

Dangerous thinking in a time of porousness.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of possession.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of prostration.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of postulation.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of prancing.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of proclivity.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of pretension.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of panacea.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of protrusions.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of phylogenesis.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of pests.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of pirouettes.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of panache.  
Dangerous thinking in a time of the preterite.

In the archive: sensuality – no pastoral, no lyricism of the frigid, no partitioning, no moaning, no teething, no fixtures, no mist, no corollary, no ligament, no chattering, no earnestness, no dust, no cracking, no brain, no dactyls, no rancour, no frittering, no bleach, no trumpets, no high noon, no smoke, no seizures, no metres, no thievery, no remedy, no enthralling, no heroism, no draining, no berth, no settling, no tepidness, no smokiness, no machinery, no chromatics, no distillation, no force, no declining, no arcadia, no brazenness, no pleasantries, no sorcery, no anvil, no frost, no seed, no injury, no slip, no thirst, no resurrection, no method, no hollowing, no crudity, no ::

Make room for the subsonic  
the little binding underneath.  
What is hidden in the  
substance like a sculpture  
firms its place but a sculpture  
can change depending on the  
light the angle we perceive  
how quickly we make our  
approach is that

I return myself. Always moving  
through

I live among the mortar  
in ruin and majesty  
in the tomb of prohibition

is it easier to listen  
with the senses addled  
discordia on the tongue  
implanted fiction

is a seamless night  
enough to live