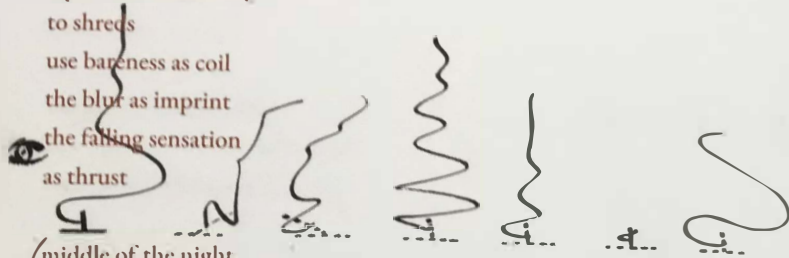


the tumbling motion of mountains
 surfaces' sinuous smashing **III** danger of open fields
 the sliding
 the continuous flattening out

nothing to claim
 you might as well let slumber
 rip all inherited images
 to shreds
 use bareness as coil
 the blur as imprint
 the falling sensation
 as thrust



middle of the night
 filtered light passing itself off as daylight
 pounding on the door

the clamor

so many fists hammering
 who could be calling
 at this hour?



no one would dare

embrace the danger of open fields
 impenetrable light

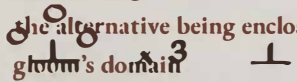
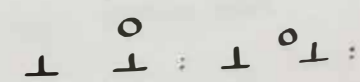
intersecting worlds

the alternative being enclosures

gloom's domain

shadow's wardrobe

what walls imply



what they keep you from

you grow tentacles
 wings appear

not that these membranes
 appear on the surface
 or register
 on the graph

they are simply a part of you
 this knowledge gives strength
 to enter the room

the truth you weave
 prevents the flicking of wrists
 palms mask film
 of dangerous threads of light
 from the gaze
 as thick fabric stretches unyielding strips
 across hieroglyphic
 skies

3

the wave
 assuming there are several crests rolled into one

extends membranous hands
 across what served as landscape
 the confines of your gaze
 reduced

to a shriveling line
 a tunnel
 receding

