

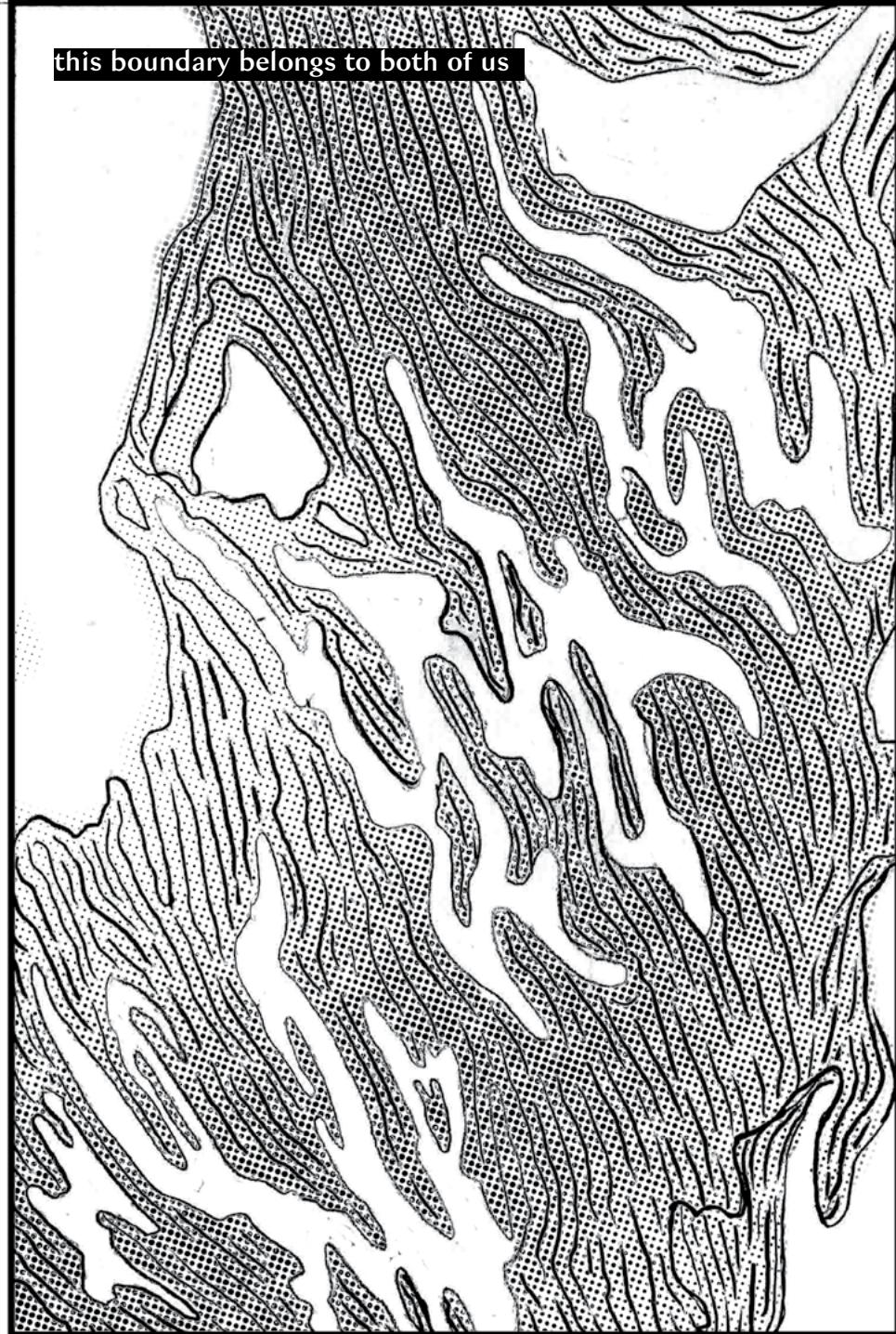
H A L F
T O N E
D A Y
D R E A M

printed in Montreal, Quebec
interiors in Bagnard Regular
cover in Arcade Rounded

there is a sky that is open and eternal.
this is for one who is finite and always far away.

