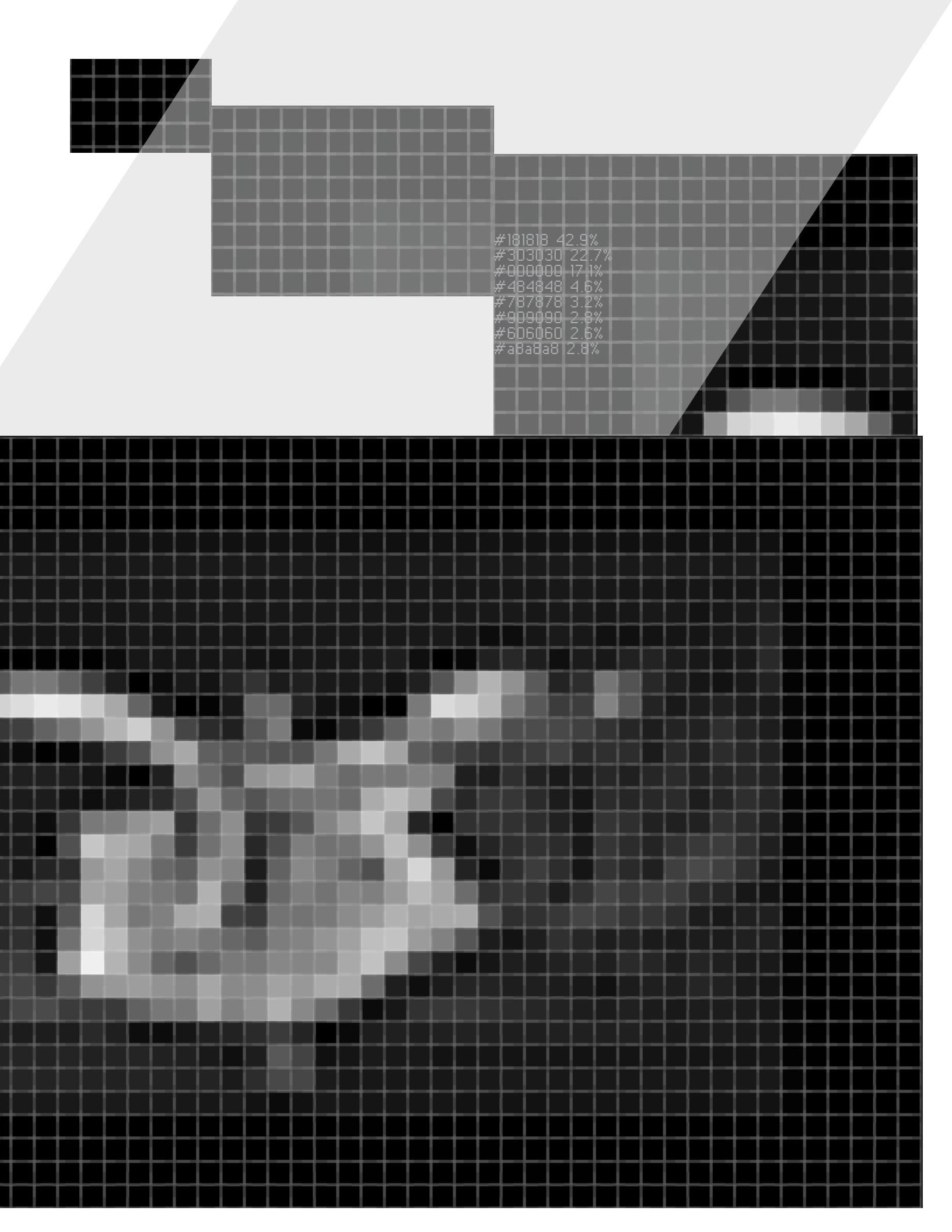


Windows overlapping ratios

forcing the cotton curtains to plot directionality.





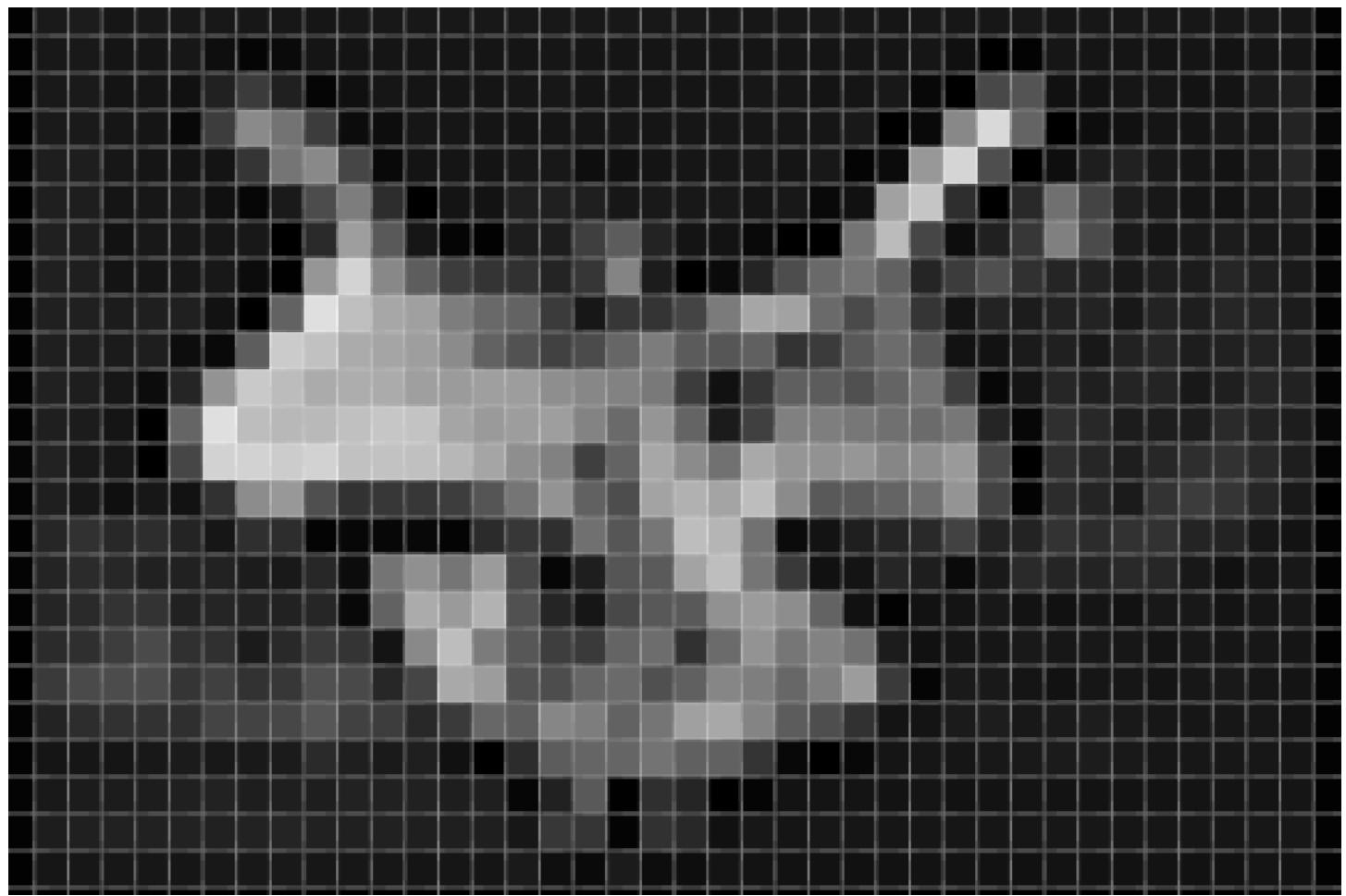


#181818 42.9%
#303030 22.7%
#000000 17.1%
#484848 4.6%
#787878 3.2%
#909090 2.8%
#606060 2.6%
#aBaBa8 2.8%



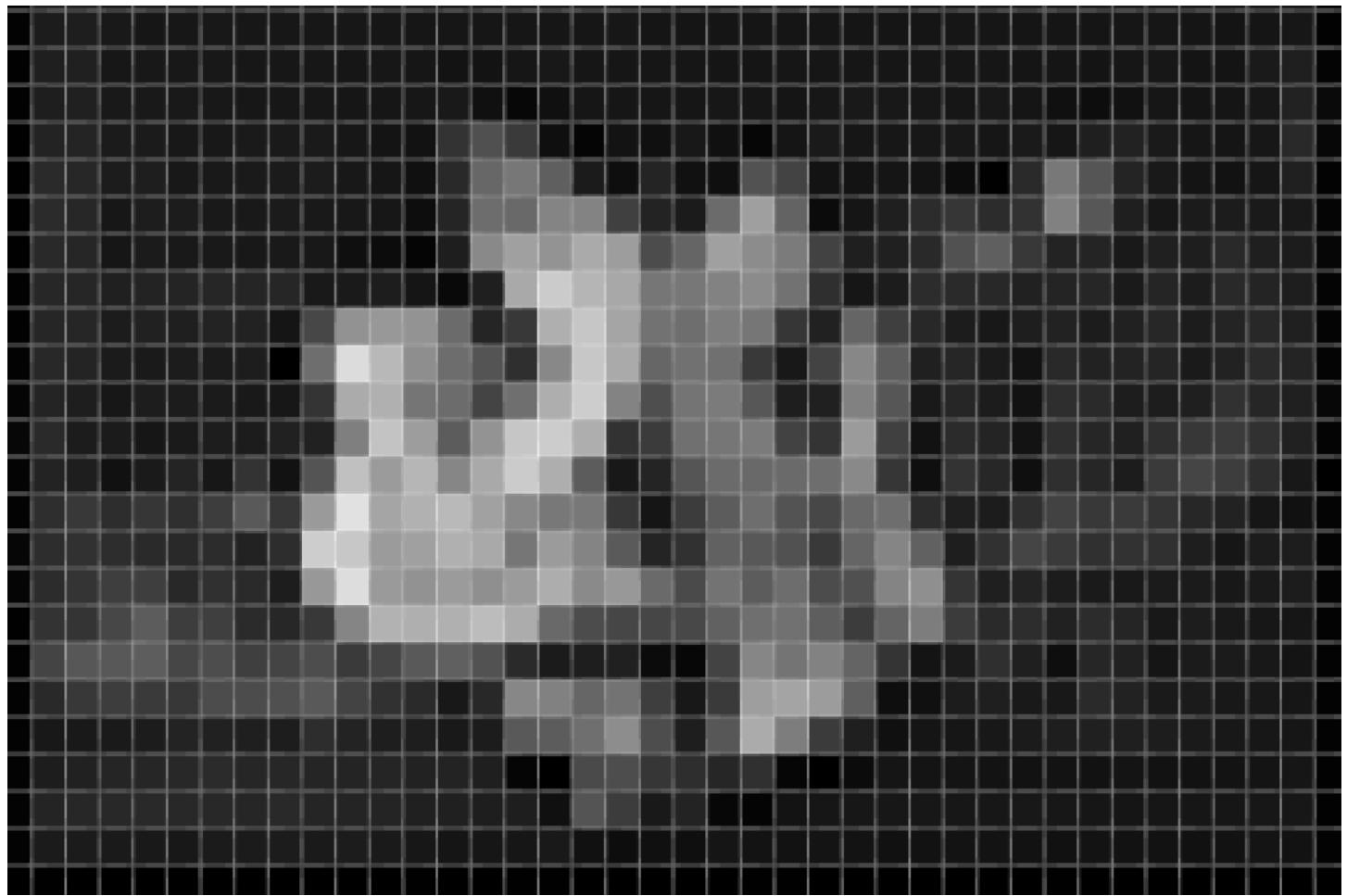


#181818 40.2%
#303030 23.2%
#000000 19.2%
#484848 4.7%
#606060 3.5%
#787878 3.1%
#909090 2.2%
#a8a8a8 2.1%



