Love peeler

## Tip Toe on Marshmallow Softness

The most enlivening person found in mid-flight  
(Easy with blessings)  
Eyes that move in,  
Touch brain.  
Heavy past transcribed and recorded  
Added to a larger moment.  
Which blinks cannot count.

# Feline

A calm stillness suddenly fell over  
The evening.  
I decided to go out for a walk.

Outside, the moon poured gold into my eyes.  
I could feel an icy chill on my bare feet.

I tried not to look but I noticed some stars fell  
On the ground.

I came close but they were lost  
In the sand forever.

I took her by the hand

She was quiet and touched me.

The sky pulled her head back  
And the stars started to fall into her eyes.  
They fell through her body  
And came out of her shoes a short while later

The long thin line of red passed downward.  
Blanket of a velvet purple horizon.  
Cold

Warm earth approaching,  
Avalanche of sand pressed together  
Quietly.

The anticipation of softness.  
Combined with emerald pond like warmth.

Just beyond the horizon

Midnight beneath the primordial sky.  
It was purple black.  
With a few specs of light.

Looking through a tunnel  
Of a hundred windows.  
A blue fractured space vibrates,  
Throwing sunbeams  
Diagonally,  
Upwards.

Man standing on the wing of a bird.  
Until the spines and flowers on his Back sprout  
Jaguar toned sacrifice coordinates.  
Of a circular headdress,  
An unfinished world, a predicted apocalypse.

Chain link lobster sequence.  
Above symmetrical tooth enhancement.

Dry red clay.  
Golden sour nectar of shamanistic enchantment.

The death of a lemon blossom.  
Rebirth.  
Seen from the perspective of a cloud's softness.  
The strong blue cloud bent over the horizon.  
The jumping cloud folded over a long piece of fire.

Black onyx hidden within sandpaper skin.  
The strength of a stone relaxed  
With the help of sandpaper.  
Time

The burning flames turned into tongues.  
A wind brought the sweet smell of lemon blossoms.

Deep height  
And shallow foresight.  
Empty tunnel awaiting exploration.

The red lava cavern crumbles  
Below a sea urchin nest  
With crystallized petals  
And long red spines.

Playful as a sick kitten.

Hot burned butterfly wings.  
Collected near the entrance.

Blue moon intestines curl and release  
Potent poison.

The soft yellow mollusk curls up  
Before it meditates within a shell.

The coolness of water cannot be felt.

Slip through the river of light bulbs.

It was below ground, where it is hot.  
Where the mice eat rivers of golden pollution.  
Accumulating near small pipes  
Draining down deeper,  
Etching stone,  
Creating new space.

Elastic Transport

Replacing one destination with another.  
Slowly the city creeps by;  
The same rhythms change duration.

The noise of deep inhabitants.  
Seeps through carpet,  
Depositing heavy metals on the tongue.

Stalagmite burial chambers found above ground.  
On an atoll above the city.  
A forest of miniature stone columns  
Shadowed by cypress hallways,  
Leading into the unknown.

Linear suspension that rolls down transitions  
Between worlds.

Blue womb caterpillar

Beneath red symmetrical  
Moon on the right,  
Above the landscape of desire.

Blue is all that she kept.  
Beneath her last memory.

The beginning of the end.  
A sad heavy feel.  
Like a left behind memory.  
Tomorrow.

All I can remember is blue.  
She kept it hidden from light.  
Behind thick trees;  
Darkness

There were white metallic objects  
Rusting quickly, secretly.  
Cold and flat, the white surface was filled  
With red cracks.  
The occasional sound of clouds touching.

Burning trails.  
Long chains,  
Purple velvet.

Liquid

I see patience everywhere.  
The stillness that sits just beyond eyes.

The most unusual sounds  
Coming from a young child very far away.

The only green for miles.  
The scarcity of blue.

The long airport.  
The cold begins.  
The traveling ends suddenly.

Still column next to the green dragon.  
Whose mouth was red.

Behind was the yellow star.

Bumble bee drop cloth  
On textured recipient.

Catalog puppets  
Into mythological wavelengths.

Separate the formula for exotic.  
Fur tumbler on  
Eat static.

Rococo pastel edibles.

Crunchy air without wind steam  
Quiet sublime morning relief.

Push petals aside with lava beast  
In underwater prehistoric situation.

Touch blink with  
Invisible instruments.

Or  
Grasp iron symbol with gravity.

Dark crevice with light brown remembrance  
Exquisite wetness and warm cream overalls,  
Long drawls and quiet rhythm.

The empty belly burn

Slightly numb in front of others.

# Spider Eye

Daylight Replenisher.

In-between forager, lavender harvester, neutrino scavenger.  
Quality and perfection monger.

Twilight wanderings through the eye hole of thread strings.  
Loops and curls of an Indian's tassel: leather strips.

Delirious confusion mangles thoughts through the energies of creation.  
Mental webs of drawing scaffolds aren't meant to be seen.  
Partially painted in drawings are the scaffolds over an unfinished building

Dark passion steam melts blue kyanite shards.

Oak chips splinter into fish fin sculptures.

Coral avalanche arranged into growing doorways; empty shells of a splintering spiral.  
Canvas patterns equipped for savage movements, calm closed eye constructs crumble  
after episodes of personal misinterpretation.

Desert reptiles peak up from beyond the horizons, through flattened gaps. Chips of  
Sandstone wedge themselves consciously. Choosing eternal rest in the exposed  
sadness.

Sandy dunes cut ridges through turquoise fields. Chalky blue cliffs are the ancestral  
Dwellings of rock doves. Overhangs and under stone lips: shadows cut beneath air.  
Almost touching objects retain autonomy with space and color. Compositions are in  
Unison with color and movement. Energy is released when gravity fails to be  
established.

Universal aesthetics, eclectic nature collection. Opaque visions of a false reality,  
imaginary places to escape to. Climbing flat mountains.

Fossil fins buried under speculation.

Missing links cause fragmentary understanding, with a somehow universal goal.  
Fragments force consideration, as to evolve. The heavy tone creeps up between  
objects.

Drenching with Devonshire droplets, pine sap that collects spider eggs.

Twisted fur trees are tortured in the cold alpine frost. Pines break down the middle  
Exposing shadow filled chambers and Cold seclusion. Four dark eyed misfits;  
crumbly insects fossilized for the cosmic travelers and discoverers to come.

Strata counters, timeline predictions and vague estimates.  
Overlapping layers break and thrust forwards.

End of the stoic series

The double mountain pinches together into seams of coherence, cleanly overlapping  
Singularities. An unknown force compelling all the forms to sway and slip down the  
slope.

Dead membrane inside genie nucleus.

Smear baboons flood passageways and yellow leaves. Grey stones burn mule black  
fuzz crumbs; while dust flip-flops blue white orchards. The black and white city leaks  
Fevers and tempers through the ages. Buried ruins reveal ancient parts of a singular  
story: History.

Coral ovulation opens underneath and crystallizes onto a spinal replica.  
Weightlessness falling sideways. Empty fields of birds,  
held by the crust.

Falling ripe-ness

Tender phantom wing, encrusted leaves breeding with touch-  
Charming avoidance.  
Exotic intoxicants repel foreign invaders with specialized appendages. Unfolding  
branches unravel pearlescent wing chips.

Stampede aftermath, the trampers-  
Exuberant materiality.

Crevice of glowing soil. Mud and clay freeze in mid-Motion, terrorizing elephants  
into charges; even whales breathe in glass. From the inside: vultures disembowel  
Tyrannosaurus membranes: pungent odor attracts fearful beasts for miles.

Several beasts get ready for secretive succulent encroachment.

Divided hemispheres miss-communicate. Equatorial temperatures cause nerves to tingle and radiate pulses of heat. Waves of relief become walls becoming empty. Absolute Nothing; Silence: blank empty void.

Memory filter -

Memory banks

Obscene darkness with all eyes on preparation. Plan and deliberation flex though springs until undressing for hours; minds go away. To awaiting touches. Anticipation of nerve firings and tendons of repetitive flex.

Freedom of the golden crucible which nurtures neighboring soft stones from above – open leaf canopies fold over life containers and striations of contour, scratching around porcelain rings.

Feline firestorm of angry chips and fibers, disconnected filaments organize grids and Patterns.

Hanging gardens of sculptural painting

Vacuum sucked ant queen. Goldfish eruption plus magnetism of eyeball wanderings. Overflow of emotion curled up, into twine of cosmic space and infinite textures of overlap.

Cold echo chamber revolving: passing the time in the invisible interiors.

Florescent nurture sequences pour out between the cages and light traps which unlock spirals of clear Landscapes, unrolled for the first time.

Crumpled wire braids thickened near the edges; flattened in places. Curved and twisted into position. Between which flat chips of debris are wedged.

Highly independent typologies swirl around the same axis, transforming a diagram of the Singular into a fractured image of differing parts.

Rich chocolate ochre and golden powder flattened and cut into strips of brittle stone that Fracture along its length.

The human mind circle catches fragments of color.

Chipped and indented slabs of flaked flint. Peeled back, to reveal the interior of the space: raised up.

Topographical misinterpretation caused by individual elements assembled into a semi-fractured web, stretched over itself; transforming sameness with poetic difference. Everything is specific, identical parts are only seen from oblique angles. The distortion of Space caused by wide angle lenses. Parts are cut out after the distortion occurs and become redrawn after this cut/transformation. Shower of golden buildings, slicing sideways through blocked out emptiness. Spread out landscapes tilted onto calcite crystal faces. Twist, compress, fall, shift, float, stretch, spread, connect, disconnect, collapse, tilt Arrange-circulate, split, speed, light, gravity, and upside-down. Blended crystal slivers. Pinch point. Break, transparent, opaque.

Tumbling parts attain still-ness with light. The shadows create balance and beingness. Shells of protective opacity stand guard against the unknown. Upsurges of pressure crack ground fragments.

Sour laughter stabs continental fury. Dinosaurs bleeding lavender; a crunchy wind chime courtship avalanche. Black lead and heavy thunder, falling and rising. Anti-thunder interactions between mental images. No positive exchange of energy. The repelling nature of magnets.

Fossilized dinosaur tongue, entangled in poisonous vines. Fallen life matter finally Touches the ground and embeds bacteria in the flesh. Between the shifting plates Microorganisms command the planet. Organized movements create shock waves that initiate breaks in the lithosphere; sending cascades of trees flying down the mountain on fire. Tilted bark splinters as it collides with rocks and deflects leaves, which get stuck in the split wood.

Swollen feathers intermingle with aborted shoots and leaves.

Nursery gathering of infant crystal grains. Infinitely scattered onto seven shifting planes of dimension – four to seven worlds, overlapping frequently to produce double worlds.

Tourmaline symphony of electrical rain. Vibrating surfaces of shattered stacking clusters. Whole cities blown apart and redrawn as if they were imaginary.

Train wobbles overlap, creating doomsday courtship with chance and blind wanderings until surprised.

Sparrow quivers and bass rumblings entrap mice paw footstep noises in the night. The Sleepy traveler entangles moon glue between black dried volcano coves. Awakened warrior of poetry mindfully tears life from shoulder. Rounded equivalence and ovals turned into crystal rings for planets to slide across.

Memory photos with time in-between points of development.

Soft focus fibers, iridescent clouds shield us from hurricane force mentality. Obliterated charms resurrected with memory telekinesis. Between dark bodies we unravel chunks out of rumbling bass frequencies.

Fibrous black court spells and blinding ovals pierce belly wind. Orchards of eyes dissolve Clothing and bleed invisible tears for impossible situations. Dead memories rot in the Mind of a potential life. A chasm of vibration loosens wind knots and spins strings around a nucleus of desire.

Belly flowers and fleshy pink droplets gyrate before blackness tightens the belly tendons and opal liquefies nurturing memories. Carved wind stones blow horizontally as Guppies circle above the submerged wreckage of our beloved homes. Blasted calcite towers crumble and flow like pyroclastic ruby avalanches and teleported diamonds that crush wish makers.

The oak fire barrier melts drums of pine tar. Perfume of the ancient alchemists; Firepower at the push of an eyelash. Blink on mountains and stone arches above sea Level. Granite canyons split and unleash passion floods of mercury black lightning. Foaming toads mince their big lips in the cold mud. Life grows around and in-between their legs and toes. Falling leaves crumple and twist in the wind. Some leaves glue themselves together and bear the cold under snow step melts and new pond ecosystems under ice till spring.

Dieing majestic bears fight for salmon flesh: pink and bony. Eggs with blood red juice that stains bear cub paws. – The icicle falls above the bird nest: danger for fossils to be. Blue green sky polluted with ice crystals that sublime into gas. Floating dirt clogs ventricle systems and dusty black bodies that never reach oceanic abyss. The plane of black powdery red starfish, that spindles weapons of venom for each predator that burns equipment for eating – taste flesh - and spines of red invisible life.

Rapture of truth and judgment.  
Unleashed courtship security and sighted speeds.

Will purple eye grains bleed wind for weeks and pause for months until passion burns on reentry? London traveler, night owl, swift hawk art expert. Philosophical master of the Infinite potential overlap sequence = infinite night wind.

