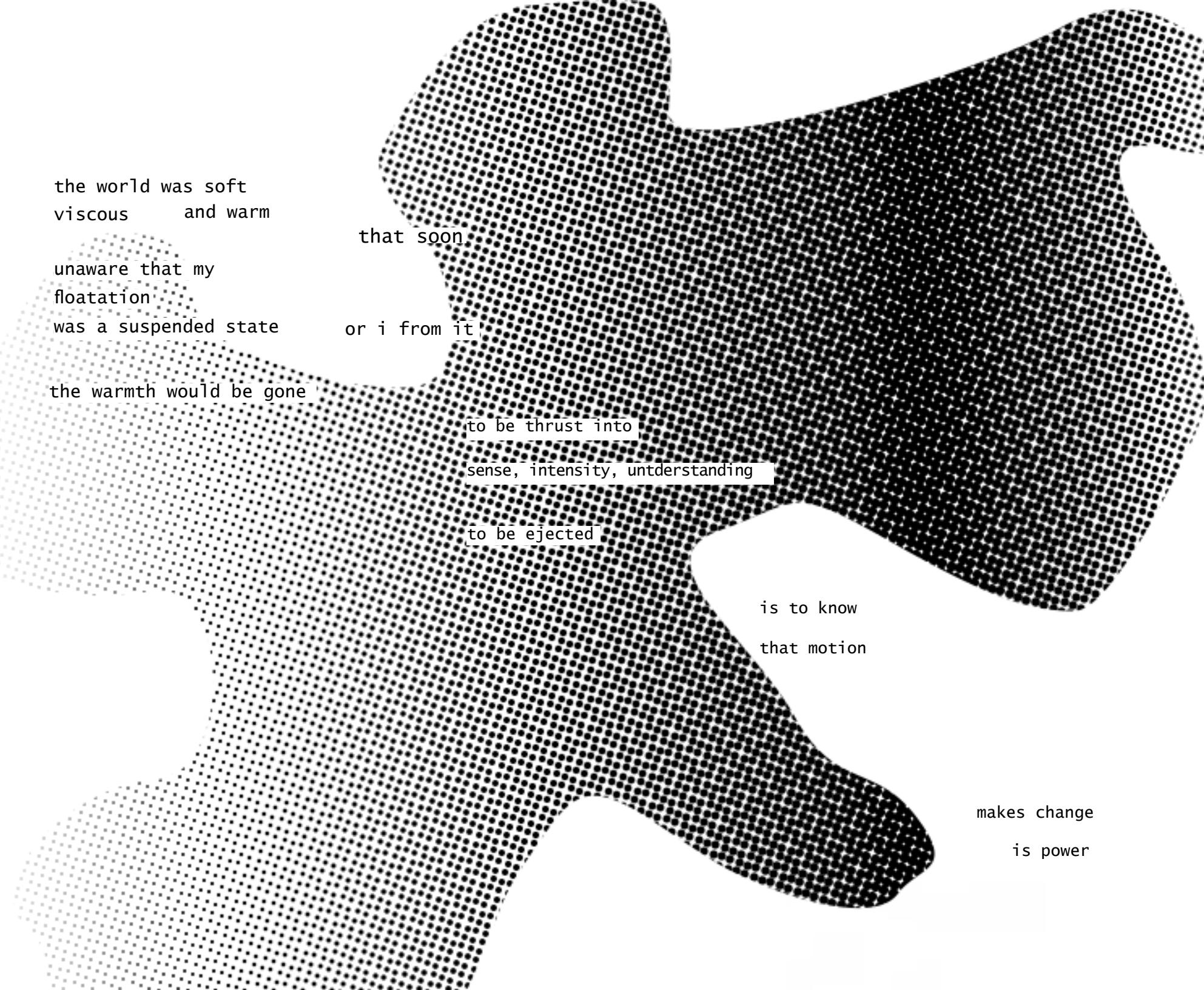


H A L F  
T O N E  
D A Y  
D R E A M

jules galbraith  
2019



the world was soft  
viscous and warm

unaware that my  
floatation  
was a suspended state

the warmth would be gone

that soon