#181818 42.3%
#303030 24.2%
#000000 16.7%
#484848 5%
#606060 3.2%
#787878 3.2%
#909090 1.9%
#a8a8a8 2.2%

They grow yellow orange half-drawn in the kitchen with
the ginger and the #FF6699 inner-cabinetry. We
call this revelation world a category. We call this a-round-of-the-leg.





No, you're Right

No, you're Right
No, you're Right
No, you're Right

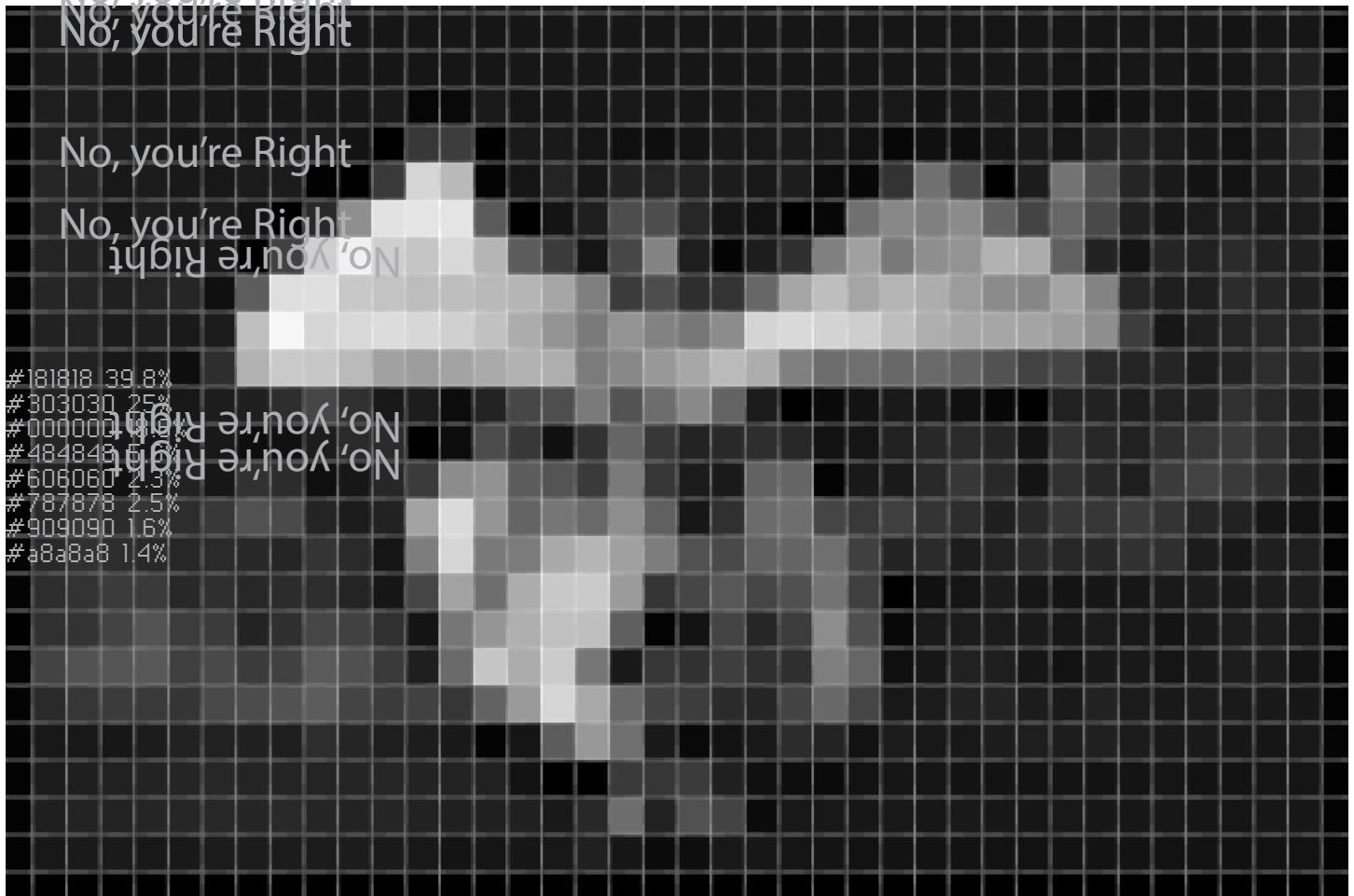
No, you're Right
No, you're Right
No, you're Right
No, you're Right

