

narrowterms

A snail's path say sure not a straight line Oh then say
you could grab it in the manner of a child chancing
on a string It dangles It can be roped between fingers
It can be tied in a knot or several. But if at its end there
is no snail then there can only be a scene of violence.

Yes yes I've seen once a bird snatch one.

Exactly you've hit on just the thing.

With a stick I could make you a kind of sling shot
from the gooey path once grabbed with which I could
make quick work of the bird.

Eyes closed repose saying rather let's just wait a
while and maybe the birds will start dropping on
their own. They napped incidental and woke in a
field of small delicate weightless dry bones.

the founderer (philosophia)

Heavens me the indignity along the way to returning to the big damn nothing. O Astronomia, suck me up suck me down, he thinks he just don't wanna be the object of a cleaning up again. Rather get fucked or. I'll wait but. Departure cannot come soon enough. Maybe if his gears turn clicking and ticking and spinning his body at the right speed in the right orbit then he can just slide dumbly plumb into the great grinning dark.

So Felix tucks all what he's got into a tight fine motor in his shell nothing ab—hanging a pennyheight out.

the sorcerer (philosophia)

And those remedies which tied and tethered him in
time and tithing teeth crunching the numbing
capsules shaking the alchemia crushed dose down
how it danced in the dust of he dumped the last of
them.

Crushed hawk talon half hoping virtus of Horus one
bird god against bacterium's lull in great beak and
great claws to carry him away, he prays.

chasmous / foolstower

Although by nickname others compared the building to a cake Felix knew it was in fact shaped like snails shell or a sphincter knew as well as anyone the perfect impossible shrinking corners this shape implied and was trying to explain in the center yard in view of every blank window that blared invasion that this open center of the spiraling universe was the onlywhere anybody had chance to collapse, destroy, or escape. To chuckles from the crowd and a suspicious nothing from those horrible windows.

It was no cake it could shift anytime to any or no place along a crystal line of correspondence so that although it was oppressively the house of sickness today it might be the movie house tomorrow, let you slip the mirror's ledge into the firehouse and *voila* slide away down a gleaming line into another forgetful example of space.

“this exit stage of mine”

When you've lost something and mother or father ignorant of the depth of such a plight offer only last-point-of-possession and steps-to-be-retraced and lacking a sibling and senses departing and the floor which starts sinking beneath your fetal form until so caved it envelopes and nurtures and neither slithers warmly into the folds of the brain intoning You never needed it baby anyways

He thinks that's when you're really born and so too when the lying starts. Oh but what had he lost this time.