

SABINE's DREAM [b] e2 contd.

Casino Gunroom Bar Theatre,
Miri, Lis, my online friends...
All guilty of crimes sadistic or
suicidal... Hidden in the base of a
deep state riverboat this
whole time...

She goes moping on out the
door, party raging behind her,
beer bottles shattering
on her head without her even
lifting her eyes from the floor.

And so on... boohooing into
the basement of things til
* thunk * tripping over herself,
chin banging the ground sets her
teeth rattling. Her eyes pan up...

A dark, bluecast room, an
indoor pool with a single
imponderable depth set to
host every spark, so far
uncollected. Someone sensorily
undefined, paid an hourly rate
to depress a forever depressed
lever, locking the world in
"Imprisoned Divinity." She
knows that behind it is that
which will align creation in
cycle undevouring, sustaining all
without cannibalizing any. There
was a button the whole time, to
fix a crime at the beginning of
things, that we again witness
anytime something bad happens.
Signs of it in every moment of my
life... We proceed from it, it
conditioned our embraces... An
archon and amphorae... Something to
kill and break...

BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANG

Toppled now- springs and gears
creakily foisting things up above
the firmament...

Shattered, their souls not
scattering or ascending apart,
but gathering together of united
volition. Sabine watches light
swarm, everyone released,
unbonded, dissolved, wearing
new heaven costumes, shaking
hands on their way together to a
world condescended to a single
point, infinitely faceted.

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