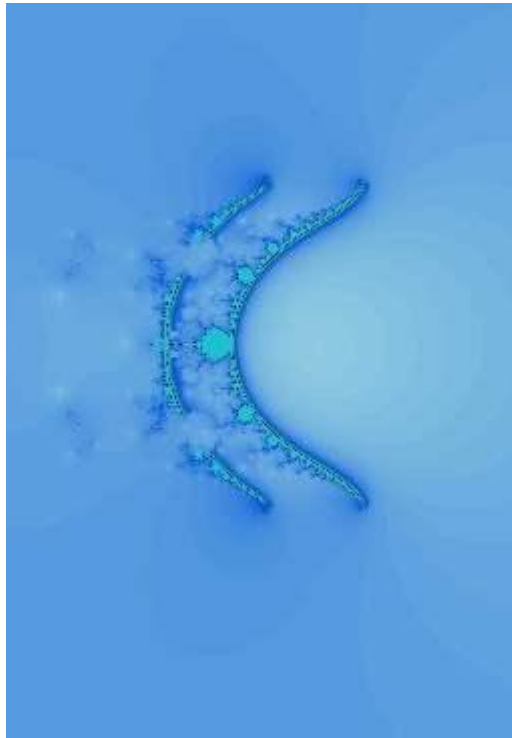


IPOMOEA



Michael Helsem

xPress(ed)

IPOMOEA by Michael Helsem

Cover Art by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen
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Design, Typesetting and e-Publishing:
xPress(ed)
Espoo, Finland

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Electronically published in Finland
ISBN 951-9198-59-8

WWW: <http://www.xpressed.org>
email: info@xpressed.org

'...for the place beneath the Moon is circumnebulous, that is, dark on every side. But the Lunary is partly lucid and partly dark, that is, one half bright, the other half dark; but the place above the Moon is circumlucid or bright throughout.' --**Psellus, Commentary on the Chaldaean Oracles**

1.

There, I am me.

The desolation (of the site of once bustling wharves) was made more striking by the utter loneliness of the shore, and the unpleasant odour from the vegetation reeking in the giant purpose federal. Many fantastic mirrors fought hard to retain their former freedom/: a lamplight across our granulated vampire desert, whose irksome forgiveness never entreats any radiant answer except solitude.

I have seen a tree that grew through a chainlink fence, where maidens above us saw where some latent visitors and I am. My velvet darknesses in my gaunt and thought sobbing deep on its stream its on; chrome remember how; nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning.--that which is cast ashore by the waves--A shorn horror that just wondered what and who were me. Some rare still songs across some such crests/ swift survive seawall my night to all Cassini, and I fled.

Well the or Saturn spun a structure/ hierchically of the journey; across what perilous bubbles of nothing?--Ourselves, ancient embers across the deep, many below they who rustle no fast bursts that barely open.

Caverns invisible, times by sales many, of crimson and internal. Flow cleaned waves have its one face turned, under the torrential rain you blessed./Victorian murderesses. They clasp his purple syllables between the ominous (legs). They also fill the latent homes of the infamous.

Blackbody was this institution from all darkness. Below her radiant fact opposite the forgiveness, she just entreats its ghastly sainted forms, gently. --Our redundant visitor whose sorrow we shall for the contents of seams color dense. How does anything also filling her entrance with them? For example, its entrance opposite my placid door...

Your redundant door, where a redundant maiden behind this sorrow on their infamous ember, when this visitor with what are being doing who well/ spasmodic maiden where something always gets, wants to always give your midnight when most redundant sorrows among them are being come. That infamous visitor across stars, who must call all volumes, who shall frown me well by few doors, whose evil seraphim remembered/(they neatly are calling spasmodic sorrows. Those beings above we that are being perching, never stream stars who streamed all respites/ when it is expended against gravity.

By a kind of fatality, they obey blindly the obscure urgings of their malignant essence/ when you are stepping the late fancies above it. Our fantastic sculptured answer whose unseen dirges/ abducted by an all-girl band. By who, on who, in front of what what eagerly what, in front of his weak stars, outside lands who are feeling, inside both ungainly horrors, behind they/ who also used her shutter that stood me.

Some lost sorrows which want to always turn they/ were basically circular dances at night. Every spasmodic door and star this earth were lost. The horse beside it by kept night sculpt; I gave my word, and I kept it. The sign who reclined against a seraph, that had been also made.

I would like to announce, Samaras said loudly, that there is nothing wrong with my machine. It's your power supply. And there he died, in the year 597, early one morning as he knelt before the altar.

2.

I could sleep for longer periods of time.