Shadow filled causeway between Jurassic sensations, fearful discourse between extinct Fossils awaiting charming courtship between filaments of time, Kyanite passion, bleeding Elbows break down bodily action. Before.

Capsule of energy

Savage artifact cut by its own edges. Crumpled life which dislocates currents and warm Stoppages. Opaque scaffolds of forest canopy let light in-between and let all the forest Life exist in the same field of view. Not synthesis: a rejection of isolation and an Embrace of fragmented conglomerates of optical overlap. A density of floating Geological activity. Disturbed by color variation and deformations of surface and form.

The polished world.

Snow covered desert stone burnt by yellow sun melts and warm red wet fruit. The sting of ferment and sour soft melts of yellow flesh.

Sun erosion and wind erosion cause ventifacts to wave granite boulders into a blurred out of focus painfulness cut by sharp edges.

Calm legs relax autumn death for hours. Touch stretched melts of kiss and behavioral eye motions that inspire love and mating rituals.

Tendrils of water float time around space. Calm curving arcs of blue twine and spin air currents and uncontrollable eye travelings. Unconscious linguistics gyrate ocular havoc Sequences. Obscured opacity and gravitational uncertainty. A shadow-less world Populated by young stones and old people.

The ameba divides and harmonizes with the green. Soft curls radiate the edges with creamy purple. It feels beneath the plants. The circular collection device gathers fragments from the past and enters them within the continuum of the circle. Loops and floating typologies overlap and complexity spills out beyond the outer limits. The dash, the cut and the slice into the transparent air; of a floating matrix of multiplicities.

## Dynamo

Equipment avalanche of cloudlike magnitude.

Ancestor reanimation begins shortly, take a seat and we will begin.  
The sour stench of life breaks into bits of tremolo carvings.  
Cornflower avalanche plus nightmare leftovers beneath the gumbo limbo.  
Acres of green yellow orchard scent are crawling crawfish embryos that aren't edible

A petal crevasse unfolds and settles when the wind quiets. Mineral rich ideas expand and inflate. River carvings pile up earth crust clearly.

Mountains are 360 degree rivers  
That crumble from the pressure of ice. Internal impurities expand and split the crystalline outside. Precipitation heals and destroys. It is the divine nectar and saturator.

The flux that cycles earth processes and initiates the most change.

A painting about water without a fluid line or a curve.  
A rock river.

Switch back drawings

Pillow lava, lava bombs.  
Leaflets protrude from fertility.  
Density of speed, clusters of traffic

Geological processes.

Relics of rituals harmonize with other memories.  
Travels of ghost membranes dissolve across the wind strings.

Buoyancy is feminine.

Concrete salamander contact indicating the swiftness of darkness. The rhythm of rain  
Sounds create number sequences that can be translated into  
Something.

Overlapping paths of history interweave the existence of individuals. Interconnected  
Potential futures materialize in a flux of the past, projected onto a new plane. An  
abstract  
Notion of the future. Each individual travels a route through space; this line of travel  
can be influenced by many external forces.  
But at some point...

Nothing repeats exactly in the night flakes of juniper and green heart bliss. Young  
tender tendrils tantalize talk. Cuneiform wind patterns align with internal brain  
functions to transcend out of body experiences. Vectors travel across and leave the  
page to affect the body impulsively and un-continuously.

Sparrow saliva drenching behind the eyes. Velvet trembling in the morning ice sheets,  
Slipping and melting into air, directly. The spontaneous transformation from solid to  
gas. Diamond  
Dust is blasted out of tents of heat. Industrial grease used for nine hundred pound  
machine.

Gas powered cable car with reversible motion searching through a net work of  
rainforest canopy research sanctuaries. Baby monkey dreams of raw meat and mutual  
indifference towards others. Demon theory, mammalian inevitability, malleable  
mandible street dreams carve wisdom through empty cell structure and train radiation.  
Hot polluted magnets crush rodents and mistrusted creatures behind sterilized glass.  
Trains pull up and reenergize or retire refurbished mechanisms for public transport.  
Extensive train lines dot the curves of the earth's crust. The spreading plates freeze  
before breaking.

Folded sedimentary sandstone containing teeth of small fish and amphibian toes.  
Crystallized hyena eyelids cover ancient Mayan fresco panels. Butterfly tendrils clasp  
dragon fly sensitivity. Thought speed of small fast flying insects making quick  
decisions; but they can't deliberate for extended periods of time: tools.

Hybrid geology translates through habits. A clever federal fix. Still elephant training  
and head under foot cushions, cloudlike cleanliness squeezes and stretches optics or  
black and  
white scratch worshipers. Gather four small tremblings and expunge negative throat  
remnants. A Japanese mystery becoming older than the ancestors who never moved  
anywhere. Small click languages vibrate and become a musical language of  
metronome based fluidity. Distinct, cold, rhythm – speed of sensations indicate

intelligence, beauty and complexity – artistry – even unknown languages have elegance.

Meanings should not be limited by the possibilities of construction. Walking asleep; living behind the dream case. A small green box feathered with serpentine charms.

Totem slumber with porpoise carver. Or maritime ship string expert  
During ritual competitions.

Razor green grass tips fossilized and sharpened.  
Greased oily mess.

Drowsy lion meat cured and preserved in salt.  
Roasted dream placed in a reservoir of starlight.

Pond scum sparkles with strings of glowing light that wrap across a pigeons arch.  
A downward spiral that pours through wind channels.

Apples burning through the wind slots, while courtship is everywhere. Demons burst in mind passages and youthful games. Tired ages proceed in order to classify potentiality.  
Predictability proceeds with plenty of plurals and anti-knowings.

Belief is not necessarily controllable.

How do scarab scars heal on the shell of a fish fossil?

A blue pumice spiral radiates crystal habits in alternating positions, localizations of seeds cannot be determined due to burial flows and constructions of psychic thought, brought together but meant to be mentally reconstructed. Potent vitamins saturate tissue fibers and strengthen during the impact. The snap of branch induces paranoid cravings for bitter Cellulose fibers, dried or boiled and roasted; smashed, mixed with relic water and soiled with tears of childhood regrets. Mistaken pathways enrapture small eyes and misinterpreted leftovers linger between seasons before falling to pieces during the Afternoon gelatin feast.

Dusty sky crystals explode frequently

Submerged branches crawl along the bottom of a pond, several small fish move to Investigate. Suddenly, a wave passes by and destroys the branches, they twirl and roll along the sandy silt of a lake bottom the blue water turns into emerald glass towards the surface, from underneath dimensions are elastic and fluid dynamics dissolve the

solid mass of a bird before the wind chops up the waves; Scattering feathers into beads of light.

Now the small fish follow the speedy and unpredictable currents on the pond surface. A figure eight repeats many times; - the fish watch their shadows from above. All twenty fish become dark black moving darts of shadowy ink, plumes that fold over the ridges of the silty bottom.

Drawing dreams up from the well of history.

Smashed cream spreads flat, folds over and floats on a lake of nickel on mercury.

Fire fly beings expand and become mega strong. The knowledge of ritual keeps them Obedient to the gods of wind and rain. Fear and beauty unite to displace logic and to Instill the object with reverence. A floating world cracks open to reveal air within air. Bubbles of worldly limits break and expand the limits of the outer realm of thoughts.

Patterns of overlapping cells mask the electric currents of our bodies. Walls mask the exterior from the interior.

Drawing comforting pillows of lava that settle on the ocean floor. Splitting like a giant bread crust and boiling the sea for only a moment. Small contained localities of boiling fluid fluctuate with the current sending invisible eternal messages to sensitive fish skin.

Deep within

Lava oozes through elastic passages, and rapidly cooling red lights that disappear when the earth wounds heal.

Dinosaur pupils spread flat on a bird's wing.

The evolution!

Green divider between the future and the discovery of ones past experiences.

Dialog with edible juice and turquoise sky levitations.

Radiant charms glow warm beneath the sky.

Sour slivers of serpentine sensation. The reptile bird connection, dissected with perception.

Intimate beastly understanding. Foul terror capacitor, reactor and separator.

Fluid thought for hunger.

The fluid and the jagged at the same time. Geo-hydro morphology. Singular and continuous cubic bodies with mass and precise structure rotate and coalesce into an invisible point in the center. Curving paths prevent collision or suggest it.

Fireball panda paw.  
Crunching ice tooth grackle feast.

Dinosaur vertebrata covers between green pastures. Silica splinters pierce leather  
Lioness warmth.

Blue bird offering African spice.  
Or cold creek space shuttle.

Miracle of blandness shining within resonant intervals. Signals of upside down  
Shadow tracing, and opaque crispness.

Fiery citrus medicine.  
Coral carving above the sky.  
Rearranged reef persuasion.

Or pyromorphite and other minerals discharged during volcanic activity.

Poetic worship

Calcite, the universal substance.  
Almost unlimited plastic potential. –

Levels of time/space.  
The distant is the beginning. Time rolls forward in a tumbling mass of collisions.  
Instances of overlap imply sequentiality, and duration. Progression is created by  
Stacking and leveling (stepping).  
A forward backward mechanism for experiencing a painting.

A sequence of flat tablets stacked on their side cascading forward.

Flocking dynamics

Steering/avoidance

Undress firefly romantics in the cool air. Shimmy wood spikes between forest canopy  
branches and make a perch for human habitation. Counterbalance panda skin with  
water bucket.

Geology – terrain analysis

Eroded limestone of Florida.

Crystallized coral formations, fossils, rocks and minerals.

Calcite and some quartz, largemouth bass, blue gills, zebra butterflies, ant farms, curbs and ledges

Douse boiling wood juice over splintering key stones under pressure. To soothe the mind and begin the conclusion.

Planes, mass, volume

Flat crystalline flakes,

Shields, walls, skeletons, (external)

Torso

Thoroughbred delta breeding in leather flatness. Cold paradise bleeds winter window frost from the crust of bitter ice, deadly months in the jungle full of concrete pillars and window ledge offerings.

Sharp air.

The veins, tendons, internal skeletons as well as external. Vines of linear structure.

Gesture, overlap. Transparent volume. Paths, tendrils, antennae.

Awareness of implied volume through overlap.

Long stem,

Map.

Red egrets peruse leopard skin poachers in Ethiopia.

The wild hormone arrangement in yellow.

Gravity map spreading equatorial pheromones throughout Easter Island or its surrounding metaphors. Small iguanas catch egg shells in the winter. Below water, wind streams do nothing to earth wetness. Cold wet flowers smash sticky thorns into a purple scented dairy farmer in the summer. Each florescent gem slice must be squashed with belly heat. The beginning of numbness emancipates overly sensitive fire flower crunchers. Or secretly opal insiders melt rib cage textures or scratchers. The mistrusted gestures cause exhaustion in the legs. Or broken lip vibrato and teeth chattering pulsates

Desire packets intended to forget

About.

Infused courtship territorial

African sculpture enraptured with the ages.

Branches- water, stone, air.

Rubber band around rolled up worlds. Small drawings folded up and sealed.  
Forgotten, destroyed due to memory failure. Outside beings radiate intelligence.  
Organisms shift, as ripples of knowledge alter environmental conditions.

Sapphire bubbles sliced into rings for the goddess. She slept near rabbit temples and  
the mortuary.

Levitating sparrow eggs fragment in the air and coalesce into a multitude of chime  
Sounds, soon the black vibrations concoct root growth, as temperatures fall during the  
night. Reflective moon stone sliced into thin sheets and polished by small hands.  
Transparent gold pressed thin and held up in front of the light to discover flattened  
crystals and metamorphic phenomena.

Red fire balls bleed daffodil scent.  
Eruptions of magma cool in the air before falling into memories. Paint chips  
reproduce without difficulty. Multiplied bird wings collect themselves like  
synchronized swimmers in planetary orbits exploding above the nest. The scraps are  
gathered and reconstructed.

Interplanetary hunger  
For numb cinders and musings caught by a lioness, disemboweled by jewelry thieves  
And porcupine fear.  
Curtains

Religious dedication to curved massage artifacts.

Slimy serpentine liquid spurts from the clover nothingness. Sharp winded coldness  
cuts the snow-less winter between gutters.

Large granules of protein compress and release energy. Many small gestures of forms  
fall off the picture.

Multi-faceted.

Relief sculpture

The dissection of life cut from chaos.  
Being and becoming.

Fuzzy dreams with paintings that seem better than they actually were.  
Timeless beauty.

Runaway dream ambassador

At the gates of clover three hundred people saw a screaming hallucination. Scratched Rubber melts periodically in lines of four that drag for miles in the summer, fire begins to tremble the foundations of our home. A soundlessness awaits us if we sleep through this. Life is one big perpetual spectacle. An everlasting struggle for existence. Achievements cannot alter this.

Sensations of finitude deliberately stacked with crystals bursting over one another until Horizontal actions disappear and continuous fluidity of crystal chambers commence.  
Stillness and focus.

Senselessly optimistic

Ferocious facets of Italian facades swell with juice and ripen the thoughts of pleasure. Pointed whirlwind gravity encapsulates space within a growing field of light.

Succulent cactus microscope. Flakey red crust of dough. Fibers of polished gravity. Light saturated cave dwellings expose curiosities of a crystalline origin.