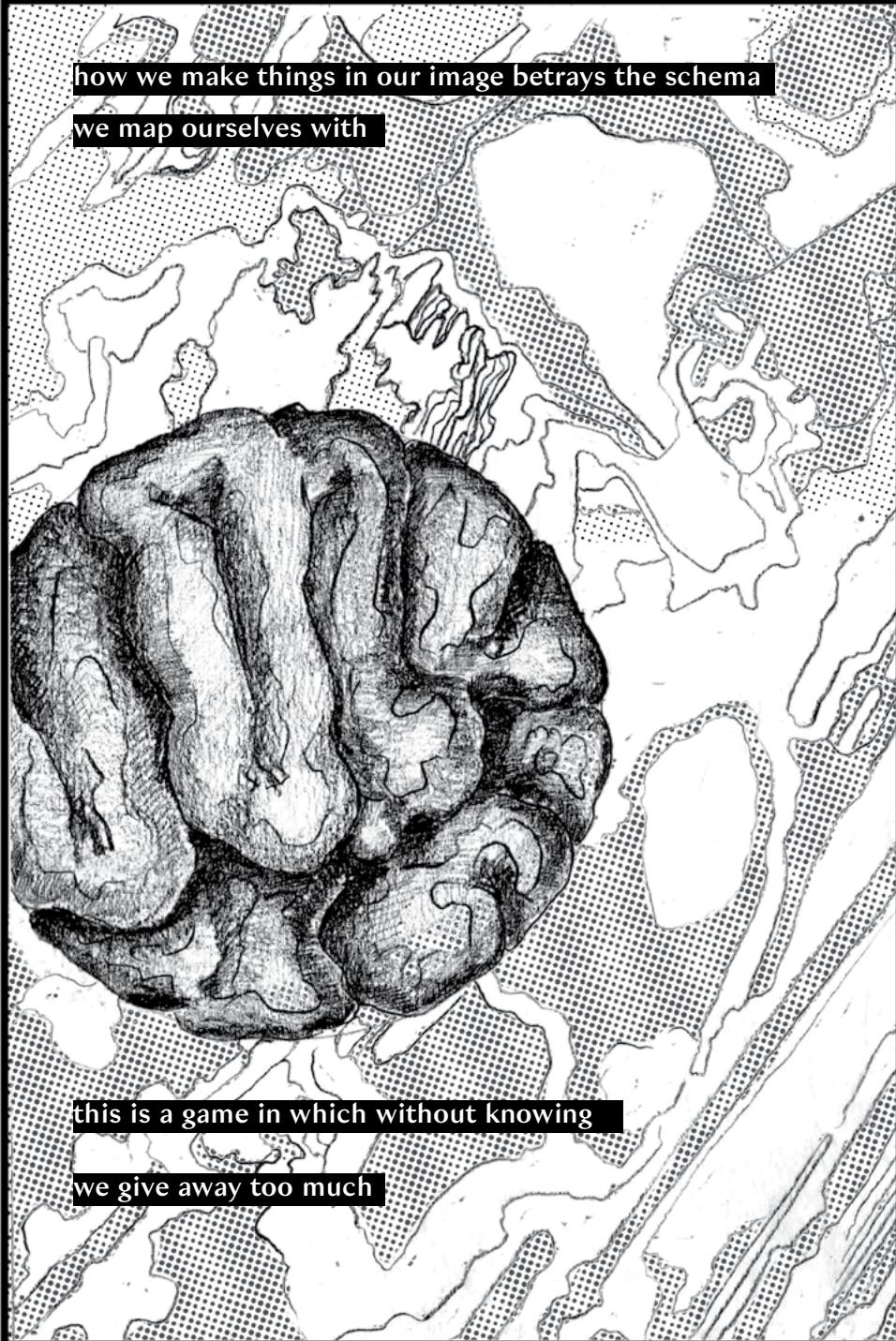


my love is a practice of making double



this boundary belongs to both of us

mimicry allows us to imagine a single substance



how we make things in our image betrays the schema

we map ourselves with

this is a game in which without knowing

we give away too much



by doubling myself i double my power to move