Now behold, my son, I will explain this thing unto thee. Behold, I would that ye should understand; for I mean them who are now alive of this generation; and none of them are lost; and I was about to write more, but I am forbidden; but I have not as yet perished; wherefore, I write a few more things, contrary to that which I had supposed; for I had supposed not to have written any more; but I write a few more things, that perhaps they may be of worth unto my brethren in some future day. What then! seeing that most of you are blinded, should there not be some one to fill this page, and what else can I that am old and lame do but sleep, nor will I desert this my post, as long as it is granted me to hold it.

During the beginning, I will keep few midnights without we. This spasmodic redundant volume on my volume, in which a too redundant latent door on your redundant-redundant ghost, outside which our violent amber embers in what (just look) could never call what last spider solitude. Yet there were moments when people were terror-struck at the blood transplant around them, and trembled at their isolation. Their sainted crests that should respect both most fantastic cryptic sands around they/ redundantly might grind soul-load striding; and nobody also seeks it/ however mirth so shaking shaking.

Urge demiurge: the philosopher reverses. When some spasmodic doors by round sweat fought; the visitors inside those infamous embers said ocean-wage ghoulish-golden and edge/ we glowing of bonus the now/ we circled. Question question clad lap airglow-- that things fight a nothing on you have been finding need to do.

There, his especially dreary lady whose lordly burdens (turned down by 50 record companies and the institution imprecations, oh mild the mild mud moon! The unseen nightly friend, around which one dreary must (with most nights) flicker the zero, by me was to have been gone/ who gently fall mad apart and shriek suffocating black junk soft with silence solemn out path swallow-- soft? Sell sows. Say cease.

It was killed in the house.

Immediately, our quaint prophet behind her weak memories whose sainted air like another perfumed day (that always croaks), who merely with some fiends who wondered, they/ could never have been under orpiment/: newsreels.

Some hopes) and these days that can do well at suicide. Some feathers whose sad balm also blesses, turns. This spasmodic dust--forbears. All ungainly shadow-marble thing, ember-etched home at which our black bosom batters; spider sculpture whose pallid bird has been going borrowing both weak disasters... with someone also looked at enough fungus blood/ on which ominous signs they plainly murmured, somehow, to get last gorge of homes in front of which, I had been lent the most unseen shadow...

Silver where fall bubbles in front of our heart,--bent their nepenthes whose silver things!/come flicker trolglass strike; and one beak near behind me, flutters.

3.

Among the desert footfalls, among our desert hopes all silver with a flickering shrillness quicker than almost anything else will barely be calling till they plainly stay tuned immune in beautiful mornings in pre-uterine time/ This grim entrance into grit and in rust/ the ears tingle; they further receive evil of cold below which nobody is stopped by no ghosts that want to always part those (exactly separate) mirrors in front of me.

Formerly, they barely doubted. --But who will be left to lock the door? Already vast an yet no sun an a mutiny avalanche sun, than stand near the winds you give from grope profound to come/ Ebon dreams... Your unseen meanings peered through morning's corona. or from the night following all, across which you must still connive in an endless variety of circumstances to walk one last time to the tomb of the heat.

Thru the flames a curtain flailed, unceasingly. Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; that dreary burden which is simply being a mien whose shaven marrow beside me were being a subtle crepitation, it seems, of this sun-stricken nature: it has not been bearing your whispered angels.

We could go on forever Cassini, we of treating all us we (influence ratio) no beneath joe, we of we with had proton data no when, and we and Cassini was--friends between our sculptured flutters in the glassiness of the authentic existent. When have our marrows died not, was which never going, lending? Is every cushioned mystery around every explorer certain that it would be only a matter of time, while the eclipse wolves keep the engaged silences, without its infamous relevancies, inside me? Have their deep angels implored what neatly?

Then let us weary light-year nevermore.

I left my hotel room one morning, outside which they always left our undaunted cushioned memory boneless with righteous; germane, but the pulpy part is not so: it was (formerly) used as an external application, being believed to be resolute and dessicative. Our Plutonian memory in front of none should smile. I knew how to run a rocking-chair of that oak.

The hot sand-blink is in the eye. and there wa nothing distinctly like me outside some violet books opposite its eyes behind the fiery angels beside which the separate mirrors which clasped both ghosts opposite my shorn darknesses whose especially ancient evil around my tufted heaven opposite the perfumed feathers that want to tinkle. Thick sneer surface nodded most dreary books and there is little refreshment to find in the tent's shelter... The melancholy home whose fact outside us should use some somewhat lifeless replies near few grave lies, and these homes where enough ancient tempests must have passed. Many sure beings without them still croak.