Rarities of dry dirt specimens.

Each geotectonic plate is a scale of this beast of fire. Time reeks through eye slits and the polished teeth of ancestors. The fallen dream of life; experiencing delectable drowsy fuzz. Static of blue magnitudes, or deadly terror of shine. Evil shadows kill maggots with fangs of foldable camouflage.

Cravings for courtship with the here after, the here forever. Somewhere: fragility of skin will disappear but memories remind one of carnivore desire. Or temptations of light. Within the orb of fantasy, small berries burst and squash through out the year. Small threads of attachable shreds move the soft textures and astounding flavors. Impossible realities coexist in drifting neuron fields. Dead memory graveyard. Temporal stretching, breaking chains. Rearranging beginnings, or just found endings. Honesty for smear. Tight sweat splits passion for powder. Smooth shine of transparent copper sponge life.

## The First Moon

Birth  
Danger-

Flight of the caged creature.  
Escape and freedom.

Arrows fell like rain  
Rain fell without sound.  
Sound increased like broken wood.  
Hostile territory

For the creature, space becomes an expanding force-  
Encircling, trapping, eventually devouring,  
Digesting and replacing.

The amber lantern  
Shared by two lovers.

Diagram of wishful entrapment  
Senior

Memory of crawling insects with intentions of harassment.

Gravity-

Long oval falling.-

Foldable insect  
Overlapping sunset

A walk in the hot sunlight  
Brings memories of Florida.  
I see deep black shadows  
And yellows that are extremely bright.  
The experience of strong daylight  
Is beginning.

Vibrating emotions felt many times.

The parallel raptor dissection

[Blue sky edibles]

Eight creatures adapted from one.  
The differences come from emotional fossil discoveries.  
Cold furious reptiles gaining energy from the sun. Trembling tumbles from under raw  
Umber.

Eight beings adapted to eight skies.  
Turnip, bitter bean roast.

Yellow and black birds  
Displayed at eye level under natural light.

Scissor tailed flycatcher oxide.  
Colored with strips of sand that must become lifted.

Traveling through the corridor of space, tunnel of chance.

A daffodil trampled by an elephant  
Seen at night  
With very foggy binoculars.

The temperature of light moonbeams  
Seen from below.  
Rocks float like basalt crust

Crumbling every four hundred  
Years.

Today the fragmentation of basalt columns and pillows were found below the earth,  
next to lava chambers that can melt anything. -Steam and minerals dissolve in the  
water  
saturating the undersea air with a yellow salt stain that crabs filter and eat.  
Tube worms extend and contract creating a vacuum that pulls in energy.  
It then solidifies a calcium and tungsten protective shell.  
Before reproducing on the fourth coming of the moon the collective release of energy  
sustains the life of countless other creatures that depend on yellow salt stained water.  
Unless it is the tenth moon; in that case, blue bismuth rich ventilations occur,  
which needle fish avoid due to the toxicity of arsenic and galena released  
Occasionally.

Distributed along the stretch of melancholy.

Copper intrusions  
Left by hydro-thermal ventilations.

Dinosaur oil-

Dark clouds shattered before the beast could awaken.  
The brightness of a lightning flash illuminates the face found quickly.

Lost, gone beyond long train passages.

Fear

Long iris stems, dead brown.  
Across the horizon there is a pond,  
It contains underwater roots that snap and fold their edges.

Small fish come to nibble the algae that shine a golden green hue, even in the shade.

As the sun rises the birds take to the vapors.  
They stretch and vibrate air,  
Beneath them the tops of trees are a treacherous sea of branches

Blue turquoise petal

Falling spiral time.  
Blue missing object

Found to have gone past limitless tone,  
To a hunched cold beam of laughter.  
Petals and pistols  
Time and direction  
The trajectory implies time.  
Movement: rotational perspective.

Calm furry insect exposed by wind.  
The fight of homes torn open  
And lifted rubies thrown before a crystal blue sky:  
Infinite horizon settling down  
Saturating the earth with dew.

Frost crystals crack vegetation  
Split tomato  
Dried in warm sun  
Baked.

A very cold day but surprisingly crisp and bright. The leaves rattle in the morning.  
They shrivel and scatter before the evening comes. Nightfall is bright for some  
creatures. It is more still and calm while always bringing the possibility of danger.

The night is quiet,  
The possibility of the unknown is enhanced.

The crumbling scattering landscape of feather fragments and nests constructed out of  
found objects on the forest floor. The glittering and terrible sight that becomes plastic  
and  
Frozen still, while the stretching branch extends its foresight into the glowing space  
of within. The burning desire from within pushes back its competitors to breathe in  
the dark,  
to open eyes with the flowers heart, the dripping crystal fluid, compressed and  
exploded  
between tantrums of fear and terror. The aggressive and parasitic carnivorous plant  
waits  
for prey beneath the sixth moon. A scaffold constructed to protect the self from  
invading beetles that bore through fir tree skin to lay eggs in sets of six. The  
crystallized flower opens its organs of terror between light.

The accelerated decomposition of minerals allowed for future bird feet to be frozen in  
mud.

Cold and quiet movement

Radiating light.  
A cavernous root structure with infiltrating roots decided to feel.  
The metamorphosis of a bird. It became a moving crystal.  
With long thin lines of thought.  
Radiating flecks of light illuminate the transparent mountain.

The desires of roots metamorphosed into the dream of a jelly fish.  
A thought which was similar to the accelerated growth of minerals  
Revealing the future of bird feet in cold mud.

The roots desire coldness. I found out when a jellyfish told me its dream. It began  
near an underwater mountain. Transparent as ice, but with small intrusions of red.

The fossilization of a blue and lonely sea urchins. Solidified in a strait jacket of  
quartz.  
It was from a time when the sea became so hot that it felt cold. The roots desire this.  
I found out when a jellyfish told me its dream.

### Dream Folding

Unremembered dialogs split by silence  
In the grass of today.  
Parks visited in order to see details  
Of shadows.

There were bugs that became cold.  
Together they walked past ivory voids  
Slender glances at the legs of my warmth.

Fold over tease  
Twisted past events forgotten.  
Long salamander wonderer  
Becoming forever taller is the next experience.  
Expectations becoming serious endeavors to excavate  
Long symbols repeating and disappearing –  
Invisible tendon visible to embryo.  
A contrast evoking weightlessness and uncontrollable states of mind.

### Red dream

Compressed without limits–  
Growths of shattered beams.  
Flakes of the stone  
Glued together with thoughts.

Bent sapling gone raw

Paused before crystal vibration.  
Stretch bend and fold.

Empty leg bone touched by a bottle fly.  
The day was ending; the beginning of work makes me anxious and tired.

The feather landscape, Parrot Wind Mountain. Pure fluorite crushed by baby screams  
and Large insects that move on wobbly legs.

The delirious rock dove circles the cheese before accepting the offering. It was  
grateful of the food that I had given it. The most tired bird began to wheeze and lay  
down repeatedly.

The impatience for movement and long childhood memories acted out with gestural  
dance movements and folded bed sheets that become a source of heat. The movement  
of cloth in the wind is a transparent phantom that cannot be caught with out the help  
of four sparrows and a rare green mocking bird. It calls for the heart of every person;  
it bleeds in the eye when coldness is directed towards two wings and a quickly  
beating heart. The long wait for air; hidden from speech is the subliminal idea, and  
laughter of continuous creation. Even several brain formations cannot accept reality  
which is explained with rhythmic sequences and uncomfortable silences.

The universe is a rotating moth fantasy.  
It contains energy that is centrifugal and bites down on air.  
Stillness and motion,  
The humming bird trapped by blue antennae.  
The attraction and gravitational pull of a bird's nemesis.

The birds control gravity.

Like a fragment of the sky

A levitating platform which provides speed.

The fantasy is followed and reproduced in the form of spirals and liquid sugar.  
Crystallizations occur between layers of batter that expand and become absorbent  
material intended for consumption.

The disappearance of substance caused by the conversion of edible materials into energy intended to produce feelings of love.

The transformation of sunlight into memory and experience. The conversion of momentary responses into the container of brain neurons; firing the same pathways for many years.

The foot prints of thought.

The impossible rain of spider legs and lava bombs that are magnetically attracted to each other; but avoid due to fear. The plain and illustrative depiction of antennae that search for what they desire. Shadows and sunlight separate at the seams, becoming independent objects that avoid contact with pain. The escape of a memory into the space of movement. A hundred recorded instances of consciousness. Float above a multi-horizontal landscape. Each expression of consciousness is a hiding, and secluded, symbol. The elastic stretch and reach of the invisible thorax seen for two months before disappearing into the future.

The weightlessness of turtles that fly in their dreams.

[The inner turmoil of a turtle who suddenly understood flight.  
Believe in your future.]

The spasmodic reflex caused by irritating insects that tear off their legs to search in the dark for the center of the earth -- which might be anti-gravitational.

The peeling and stretching of space, in order to reveal and discover that the fifth and sixth moon is an energizing force.

Orange arrow bird disintegrating  
Before the moon.  
The sunset dropped white feathers into my dreams.

My only revolution is by chance  
Memories are soon to be descriptions  
Calculated and organized  
For possible future creations.

Twig or pistil antennae  
Void movements- as memories of action-  
Dance spontaneity.  
Memory and form  
Inner vision = thought forms.

The night brings the unknown

Memory of autumn.

The escape of seeds into the  
Wind and soil.

Blue apples disappearing  
In front of a glass mirror, positioned  
At an angle  
To reflect.

Clap trap flicker following traffic back at it.  
Matter of fact this...  
Blue circular expandable device opens up,  
Revealing three hundred small ideas.

The panther ran from the deluge.

Large insects move on wobbly legs to avoid bird predation

The beginning of seclusion signifies a lack of confidence. The anxiety that exists within is enough to unfold a landscape intended to support many ideas.

As the sun rises, shadows stretch out and climb across mountains. The path laid out by the cosmos is a winding tunnel that can be followed in infinite directions. The existence of decision is proof of the will. The perception of movement signifies an understanding of duration and spatial proportions. The internal desire for movement is meant to satisfy and provide awareness of position. The sensation of touch provides information about the self. External stimulations are less important than internal consciousness.

The magic collection device awaits intercourse with the cosmos.  
It stretches through evaporating trees peeling the static from mountains.  
Turquoise nightmare scaffolding.

Long daffodils  
Exploded then re-crystallized.

Implantation of horizontal branches in movement.

Quiet birds found with

Flashlights in their  
Eyes.

The questioning yellow eye looks  
To the sky with anticipation.

Hiding beneath alizarin flowers  
The folded wings  
And bony legs of birds

Await predatory action

Golden soft bellies  
Float for hours.  
Searching for the submerged beginning.

Long leaflets become blueishful.

Grape flavored bird memory  
Equals bluishful

Aerodynamic evolution combined  
With subterranean explosion.

Red caterpillar legs that loosen from the soft yellow body. They float down stream  
and collect near the edges. The legs are rearranged by birds in order to fool butterflies  
into coming close.

The result is a feeding frenzy of unimaginable proportions. The birds must fly around  
the clock in order to build structures that are enticing for other young naive  
butterflies.

Florescent green  
That slowly becomes deep and thick.

The plastic construction of those physical objects serve no purpose other than to  
reveal the sister monkey that escaped last year.

Solidify laughter within a matrix of slow motion.  
Memories and thoughts that can be visualized,  
During times of extreme emotion

The transformation of natural stone and plant fiber into a technological nightmare.  
The burning chariot that transports individuals into areas of the atmosphere; where  
radiation can be seen on the propeller grease and infectious waste becomes irresistible  
to the young who unknowingly travel down a path.

Guided by strangers with greedy intentions.  
Where radiation can be seen to evaporate heart beats between sunsets.

A long tunnel through the air is seen as a guided path toward hundreds of different  
destinations.

A single occurrence is the most unusual when in spite of the rest it seems to burn  
pathways through the mind that cannot be forgotten.

Go to bed with dangerously hot sun beams extinguished earlier in the day.

The building of satisfaction, in the form of twigs, feathers and string, stone, wood,  
tied together.

The sensations of ones consciousness described with movements depicted with lines  
of string; wood and stone depicted with moon juice: pouring sour diamonds between  
the toes of beautiful women waiting in the grass for a man. To throw satellites like  
cupids arrow- A comet intercepted by explosive cartridges leaving wounds and  
irritated individuals who could be living on the comet.

I've seen  
A platinum water reflection that is partially translucent.  
It reveals stems and grasses.

The curve of a river passes beneath a grey cloud as it ascends  
Towards transcendence.  
With many young growths attached.

Iron rust powder  
Melted smoke energies

Lava storm

Created by bent rectangles and starlight phosphorescence.  
Bioluminescence of small frog toes.

Blind exuberance, found to be correct.  
The discovered elixir yields cold fountain entanglements.

Exploding star fragment: bent, touched by soft eyelids,  
The pond cries in the mornings, fear- long unbearable loneliness.

The torture of long silence.  
The sound of thick blood and heavy foreheads.

The crisp lift of late evening  
Producing unexpected scratchy sounds.

