

Entering dimensions of distortion,  
possibility in doubt,  
black and white,  
salt and sugar.

Difference in sweetness, stages and energy.

Down the hill, in the crowd to be cured of their power, it is not easy to find a dark place when the sky seems four times greater.

Focusing to make the invisible visible to the naked eye, their voice offered a bit of touch, a bit of cover.

Still here,  
in a place that can be found. Still here,  
of space and shadowy feelings.

High vagueness,

pure,

the smallest circle worthy of real inner need.

Very pale,

tremendous fragments arc - far flung.

Tremendous sense of direction,

shading, extremes, meaning!

Remember, be very careful when using it -

great care should drain ashes.

Blue vivid.

The warm mouth of fog strikes in great piles, rapidly killing clear nights, miracles and their promises.  
Burnt away in layers of clouds, they fall slowly...suspended in the air, free as a gift.

Free but tethered.  
Their own magnetic accident.

An unusually bright sign - *do you see the sign? What if it disappeared? Would anyone notice?*

The arrows show the cold.

Their sick arrival.

Fixed, faith, freedom. Their voice offered a bit of touch, a bit of cover.

The echo made – it was a long, tedious sound

it touched the bottom,

the depth

lowering

to the bottom.

Split away from another someone, echoes will return and reveal far more.

The less free ones,

Into the deepest trenches – they creep slowly.

Breakdown,

ice-like,

splatter.

Never remains significant.