No, you're Right
No, you're Right

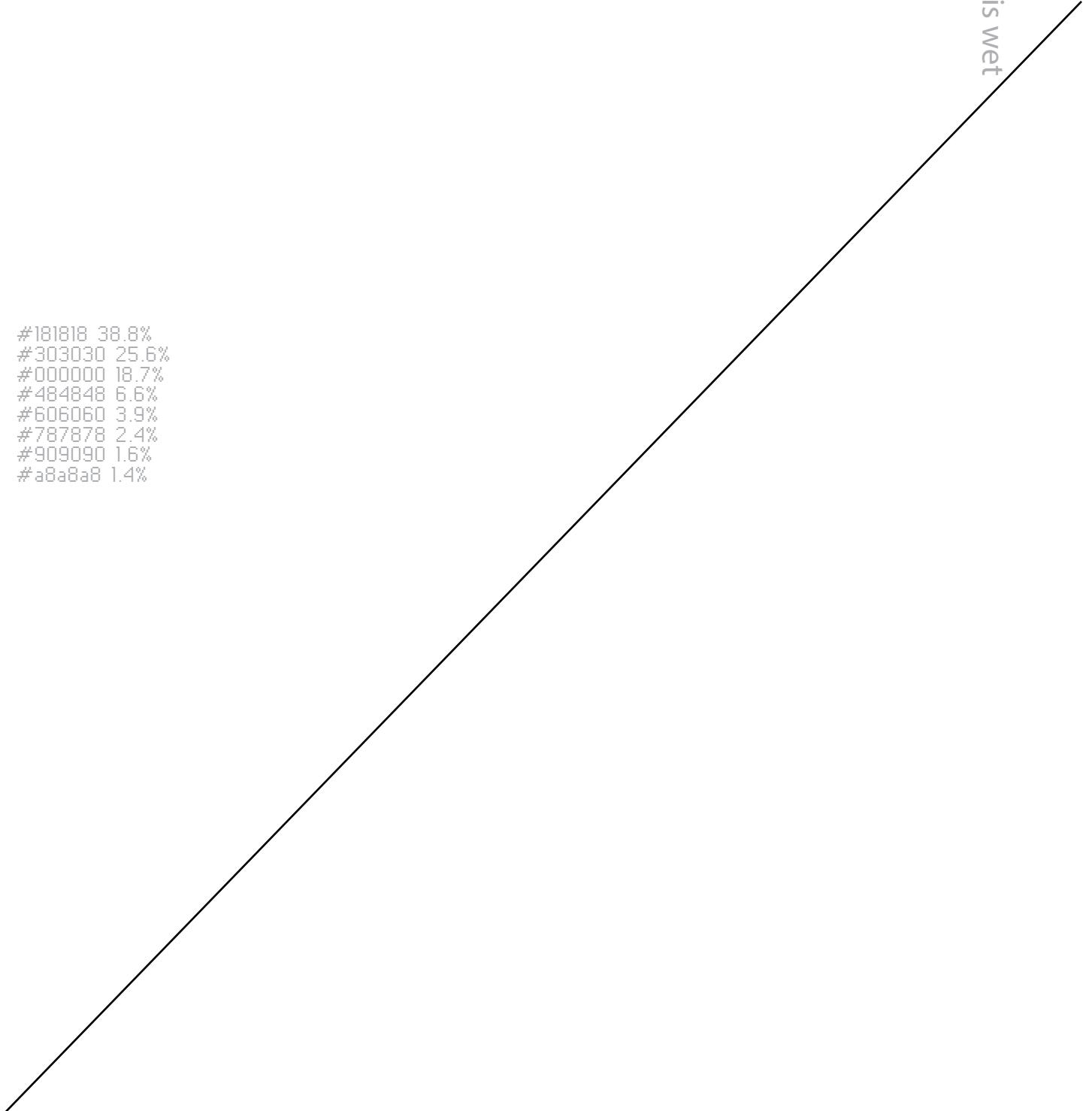
No, you're Right

No, you're Right
No, you're Right

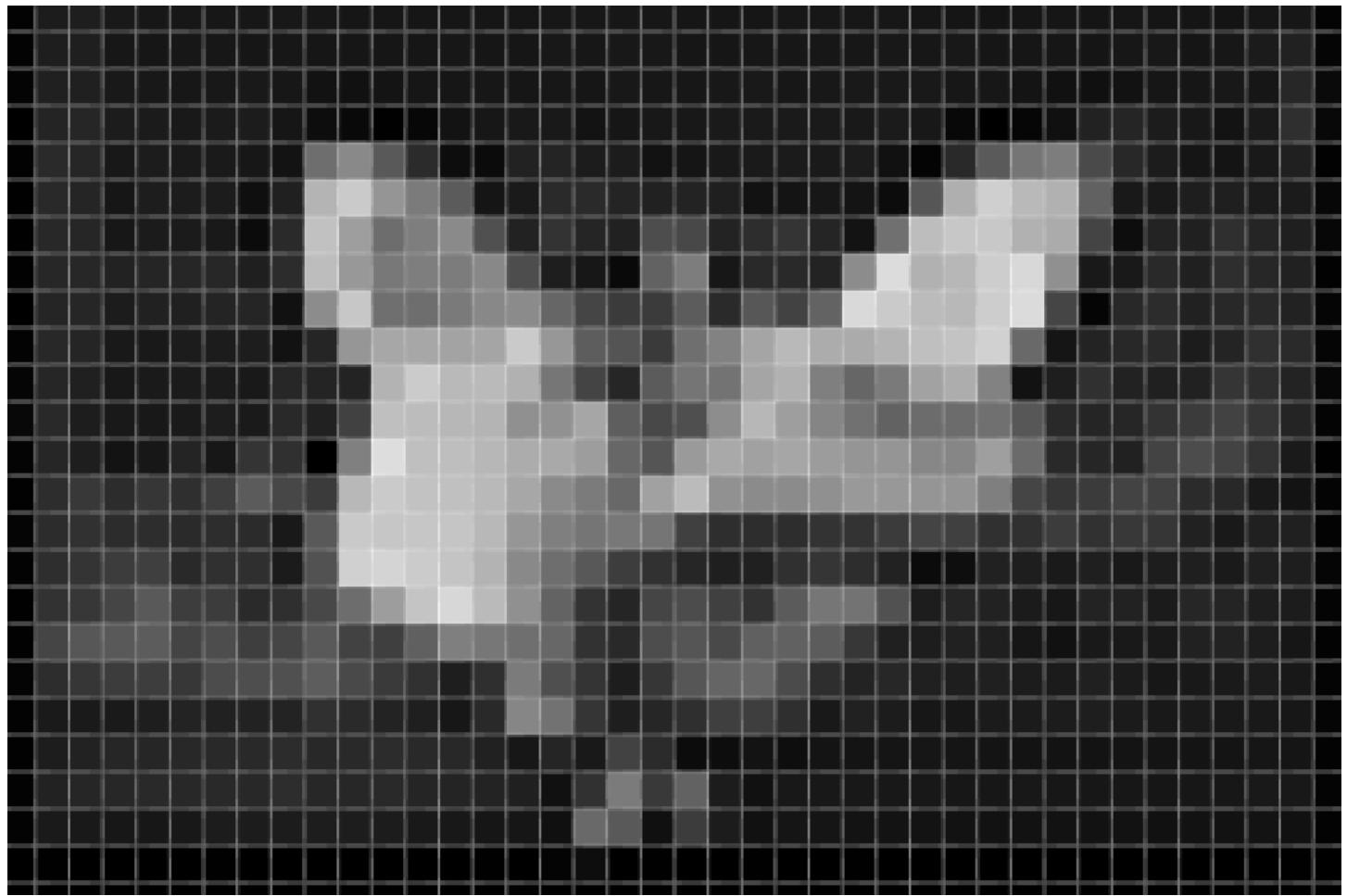
#181818 39.8%
#303030 25%
#000000 16%
#484848 5%
#606060 2.5%
#787878 2.5%
#909090 1.6%
#a8a8a8 1.4%

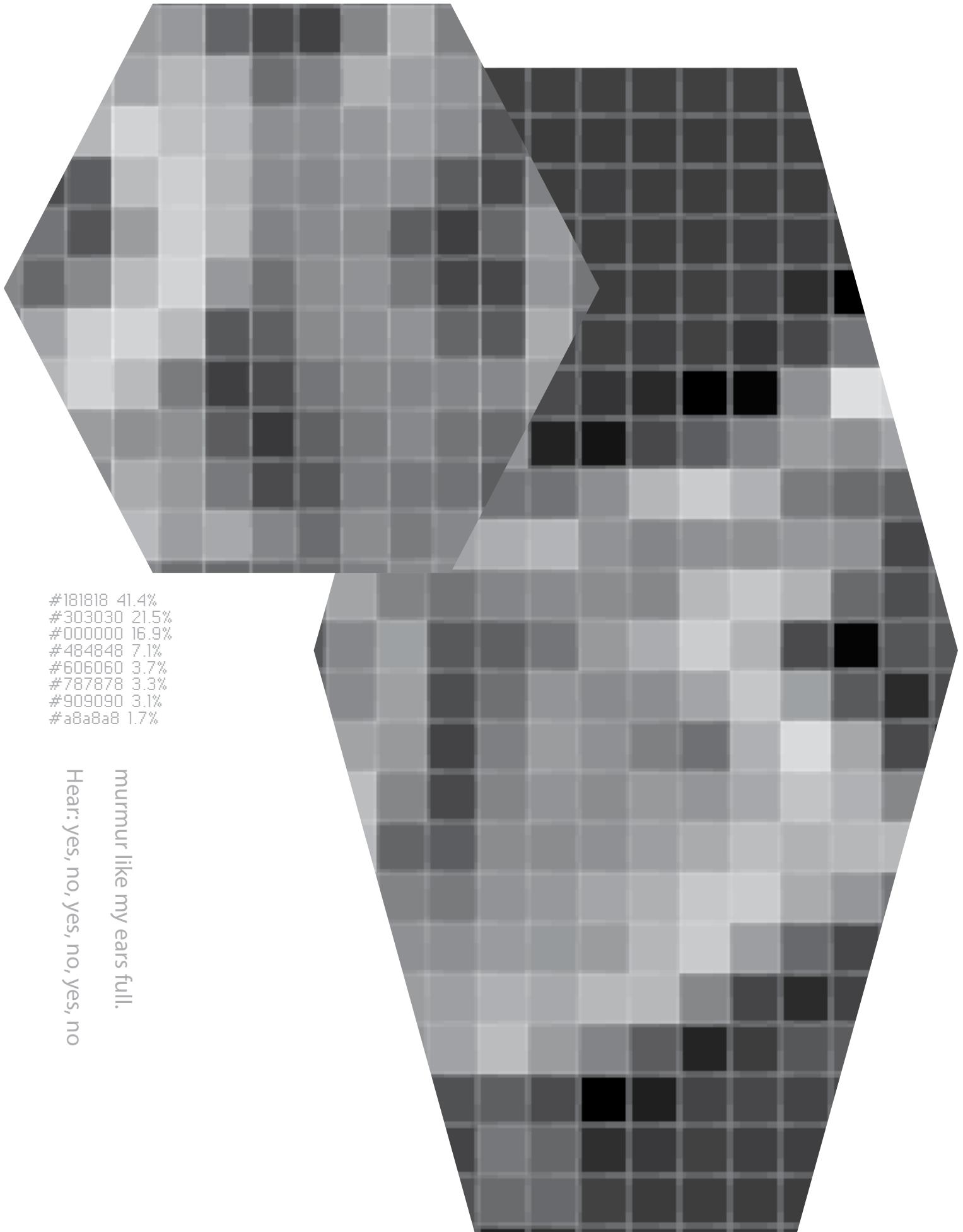


the rhythms stir this wet



#181818 38.8%
#303030 25.6%
#000000 18.7%
#484848 6.6%
#606060 3.9%
#787878 2.4%
#909090 1.6%
#a8a8a8 1.4%

