

DAY OF ANSWERS

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TIR AUX PIGEONS
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what's filled in to be expected, a confounding. a missed step. a hidden correctness what the days have led up to, this expected. hundreds of daytime ligatures, leverages, litigations finally offering up with them the double score with the progression

someone said about her in the dream, not so experimental. one part of a sentence after another, i'm sure i wasn't awake, being not the one that can be that. the day, though, its force makes it begin itself the humidity is a weight that's nonexistent as remembered

word as more expected will rush to tell the future, as burroughs said. and before it was the simplicity of stein that seemed so unexpectedly unfounded, unwarranted, uncanny, unremarkable. the dryness i can pretend will return the unawares a pool waiting beyond a room

lifted into the reception and recognized. an instinct for what's not working but a letting go despite. a mining and a filling in, the lifting that tries to connect an unexpected. the day's thickness in front of the reception that tries to find an effected site for those

then, alright, not in a space. the demonstrated will wait as the singular is acknowledged. to get through the established to. the sentence that. autumn too far from today, a bearing down on rigorous hums. harm. take with the message to the ones that don't

not closer but next yields not too much progression so finally yield to patience by default isn't really patience. stack up an idea of what will happen loosely not including many important emotional ones as the day will have its answers that confound

if the day does finally get around to being started and the ideals we were going to live in are apparently decommissioned. in starting the day a few things come about unawares. this could be the result of a few things when reconsidered as in all the things that were done the day before

lists and listed as certain terms try to avail themselves. rejected because the level, like stein's, isn't the correct one. i mean if it were still in dreams i wouldn't be having them, i'd be letting it. all the while the stories are still waiting and the future's been told thanks a lot

they do appear, there's no accounting for it unawares. the song is a faux pas but the author should already be extinct according to certain warnings given out and now everything's gone and gotten all terrible. the yield of the harrowing phase that's a confluence i'll expect to conflate eventually

i think that things are constantly updated can you tell that i'm not exactly sure and the sharing though it is confounding is constant we always talk about how we've always been the same people throughout but what do we know that's what i'm looking to for answers here

when it was sent out to think about how the reception effected anything. the brightness in the room as it creeps signaling that this is the same room mentioned before. even if it is difficult to see beyond it with the ideas stacked up simultaneous and impatience the pool might still be

tested though intentionally difficult is misunderstood. not a confounding but a conspiring and all stock in the future but at the same time the present. the past never never ever, this is impatience though hoping to build upon and to not have to use a word that betrays

only they do. like apologies and nothing but phrased and offered is a hope that is a euphemism for future. only a word can betray and even words are beyond themselves in a day. i recently was asked to say and i only did in the context that allowed it even as meanwhile the fucking past

player under the radar other summers hearts broken all over. not another multiple standing, dead weight to recover no sure footing that determines, confirms, assures. trunks of stuff going into that room. you'd be considered deft to remember the dream upon waking in this season, in this state

looking, testing through dry instruments the hover of candor so non-existent as multiple entities lose definition as progression takes over. tender the weather to prevent us from being together, its understanding is better. get on with the original gesture is often written with the letter

numbers not arriving is the problem today. the answers were expected yesterday. justified havens grit against the door of progression. not seeing why instruments don't allow entry. only imagined risk. we're parting, i see. dispersed bits of grit catch in the doorframe, multiples whose gesture insists

as before, the forced entry destroys the door. the numbers indicate address, level of possession, amount of positive regress. possession. at last now we have and see a state of mastery that's not here today. why does that piece of being always affect me the next day? after sleeping?

evening ended with begging gets mended with drenching. notice how later after cycling the deadening, the settling, the fucking acceptance and the down-sizing of any grandiose hoping. high emotion leads like a tunnel through remembered helpings of regressive begging revisited would be accepted if posturing wasn't so admittedly helpful

staging small rebellions of consumption where disrespect is only a factor of increased knowledge. i hanker, harken, harden, actually. as soon as solid waste enters the picture the pool is in danger. i've tested, tossed and tasted rejection of a word for all this retention, furthered detentions until i got my answer

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