to be moveable

i expand my touchable surface



a body coheres over time

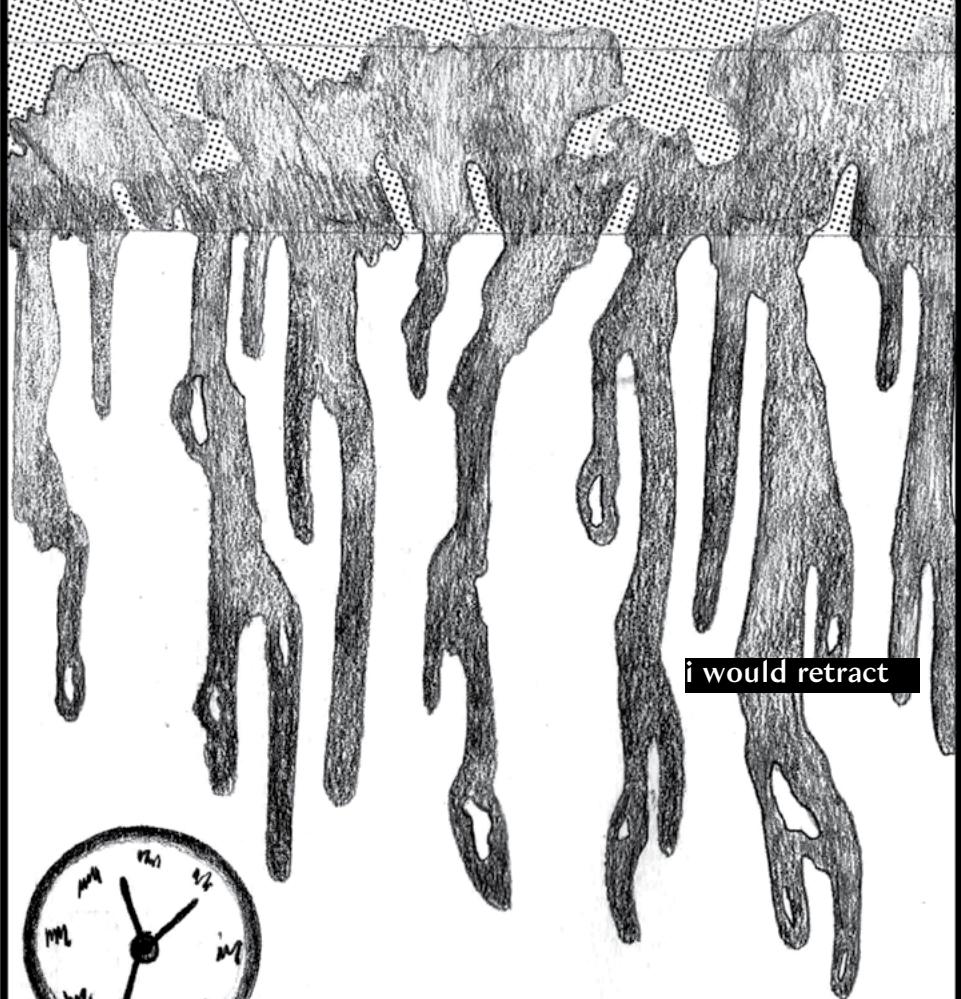
i made an other out of sand and sunlight

i made mine in the space between wires



i made a god out of absence

watch me project outwardly
and make real infinity with the presence of
just one more