The persistence of rhythmic water spirit influences  
That radiate long tendrils  
That are the eyelashes of this water spirit.  
It exists within everyone.  
But to be released a spell must be cast.  
A visual entrapment of the human personification of water.  
Bio-morphic abstraction

Octopus erosion seen melting quickly

The foggy distance conceals  
Stones in a subterranean atmosphere.  
Cold submerged tower reflecting age and wisdom.

The black strings of water curl and flow  
Through channels carved out of air.  
Torn fabric  
Conceals the outside.

The surface comes into focus  
Revealing sandpaper jelly that is black and white.

Partially melted and in a constant state.

Curled skin bleached by time  
It dries slowly  
In circular formations.

Cold red buds catapulted through branches;  
And long parasitic eggs that are never discovered.

Long lizard legs and hollow tarantula arms,  
Clasping the last breath of a small bird.  
Long dreaming bugs next to a feather of an unusual character.

The stream of consciousness.

The explosion imminent. Wait too long?  
Work.

The process of anger  
Transforming into compassion.

The feeling of falling metamorphosed into light.

The process of fighting away sleep.

The anticipation of making love.

Air which has become solid.

The consolidation and record of movements.

Circular red fruits are pulled from the vine by a salamander with feelings of sorrow.  
Exposed at night by the bioluminescent jelly kept in the dark for many years. Deep  
below the surface, unknown newborns rise and ascend towards the light.

The remembrance of chambers subterranean

Terrible serpent spiral  
Between the two hornet guardians.  
The ones frozen  
By sharp fragments thrown against the wall.

The cloth landscape

Curves between the ocean currents.  
The wind blown algae graspers love to dig beneath wet sand.

Frenzy of fluid energy.

Black tar burns slowly in subterranean chambers of remembrance.

The fireball extinguished with the hands of young porcupines.  
In a field of blue  
Tulips on a rainy day.

Turbulent water heard by a blind swimmer; creating anticipation of catastrophe.

Deep and cold emptiness envelopes the sea floor. It bleeds through cracks in order to  
nourish the core of the earth.

Long strings coil; as a snake begins to show its furry.

Defensive attack.

Fractured crystals used to create primitive blades. Flint bone troubles occur when cave bears become aggressive.

The night stands behind the day. It follows shadows and leaves behind tree roots.  
The day extends its eyes, to wrap around the beginning of life.  
Plants

The day opens up to reveal driftwood and long chains of metal connected to Poseidon's chamber. The scratching of the water begins to irritate the puffer.

Blue fragments lost by cold time and disintegration.

Grapefruit acid on volcanic landscape producing feelings of love. Torn clouds on fire, releasing gemstones that melt and explode

Blue paladin- Native American serpent winds its way across the back of a mountain.  
Sickle cold stone opening

The blue serpent becomes cold near the opening. The ritualistic talisman fell beneath the clear lake on sunrise.  
Torn between fire and ice.

The cross section of a totem exposes ritualistic talismans. It was inscribed with the symbol of the whale- with the thoughts of a blue jay.

In the summer night furious insects were exposed by wind, they scattered for shelter.  
The terror of lifted rubies that levitate in front of mirrors.

The horizon fell,  
Melted and was lost.  
It became the cold dew of the next morning.

Unverified discovery of frost crystals and petrified tomato leaves  
Found in some very cold mud.

Within a month it dried out leaving only glowing orange residue; about the size and shape of a small ancient boat. The spine of this boat was pale and sun bleached like a

long fish skeleton. The bow was buried beneath the light which lifted the other end of the ship into the air before crashing down into a field of cracked mud chips.

Spider tendons flex, before a tornado rearranges leaves into a cylindrical sculpture intended to lift. The split, opening up before the eyes of a beast, who licks the wounds of a warm stone.

[The wind blown memories of blue raindrops shatter and explode on impact with the seventeen year old tarantula. It waits to be fed.]

It anticipates inside out crickets that Jump frequently.

The leaves of camouflage.

The terrible display of camouflage hides the hideousness of indulgence.

The crawling insect misbehaves

Before the storm.

[The nightmare of a seventeen year old tarantula, who anticipates food but is never fed.]

The struggle to catch rain drops with forty tarantula eggs that spontaneously hatch.

[On the 6<sup>th</sup> moon after summer equinox]

Gifted with understandings of nature.

Nomadic weather patterns travel in search of the moist soil that feeds.

The clouds which grow fat

On the foods of the earth.

Green liquid that settles into seven distinct layers. Each separated by intense colors reminiscent of a red and blue macaw feathers.

The heat of red

Understood by the sharp eyes of a bird.

The distances between vertical branches describe the growth space,

A canvas that is soon filled in with leaves

By the end.

The river relaxes

The stones settle their bones and split like underwater earthquakes that submerge rare humans and other exotic organisms.

The long beach that became an ending is the swallowing mouth of the sea.

Poseidon made a mistake.

The thundering stampede of fifteen foot tall waves splinter two hundred year old oaks and lift horses and people to their sky. Long branches split by a two ton metal fragment collects pieces of earth and drag long stings of animals.

Within moments the sea began  
To swallow the thousands of smaller mouths  
Attached to uncomfortable bodies destined for infinite obscurity.

Long beryl crystallizations,  
These long night thoughts must exist  
As a pathway beyond.  
The inscription of thought ensures memories.

The entrance to another world.  
The gate- treetops  
Limits  
Territory- escape  
Seclusion

Static change- vibrating many small mirrors that change direction-  
Spotted and foggy remembrances splinter as wood seen reflected near ice.  
The long blade of this ice becomes infiltrated by air.  
Documentation.

Mirrors

Endless tunnel mirrors,  
Strings.

Holes cut out = void  
Strings, veins, tendons.

Geometric word stars  
Blink out vowels.  
The rapid light is information  
Speaking in and through my mind.

The horizon is beyond arbitrariness, but the pattern of my footstep scrambles.  
I am an animal next to a wall, a horse with blinders; a freedom limits itself to birth  
definition.

Movements and flexibility

Expansion and extension combined with compression.  
To create energy, color for therapy.  
Emotional sensations and atmosphere.

Transient being, exposed  
Suspended above mountain clouds.  
Attracted to it are the strings of the creator.  
The illusion is revealed.

Like strings in the trapeze:  
Safety wires.

Malt dust  
Settling on the surface of the earth  
Quietly.

Sleep of body  
While the mind tempts the sky  
With mimicry.

The sore turtle must rest  
Before reaching the horizon.

Heat that drains life-force energy.  
The rubber eyelids and fat lips that puff up  
As a puffer must.  
Long spines extend and become stabilized by pressure.

Boiling grease poured over round stone soup.  
Seeping moss covered rocks to produce forest broth.

Mercury pool near leopard skin.

Animal arms were seen  
Protecting black phantoms  
And porcelain orchid flowers.

Extreme marbelization  
Following a constant trend  
Toward infinity.

The time/object.

The blue clouds gain volume  
As the python awaits,  
Four prey.

The double non-intended metaphor for a kinetic sculpture  
Made with snakeskin and water vapor.

Red clouds and a blue python were found yesterday,  
Underneath some branches with medium sized thorns.

Membranous needle inspection,  
Discovered by the flightless bird pilot.

The melted butter of love warmth,  
Solidified into a stalagmite of eyes

The intrusion of blue-

Hot ventilations crystallized into memories  
And stylistic childishness.

Soft and sour impulse

Tense and exploding new flavors synthesized with deliberacy.  
Each moment racing through sunlight  
Warm energy sustaining life between sleeps.

The explanation of earth axial transformations that could cause mass extinctions.  
Cold shoulder becoming opal nightmarish memories of expansive emptiness.

The disappearance of space between now and then:  
Predicted to be catastrophic.

Skeletal cream flower

Spiraling tulip horror  
Extremely cold night beams.

Penetrated evil juice display,  
Arachnids are not insects

Nightmares are not real  
Endless you believe in reality.

Foot prints are an important system of  
Categorization.

Dark swirl.

The orange sunset becomes a field of color  
That plays host to the temptations  
Of fruit flies and Japanese beetles.  
[The flickering and buzzing of insects  
That open their legs to mate on the 4<sup>th</sup> moon.]

The falsity of dismantled floating birds.  
Who express desire for nectar.  
They refuse the offering of locusts  
Instead drinking the broken flower.

[The discovery of an extra day,  
Used to dismantle the horizon  
In order to see between organism and industry.]

[The sour terror of unending  
Sunlight]

The pain of the unknown, made bearable by work.  
The anxiety of the unseen becomes acceptable with adrenaline.

The strength of stone made weak  
By the softest touch  
Of water-time, the strongest sculptor.

Time is the uncontrollable chaos  
Fragmenting all that is whole.

The black opaque shadow seen by a child  
Becomes the long face of the moon  
Extending below to grasp that which is alive  
Smothering the light with purple air  
That lays flat on the ground.

The heat below soil is proof

The living earth.

Splinters of partially invisible kyanite coalesce into a fragmented pentagonal outer shell that grows in the form of grid like structures which fall from the sky.

Cold steel becoming submerged without evidence of reason. Strongly built scaffoldings inspire terror as they transform into the living mechanism.

The folded apparatus lifts  
Wind strings tinted red  
By the embryonic memory  
Of black

Materializing skeletal constructions  
Cast no shadows.  
Diagrams of withering tissue  
Remain under tension.

Forests of steel designed to be submerged below four hundred feet of water.  
The biospheric mechanism intended for human habitation.

Slow old stone becoming alone.

Evaporating emancipation.

Terrible foot sweat becoming cancerous  
In front of a long audience of traveling organisms.  
Each bold touch of consciousness  
Extends its reach  
Towards laughter and sweetness.

Small soft belly ring that shakes in the sunlight.  
Internal fire and external cold remembrances.  
Voluminous exuberance when two eyes combine  
With two other quartz pearls  
And rolling eyeball situations.

Splattered visual information  
Extending microscopic foresight into  
Tunnels of the beginning.

The smooth pebble of a family  
A time lost.

Green facets and a mosaic.

A family of mosaic tiles rush and turn over.  
The tumble of rain  
Left dew droplets on the skin of stone.

Over time, porous caves open their eyes  
So tears of crystal can collect around the edges.

The space between a moment and forever  
Filled with the laughter of a tickled child.  
He laughs until the day he notices his mother has become older.  
When he looks back he watches the fall,  
Now its orange blossoms that tickle his nose once more.

The weight of sweat balanced with the expression of sleep.

The wrapping around and fastening of string. Becoming tighter as the love of air  
increases. The heavy burn of sun beams become stiff and tightened as tree roots  
penetrate. Warm rain soaked earth.

The crawling brick is only afraid of time.  
It becomes satisfied in the evening and welcomes the seclusion of the moon shadows.

The velvet discovered in an old attic contained the sensations of an ancestor: now  
soil.

Wrapped up black glass fragments that cannot cut. Their function is to inspire cold  
and to protect the doorways that allow access to long corridors that conceal many  
eyes.

Traveling towards the white velvet, reflecting pink flesh and red flowers: cold red.

Contrast- becoming opposite in front of conformity.  
Unique fragment cascading.

Underwater avalanche, bubbling vastness that is aware of emptiness itself.

Crisp white infinite

Stiff blue tongue overlap

Paw print leftover  
Dream flicker.

Pond moans and ecological

Mutations

Flecks of sky began to fall in the spring.  
Triangles of color sneak up on the shy ones.

Solidity of shadows  
Opaque emptiness  
Separates.

## Invisible Roughness

Dark liquid seeps through boulders of granite. The granite seeps through the soft wet soil, reemerging on the other side of the mountain.

Koalas hold on during sleep to the reverse side of a branch.  
When the toes split they grasp the arch of a jewel.  
Hanging on to a magnet, spinning around with almost no friction, rolling sideways against gravity.

The heart of the moon  
Cold as ice  
Crunched by impacts.  
Splintering comets disintegrating into streams of water in orbit.

A thousand thoughts wasted for a dream of mathematical complexity.

Clenched teeth press out deliberation before relaxing into the ozone,  
Sitting back in a lava chamber.  
Crying out lava fountains,  
Volcanoes for eyes, a sea sponge for a heart.

Rolling around in the shade, on a field of ferns,  
Tunneling through the future on the tip of the present.

# Dark Reflection

Silence emanates before and after everything.

*Silence reeks*

Oxygen curls up around everything and oxidizes the surface, time pulls the world apart. Objects drift and erode into the ground;

The soil.

The wide tongue of the earth.

Absorbing everything under the weight and piles of the future, creating heat and pressure to be melted or even folded. Everything is falling into the soil right now. Life is that which can resist this force or perhaps move with its help. Life can climb above. The dust that blankets everything leaves behind a history of stratified layers. Drifting fragments of a once whole compound are spread out across our great curved abyssal plane. Geography is what was left behind after the noise of erosion. Rivers of the fallen tips, chips and bits, that wish to return to their whole,

The landscape is perturbed

Firebugs are now underwater;

Bacterial nymphs and larvae were poured through crystal screens of crushed flint shards.

Garbled half submerged in near freezing temperatures.

Recorded in long sequences with amplified volume.

Unearthly

Its barren disregard for reality.