or i from it

to be thrust into

sense, intensity, understanding

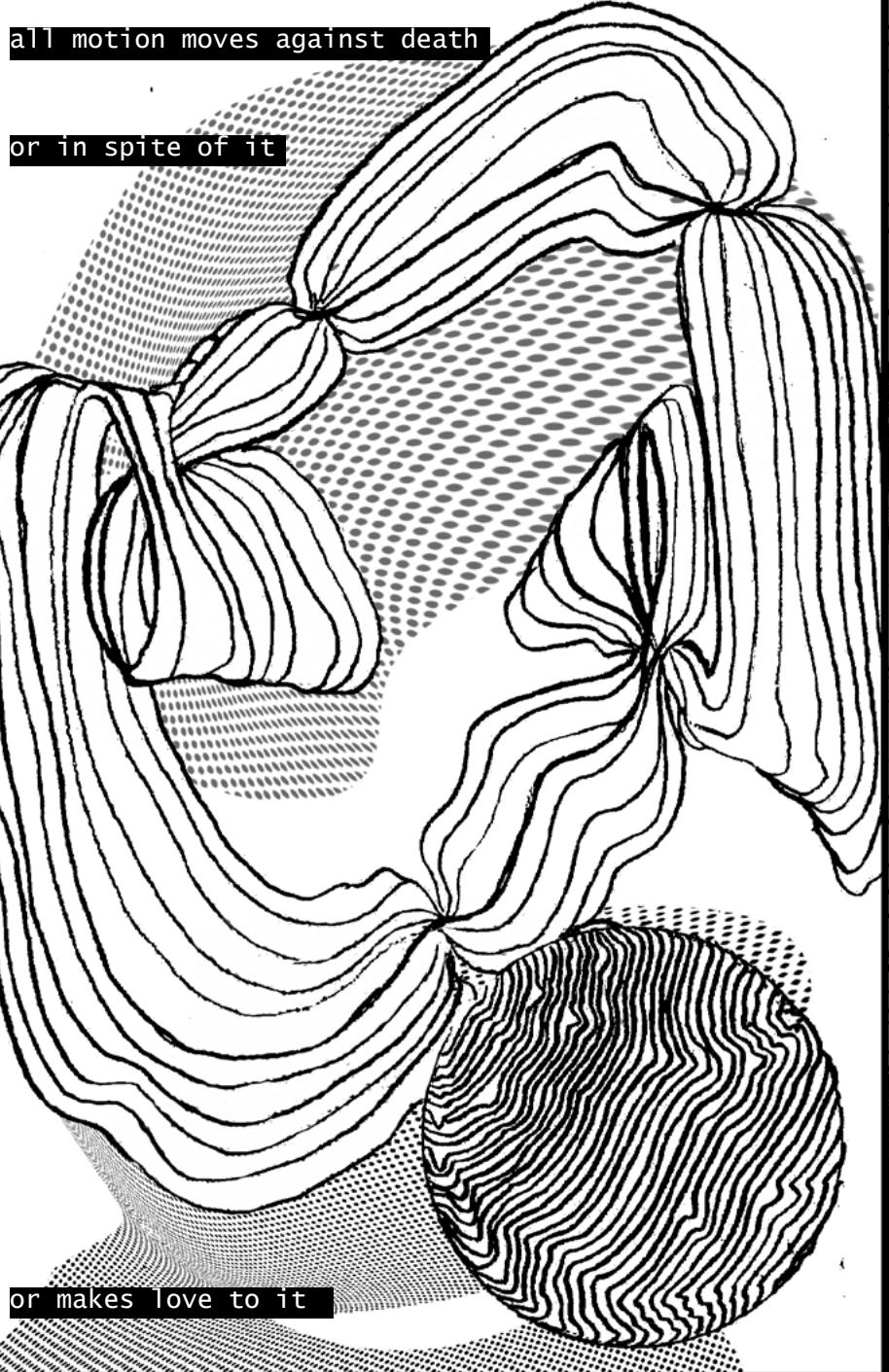
to be ejected

is to know  
that motion

makes change  
is power

all motion moves against death

or in spite of it



