"to be caressed, be free"

blue haze beckon beyond dented wood patio
Paint peels off its stark wall
Unseen, but felt by eyes perceiving distance

the threshold between balcony and living room shepherds maple smoke throughout, lusty to the nostrils

Sitting on the quicksand of the morning downing abyssal crack from a Garfield mug. Not that kind of work today

Today it's a fight to stir. interior, gray matter to beat grayscale and color alpha presences

Folks hankering to get out and explore their world

Only a cruel god traps his creations like God traps his creations.

A bird drops to serenely land with a silent tick on the old cemented fountain, can dip its beak and part water easier than making a trip to the records office and safer too.

And flap away
to fold within winter's dead tree nestling
within gnarled knots and coarse branches of rope,

and to watch me behind my guardrail keeping me on the faux balcony

{{{ICU}}}}

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Immaculate bedsheets fore-
shadowing argent glow yet
still
material.
a still beveled
board, man rests
on them
lightly crumpled like ocean
waves at the edges sudden
precipices, and
Ant's POV.
man coughs
woman walks in. Apologizes
beep from the side where a blocky industrial cube sits
a dim green glow
growth hampered by fatal injury
a tear in the upper left
atria. Held
emotions
and guillotine, frigid cold,
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a concise

severed

connection -

above the "grounding bevel"

IVORY outlet against a wall

near coaxial cable still, its umbilical in a wee child's paw.

an ebony doll

with diapers on hind,

the white of a holy man's skin.

he slides the coaxial into his maw.

a white plaster

hal l way

tall glass on window-sill

and nearby, tree branch scrapes

a dirtened pane

of shuddering glass.

it rickets

with faces, ancient.

family, blood

down hall past a sofa

Someone, back facing me, fries an egg

on teflon.

Teach a new way to clip a bough

"let arms" flurry away "like" incomplete snowflakes.