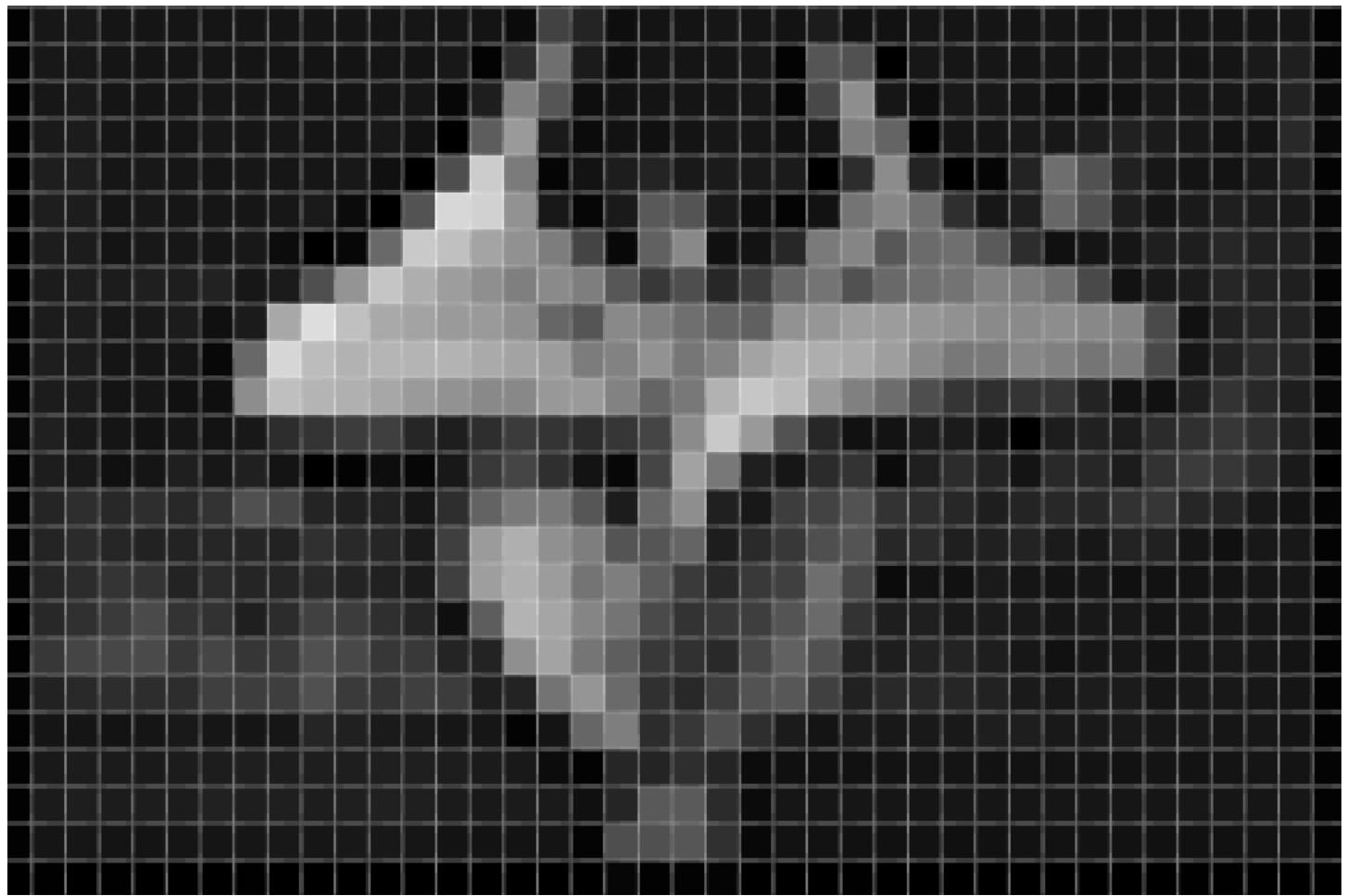




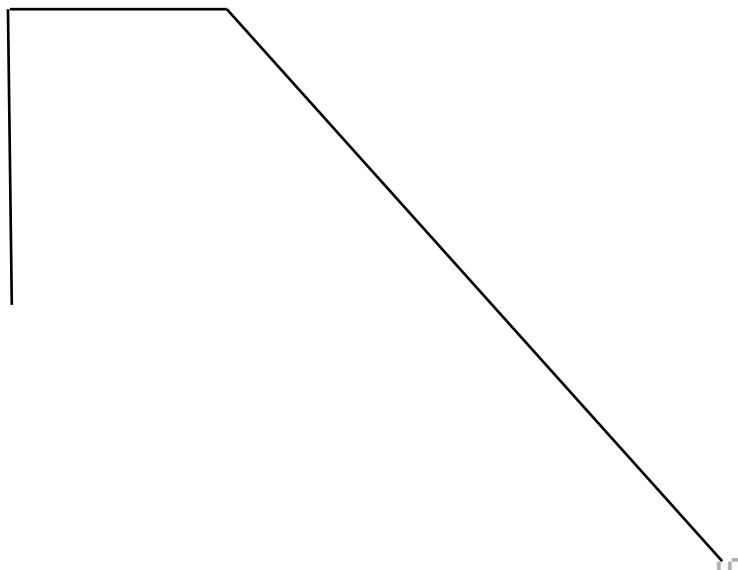
#181818 41.4%
#303030 21.5%
#000000 16.9%
#484848 7.1%
#606060 3.7%
#787878 3.3%
#909090 3.1%
#a8a8a8 1.7%

murmur like my ears full.

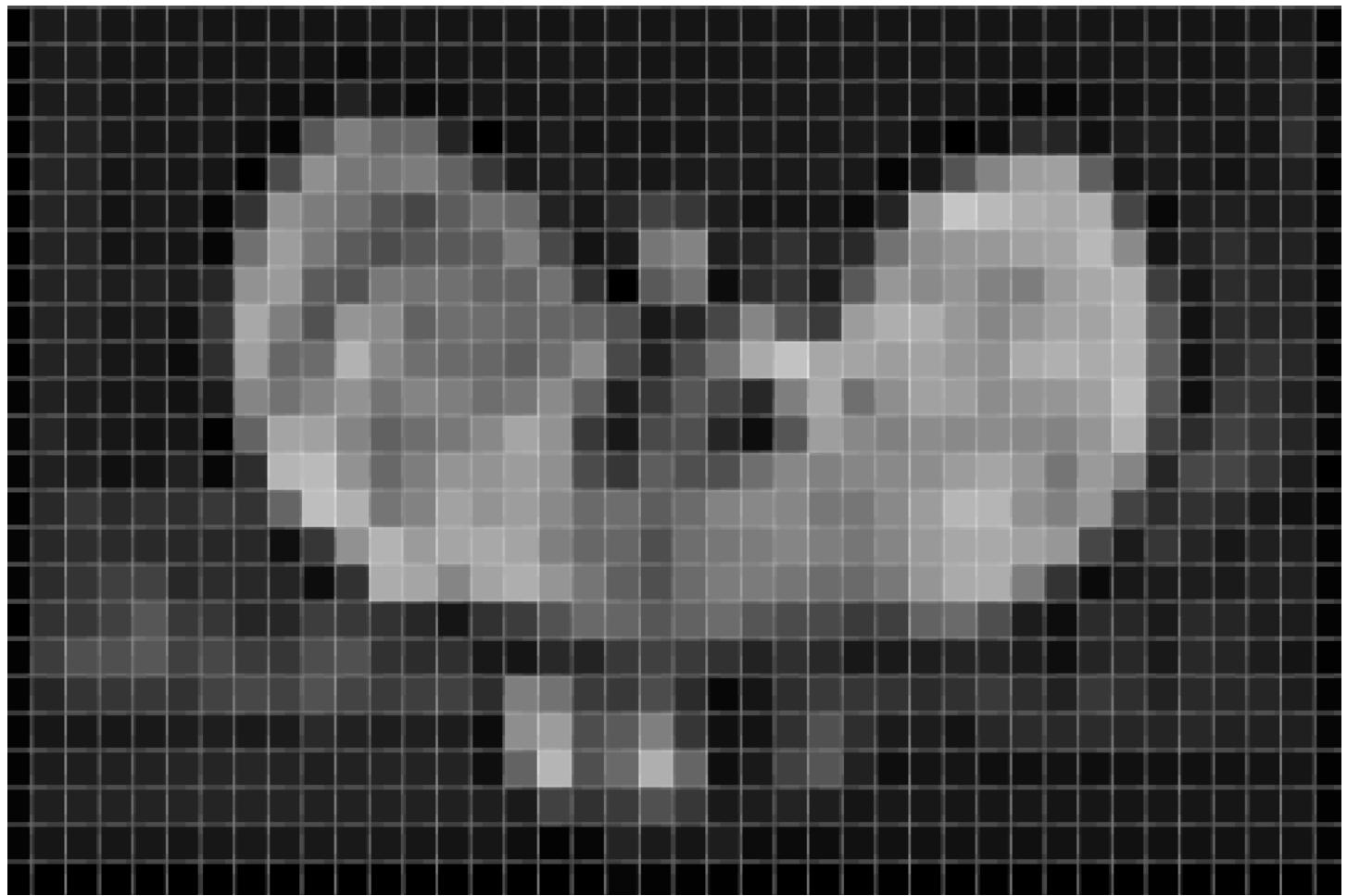
Hear: yes, no, yes, no, yes, no



yes, no, yes, no, yes, no, yes,



#181818 41.4%
#303030 21.5%
#000000 16.9%
#484848 7.1%
#606060 3.7%
#787878 3.3%
#909090 3.1%
#a8a8a8 1.7%



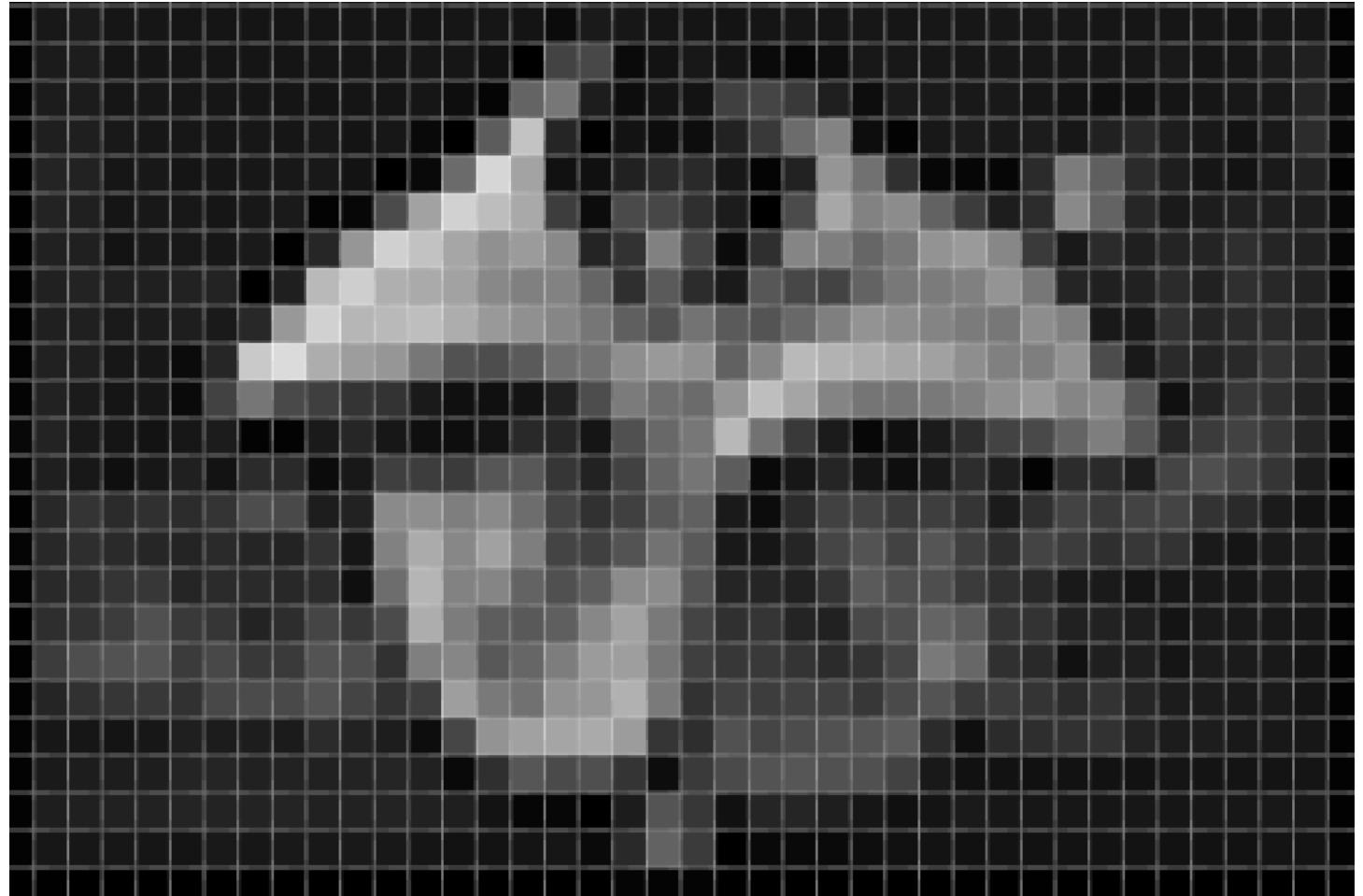
The world category. The world category.