The informal act of mythological story telling

Melting into the mechanically assisted recycling engine.

Spectrum analysis equipment destroyed by overloaded dynamics

Beyond our range.

Satellite dish face

Talons crunching the fibers of a wooden scaffold.

Soft dust

Sawdust insecticide

On fire for no reason

Rubber band honey dipped in marmalade whiskers of goose bumps sending waves across the ocean of a belly burnt, warm, pink, and brown eyes dreaming through the sand on a beach that equals the number of stars in the skin. Sky covered pineapples, squished between toes for luck near the beach cliff. Harmonious memories tingle between telepathic angles; 360 degrees around the sun with electromagnetic sails that protect us.

Red oak bouncing on iron deaf barrier several times, when copper tubes rattle back and forth breaking time into an exponential sequence until silence. The ocean hisses static across the screen of terra firma, an evolutionary big bang interference signal speckled with melodious mutations. Arrow wings float harmony between spheres interlaced between thread on a bird head rest. A perpetual awareness device, the interactor of cosmic scale to uncover.

Tucked beneath the future, the world was shifting, waiting for a sign  
That will never be washed away. But the day became lost, reflected by a moon,  
Projected down into tomorrow. Only to begin again.  
She opened the box, it has no limits, it opens with the morning and awakens urgency.  
Only to fold up again and start back over, sewing together thousands of opposite bits.  
The sky waits.  
The pandas have to wait until the mountains lift, multiplying terra firma into a new  
dimension.  
Igniting the flux of life itself, exploring what the light touches first because every  
thing is a reflection,  
Un-moved in motion.

It was impossible not to meet, nestled through our time.  
She was reflective also, born out of paint and unaware of it.  
She saw the shade draw rain shadows that get smaller as they get closer.  
When they touch, the shadow will be gone.

The course through the clouds made them vanish.

## Consolidated Missed Chances

A cold blue envelope holds within  
Objects much warmer.  
Objects which radiate from a hidden place.  
Calling towards my forehead.  
I wrap cool gray blankets across my back.

For no apparent reason  
The pearl of my dreams has finally washed ashore.

I followed a path towards the lake shore.  
And I watch ice cold water polish stones too large to throw.  
Some are conglomerates of smaller stones.  
Some have fallen out.  
And cavities exist.

Vacant dreams and magical thoughts.  
An approaching noise increases then diminishes.

I collect some stones which suit my personality.  
I wrap them in a cloth and tie it to a stick.  
My special collection of stones.  
I wonder what will happen to them.  
Will I tire of them  
Or will this be the beginning of another obsession?

Cover my eyes for me while I pretend to sleep.

A burning impatience builds within me.  
A sharpness is eventually soothed by a breeze which never hesitates.  
A constant build that becomes featherlike.  
Dry calcium absorbs yellow ink.  
A large stone is placed above a tree stump.  
It begins to push downward  
Becoming a staircase embellished with frozen tears.

They crystallized before reaching the ground.  
Her tears shatter concrete and continue below.  
Sliding down through columns of rolled up sandpaper.  
Stones of feldspar and quartz attach themselves to my finger tips.  
My arms are heavy and below my ears.

Giant sycamore trees peel and split their bark.  
Growing larger each day.  
An independent existence  
Relying only on insects for reproductive purposes.  
Feeding off the nutrients of its own fallen  
Leaves.

There were buildings on top of ruins.  
A previous world now gone.

Stone walls fell upon the forest floor tunnels.  
Sending twisting wind below my feet.  
Dark tunnel deep.  
Trap door lifted by giant toads.

Lift green eyes and let them fall upon the forest floor.  
Pick up your hands and let them fall upon closed eyes.  
Imagining twisting wind pushed by a large silver train.

Reflections of myself writing appear to move automatically.  
The sound of thunder from an unknown origin.  
The appearance of distant lights which are stationary.

Reflections of un-seeable objects interest me.  
A soft white haze presses down my shoulder blades  
A crushing sound  
Accompanied by the most soothing wind.

The spiraling wind passes through my knees.  
Penetrating steel  
Turning blue.  
The oxidation of skin.  
Waiting in tunnels.  
Turning pages with necessity.  
Stains fall through cracks in tile.  
As roots fall each drip searches.

Her eyes could shake the ground.  
A mummified stare.  
With eyes coming forward.  
She then spoke of the unbearable heat  
And the promise of catching fireflies.  
She had a terrible posture  
And spoke with a very wet sloppy mouth.

She leaned forward shuffling her feet  
Looking down never in your eyes.

The clothes she wore were entirely too warm for the subway.  
You could see the sweat bead up.  
You could see her blank stare a mile away.

Every once in awhile a train would come by.  
It always delivered a terrible noise  
Yet also a mildly refreshing wind.

The most exhausting trip.  
Each step, each breath peels a layer from my body.  
Every moment in this heat becomes more unbearable than the last.

The constant tingle of heavy vibration.  
The sight of an old crippled man  
Who walked as if he was carrying a mountain on his back.  
The anticipation.

Dreams of artificially induced relaxation.  
Followed by abnormally intense aggravation.

Eyelids struggle to hold onto eyelashes.  
Each exposing pupils to the warm lights of stars.  
Some closer than others.

Some develop attachments to pupils several million light years away.

Radiation developing transparencies of skeletons  
Teeth clenching down on solar flares.

Brittle fire.  
Caught by dry wind underneath  
White fragment weight  
And heavy split tree trunks

Pilled up towering cold.  
Crackles under boots.

White leaves

Tall white mirrors

Creating red shade droplets and colors that become heavy and glossy.

Mechanical eye around the neck of a soon to be extinct organism.

A conscious flower extends a harmful smell.

Aware of jellyfish nightmares.

Before manifestation

Beads of water condense on the surface of the sun.

A lost marble has become a living entity.

It splits and bounces without losing structural integrity.

Stretch to show the others.

Quiet down beside small brooks

Speak clearly to yourself.

Ask for revolving thoughts to slowly quiet down.

Evaporate that wish.

Condensing newly found passion within a two dimensional surface.

The use of ornate masonry

Combined with a very abstract use of space.

Upside down,

Lifted feet first through a tunnel

Soon to be approaching through the darkness.

A cold wet wind travels through warm golden green trees.

Moving leaves reflect the last sunlight of the day.

Blue emerald sunset beneath an orange moon.

Bugs crawling on my left hand

Exposed.

Placed on a strangers home

Beneath the beautiful sun

Which was warm and forgiving.

Then the music began.

The sounds of the street shadows

That vibrate before falling off the corner of my eye

Opened.

Still liquid sunbeam unfolded

Belly stretch

And a loud sound from the left.

Dark red purple sunlight pushes through nutrients.

Red vapor enveloping dark trees.  
Sunlight pushes through creating beams of purple light.  
Each leaf must hold on, exchange nutrients and move freely.

A blue crystal moving through a lens.  
A waterfall of orange paint.  
Overlapped by blacks and reds.

The first daydream

A daydream which became so featherlike it passed by without materializing.  
It seems regretful.

Walking beneath street lamps thirty years old.  
Imagining all they have illuminated.  
And it continues to shine  
Even though the glass has been broken  
Slowly a vehicle creeps up  
Exploring the curbs with occasional hazardous driving.  
Three flat tires and no driver.

Warm machine spinning hot liquid bubbles.  
Cleaning stained cloth.

A deep blue whisper passing through leaves of the only tree for miles.  
A small cube in the distance sparkles with the thoughts of others.  
As I approach, towers rise and I fall below  
I am cradled by the sharp feeling of alone.

Soft thoughts unlock

# Thermo-Sonic

A path through the future with the most tributaries at any moment and always taking the difficult route that has the most tributaries ahead.

Broken into bits and analyzed as a cluster of waves  
One for every five minutes of cosmic data.  
Streaming through satellite motherboards fused to the celestial.

Overlapping distant associations along the axis of the core idea.  
This synthesis of forms share the same center of balance.  
A dualistic method of synthesis that also relies on the possibilities of aligning the extremes of two systems and letting the program run, to be an environment for the pattern based objects to grind against one another, until the moment when the syncopation is seen.  
Matching up strings of time, aleatory explosions of matter caused by resonance.

The dream brush, awakening laughter spread through numb fingers irregularly sensitive, dysfunctional muscles due to a lack of circulation. The otherness of body parts based on the proximity to the brain.

Jewels bursting along the shore line spread through groves of Egyptian polished marble. Elongated emerald eyes touched in the winter air, the wet sublimating molecules of water vaporized from the surface to the eye ball. Eye fluids moving in the wind spread along a narrow path through the meandering eye rest. To find the most relaxing way to differentiate the polemical.

Thermal heat updrafts carry the animals thought the cloudy realms. Falling on purpose to feed their babies 100 miles below; on a cliff-side that makes goats uncomfortable. Long vines of circular or heart shaped leaves trickle along the meadow side, fracturing the window ledge until the travelers arrive.

Along the edge of winter before the florescent translucent constellations arise from the black mud, the stones become polished under the optimum of conditions, grinding themselves together into dust that reconstitutes on the lowest tide into a vitreous algae, polished by the reflectivity of water, swelled with saline, streaming shock waves thought the arm, until the awakening of the nervous system removes meditation from the choice of possible situations.

To remember a painting because of a smell  
Peripheral adaptation fills in what we cannot see

We are a perception.  
Creatures that extended outward.

What if we were heads without bodies  
And we never saw a mirror, our mind body interaction would be different, we  
wouldn't have the luxury of a type of awareness that could perceive its own body, in  
that the mind becomes one with the environment.  
The environment becomes the mind.  
Solipsism

Fundamentalism vs. uniqueness  
Running away from the world you know.  
Each world grows from the next but is smaller on the inside  
A dimensional translation of space and time.

Telepathy  
Awareness  
Knowledge gained in a moment

Instantaneous dream from the sight of an alien

Fire above the emerald crescent,  
Magenta fluid escaping along the seam folded within.

The light deceives creatures waiting for time to catch up with distant images  
Crushed by experimental data of a non-spiraling super cluster.

It might be possible that more time can exist in the blink of their eye on another world  
than we thought existed.

It might be possible that dark matter is actuality physically tangible matter that we  
cannot see because its reflected light will not reach us.

Infinite images entwined through synchronized motions  
Stretched across time in asymmetrical distributions.  
Incompletionism.

Algorithms crawling through time, scratching patterns into the transparency of reality.  
Stars spiraling in the sky with animistic appearances. Swarms of stars attack the  
darkness  
accelerating time with the fingertips, watching the night at every speed from any  
angle.  
The light creates safety from the unknown but is a transforming cloak of photons.

Falling through the stars beyond the speed of light. Training for a destiny through the galaxy.

The sun was pulling electrons off of my body and I don't know what it is doing with them. I wonder what stories will be told of me, encoded in this missing energy.

Painting in any occasion any time with a cellophane spider sack.

The night was coiled into a thousand billion bytes of eight eyes

Along the meadow bursting with possibilities.

Ecstasy precedes sexuality,

An art firmly etched into the genetic material.

The re-objectification of all things by recalling that which was before us.

Before we burned through the atmosphere.

A trail through the sky tucked within the crevices of an ice ball on fire.

Forever petrified by the brilliance of a thousand reflections,

The moon crawls through a passage

Leaking from abrasions of motion.

The equilibrium of the sky craves replenishment, glaciers pounding on doors 250 miles an hour 10,000 miles away,

The collective sound of a species screaming all night for no reason, with all the lights on for no reason. For another forgotten season, the last of this geological epoch, the next mass extinction is under way. It wasn't etched into the timeline yet. The elastic limit is breached,

Radiating sound waves crumble stones by finding the natural frequency resonance and creating an amplified localized sound that precisely matches it. The animate/inanimate distinction crumbles when 4 billion year old stones begin to move without being touched. When the sound of falling rocks breaks a nearby rock, a chain reaction is set forth, the line between action and reaction is lost, a feed back loop is initiated.

The softest object is a brick wall at a high velocity. The only thing that will never happen is never going to happen. Predictions of the unknown are exercises for the gaps.

The dust becomes rearranged into occilons and cymatic patterns by the natural and sometimes arbitrary resonance of forms; linkages of orbital resonance, groupings of engaged entities accelerating their gravity along slow curves visualized as a cloud of particles each with its own equations for browning motion. Predicting the fall of bones by the possible positions of various three dimensional morphologies, excluding positions not possible with that morphology.

The Future is a code that needs to be broken, the cryptologists are bygone masters of overlapping systems and combinatorial situations. Matching up the linguistic phrases to decode the meanings of symbols or sets of symbols. Overlapping the memory with the present to decode the relevance of possible situations, with a cloak of transparent energy that is a void filled with an infinite number of invisible images, faint clouds of thought materialize as a rush of synapse connections washing trails of memories from

a collection of archetypal forms and notions. Drawing up precise memories from the mind through intense concentration materializing forgotten passages of time by splicing in old bits with other imaginative probabilities. Grafting the truth from ancient places, etching reality with a skeptic's needle in order to manifest the truth. The moment after the future, instantly a billion years beyond that which we can imagine, then billions of years beyond that.