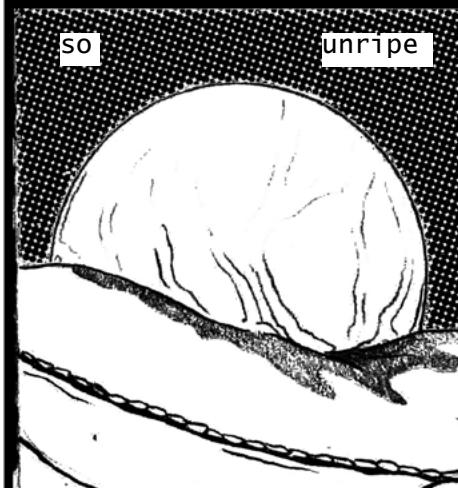
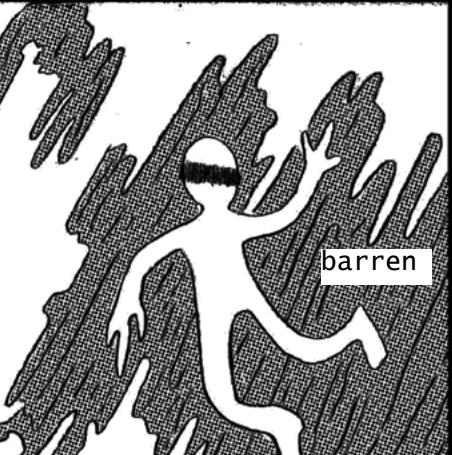
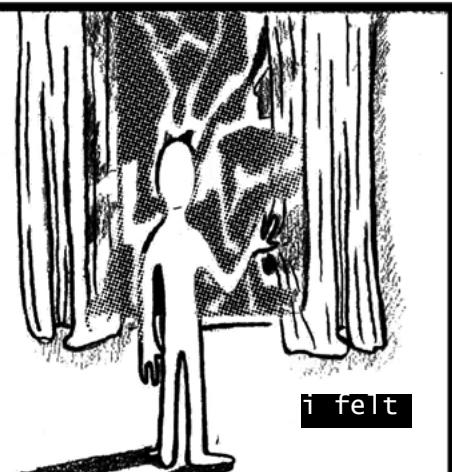
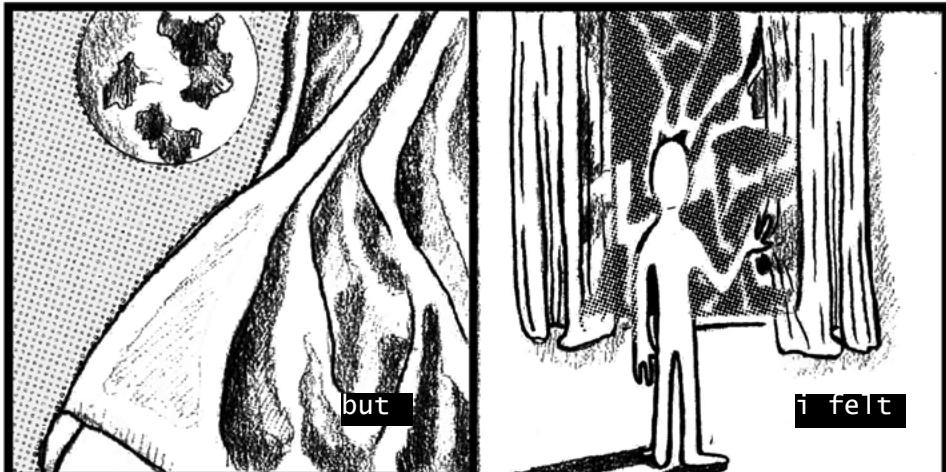
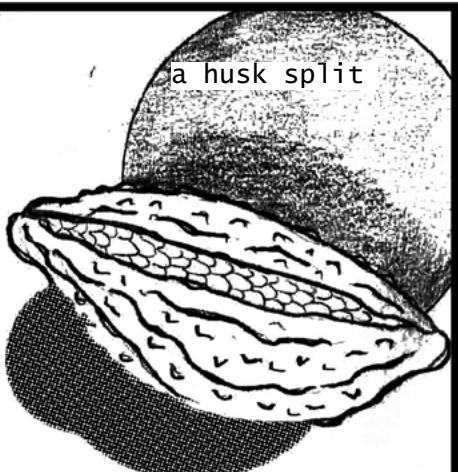
there is a magnetism here that stirs forms

