

rom *A Text Called How*

To figure goggles dense enough to shield the corneas from afternoon sun's reflection off the high-rises.

There are mucked pillows exploded on every street corner.

The fences are altered every few years to be taller, more repellent and fashionable in materials.

A grassy lot's meaning changes according to its geographical situation.

Here it is all regarding a tradition carried forth that is erasure commingled with dense pandering thickets of naming.

Decay can contain its most unsettling moments in its repurposing, which is why it is a level of pornography.

Our breaths are lost and heaving in the small, lime-strewn creases which form the boundaries here.

Finance's thalliform will not concern itself with hundreds of candles or its complicity in their too-occasional eruption on sidewalks.

An exception can ever be found if one strolls in a manner befitting an overcast morning.

The latest is driving refuse to a place of childish colors enclosing a digital portfolio complex.

Experiences in the sublimity of karesansui demand an individual with nimble fingers and lock-picking proficiency.

Inevitably, more compounds arrive daily, buttressed against secure parking.

To wash brick surfaces is a stupid undertaking.

He often bleeds as vomit trickles then pools in freshly-manicured sapling boxes.

One can stop in the street and hardly imagine the decibel level of what was viaduct.