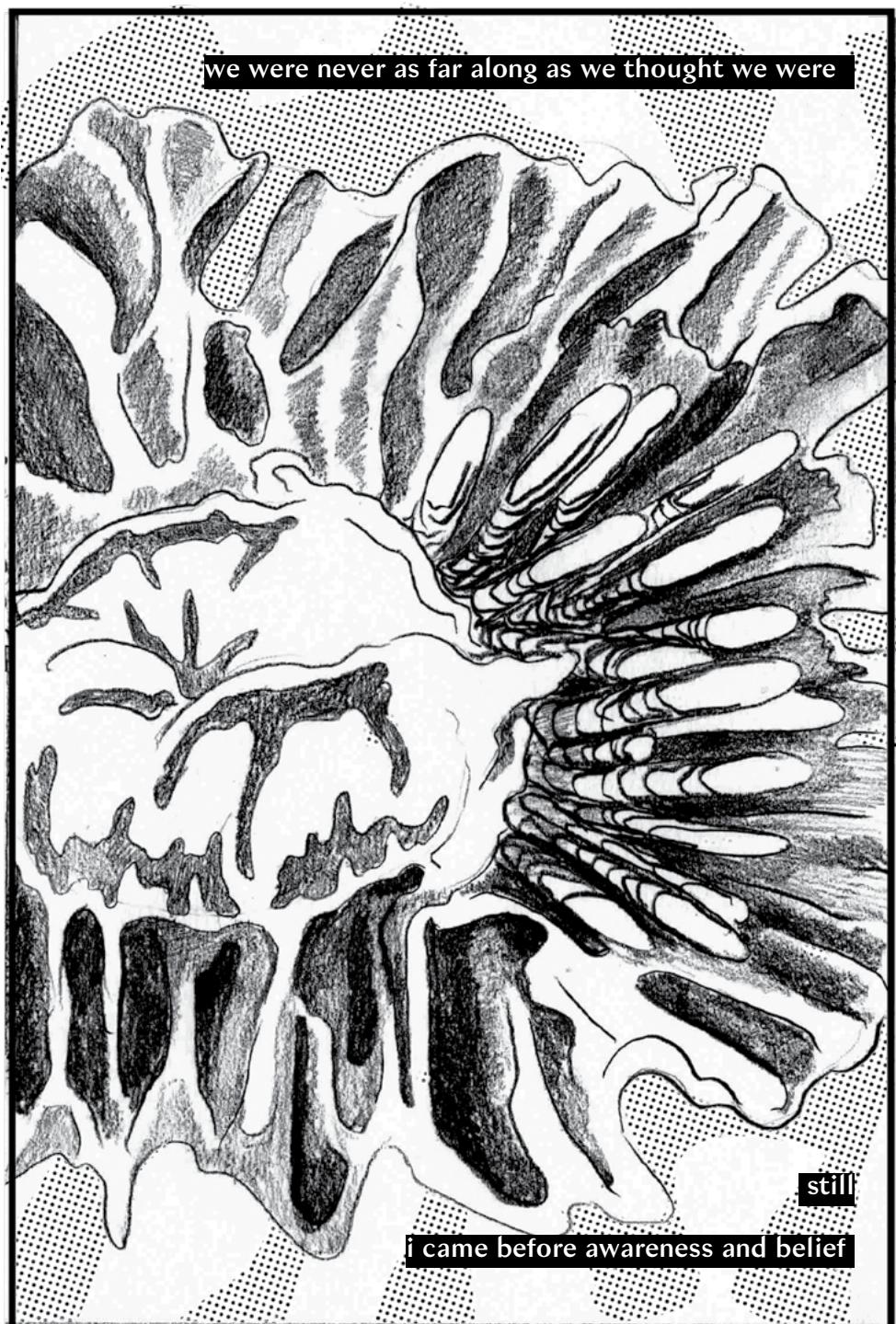