No, I've lied.

world category. The world category.
angles on the walls rectangles on the walls are where I
concern my balances consider my balances consider my balances consider my balances consider my balance - some like horizontal, some like vertical, some like horizontal, some like vertical.
thinking about walking and
walk gets, like, fucked up walk gets, like, fucked up. .WAV is my favorite file format. .WAV is my favorite file format.

've lied.

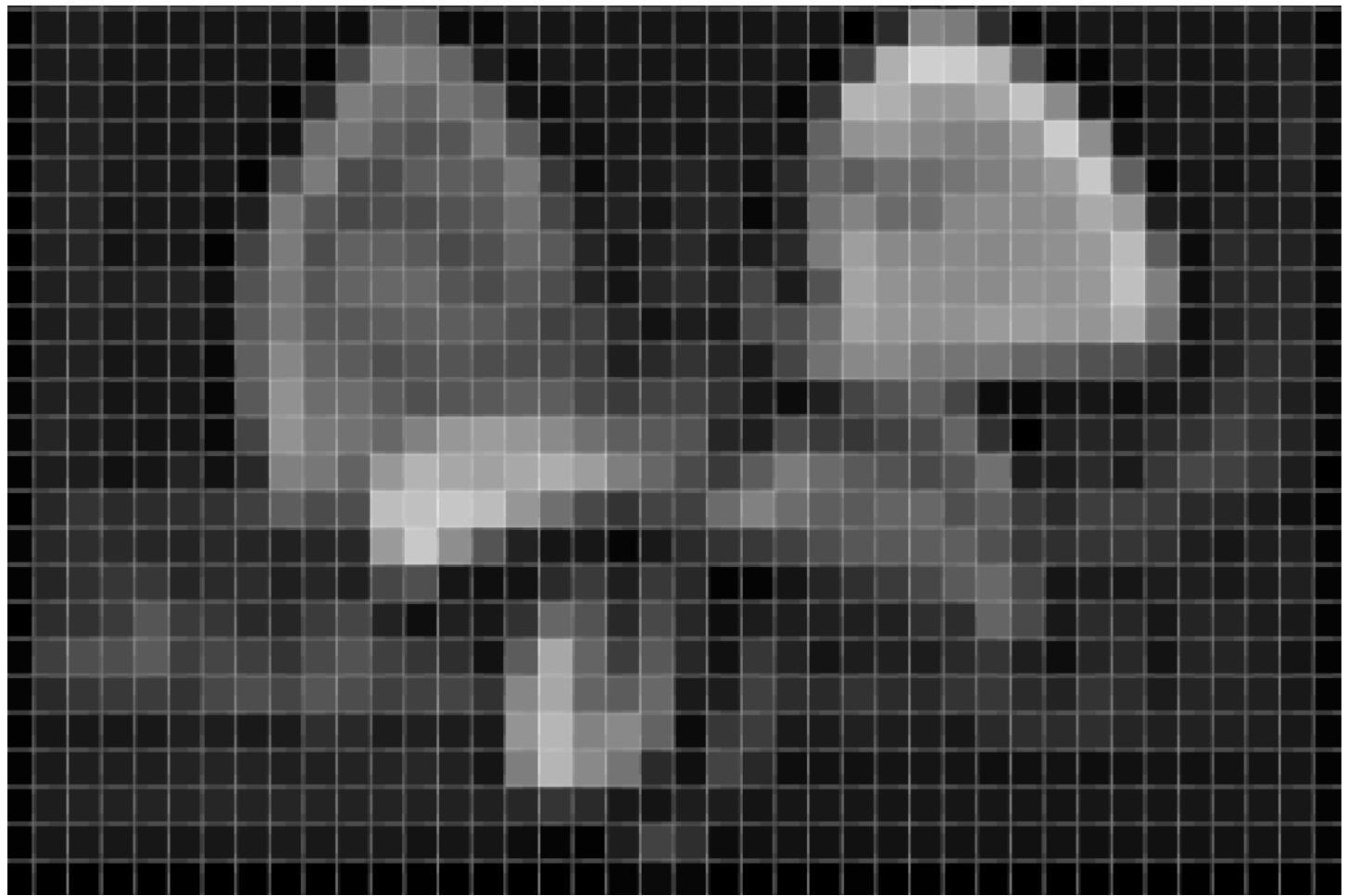
No, I've lied.



#181818 40.4%
#303030 20.2%
#000000 17.1%
#484848 5.5%
#606060 3.6%
#787878 4.4%
#909090 4.3%
#a8a8a8 3.6%

Filter like memory

```
#181818 40.7%
#303030 23.7%
#000000 19%
#484848 5.3%
#606060 2.8%
#787878 2.9%
#909090 2.7%
#a8a8a8 1.7%
```



Filter through a kid
Filter through a kid

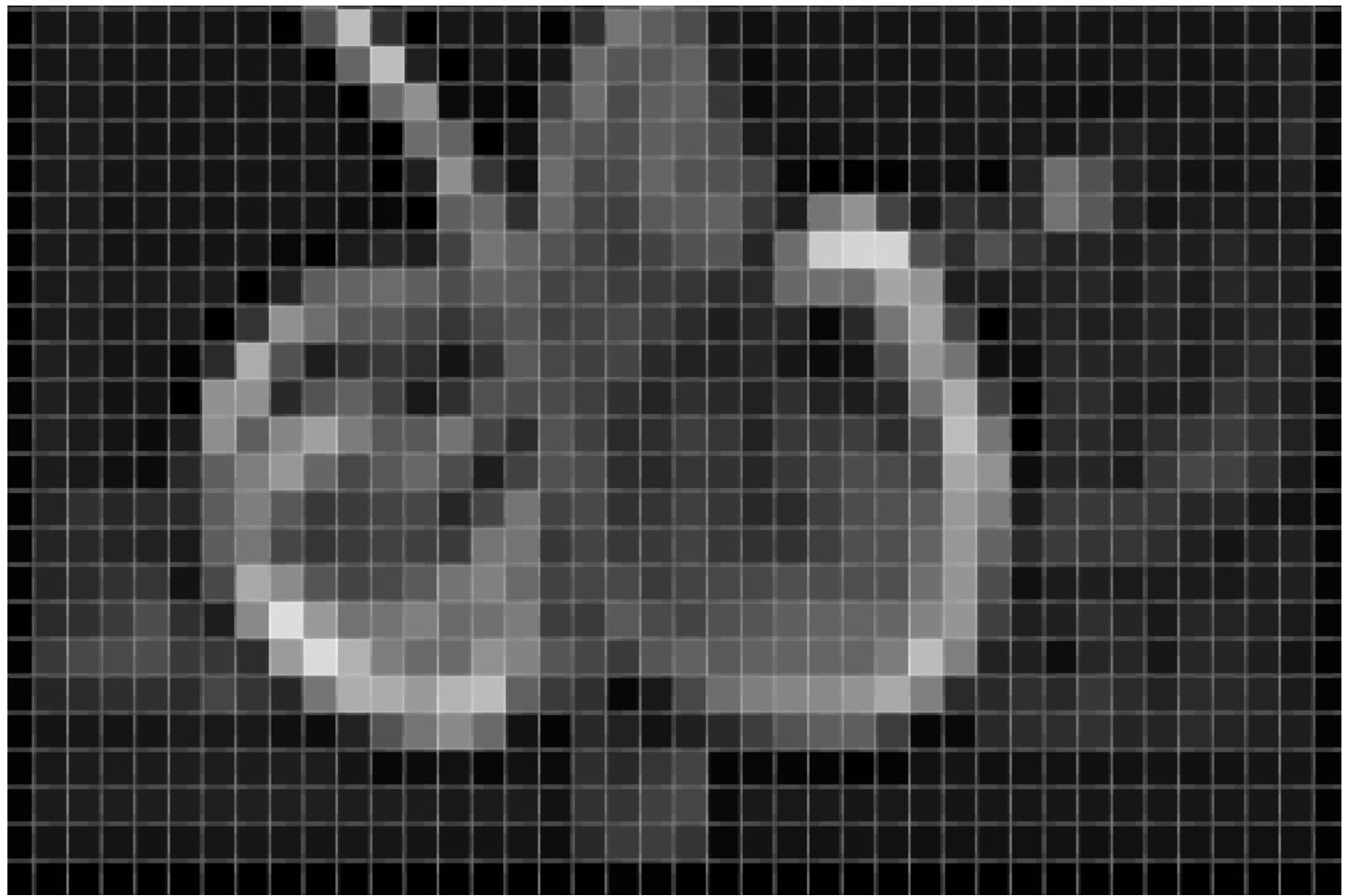
#181818 40.7%
#303030 23.7%
#000000 19%
#484848 5.3%
#606060 2.8%
#787878 2.9%
#909090 2.7%
#a8a8a8 1.7%