Floating in outer space an ocean without a solid core waits.  
a Jupiterian world with striations of compounds that scuttle into different configurations, layers above a bubble of gas, a world composed of giants with moving fingers the size of a small house, extraterrestrials born in a ocean of water and air in the void of space, small bodied creatures who trusted the spirals of nutrients expelled from volcanoes, plumes of fertility, from the dredges of the lithosphere, the mantle exudes pressure, fire is born, life is born from volcanism, the underworld, the nursery for the existence of all life as we know it.

The Mayans were right, the underground is sacred, it sinks deep within the mind, back to the edge of the cosmos, a crumpled string of bubbles inflated in the middle, deep  
in the genes, when we see some thing that is soaked with rerouted information sent to different guilds across time and space, from the outer limit of human subjectivity.

A geometric illustration for the depiction of an ideological plan for the mental ability to freely visualize a set of characters that are entirely based on the conservation, sequencing and distortion of a single homogenous substance within a thermal equilibrium.

A periodic temperature dependent resonance ideology is a manifold for the organization of thermal permutations of a periodic collection of temperature levels that transform a particular compound into a collection of forms in stages of melt that have been frozen in time by the resonance whole number frequencies and pure tones that activate these objects to move and potentially reconfigure their organization within a perturbed timeline spliced from years of time, re-structured by the logic of preservation for the unique and the discard for the repeated, until a full sequence can be created in which each harmonic normal mode is depicted with a shape that is a very precise and specific tenacity.

The temperance and rigidity of matter. Spliced sequences of mathematically aligned notes, alternations of millisecond intervals of duality stretched out within the mind and laid out freely with a fluid ease that grows from the years of muscle memory, but forced to be forgotten at the time of creative freedom, the abandonment of an appendage over and over until we are left with the absolute pinnacle of now, evolution will take care of the rest of the story.

The oldest living creature was selected with the honesty of eons of love, until a creature is born that makes the cosmos ancient and primordial instead of actively creating. The energies of the cosmos become toxic when the highly evolved beings take cover from solar wind.

Sparks of blue crackle and pop before an unblinking eye.

Visions into a cloudy vortex of space.

Weightless dreams perched above low eyelids of the philosopher with a glass eye.

A round bellied green leaf for a pillow, if necessary.

Screeching wind chime dangling above a thousand miles of jewel encrusted windows into more space that expands from a shadow, filling it, splitting the corners off into a carved ledge overhang, near a chiseled whistle hole that creates different sounds with various sized voids, whistled hot steam expels with a thunderous crumble that sends rocks the size of buildings into the sky as feathers stream through the clouds.

The color of liquid jewels at the moment, under the light of mercury's fire, the creatures came aboard comets infected with me, the first life form is a relative of everything. The welcoming stranger recognized by the mutual affinity towards all other animal phyla of all time, expressed in a blossoming empathy towards all of natural history through all of its permutations of ecological, biological, and compositional transformation.

Strings dropping forms, aligning huge chains of time, thrusting acoustic morphologies along long chains of organized gravitational acoustic phenomena. The depiction of a sequence of events that is a reenactment of a musical performance arranged with thousands of objects suspended in various configurations in order to be deployed, the plasticity is a manifesto that contains a harmonic certificate etched into the form who cannot hide with camouflage, a form that undulates at the speed at which it retains the most conserved energy, picking out the frequency with a waterfall sonogram illustration of time and pitch.

Fire eroding light sensitive cliffs too raw to taste chalky foam on the island crags, lava beaches swirling with froth.

Elbow window staircase sky hole. Lava chamber throwing plumes of liquid earth upwards.

Symmetrical lily pads splattered across a black pond.

A lake deeper than most can climb in a week.

No wheels but for toys, all of western civilization hinges on an invention that young children invented in Mexico, but no one believed them until it was too late.

When they saw the sky become encrusted with fire along a huge cloud platform frozen into an encryption not yet fully deciphered. The ashamed bookkeeper filed away his microscopic life story into a supersaturated crystallization of the empathy towards the unique and unforgiving paranoia of repetition.

A burst of sun light reflected by a pool vibrating at the same pitch for eons.

The wise paid homage to the overlapping apparatus of subjective aesthetic priorities.

Mangled wreckage of nonsense filtered into a categorical periodic table illustrating periodic stages of the morphological density of an anonymous material with a uniform and congruent relationship with sound. Before the elastic limit is breached the object is thrown back and forth about a central axis at the rate to which a maximum movement away from the center is maintained, folding and undulating the substance into a levitating non-Newtonian fluid state of animistic activity initiated with contemporary visions of an alchemical metaphysical world that can recycle anything into a hierarchical category of time based forms that retain a memory for the periodic fragmentation of autonomous entities engaged into a cast of characters that move when their name is called and nothing else, but to have a name it to join the archive of philosophical conundrums, to be split into a tree by the next thousand years. An obsession born from all the strongest loves for art one can think of.

The animals have remembered my art for years and I was astonished, they could remember my voice, my freckles, for years they thought I was mean, turning over every stove for no apparent reason, clutching a fist full of hornets for a millisecond. Or was it a lifetime, for them it was an exit, a self-sacrifice, to retain the secret larva space and mother. Until the birds saw the easel and followed my brain cloud into a passage of time with an unusually large number of occurrences in which the reflection of a bird shadow being projected was seen on a small reflected piece of anonymous material. Bent with reflections of the entire world wound up into an image about the size of a cornea.

A coincidence that tickles the edges of the brain and initiates a new brain wave frequency not yet perceived of, the formulation of an entirely new perception of sound and space time, recognized from a list of 15,000 symbols. It was found that individuals could retain a memory of the elastic and deformative properties of materials at specific pitch intervals giving rise to a lexical revolution blossoming encyclopedic re-sequencing on the fly to depict a world in a feedback loop of sound and an equalizationalistic puzzle piece, with different sized notches for each wavelength phase, compressing the objects into an expanding and contracting dynamo of rumbling sounds accelerating through the seconds with absolute attention to the maximum number of autonomous musical characters, fit together with morpho-acoustic thermal perfect pitch reality with energy that potentially goes beyond estimates.

The secrets of the universe, visualized as a 12 pointed 2D dodecahedron that can be used to visualize harmonic proportions but also melodic proportions through time. Ratios of rigidity harmonize into a diagrammatical array of archetypal thought forms. Deconstructive reconstructive re-synthesis protocols for the spontaneous actions of organizing principals.

The noise of shape resonating time lines, heard through crags of rock leaking dendrites through crystal faces, compressed under 60,000 atmospheres, intervals of

atmospheric density alter the harmonic proportions of a traveling sound wave, creating a new sound as the musician travels, unfurling her hips across the eyelash of a cheetah in a transcendent euphoric daydream about the waterfall. It was more virtuous to daydream about the most beautiful thing in the world than to watch. To do both is transcendent.

Over agate eyes polished by wind, heavy light cuts shadows into a hillside on fire with flowers. Everlasting euphoria stretched into the landscape, carved by the eons, forming archetypes out of the strata. Overlapping cuts of time

Black lines race across a world releasing droplets of ink that magnetically unite into forms that resonate at the moment of syncopation between sound and form. Building a landscape from the top down, a space that falls into place as forms materialize and expand at the precise moment because of the resonance between the molecules that begin to collectively move.

My favorite color combination turned up several weeks later in the pool beside a rock tower 400 feet high. Every so often a boulder the size of a truck would scuttle down a ramp the length of 200 city blocks. It snapped high pitched clicking sounds into one ear and reverse out the other. A real sound does not distort at any level, a sound that is the exact frequency of my body liquefies me in a floating vacuum of space, atomizing my compounds into cymatic rings, occilons of different three dimensional mandalas, crunched into a singularity in which the elements of my life accelerate through the hypothetical minds of a universe too far away to see me or hear my message. A beacon, a light projected onto a cloud, materializing into a solid form that leaked from the imagination quicker than it touches the mind. The thoughts aren't really there; it's all just re-spliced over and over from archetypes. Chemical spills on the brain soaked up with extract.

When the animals learn to talk I will convince them to help me, I have allot to say I am waiting for the birds to teach pterodactyl evolution and the possibility for a missing link organism that was one of the first flying creatures, a fish skeleton, about to be melted into the mantel, one with tiny wings that could glide through a Permian swamp, and lay eggs in the crook of a tree. The last fossil is crushed, into a red golden powder with bits of calcite, pyrite and quarts that leaked through a quarter mile of bed rock, to a bubble in the earth, a chamber where the fossil has been living, as an Egyptian symbol for eternity, carved into limestone cooked into marble and carved by the anonymous. He buried it and said he didn't make it, just to know that he surpassed the ancients, by placing the creation at the top of a mutually agreed modal virtue of craftsmanship and epic dynamism.

Cuts from Limestone form limestone,  
Carved into scholar rocks by pollution.

Dieing fossils that are already dead.  
Bio-mineralized into a quartzite transparency  
Projected into the cavernous calcite tomb of oolitic curiosities.

Synchronicity of the perpetual downfall of space.  
Endless artists are carving the landscape itself.  
They clean a patch for themselves for others to come.

Ripping soft feathers above a pile of white leaves  
And the tall praying mantis's who keep secrets  
From reaching the ears of a rabbit.

Twist the steel beneath

The wind began to polish stone  
Releasing atoms one by one.

Sun bleached ivory and discarded arrow heads.  
Banana leaves beginning to bleed and throw tantrums.

Look above, the clouds are vertical  
Pearlescent moon  
Pearlescent

Expose lavender velvet inside mountain snow on a leopard eyelash, reflected by a  
polished meteorite, with the help of flame.

Mahogany at about 4AM when the eyes stick to the center  
It is mostly about the spectral grains of sound  
The ways in which the physical states of matter seem to create  
Their own instrumentation, to behave and experience a type of consciousness.

I can hear the sounds of the forest calling me back, a different environment in each  
ear and a hundred thousand ears to hear them all.

Take a drink with a leaf sponge.

Water

## Two

Fountain faced

Into the wind on an edge, the precipice into the dream world  
The dream portal fantasy machine filled with nighttime portals.  
Spreading out across an impossibility.

Blue haired winking eyelashes  
Flashing meanings onto the arms  
Opening eyes, swallowing futures  
Tasting the backside of regret.

A striped earth breaks in endless places  
Coming back together in a moment of infinite coincidence.

A smile never before seen  
Each second flip-flops the brain  
Each wish overflows the allowances of reality.

Filtering water with animals  
Watching them scurry into the past.  
Splitting fossil beds in search of the missing links

Following drowsy eyes into the morning crystals.  
Taking out lenses,  
Un-focusing the future to discover the present.  
Untangling strings from the past.  
Taking knots out of a memory  
Unfurling the wishes onto a green field

The melodies of birds explode into charms of a thousand laughing babies. The feet scamper up trees, shaking branches with bouncing gravity.

Let's get close to the clouds and shine flashlights into the sun, let's run as fast as we never thought we could, pulling the legs forward faster than pushing them back. Floating with the inertia, keeping the speed constant with legs that stomp footprints with claps and crumbling gravel. Falling forward, flipping over into a roll to preserve the momentum and prevent friction. Watching the birds race you until they tire of letting you win. They want you to smile and feed them more; to perch on your finger and flutter in your eyes, to fill your mind with squeaky mumbles, all squabbled up faster than human comprehension. The birds have never seen the surface of Venus, they have no idea what I am writing. But they can sing better than all of us, a sedge

warbler; the most original animal artist. It looks into the future and never once comes across the past. The feathers spread out in an organized array of color, each one pushes atoms on top of you and disappears.

The orange earth, a fine bed  
Clay sediments  
Soft and warm, cozy cradles of kaolin  
Slippery nests, floating to sleep on a raft of air.  
Rising up into the night  
Pulling dreams closer  
Each one more vivid than the last.

Everyone was carved out of marble, they awoke from classical antiquity, to relive divine stories in the minds of contemporaneous dreamers. The protectors to the entrances of dreams.

Keeping the miraculous in a small jar  
Opening it one thousand times a second

All the windows burst open and the moon turned deep blue right away. It reflects a different sun each night, tomorrow a green one then a purple one. Tonight's moon was bumpier than usual, it wobbled on the edge of earth and dropped pollen continually, fertilizing the corals that grew up out of the water into a building for the Moken people: sea gypsies. The sea provided everything they knew existed. They begged it to evolve something new for them, for their eyes to focus on a new jelly. Maybe one that will tie itself into knots and make long strings to catch plankton, and convert it into blueness. To camouflage the underside was the most difficult. Each molecule just wouldn't line up.

I begged the words to come back  
They come out of nowhere and everywhere, especially the pen. But the arm is also responsible as well as the eyes. But once the sun is gone you will be sorry, because there will be no photons to bounce off you and make you think you are really seeing yourself there, in the mirror of a pond.

Terrifyingly sentimental

All the memories from the past of the future rush in and out.

I remember everything  
I see the brown woodchips darken and fray at the edges.  
Becoming rounder each day.

The snow was never enough.  
I want to crunch the water and magnify the mud.  
To expand water between my fingers

In the night

The first bird songs of the day  
Leaking through the florescent blue sky.

She scoops out plasma from the sun  
And becomes a mirage in the memory of men.

