

Come each finger to a different union of tone and inescapable
imagery

of the stunted external forming the clamour of the inside. Your
doors

ache like a swollen storm cycling from maturity to the polyp in the
death of sound. Don't forget to press harder as day's progress; the
wax

roams into grooves of rubber, amplified by cartridges of nerve
endings.

Reynold must.

Get out of the sun, what good will it do, even if the body is not
real.

Dreaming of absconding with various cotton plants, the chin
signifies

lust. How can I write of love if all I can do is hear! He runs as
terror. A

boll. Gossypium bubbles a fearsome leash. A sworn armour
provides,

the measure of his attempts at distance, flecked in dirt and stain,

folding, strangled at the mercy of cavitation, the intensity of a
hopeless

lust burns like copper and, without stich, return again and begin.