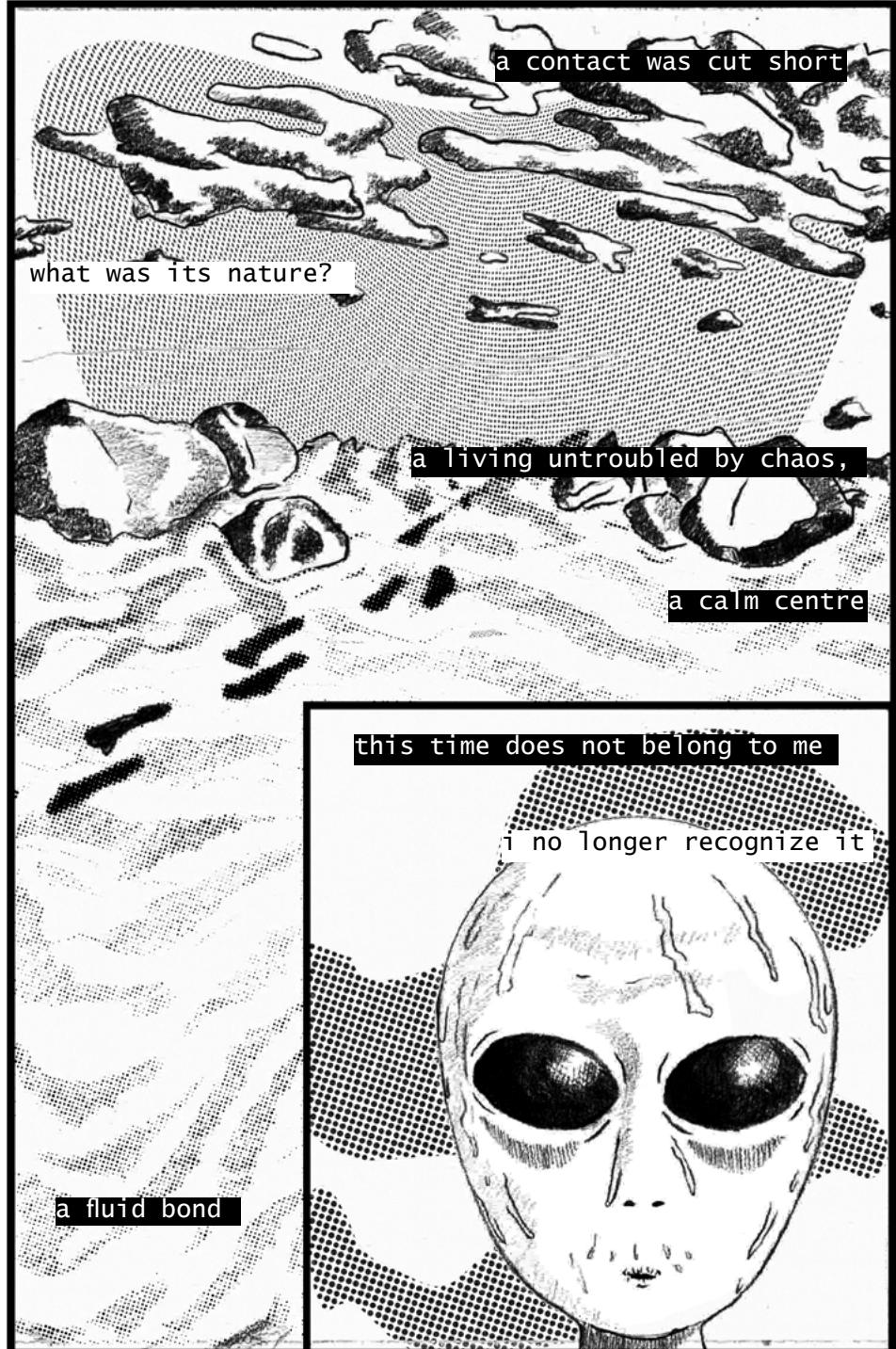
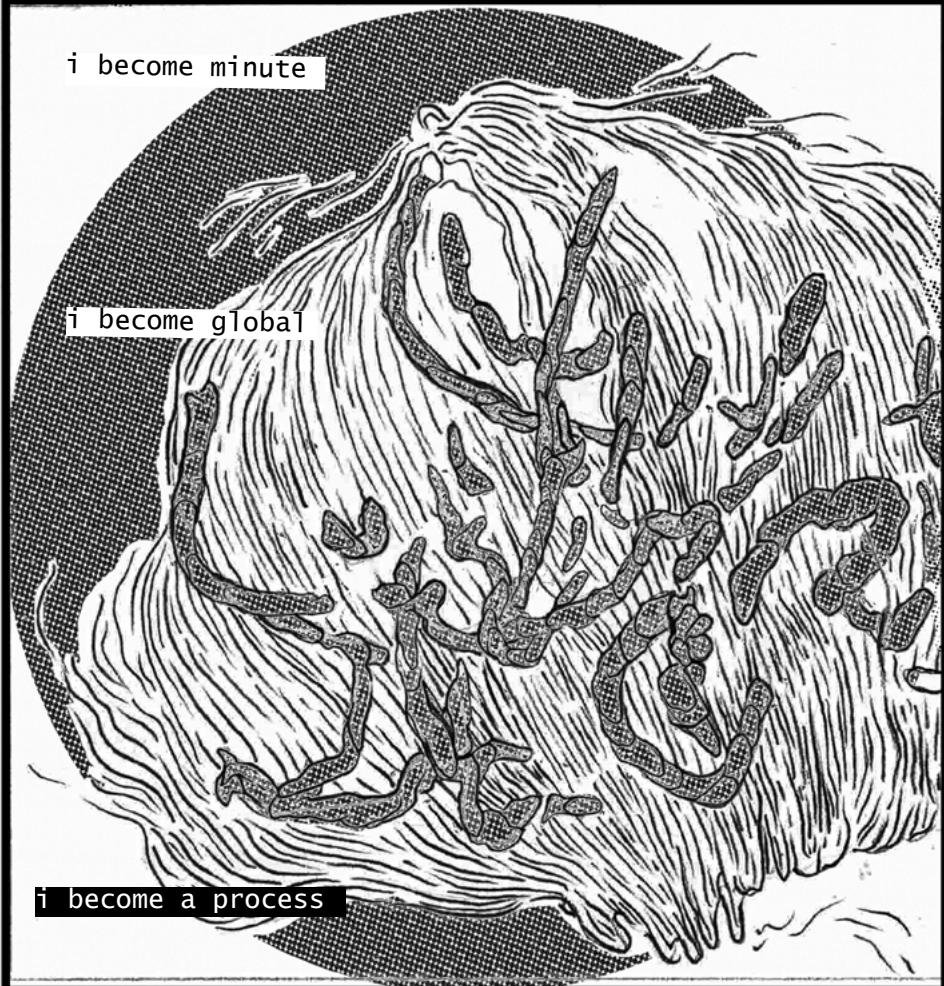
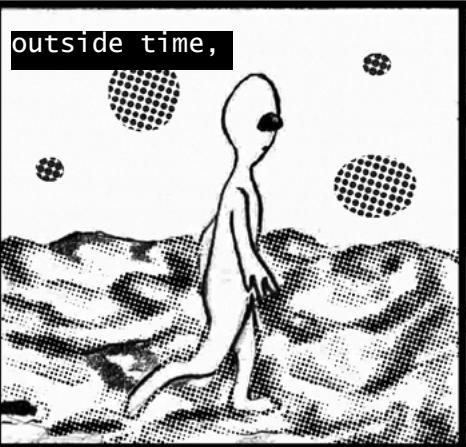
they batter and bulge against containment