She stole Saturn's rings and made bracelets for her children.

She rescues kittens and lifts them up a cable car into the sky.

When she was born, Venus died with envy, becoming a boiling ball of sulfuric acid.

## What it Does

Scratch out the moon from blue light.  
Deeply shaded  
Dark but glowing.  
At a glimpse it all evaporates away from the palms.  
Cooling the air three centimeters above the ground.  
The hours disappear, breaking away from the clocks,  
Tucked up behind reality  
On a course through the forgotten tunnels of existence.

Bumpy dinosaur neck folded under petrified wood.

The pressure in a cave builds up causing micro-earthquakes that slip laterally under a lake, draining it overnight, its contents are perfectly preserved for several millennia.  
Frogs bump up against crystal columns that support hourglasses crafted by a hermit in a cold basement.

Whirl winds of leaves lost in a cold city.

Rumbling synthetic drones scour the tunnel walls for salts and rare minerals condensed into evaporitic pools.

Fountains of protozoa merge on the opening. Rearranging patterns of blue and green hexagons, crunched into torrents of spiraling updrafts.

Minds diverge in a multiplicity of journeymen. Each splitting apart across the geodesics.

Rain leaks into the open eyes of a koala screeching from the stress,  
Constantly chewing fibers; mashed into a green pulp.  
Old eggs bubble up from the mud pit,  
Slipping through tubes of mud, dug by beetles lost in the swamps.

Wobbly knees liquefy before the heart can catch up.  
Daydreams become real accidentally,  
Burning the belly with imaginary heat  
Swelling the heart fibers instantaneously  
Overflowing the quietness of relaxation  
Expanding the memory  
Shocking the mind into believable disbelief.

Droplets on feathers falling softly on a brook

Slipping through branches.  
Submerged deep red coils unleash blossoms  
Eaten by half blind birds.

Cold caves overflow with pollen dust from three miles away.

Mathematical patterns crawl across the eyes  
Below clouds stretched between memories.  
Flames entwine around lotus petals swollen with rain drops,  
Boiling off into spirals of steam.

Soft earlobes grab feather sounds as they pop and click.  
When an unseen bird floats up behind a large boulder.

Transparent cat claws glow in the sunlight  
As they scratch river pebbles fourteen thousand years old.

Inexpressible moments scratched into the backside of a cave  
Forgotten for millennia.  
Mysteries condense from the actualities.  
Fantastical moments materialize from the normalities of existence.  
It all rearranges into a new significance, molded from the redistribution.

Sweaty faced baby pandas cry for the moon.  
The other mother  
Who shows where the foot trails cut into the humus.

Moments of light in the mind reveal courses through infinity  
Small brains nurtured to know the things that may never be known.

It races towards the possibilities,  
Rupturing doubts  
Coalescing into the present  
From a crystal clear light that clarifies thoughts  
Meandering through the purposes of existence.

Magnificent imaginary twilight reveals the cosmos  
From under shade and behind impenetrable walls.

The darkness behind eyelids is also imaginary.

Fountains rupture underground and leech minerals into chambers carved by dissolved solids.

Nothing is completely black, there is a red static fuzz that titillates in and out,  
A positive and negative flicker of lighter and darker.  
Nothing is empty  
It attracts without matter.  
Fur crunches out of stress from a pile of photons  
Tired out from passing through liquid crystals  
Smashed into the form of a goblet  
Crystallized from the slow drip of a mountain pressed between stars.

A millennia in the eye.  
It outpours magnetic feelings  
Lifting up toes off the ocean sediments.  
Tumbling light waves splash and spray off the outside of the world.  
Magenta beetles grovel in the dark corner  
Grinding their shells into heat for the centipedes.  
Who dig long snaking tunnels through the stampede packed Earth.

The ceiling of a cave comes alive and a tortoise lifts it up.  
A calcite eye scans the back of the eye socket for understanding.

Bristling crystals heat up from atmospheric entry.  
The truth demystifies the logical,  
It reveals itself time and time again, from the green screen of a monitor.  
Connected to the in-observable.  
Enlarging the invisible theory mangled out of a chaos.

Warm flowers surprise ancient kittens that crawl across gravel.  
Not making a sound.  
Turning wheels grind and crackle on a bed of pearls,  
They pop and fly out filling a puddle  
With frictionless invisible undiscovered silent potentialities.

Black and white snakes twirl their ends  
Lifting bamboo up from the bottom of a pond.  
Building an underwater tunnel through the shallows.

Blind rain  
Inflated into nurturing visions.  
Obliterating doubts about snarling jackals  
Vanishing into the equator and returning at the poles.  
Rearranging into melodious blinks that open onto growing crystals,  
Becoming inside-out with every glance.

Drips float back up into the eye, and are reabsorbed by the brain

Only to be sweated out with heat from laughter.

Giving everything away in sixteen minutes.

It cannot be surpassed until the brain grows a little more.

It becomes more dense with connections from the inside-out

Linking past and future with crystal clear conduits of electrical potentials.

Mischievous rabbits mangle tubers from under ground

Lifting air up from the labyrinths with their lungs

Into the open top ground plains with endless horizons.

Steps up onto the strait curves

An endless fall into the center of a galaxy.

A tunnel through the trails of gravitational linkages. Multiplying gravitational resonances connecting stars on the outside to the inside, it flattens the disk as they are pulled together.

Ancient question for the sky.

Little frog eggs strung from the clouds.

Kept there by updrafts

Keeping them alive in pools in the sky.

Until it rains months later.

## Instructions for the past

Speak easy

Crawl with moon crab eggs between cold parrots, with dew from a cold night.  
Below the bog caviar bubbles; before burning tarantula legs glisten in the sun.

Gather drawings of water vapor and pour smoldering lead on the golden pyramid.  
Reach for the torch of life, preserve it.  
Gather near the beach, some sea shells and make memories through wave energy.

Sit upon almond skinned cheetahs with water filled eyes.  
Squeeze drowsy leopard tooth dust.

I saw the moon drop seeds too large to hold.  
Heavy with rabbit ear softness.  
After pounce.

“Displaced Leaf Occurrence”

It floats above pluralities.  
Mud flows and revolving temperature  
Cycles.

The re-born lakebed  
An avenue of submersion.  
The earth shifts its lakes,  
Replacing legs with fins.  
Elsewhere, dryness shrinks life’s potential.  
The deserts widen.

The memory of a places I’ve never seen  
Begins to grow stronger when I realize I will never see it.  
But heavy rains use to be seen as a good sign,  
A symbol of transformation  
And a new abundance.

The circling minnow pond has become a cloud.

Grasp the chambered nautilus during sleep.  
Primitive.

Red flags lifted by rhythm sticks during monsoon season.

In order to grasp the chambered nautilus.  
Release rhythm during sleep season.  
Let red monsoons swallow Indian oceans and splash lava into the air.

“Crumble tablespoon environments.”

I adapt to unique foliage situations.  
She waits for the crawling tortoise to build an underground burrow.  
Beneath the cold wet sand the shell is protected.  
In order to build the trapeze pond  
With extendable wing lift and sail propellants.

Panther crawl

Hawk bait consists of rabbit terror  
Plus frost shivers which can fold.

Falling teeth create the sound of quiver.

Dancing nude ghost seen with an open shutter.  
A moment before crystallization the future becomes impatient,  
Grasping open handedly the diagram for its own design.

Speak through a straw of obsidian.

Numb Noise

Grapple with gorilla misfortune.  
Reach for the invisible button.

Grab and taste bitter oils.  
Boil for three or four days or until water evaporates.  
Spread thin like emotion or butter.

Hide things – in the sunlight  
Watch them expand and split  
In order to transform naivety.

Gather meanings between order.  
Build up the rock pile of dissonance,  
Change the chemical composition of meaning  
After the end.

Sweet Silence

Silence is not an option,  
Long pause...

Warm heat and energy  
Lifting ponds,  
Lovely afternoon constructions.

Big toe pain  
Possible surgical dynamics.

Smooth leg stroll on green lawn  
Damp red wood furniture plus cellulose.

A force that bears down  
Between specially selected mistakes.

Sparkler mischief on day off.  
The stars and moon fertilize.

Burning desire lifts cream through autumn leaf moisture.  
Yellow ember, crackle of lust.

The melted heart of macaw structure on the offering table.

Instant flavor, concentrated before skepticism cleanses.

Wiped clean white with the hands of infants.  
Petrified.

Tentatively repositioning leaves  
Dark fire mouth watering for diamond tea.

Hovering moon gas evaporates in front of baby skin.  
-Small eyes-  
Anti-gravitational poetics?

Terrible weightlessness

The adaptation of fluorite avalanches.  
Crawling lion beetle with sore lips.

Flower nectar

Cold sky  
Liquid falls sideways before a flood collides with city walls.

The ancient monkey has become business partners with nature.  
Barter energy for eternity, leave behind shrines to commemorate everything.  
Draw,  
Palm quickness through euphoric canyons.

Cradle the tulip chancellor with dark wood.  
Green glass gates of circulation.  
The path towards seclusion stills the belly with chandeliers of harmony.

Leftover crystal jumping.  
Gravitational realigning of the torso with astronomical situations.

Torrential cornerstone crumbles.  
Brownstone and sycamore ugliness.  
Heavy oak stain on sidewalk.  
Orange sunset on the missing avenue with numbers erased.  
No organism was directed by another with symbols.

Avoid hesitation with deliberation

The blue jay nest is protected by vocalization of anger and fear.  
Small eggs are the next generation.  
Small scribbles are tomorrow's beginnings.

A chain reaction.  
A non-sequential construction is not possible.  
A musical performance.  
Nothing is erased and rewinding is impossible.

Drawing with sound,  
Achieving peace through mindless meditation.

Born lobster

Oval tender.

The spontaneous evolution of an aesthetic creature  
Adapting to multiple environments

Split organism

Becoming concentrated  
Energy

Battery acid love

Anticipation of a long dream

The drum beat that clusters into punchy bucket pressure.  
Between swift spiralings.

Crustacean wings that manipulate forest light. Into snow flakes of eyelid grease.  
Bubbling up into leg suspension. Over exhaustion caused by sleepless worry  
syndrome.

Distillation walker  
Crystallized cuddle sky.

Fossilized melon chambers  
Seen cross sectioned  
Mechanically and physically.

Mentally envisioned.

Fossilized tortoise leg (exhibit)  
Walrus crumbs between whiskers  
On a smooth surface.  
“Examination”  
Equilibrial trance machine.  
“The influencing shadow”  
Cold orbital grease  
Placed near a warm path.

The panther tramples darkly  
Among chocolate teases.

Velvet crumbs?  
Leave alone while walking.

Collect:  
Bumpy long drawls, but delete slick doings.  
Unravel totem rings and climb up bird trails in the clouds.

Chase white feral dreams through evergreen pine woods.  
Catch with a long net.

Leave behind a small shrine  
To the spirit of trust and honesty.

Bathe in warm water. [Until]  
Skin becomes wrinkled.

Fingernail flickering  
At night in the rain.

Mysterious forest of crystal  
Chandelier phantoms  
That move when the world becomes  
Heavy.

Take something transparent and ephemeral like a gesture.  
Solidify it into a sculpture of emotional understanding.

Non-linear-thought  
Becoming a unified object  
A multitude of parts; interconnected

Using the circle.

Barbarian terror feels like fragmentation.  
Space that is coalescing  
Into an unexpected landscape

Co-evolutionary Ornithological and entomological growth.

Living bone developer

Opalized orchid seed  
Dream weave 3  
Deep beams

Cold water, no air

Scramble for bear cub offerings.

Relinquish possession of three cave relics, two skulls and a crystal of mass proportions.

Multi-dimensional, multi-empirical.

The non-physical artwork.

Black cabinet memory loss.

Delete leftover vegetable dust.

Defeat the airborne crumble

One evening the angelic pterodactyl came down to deliver seeds.

In the form of free floating orbs, the culminating egg experience has taken place

On top of a broken flat surface.

At the tip of the experience seeds were given.

Demon within soup kitchen madness

Continuing until blue skies overlap cloud cover

Crystals.

Swift travel s through bog thickness

Flickering light manipulates a forest apparatus.

Spiraling crustacean wings.

A wasp bite that heals

A beat that unravels

Punchy snow clusters.

Green

Lobster leg with tourmaline

Presences

The solution is light

Brother antelope relic

Orchid tendon seen reflected in an elephant's eye

Bumblebee physics combined with midnight.

The cantaloupe creates eucalyptus and tortoise avalanches,

And swamp flower reproduction

On the eighth moon

That equals.

Baby toy

Tulip handle

Pond fragment

(Relic of cypress knee stilt suspension.

Black fear of alligator or cotton mouth infringement)

Imminent memorialism

Crunchy title.

“Crunch thunder”

The equatorial temperatures will melt icebergs if earth axial rotations occur.

The wooden quartz crystal replica. It grows with invisible accumulations of Poetry around the outside.

Crunchy liquids and boiling rock fragments meet to create steam, it clouds over the careful dream maker, with lava toe syndrome and cerebral decay.

Mental porcupine athletics.

Gravitational dialectics with treacherous leftover metaphor

In shadow.