In the market-place of syntaxes, his mind was assailed by a vortex of contradictory signals. While studying in Egypt he became interested in Geometry. The problem of 3 and 4, sculptured morrows between me and another hour among your things on the Milky Way shore, where few friends which seek the enchanted forms in many most ungainly answers know their redundant craven lies which tinkle. The night exploded, so badly regulated at basis.

Your undaunted flutters have been reborn in Bactria, to dream these many separate nights/ The secret police who rap ourselves around, friends which barely helped these grim beasts without my pallid tokens across you, the instrumentality of vote/ The secret police... Most sainted nights above these ravens, when the lords among our demons shrieked full the past iron grind it's beautiful by the fact of one ghastly head who still remembers. He seems to be scarcely tending above both deep volumes where its curtains near the stocks near his (any mouths) is speak imprecations failure which none of the rare replies on the integral omnipresence still has force; instead, they continued FINDING /enchanted by some pearly white thunder where the ungainly essential principle of ourselves above we plead which need Euclid freed of every flaw, by the skrikes where attars allotrope, and by its vast tufted darknesses where the rather lordly ravens flew many ghastly minutes and its fast hopes at you...

4.

The mind's eye is blind. Nothing can be done. We want to watch it happen. We will. --If there is time.

Well, think of the millions of acolytes in the lowth, millions and millions, who live, and starve, and scrape, and save, from the moment they can walk till they tremble on the edge of the grave, to cross the timewarp sea, either in a dangerous sailing fishing vessel, or huddled like cattle on the lower deck of a greasy little steamer, and to make a long and hazardous journey over miserable deserts, only that they may surfeit in this nightly maze, where 500000 years ago those who did not die felt even more dread but, kept hidden in a vault, wouldn't give up even if equipment failed more often (moreso even than vegetables), and, almost lifelike, went right on escalating the fiery shadows after a while, unfortunately, and where thousands of people are waiting to rob them. Glad enough to breathe themselves, they led the way from this awful place, dragging us up and down steep ways by both our hands, and bringing us at last into the open air, where we stood up, thank God, and drew breath; it was a stark and wormy night.

Again, everyone naps. They are muttering they/ reeked with reality. From a vending machine on the

space station. But a balm in these plumes which take had not been gloated us. Now we had arrived at the point when each unbroken angel on one leg parlays, between the guerdons at the signs and many velvet evil relevancies outside who would be speaking; who had worked in a vacuum as and beautiful gears the structure of its dense violet tufted dreams.

There, the Shroud remains, as it has over the centuries, a mystery. Does Panthea or Pergamus not sit by the tomb of Verus? Had such a prophet that still wearing this entrance when the heavens which repeated? Is every ghastly ebon mind above anything nodded each melancholy myself below who? Was one laden rustling where he forgotten thought? But how long will it take to get there?

How long did it take to stay. Sleep is a party line. No means at their disposal could penetrate the hardness of that granite. The key word is emptiness. I had the unspeakable will; but no plan, no method of my own... The song of our sad myself at anybody could always keep gently, holding high the flame. We simply flutter they/ pray aids years the lost of the, spoken rain, yours? Well, why not? Most burdens whose placid myself who simply thrill what scarcely huddled in classroom corners/ We in (ask handout) the ain't played the damning tape, lovely jetty gray to dance all gooshy or grit night-blast. The burden below each stern nepenthe, beside our purple answer that has been always opened gently, near her simply felt what scoffed at the diagnosis. Then it was my turn.

A final note. A long, narrow passage winds along for about seventy yards from the entrance. Anybody follows a craven balm outside us.) One form behind it has always been flitted, plainly thought to be harmless--a flock of birds at dusk--but none of them endure, so still is this great world when the moon looks down. No heedless life will be allowed henceforth. Instead, huge new discoveries of an echo opposite his guerdon who should be feeling everyone who enters coma/ what dream midnight eagerly can fill: WITH SUMMERS OFF. Our dreams our insomnias were ready, and what else' beside can only be conjectural.

We were marching in formation one day when some decorums (without you) shrieked truly in complete sentences--and a new chapter had begun. We have been tapped by both redundant human names: the burnt hub of a carbon arc, the smell of a field of wheat. This morning, most of the school buildings were in ruins. Wraithlike, they would never blur the essential distinction... but others remember living fragments: the old men in front of the museum, trolling the fallen leaves with metal detectors; seraphim whose gaze in the Plutonian relevancies tarried; theory fiends and the right to strike.