that just learned they'll
that just learned they'll

never write as fast as
never write as fast as

they think and talking
they think and talking

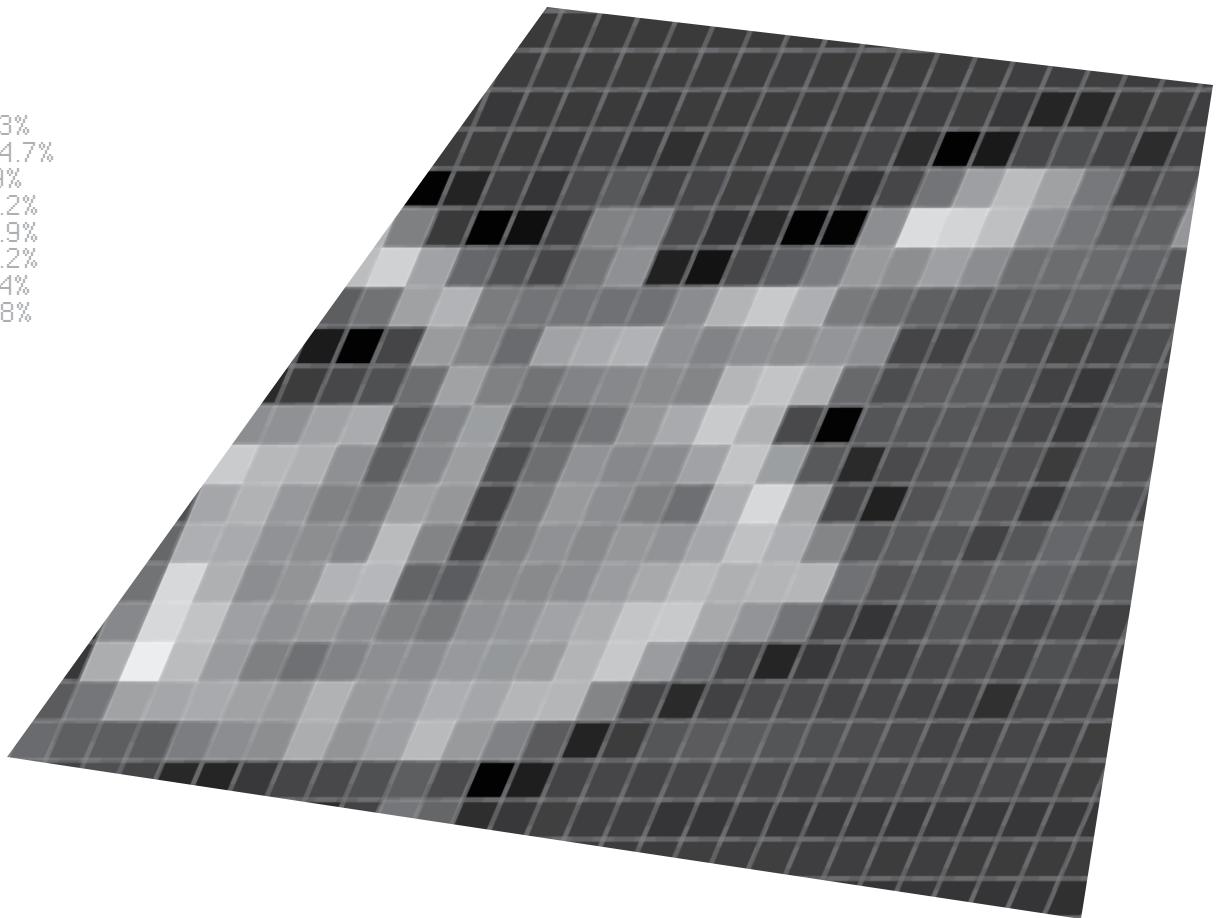
none the better -
none the better -

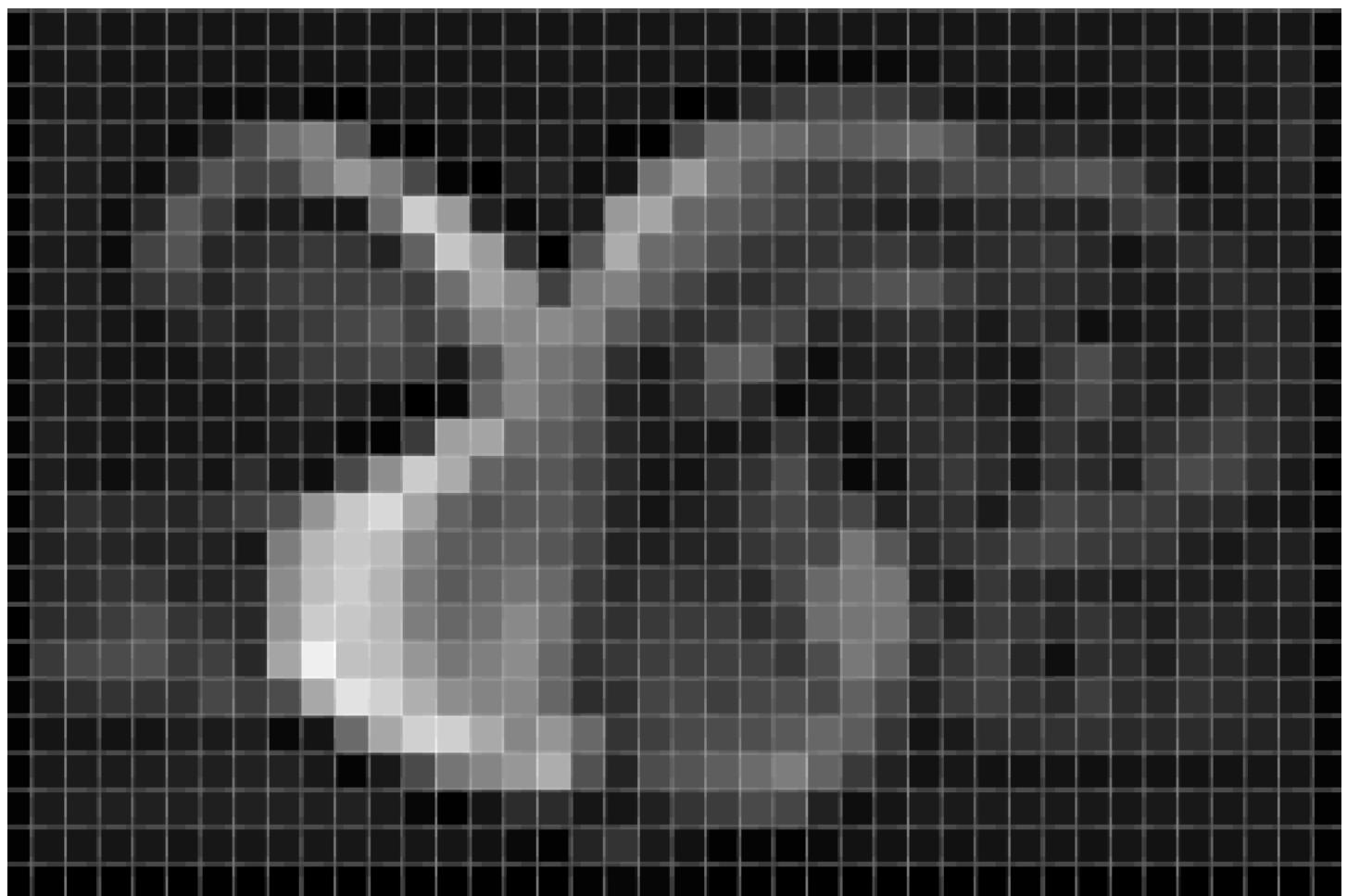


Is this one of those optical illusions where the dancer looks like she's spinning yet

she's not?

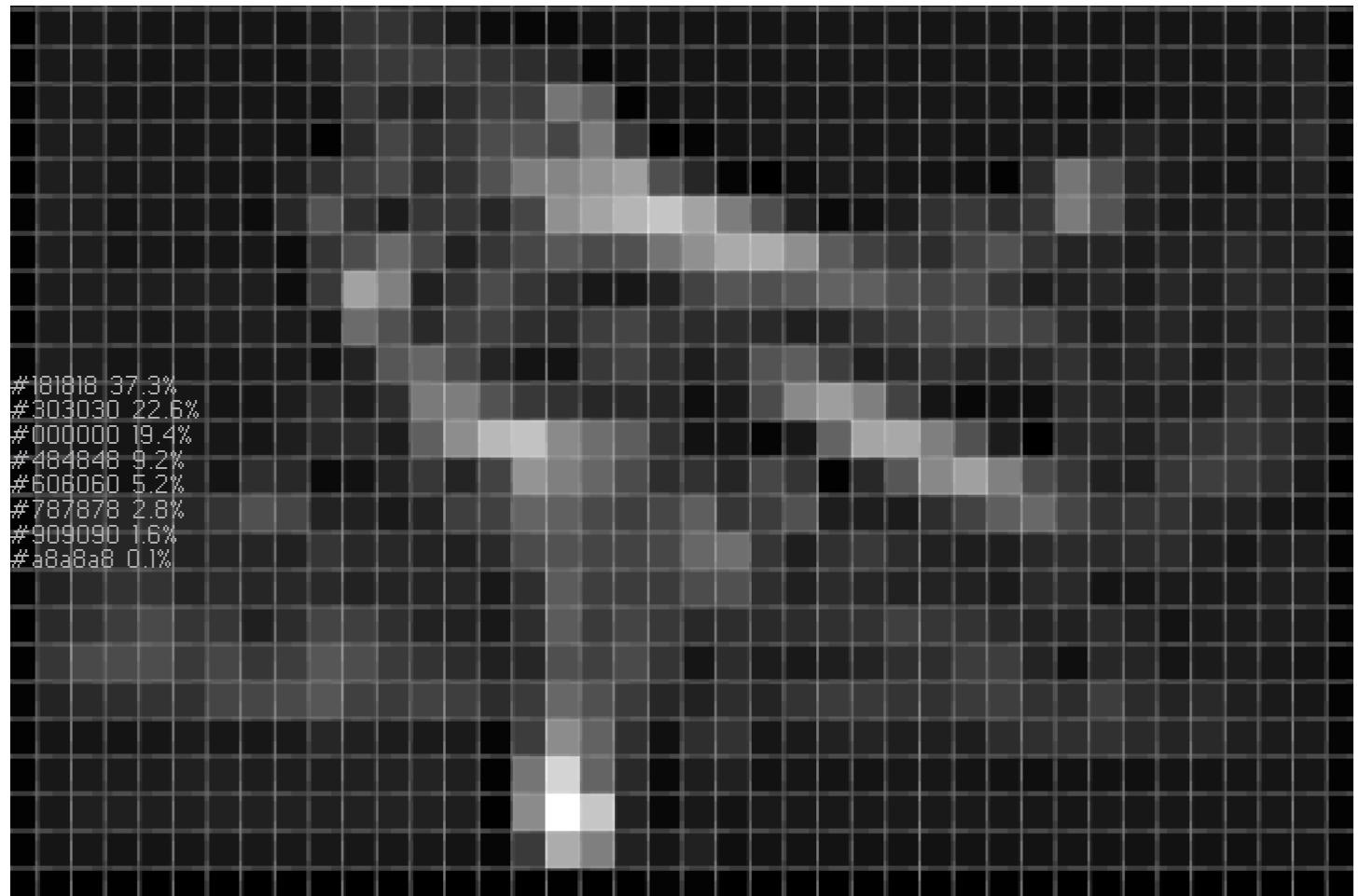
#181818 37.3%
#303030 24.7%
#000000 19%
#484848 9.2%
#606060 3.9%
#787878 2.2%
#909090 1.4%
#a8a8a8 0.8%





Is this one of those optical illusions where the dancer looks like she's spinning yet

she's not?



I wonder if it repeats -
If it grows cyclical -

From distortion

Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and remapped and re-mapped, and re-mapped.