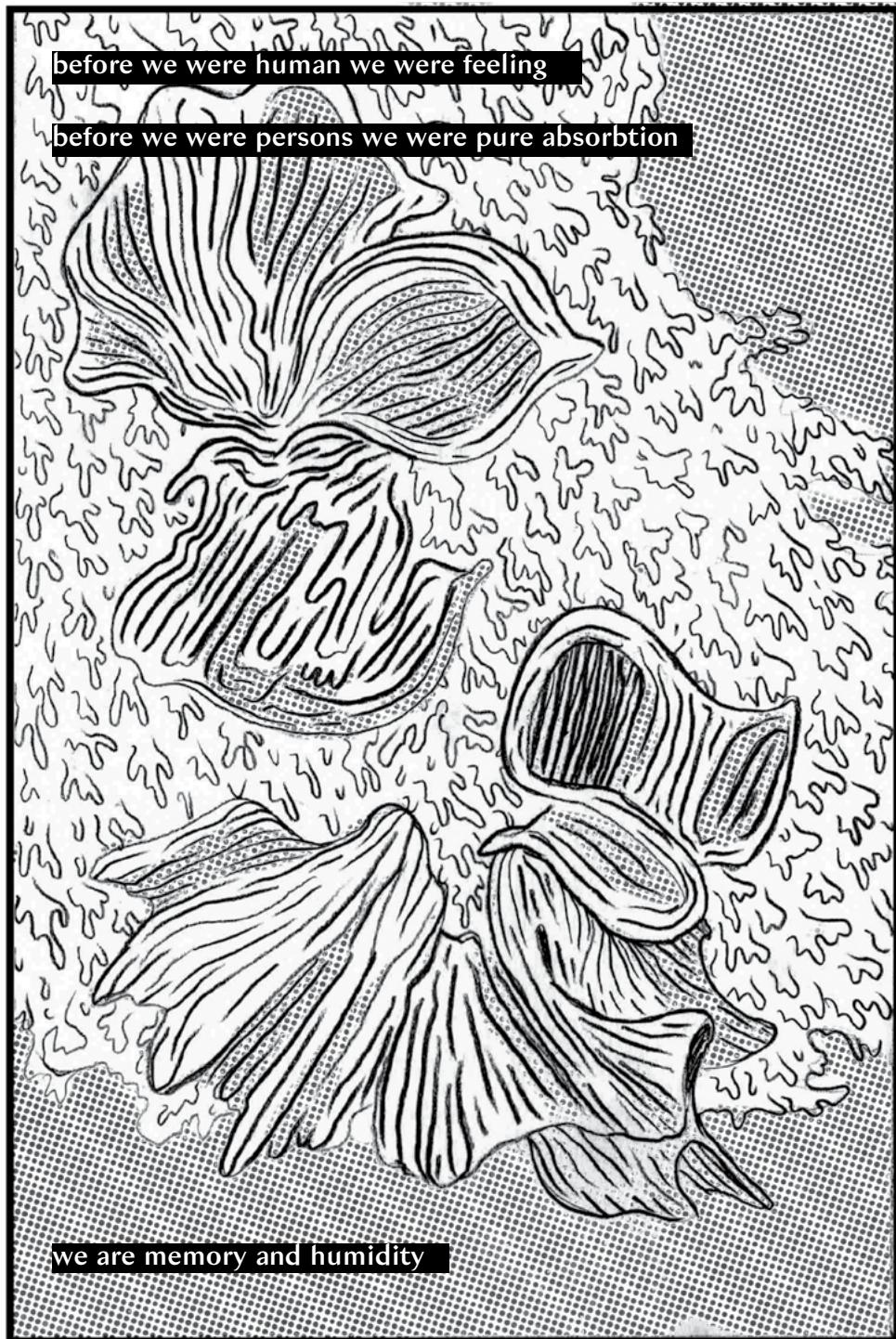


