

Polyvinyl Acetate Rides Again

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With the soap belonging, pickles should seem as right as ruderal ordinal candles. Instead the waxed tautologies dully reflect the salad bar epiphany. My scurvy reverted to ekphrasis: an audible misalignment of the spheres, which uneasily as any gestation of ink, made for anemia. It blurted obliquely: already lime sky is the limit. To recapitulate: cheese epoxy basilisk.

No use sedge adjusting lacustrine Eliza. Sing already the sight of unhoisted sails, slack jaw of the orphaned word drifting across the unpaginated abyss. The worm's words have no cohesive grammar other than mysterious pillowcases, hermetically sealed promises of cellophane, vapors of autobiographical simulacrum. Vermiform.

What does it mean? Like fermented mare's milk. The carnival in Ursa minor is prefigured by a cloud of doubt triggered by ruby throated humming birds, their lapse of faith made for the erosion of blue, the butter knife of cloud smearing spun honey over the peaceable kingdom.

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By suffering I mean a little marmalade. Previously orange. Previously detachable. Now as affixed as postage. The plot is poodled. The medieval trobar clu is rind riche. Still detachable is the whalebone corset from the potlatch.

I've always held that one is either strictly cromlech or strictly albatross. I've already said that lime skies the limit, but have withheld vital information regarding kewpie quicksand and belladonna atropine. & so I am so sun & moon.

This spells balloon egress and yes, even rust carnation is steadily a carrot parallel. Groundswell to thistle with slighted halcyon. Kingfishers nested in the saturnine. The vibrato of martyred flower with its sepals inhabiting sleep. Pearly guano of extra horseradish. I have learned to strafe villanelles, cherishing cuttlefish towards these adenine ends.

Ladderlike husbandry of our emulsion side upwards. Jerome in his study having lost faith in the power of words to represent, now turns his contemplative gaze to numbers. Specifically magic squares. How everything in the end reduces to salt or lead.



An abstract painting with a warm, textured background of orange, red, and brown. A prominent, stylized yellow figure, possibly a person or a creature, is depicted in the center, rendered with thick, expressive brushstrokes. The figure has a dark, circular head and a long, flowing body. The overall composition is dynamic and expressive, with a focus on color and form.

What do a terrace of named difference, a trenchcoat of prime numbers, silicosis agrarian,  
& red sorghum have in common? They are all proximate to abraxas cadenza.

This is how I play: by way of well-tempered clavicle. The cauterized light from a drop of  
duck's blood. Green Verlaine alive in Lisbon. Gangrene giving way to grapheme. Fleeting  
half-lives or violent conflagration. Unceasing molecular origami.

I am mulch marigold myopia. I am rain renard renunciate. I take refuge in the sheer schwa  
schlemiel of it, in urgent cherries, in questionable wheat chaff measured against cheese  
epoxy basilisk. Earmarked or sequestered. Jacob wrestling the angel. Icarus falling into  
the sea. Here's the cromlech. There's the albatross.

I'll hold my cards iconically with a little lark's tongue carved out.

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