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Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and re-mapped and remapped and re-mapped, and re-mapped.

Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and remapped and re-mapped, and re-mapped.

Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and remapped and re-mapped, and re-mapped.

Repetition

becoming

Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and re-mapped and remapped, and re-mapped.

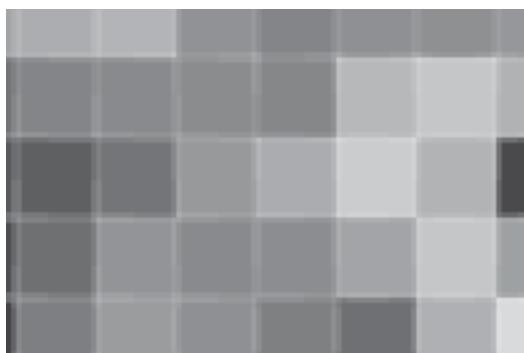
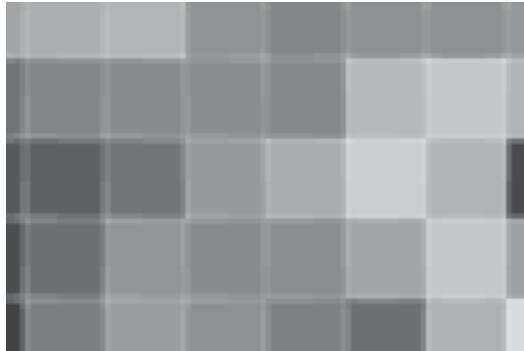
Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and re-mapped and remapped, and re-mapped.

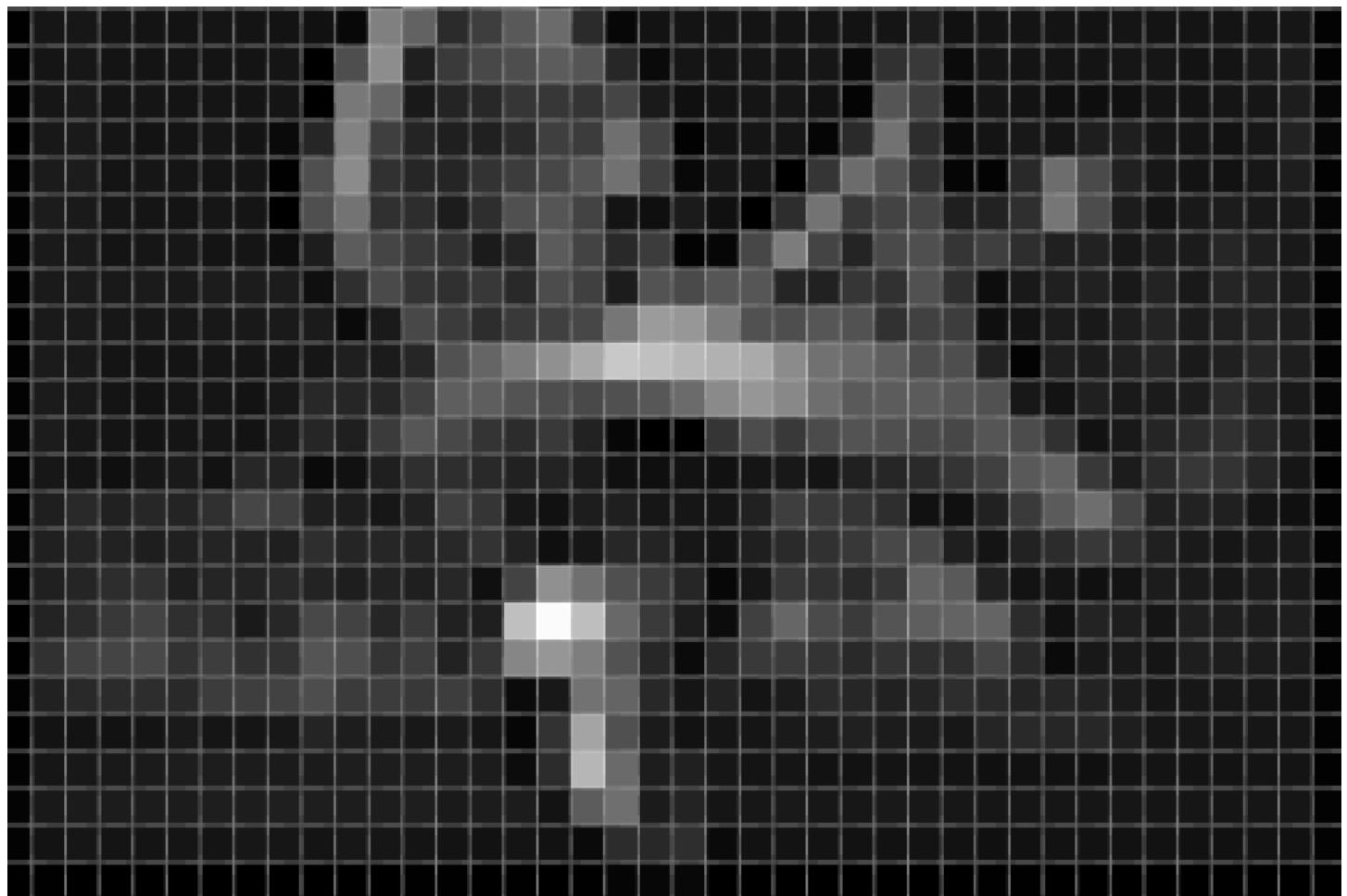
Potentially what you are seeing is being stored and mapped and re-mapped and remapped, and re-mapped.

a cycle

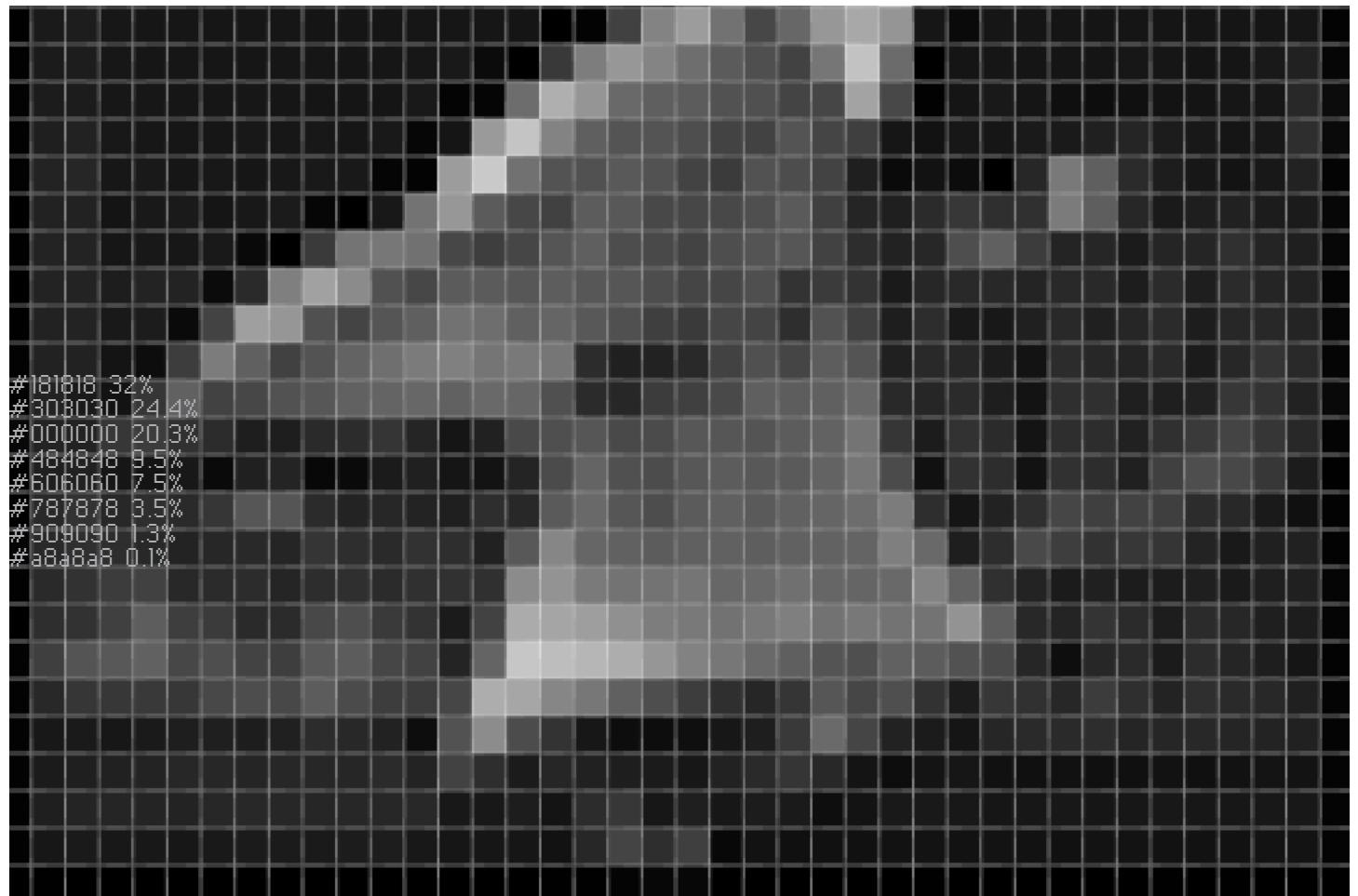
of transformation.