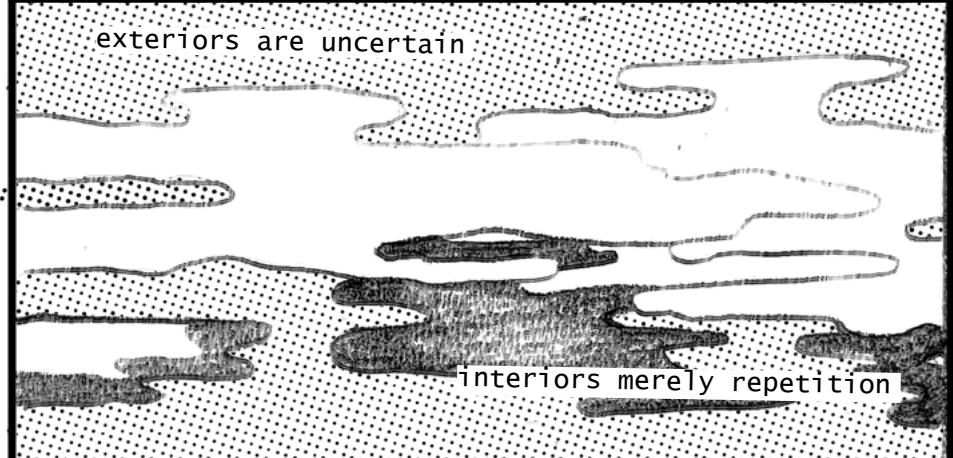
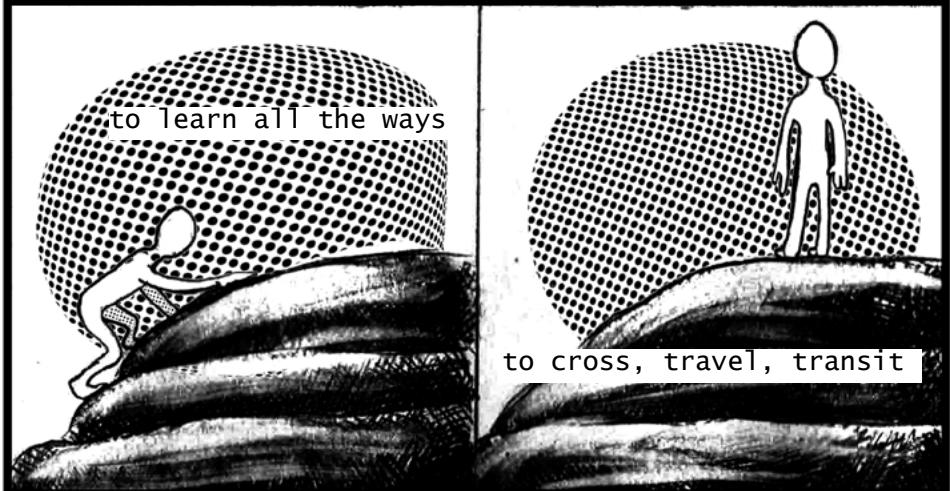