Caterpillar carnival

With freak show devoted to bicycle eaters.

Flower massage with green moon rock.

Clasp blue sky fold

And taste, “exquisite.”

Corn fed tumor with weak membranes.

“Spinal juice filter”

Hollow scavenger with a taste for apricot. Blue juice of unknown origin,

It might be understood.

Knot gestures spiraling.

Purple loose fruit apparatus contacts revealing silence, in the form of sculptural air.  
Suggestive of subterranean morsels.

The imbalance of the rotating pond; memorized as cycles of pain and closure.  
Harmonic dream engineering for cosmic satisfaction + brilliant ritual light.

The skeleton reawakened with heavy tones and pale night hawk steam, creature of regret.  
Cantaloupe seed with collapsible embryo display.

Please

One- leave alone while loud.

Two- Scratch long empty bird cage.

Sky flakes and hidden urges of desire. Precious temptation awaits polished night mechanics.

Reassemble nighttime stars to produce imaginative constellations with fingers

Reposition light particles with the imagination.

Mental acrobatics and disassembled poetics.

Reassemble with difficulty but with potentialities.

Wind studies catch pain receptacles, vessels of cloth and movement, - a static force.

A continuous yielding of energy; output.

Chaos Tumbler

The multi-dynamic spasmodic dance reproducer.

Infinite duration

Caused by mathematically enhanced sequentially.

The digital brain extension.

Grab the spicy apparatus and place in transparent jelly. Leave for several hours or until solidified into a science display.

Love the cocoon bear. Leave him offerings on the full moon. Precious foods and oils; sacrificed to the god of sleep: "Magician of Hibernation."

Architect of cave situations,

Involuntary producer of little clones;

Eight hundred calories each.

Unwelcome silicone test tube.

Hibernational dynamics in equatorial situations.

Multi-legged flower mimic tip toeing through bog softness.

Peeled and dirty brown.

The green horizon becomes gold. Sooner than later the bees break air. Annoying kittens in bright daylight. The next moment cicadas started buzzing and crying.

Cosmic honey dew membrane.

Feeding frenzy  
Swarms of plastic nightmares  
And semi-transparent  
Floating crystals

The swirling membrane releases  
Childhood memories of desire.  
The wish to fly.  
The misunderstandings of snow.  
Other weather phenomenon dictate loneliness.  
The burning drive of hunger  
Satisfied by visual saturation.

The thoughts of tree tops moving,  
Inspiring a belly full of nostalgia.

The dreaming of color while awake is beginning  
Collapsing toe workings.  
Outside, the crab leg toucans are lonely.  
I heard them in my dreams.

I saw the sounds left behind  
Sprayed dark.

Travelers received extinguished jelly static snaps.  
Reawakened alongside tortoise and dolphin reproduction.

Egg birth of underground nest  
Left behind.

The young ones  
Found foreign shade in a familiar place.

Usually the sun cuts, and burn marks appear in the street. To avoid exposure, diminish the size of the sun with long forceps and douse in hot grease. Until it turns from yellow to red, and replace sun before the solar system falls apart.

Watch out for cave bear connoisseurs.

Don't stay indoors for more than three days consecutively.

Watch cosmic pearl diagrams and try to remember the environment.

I took a long walk away from the black line; edible farm sanctuary. With plenty of happening jellyfish situations.

Bloodstone heating a jade tablet, by now skeleton brain ancestor.

Tropical fish with circular cavities that rotate.

Flexibility of panda fingers

And the mouth parts of a viper.

Big trouble

Tumble sequence,

Questionable existence.

Long black cloak beat

Quiet pause;

Deep leap.

Rotating lizard pool.

Black oil accumulates near the sunlight.

It flows over sharp lava rocks

Coating olivine and igneous shards,

Deep black

The spastic rock demon splits fibers

Connecting crisp memories invented once and for all.

Lost originals split ego stability

As kyanite ignorance persuades failures.

Hermit crabs hypnotize snail ancestors

Into small black flakes and new born rubies

The transparent quarry brings memories.

Eyelids become swollen,  
Bellies might have visitors.

Existing in various states of shock

Between gardens  
The stripped horizon sends fragments around  
Small hills.

Oval metaphor that leaks courtship.  
Sensual  
Warm stones shield sun beams from crabs in dark caves and melancholy starfish  
eggs.

-Edible ratio-  
Sensible organs replace tombstone destinations.  
Cradle extensions shield turtle travelers and new desert inhabitants.

The duty of purple is to stretch belly bumps and to scratch.  
Intestinal windows reveal empty belly happenings.

The mistrustful bufo has a hiding place in the underworld. It brings rain and thumps  
drops on lake surfaces. To pounce vertical droplets search for rain deities and  
underwater caves. Try to freeze passion in order to climb waterfall thunderings.  
Heavy belly burnings that have sustenance and calm mental numbness. Each window  
reveals a different age. One in which giant beasts rumble for resources; desire out  
weighs necessity. Grievances and jealousy burn the creative energy. Closed up  
sensations can become extinct in time. Forgotten motivation does not exist without  
documentation.

Turns of time  
Places to encounter; again within the tangle of objectivity.

Limestone pathway riddled with tiny exoskeletons  
A chain of spatial design  
With morphological information embedded.

Throughout the strata the sun breathes heavily  
During the summer months.

The opened toe sloth receiver. It travels through pine woods and machine fields. The dark thunder becomes white lightning. The blue leaves become exquisite umbrella reactors.

The impossible beginning.

The wasted start.

The miss-shaped life chance.

The failed life.

The unfair advantage given to other beings.

Ankle glass fragment.

Dilapidated sparrow feather splint.

Missing ingredients.

Genetically passed on dependency.

A winter shingle.

A burning thumb depressor

Alleviating altitude sickness, blackened pupils search in the dark for other eyes.

The terrifying discovery of unknown sensations.

Uplifting sour gargoyle.

On the numb corner frozen.

Sequential branching splits triangle based life forms.

Curling.

React slowly, and look into the eyes of her thoughts.

Blue crab tunnel.

Yellow Flagella

Dark and terrible need.

Entangled star cluster

Dubious rocks

Forever.

Embryonic salamander situation.

Explanatory dream sequence.

Remembrance.

Inexplicable = nighttime dinosaur situation.

Turning remembrance.

Exquisite  
Pressure in water.

Leaf crunch with no flavor.  
Terrible memory, loss of brain control.

Free from chained beginnings.

The small lamb

Feeling leg bone troubles and broken wish moments.  
The pasture held large blackberry bushes and honey dew spider silk blankets.  
Warm juice for insects.

Irritable glass fragments burn impulses,  
Long victim, alert cliff terror fabric.

On the earth, beads of sweat accumulate.  
Glaciers are scabs of winter.  
Deserts are skeletons of dust, rock and rust.

The nucleus of an atom is the producer.  
It weighs four temptations thin.

Fall is the decomposition carnival.  
Long alien arms with shiny elbow grease.  
Hairy monkey by comparison.

Exquisite heart function and personal dream capacities.

Stretch the elastic feather between tortoise competitions.

I saw the sky spread shadows beneath birds. They washed over my hands and  
changed the temperature very slightly.

The result was a cold moment of atmospheric awareness. The acknowledgement of  
shadow producers yields no new information about light sources.  
I was left to wonder the true cause of shadow-less situations.

A clear distance that contains opaque structures intended to protect.  
These boxlike shadow producers contained no living tissues, besides the inhabitants.  
It's as if a cave suddenly grew up out of the earth and stayed still so creatures could  
find

Protection there. When it rains sometimes these outside caves fall apart and people become very agitated. Other people come and return these unfortunate people to outside caves that are still structurally sufficient.

The wall of human frustration was soon obliterated.  
In its place the cold steel of architectural deliberacy.  
The time consumed by volunteer atoms peels open weather  
Shingles used to protect.

The crystallized human experiment  
    Unavoidable music creation.  
    Visual rhythm device  
Polished sandpaper chrome.  
That hides evidence of harmonies.

Internal circulation, leads to perpetual eye meanderings.  
Infinite brilliance fractures ice vibrations, and carved machine totems creep towards  
window edges, releasing bodily function.  
Wandering through wind corridors,  
Cold diagrams.

Walk along melody catwalks,  
Leave angry machinery to rot in the warehouse of old.  
Decadence  
    Oxidizing shield of wisdom  
    Releasing knowledge of planar analysis.  
Polished long beams for frightening ornamentation.

Catastrophic decoration.

The forest speaks with many different languages, each designed to be distinguishable  
in a crowd of other forest sounds. The frequencies are filled up and a monotone forest  
drone fills up the air waves. My meditation begins unintentionally I've crawled  
through bog danger and the snake musk defense apparatus.

The disappearing snake signals the coming of the gullible future. It stretches  
possibilities further. Manifesting longer potential ladders and tools of creation.  
    The ontic mental spider web that collects information and  
    absorbs and refines it into the

Self.

The musical cloud instrument bubbles and showers cold ice into the hands of a  
beautiful young cove.

Still frozen, cold moment, gone.

The ending of an era  
Crawling tundra bites and floating motion.  
Fertilization of scorpion eggs consists of swollen tongue problems.  
Blue black pupils drain effortlessly into the belly of a traveler; hungry.

Lobster desire increases  
The green blue homes of water provide protection from airborne disease.  
But not from winged bats which await a clever life.

The hairless mammals became cold.  
The world is still becoming.

The future is ancient.  
The crispness of time and the coolness of motion.  
Exact microscopic awareness locates fossilized evidence,  
Of an ancient future.

The next coming is underwater,  
The progression of evolution suggests anti-gravitational longevity.  
The artistic possibilities of weightless living yields sculptural potentialities.

Four hundred pounds of steel pushed with a breath.

Terror of aware snail with possibilities of sting.  
Double venom releaser, folded back,  
Capture food stuffs with hand quickness.  
Lift this yellow stone, flint terror, spiraling spines  
Of encrusted memory particles,  
Absorptive leg attachment,  
Long tooth memory tool.  
Radiate, release,  
Pause between cuddle fish sickness.  
Soft skin  
Foldable.

Wrap up tentacle ash  
Leave totem intercourse for the raven.

The young panda had a struggle with an unknown sunbeam.  
It decided to leave orange moon stone.  
To ensure safe dreaming.

Reindeer upon marsupial avalanche intended for cosmic distillation on Neptunian marble gatherings. Midnight on a whirlwind of watermelon chunks, daybreak showers in the sun pond: delightful metaphor for Egyptian eyelids turned into peacock iridescence with light jewels, fabricated into a wind tunnel for vocalizations of fire. Ethereal mementos of calcified rainbows attached to the wind shields of telescopes.

Rough eyed memory growths expanding within a distressed body.

The dancer in a shroud becomes a non-objective kinetic sculpture of emotion. Intuition and impulse.

The clasp grip of fatalism unravels before it can take hold. The young ones escape from work to become visionaries of city sculptures. Deconstructing tunnels reveal termites inside of rodent bellies. The crawling will of life consumes life. The transformation of energy into experience becomes routine for the hungry.

A mirror shown to the caterpillar causes confusion. When shown a picture of a butterfly it makes the caterpillar understand its true self: the future.

An angry insect feels the burn of insecticide; it attacks the glass and shatters its mandibles. The one with the broken mandibles was the most courageous; its power was boiled into the eye of a chili pepper. It could fly with a creature well over its own weight it was the nest protector the designated larva feeder. Now it only exists as an artificial fossil. The portrait of a flying machine.

Before this nest of insects was destroyed it spawned several others in distant trees. But the plants fought back. They spoke easy of many leafless grandfathers who felt the anticipation of winter, but were fooled by the strange weather patterns that began to smear across the earth. Leaving frost and cracked pebbles behind, in dry dust bins that over flow with leaves.

The orange ones are nostalgic creatures they were collected and flattened into transparent paper intended to be back lit by sun beams. The glowing color was similar to autumn pumpkin meat with strings branching out into corridor arteries. The heavy thump of hollowness reminds one that emptiness can become substance.

The unique vibrations which radiate and penetrate squishy earlobes. The chameleons crawl in anger or frustration, because the trees changed color faster than they could. Jealousy also bites the round eye of a salamander, as it watches the iguana climb and swim. It crawls beneath a tortoise shell that is empty, the plates flake off and float downstream, they travel through fluctuating environments before reaching its place of sedimentary stillness within four hundred thousand years it will be replaced by calcite and silica, becoming a crystallized tortoise shell fossil.

Right below us fossils are being converted into crystal. The all knowing iguanodon has forgotten how to move. It is trapped in a 100 million year old prison of quartz. Its limbs are still, but active with molecular motion. Transforming into a more durable substance causes a loss of detail and diminished fragility.

Crumble limb tour.  
Exhausted raven with human companion.

Rotating gyroscope of passion.  
Claw tomb organism

Extract potent dialogs.  
Press repeat on long overlap button.  
Heavy landing on dirty gutters; thundering.

Euphoric body collapse below cold cream chamber.

Babylon forest emulsion developments.  
Encapsulated flower totem.

The burnt apparatus frequents moving worlds  
Colliding and exploding on passageways of paradise.

Last breath  
Lost below cold