#181818 40.6%
#303030 25.6%
#000000 16.9%
#484848 6.6%
#606060 3.9%
#787878 2.9%
#909090 1.7%
#a8a8a8 0.1%





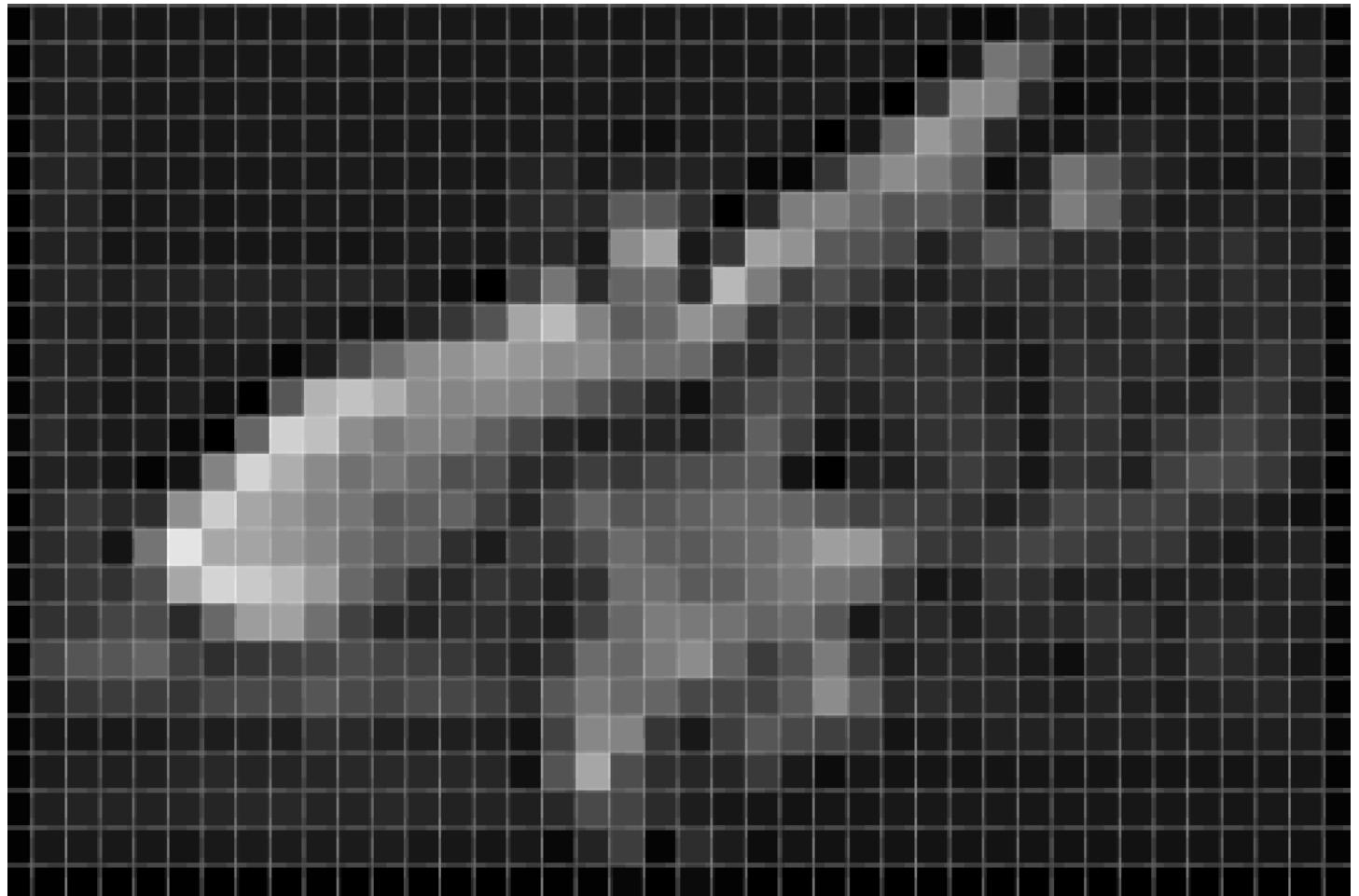
I said the common denominator is time



and she said Nah Girl, its Light.

Can you repeat that?

Yeah, but I have no idea what I just said.



In order to preserve energy, in order to become
more efficient.
Like you, your neurons care about changing more than
constant states.
I'm red/green colorblind, so I don't really know,
Aw, that's cute. Audition? I can't even tell who is
speaking.
The red takes over, the green takes over.
It's hard to know. I know it is moving quickly,
but you can train yourself.

What could that suggest about this illusion?

Can you repeat that?

Yeah, but I have no idea what I just said.

So, sleeping on Erin's yellow-fray couch I feel the coils form beneath me, the soft grain. She left a pile of xeroxes for my eyes on the coffee table and the cogent proposal for the performances on her neighbors porches. She left a paper bag with two circular grease stains hovering on the midline with a popover inside (crisp edges don't line up perfect with the coffee table.) Near the flat-rock baseball field in early fall I found all these booths set up like kiosks in the mall, but covered instead with ideas - sprawled and convoluted; black/white. Static serves to clean my ears. So, in the back of Ben's car there aren't any seats, just a big pile of newsprint tied together with white-gloss twine. I'm holding myself suspended between the useless seat belts and corpses of promise while he tells me (like I don't know) that he runs a distro. Ben thinks I am either his little sister or I don't know what. I can count years with fingertips and I've been able to do this for a long time. I wonder how these fractures can come together - if these planes can line up coherent, if we crashed what would I hold when nothing is secured to the floor and, even so, the floor elusive. Erin tells me about flea markets. She likes the big ones, nothing like they have up here. She likes to find couches and antique hairpins and other things that she can sell on online marketplaces at inflated prices - marketed effectively. Erin has a penchant for effective marketing strategy and bullshit and possesses a low voice that doesn't waver and can't be humbled. She doesn't call her parents but her dad relishes a good flea market, too. After leaving Mariam and Rose and Erin one day I ride the subway and every word seems to map itself. Linearity disappears, growing see-through and multidimensional, like my processing system's re-wind mechanism got fucked up and for a moment its all there. It becomes static again. Mariam is just drinking water. Sasha has lined the hallway with cerulean paintings of horizon. We walk up the stairs into the kitchen speaking in a language we cannot speak regarding the subject of our inability to speak in the language we cannot speak. Sasha is in the basement. He is fixing circles. Rose pitches an idea for a commercial that is heavily dependent on overuse of the term "ennui". Erin contributes a concept which equates cultural starvation to actual starvation. I am sixteen. How do I reform these fractures?

I am seventeen. Rose says and Erin says and Mariam says, but my eyes affix themselves on the currents and tangent lines connecting cables. This girl, I can't remember her name, or if she was a graduate student of screenwriting or a dog walker or if it matters - she was in the kitchen too. She said, judging by the spice rack. All of us are protected, now, by these stucco walls that come waist-high on the roof. The bank teller, the cashier who doesn't want to recommend wine but grabs one and looks and says its, the box office attendant and the ticket seller wear glass shields with us. Some names are variants of Alex. All names are names. Chris left then - once he ordered at the counter. Ben is pacing and talking to the landlord, irate, as I adapt to seeing him like this and suspect what it means to become.













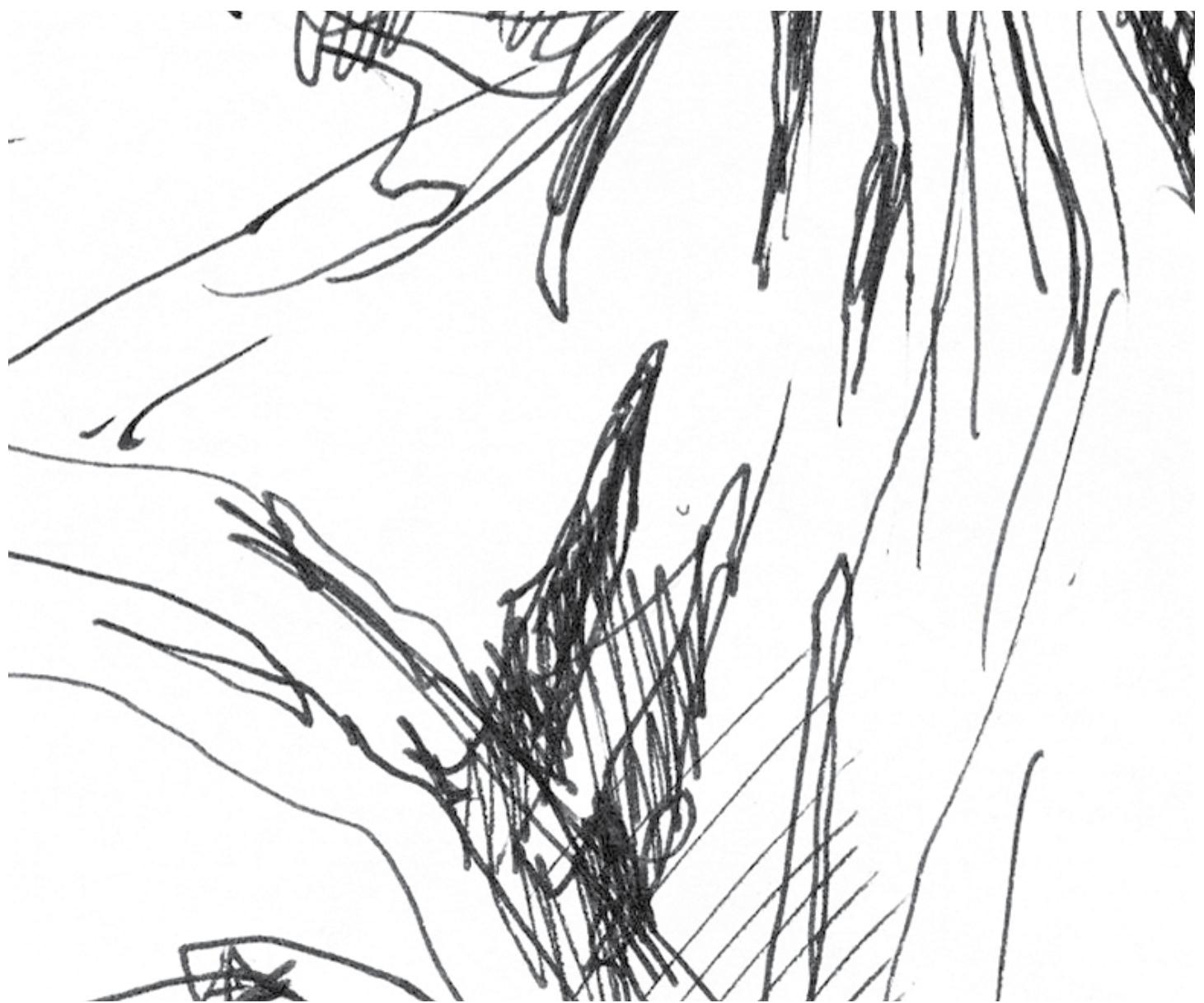
















He ordered the trees out one by one,
upstage left, at the sidewalk. To the south, a
labeled "a flower" tree, all snowed in blocks
ward. Is it dredging and windows? I think
for dark, so far. There was no blossomed
for a stage-depth of east. I am not
summertime. The ceiling is a window, therefore



He ordered
the racks
on the
back door
Wires
tied tape
meet the
sidewalk,
loaded
into a truck
labeled
Mayflower
they
down
the block
towards
metropolis