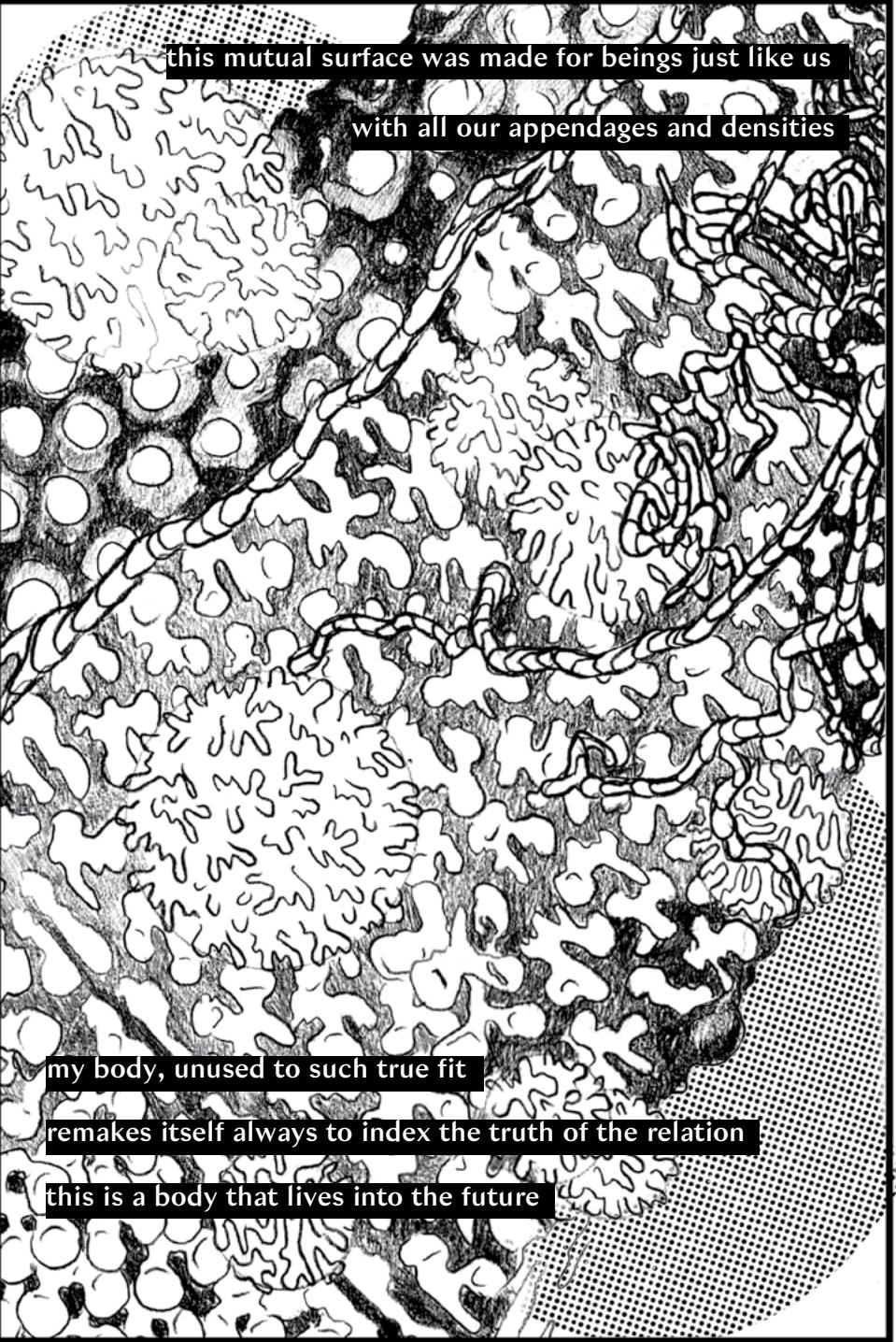
and let the fantasy be full of incisions

