|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| There is only you in the word you. In the end of the reading  last, the longest of runs. The longest  of rains: the silver linen of silence. |  |

Each time is uncertain as

Pedestrians leave traces: they’re slight,   
but visible by each other. Pencils   
grow through the trees of light – they reach destinations that weren’t left for them   
to reach.   
To what extent will bare feet proceed?   
Stepson   
Stepfather   
Stop.

Paper projects its transparency towards the surroundings. The projection

won't come through its obstacles.

Death is buried in mind, but the pit

is shallow, and the sleep

as well. Sheep

is uncountable. Wordplay. Water,

rain, navar.

River.

reading by the reading

Window *by*.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | half past |  |
|  |  |  |

twelve. Enter and return.

I need my name back, before you call me   
I’m nameless, but you seem confused by its length  
and where it begins. Listen again, if you are still   
here to hear.

It says – all end is the other end: the highest degree of comparison

promises what one looks for, but life gives you lumen. And, the yellow of grass doesn't remind of the sun.

Who reads you

You read whom

Words are found already burdened with flesh. Slipping beauty of reflection – to be in one’s shoes.

Long, long way inside 

Time of the light

Dream is bottomless.

Electricity flows, and the time files among. Eyes are thin

glasses, invisible. The ink is dark, the sign is nature. The unread

shoots.

The T-time – time of the cross:

When the inanimate wants to die like the living: the chair, the choir, the chess, when a pawn falls under a chair and loses its color, its weight.

: difference is the beggar,

Begging for the difference

All made is made by external force.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Library of the silence. Nothing  is noting. The pen  is sharp. Laughter breaks into the broken. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |

The weight of its color.

Unread makes the read unread.

This blinding artificial light is the reading light. The night

it says the night. It quotes, and one can't finish reading till the end

of quote.







Children play growth.

hills are the landscape for the blind, show for the shoeless. And, what about the deapth? The deaf? They say: tree is a grown up.

Lovers of no one – lower cases  
grow through the nouns of property. earth  
is wet. Lets the flat-earthers   
inherit their treasure map. Heaven looks above and gets blinded. Well   
never ends.

Landscape says: 

Before the beggar pays with counterfeit coin, he gets one from their giver.

Hour is later than the day, the month, the year. Wisdom is taken back by the asphalt: it bares the bones

of glass. It's taken back by lamps that now would shine as if there were no other lamps around.

What shape is the brown field of knowledge? The tips would lie, unable to align.

Underdressed. Nakedness in the change – where are you? Nakedness is complete with the incomplete.

Underdressed. Nakedness in the change – where are you? Nakedness is complete with the incomplete.

Underdressed. Nakedness in the change – where are you? Nakedness is complete with the incomplete.

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Specify the general (the gender). The idle title says we shall hold its beer: it manages our hasty judgment, hurried by the close evening.

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