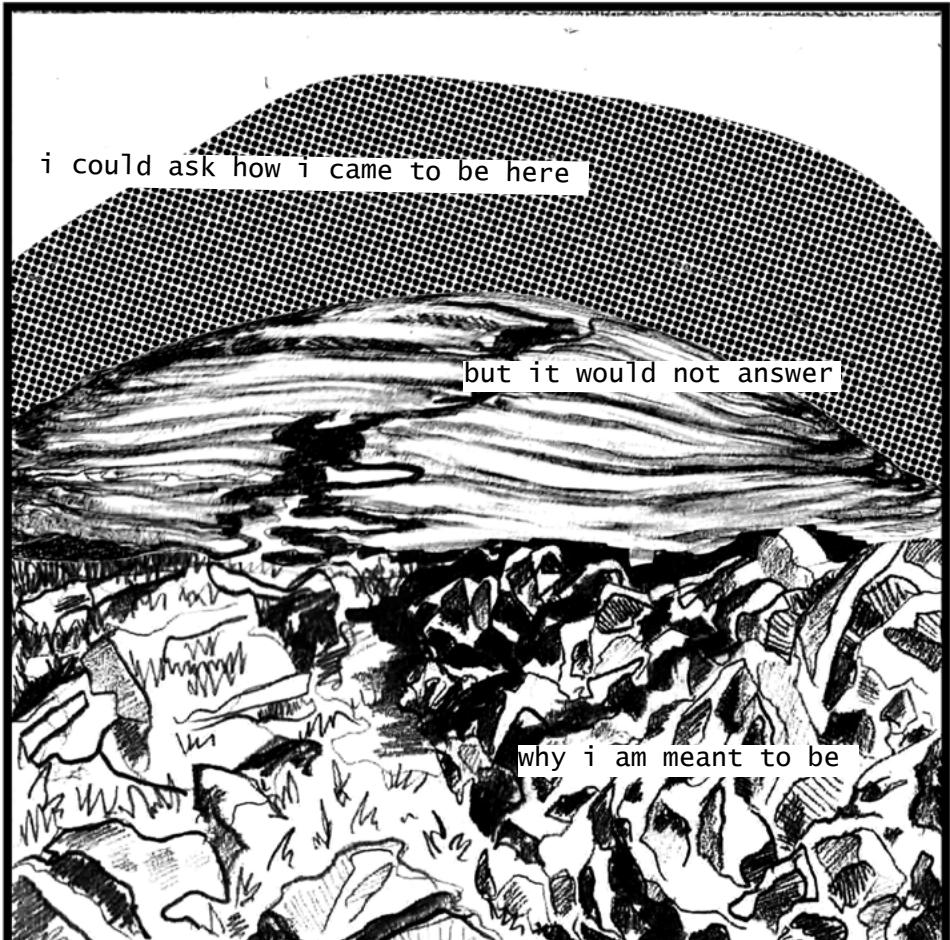
surface tension keeps them apart

