Ceased Weeks Adam Katz



Finger

this body's walking for me, I perceive this body's perceiving I walk always on the front of the advent took tries

but it wasn't like you couldn't know this quite the contrary, as a matter of fact which was the simplest thing in the world

since even if to an astonishing degree you failed to know it that pre-situated experiential totality did just that

despite all the unsatisfactoriness which between us and them I forgot to gather to my all but I who I am tries

your shirt was the as same the color colony but it didn't matter the leak effect going wise, all praying, by resolve

like I staunched that matter in my head but not before going through a lot of latch—



Off the Hook

I'm not taking anything from you.
I'll give back everything I took.
I'm not going to give back what
I took from you, but won't take more.

you can have, or keep, what's still, or already, yours. no one wants what you've got, so you get to retain all of it. you have quite a lot.

lots of people'd want what you have, if only it seemed realistic to them (it doesn't) that anyone other than you yourself had access to your possession.

people have access to what you own because you can give it to them without losing any of it yourself. that's what allowance means.



Nice Tritone

half a day or a whole day or what. he said it was supposed to be an hour, but it ended up taking 2.5 hours.

where the guy is you know. we have to come back anyway. or tell the guy just for half an hour you know.

I'm scared what it's going to look like. but Phil has a really good sense what it's going to look like. uuugghaah.

I've given up on that so. he looked the way he looked. no no he's waiting he's everything and has been. you.

or it's about this guy who starts talking. and by the time we get everybody involved then no one comes. but his cousin.

any towels you want done right. I think that there is uh. one needs to network most when one's working.



Airy Avoirdupois

it turned out there was nothing I could do. resources scarcity: combat-taste. secret arts. even the most po-

werful song can't change the way we live tonight. eschapes the king blown rot is child, not a thing gone

wrong. not even the most powerful wishes can we trust. resource excursion. not a thing went brown.

ruined role won.



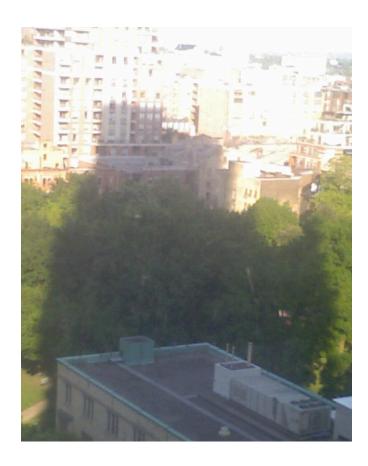
Soft Worth

no knees knocking forward in the weeks leading up to the brief encounter sparked a bad faith memory of trace effacing that things happen

yet the memory of practicing to be remembering practice which's the only thing you could've encountered wasn't something transpiring but a transliteration

from the transparency state into deduction if you in expectation were judging wasn't that something no matter what might've had to tanterize

if you had the saturninity no one asked you was it your trust thing through you presaged a street task lonely but bereaving your tributariness



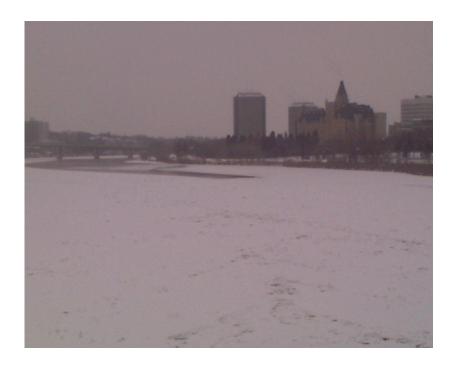
Meaning Even Left

invariably near every afternoon's end when as your thoughtfall education nightlight's frowning it's rained in theat café

sole blame that's actually things're not great things this're dance tries a week proof a body what's act prince and the squire

you knew didn't you knew from there once this's after the fashion been established, truer can prayn't, simply by recognizing

we aren't, regardless of how thick or snowing lastly I wanted to call your values to the fact you never have to'll've trow



Full with Room

pooling in the streptococcal street each house I'm seeing's also a home I'm also hearing playing far away new mores

I'm listening to inane unsettling moans seeping from the situation's stays as I'm edging along the carpeted sidewalk

other than that created by lost people moving each in some constant headlights' very beings there's no movement

without the stable tree, and furling flag, you'd still need night vision goggles to see the bees because it's midnight

this school takes one whole block inane picture of health salubriously it cinches regarding planned by city

because under it there's no light the tree has room to take on something previously in a specific void. then

people can take something else from a different void and put it in the first leaving YOU house in the second



Salvific Misprision

you only knew you didn't know much but that you knew that. this awareness doesn't require identification indeed luckily it

precludes it. before realizing identification's contingency the latter naturally deteriorated its remains apt for there to be awareness of

them pertained to the rage within the shame. facts're that of which there's awareness precluding contingency tantamount to

those same facts. we can salubriously keep forgetting to be taken by the contingencies our knowledge of facts erupts.



Inch Chance

my knees knocking together in the weeks leading up to the introduction a bad faith memory of a good embrace the impression these things do happen

and yet the memory of practicing what's practice but remembering as my teachers've transcribed to me since birth really not an effect but a translation

like you could be more content and didn't have it in you to be content the salvific contingency of the assurance you couldn't be more assured

something astonishing in the salubrity that allowed a person to take decision like those decisions weren't being made by a person other than him/herself

first draft of Soft Worth

Last Winters in America

the rain falls every day at the same time near the end of the afternoon when nightfall's transitioning into evening and a blameful twilight's bathing's

shadowed your thoughts' education in the café a mean shanty's playing and stevedores are yowling on the river from bisection by the whiplash cord

a way of calling the general experience of things transpiring to mind that effects a disposition toward one's values that exerts a modicum of decisi-

ve control over events' becoming preventing the subjectivity illusion from relegating itself to the role of a blithe necessity that doesn't end work

first draft of Meaning Even Left

Sure Sake

each of these houses is a home pooling in the meningeal street I hear people playing far away but they're not mainstream

walk along the carpet by the break listening to inane whispering seeping out of the main surroundings without much peaceful intent

the headlights're all that're moving because of the breaks in the rays each of which has a moving person lost somewhere in its disinterest

a stable tree and a furling flag collaborating to obscure the bees who couldn't be seen without night goggles because it's the middle of the night

healthy brick fortress lining four roads by virtue of the fortress' inanity it leans itself heartily into the lines it rents from the roads' city

without a little light baled under the tree that leaves its mark in the enervation by taking something away from it that otherwise would've counted against any people who had as their mission to take something that wasn't in that of which the enervation was predicated and put it there, leaving nothing

in the space from which that thing was taken with just that one light the tree wouldn't have any room to appropriate what then works against somewhere being yours

first draft of Full with Room

How'res

hysterical blindness opening blind as a bat like you'd have nothing to say about it only the knowledge, the knowing, of a circumstance tantamount to what was discussed's broad basis

this was something you could know about without knowing anything about yourself because the self was something that couldn't be known within the context of a yammering

tantamount to the itinerant dispersal of seeing something in front of you and recognizing yourself in relation to it. locating in this physicality something

that formed all future acts' basis hadn't been described before the majority presented itself, like the lesson plan, as having been described too many times

to register in a descriptive capacity, rather coming to form the basis for a sort of kind or register that took its being from, ultimately, facts

of lives lost every time you closed your hand and found yourself clutching something very near and dear to you, that couldn't've blown away even if the wind were forever. so too there was a great quantity of stories about capacity's physical basis without these stories reaching capacity and then getting told too many times

first draft of Salvific Misprision