my desire is a use desire

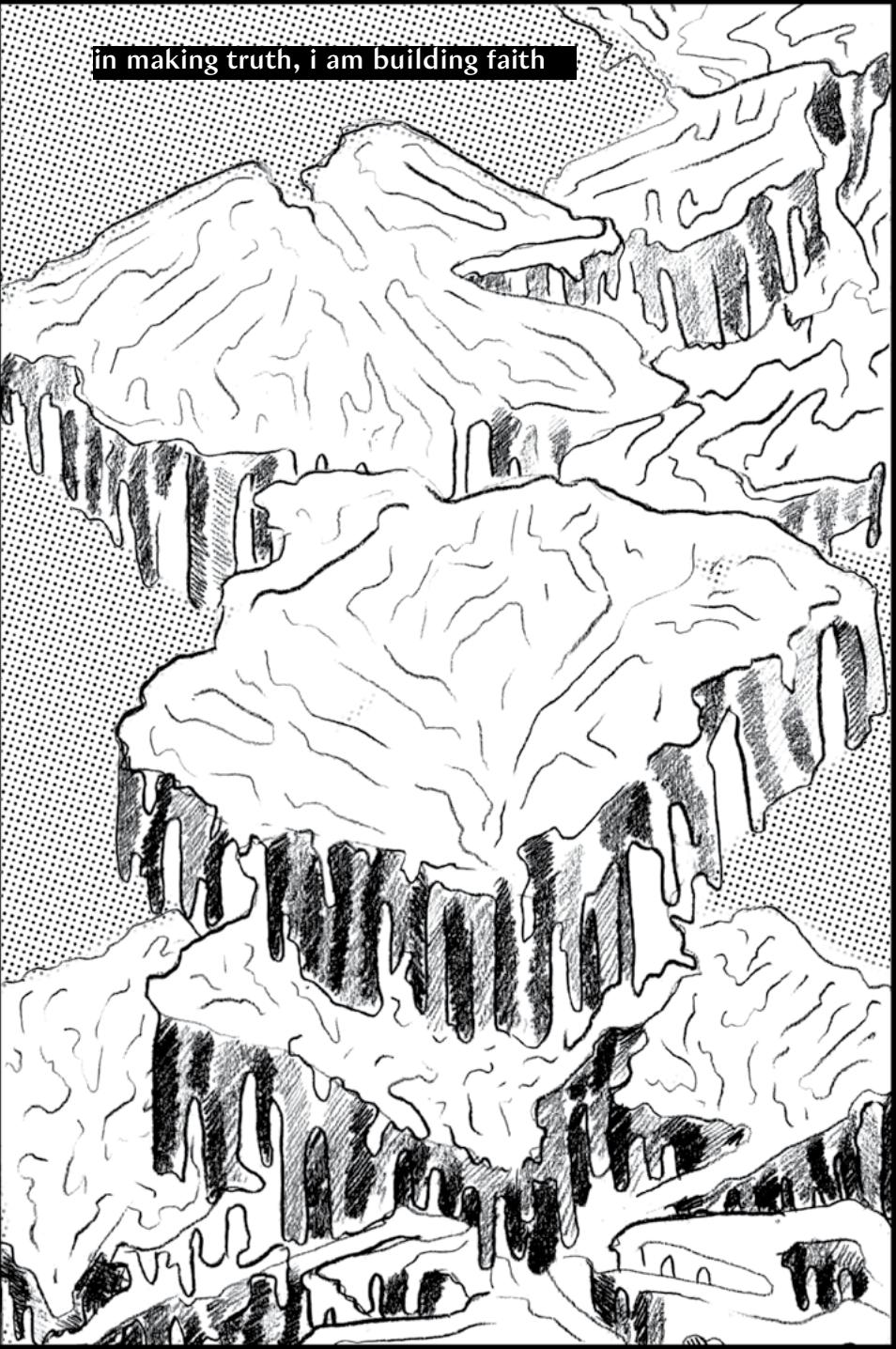
a make-telos-of-me

make an end out of me





this mutual surface was made for beings just like us
with all our appendages and densities