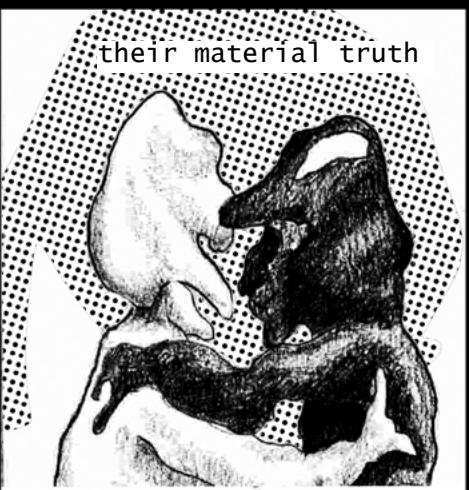
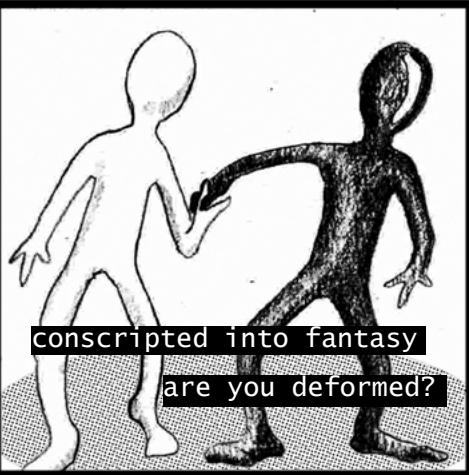
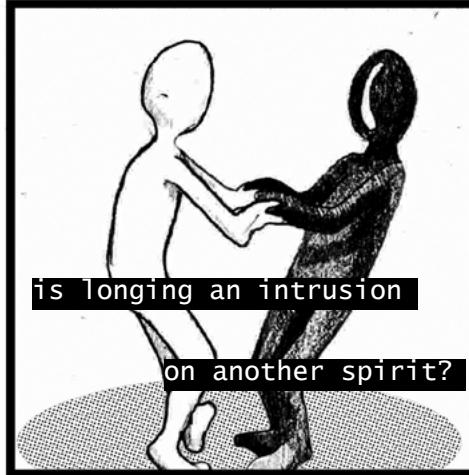
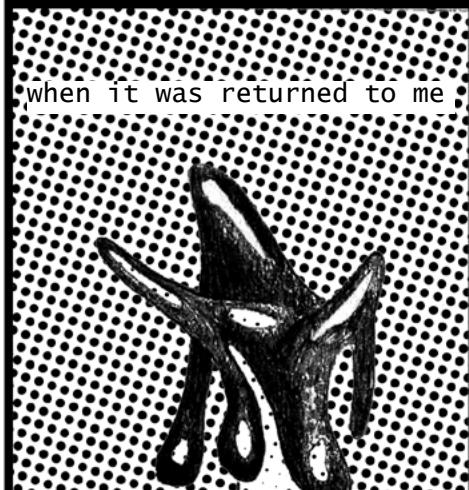
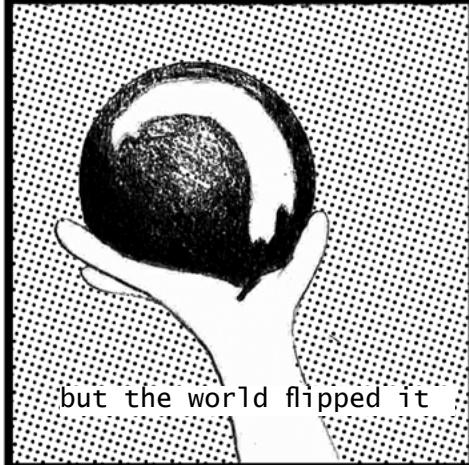
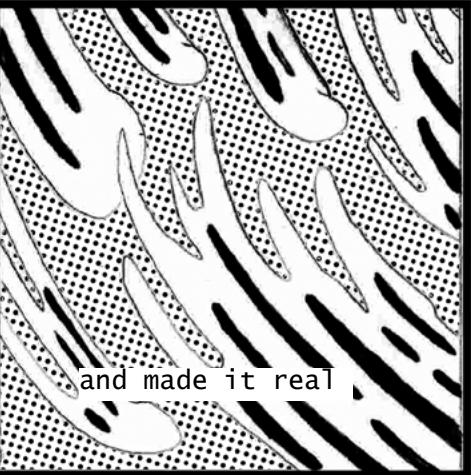
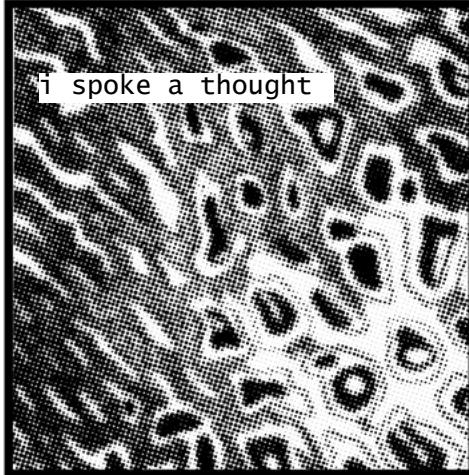
or makes love to it











if my movement made death thirst after life

if i could seduce fear  
renew its thrill in the name of love

would drive and passion implode

extinguish

or, reunited, just

be      feeling

everything is always swelling outwards

to meet understanding

only to chafe below it

knowing draws limits

feeling is to be permeable

loving  
being loved

is to be always already

full of holes