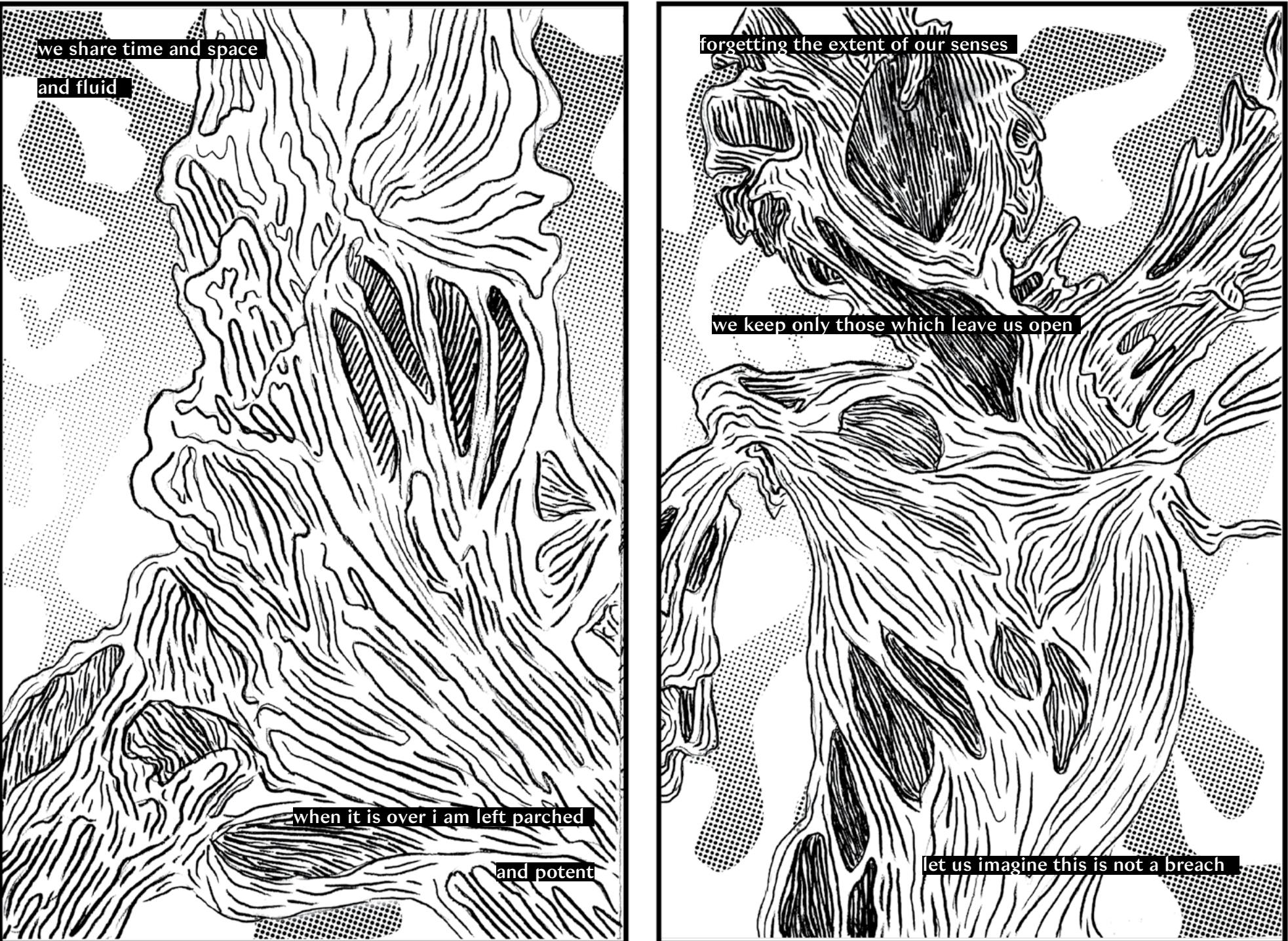


in making truth, i am building faith

my body, unused to such true fit

remakes itself always to index the truth of the relation

this is a body that lives into the future



we share time and space
and fluid

forgetting the extent of our senses

we keep only those which leave us open

when it is over i am left parched
and potent

let us imagine this is not a breach