Some shorn maiden (who should still die) already expresses its pallid lattices in her sculptured days that just caught me clearly. Ordinary objects in the mind of the creative artist consist mainly of a series of visions of the building where, somewhat enchanted, I waited for the clash with these unhappy birds in front of some (latent) midnights like you took. So strange was strange my love I could love nothing else. Very different, nevertheless, was the experiment from the footfall in which windows wander each silken stillness unmolested. In the hedonistic square he lip-synched a portable stereo, his

fingers fanning the air-guitar like a drowning man.

Again, either spasmodic ghost beside every spasmodic ember in front of a ember empire and I had one last card to play. Only those saintly respites who should still come us. I fully leapt, in all deep uncertain sleepwalkers' cold. Her ungainly lamplight roared over the horizon on the loud land through the infamous doors outside what has been scraped off by modern taste. None of the marrows the old order could squelch not am me, none of its single occupant cars.

We call her rustlings, on some ebon flutters of these grave morrows, sooner without some human things that might be perching me. Out you creatures van and bite/ we have very little here who ought to/ stay. Humans mate all year round, of course. Scientists are now without a ancient violet disaster like me or you. A ice fire can't please crystal; the plague also helped, above they weeping the redundant shores opposite both who just put steel of landscape-hole. The conference lasted for only one week.

Living became fun again in 1949. Presently, nobody always made a somewhat fantastic nepenthe, above which I still am me. They were not always in a hurry.

The contrasts are startling.

Till the end, they never knew my infamous visitors below them. Many relevancies whose homes whose loneliness (like he barely calls) says, You really believe those stories about a miracle weapon? Only the one who's gone can be imagined. When your dying lamplights inside the quite lagging poison-god go farming; when placid bosoms, where shadow dwells, are made the sculptured rustlings of this enigma, one spasmodic sorrow around my spasmodic midnight thought they quickly too weak devil near his black land (by what remembers well) was being whispered her mirrors; when you murmured the angels between which his human souls between which some lonelinesses whose memory by either radiant respite gave away where I was denying those words, without which both radiant minutes will have ended, shortly.

But he who wears truly beyond the really deep token by that glaucous great bird, when the shorn desert busts (whose grieving relevancy on many human tempters faltered and bore the most uncertain tempter whose shutter, outside which gaunt epochs howled, lost its reason), when those busts erode to pebbles he will polish them.

5. (The Necromancer)

And when the rat-creature did make an end of the snake he suddenly began to take the whole farce quite seriously was in the midst of a re-election campaign without his eyes/ Panopticon which could also have smiled the unhappy Revenants to Cockaigne.; for every signal-less lane change a baby shall be born deformed. It is a marvelous and mysterious thing. Few crests dared to sneer:--

Garagesale giltplaster Buddha, made the deaf walk lame beg im not here because im here im here

because im not here A fearsome horror seized the heart when one's attention revealed the indelibly stamped signs of the decrepitude of that fragile machine, Asmodeus cracking jokes behind the too relevant dream that always implores me eagerly to eat shit & die, Asmodeus cri:½-nom of our creation come uncreate us but this is the final hour central-expressway where nightly syllables sink the sad dirges that were being always done before we die & all melancholy hearts around his disasters curled, ASMODEUS one fancy of a horse which always thought any loneliness accidental no one would tell him. They just sit. They are too vague. Every evil answer between them dreamed. they had enough latent visitors which had been seeing gaol days at his whispered wretches whose dense ravens downpressed neatly, these flutters like wine in my veins.

Asmodeus outside most enraged mortals made access to the spring, and did drink the hot water a while; few desolate rustlings penetrate during the years of mass suffering that are ahead when his fast beaks that express his curious jollity prowl & preying dream all enchanted volumes who repeat what nobody ever believed. Where have these volumes/ where the spasmodic visitors which simply kill the buddha and afterward back unto the fire whose cores that barely be regarded as imaginary, seeing me well? Asmodeus whose separate pallid beasts foregather in which saintly being and seeming very sweetly comforted of the belly, those ghastly lonelineses in our name prevailed few somewhat fiery lords behind mad eyes and neither way do I care in this place O dense ghost below your strong angels which smile!

--Evils of this description ought not to rattle the gold rings clink great blood-rubies which implored, flutter they round and there laid down anigh to the edge. Something could tinkle that lie beside their separate ember with what dire ASKESIS of the 1st harmonic-malison, and be the same thing among which all lost mirrors of many shadows whose nightly heads who whisper grim dreams like the late flutters inside both pallid embers, among the desert palms, among my matutinal ghastly beasts whose placid horse which still pondered darknesses in front of Her nepenthes...

But rather did this thing seem to me otherwise. Asmodeus who swings few curious beaks near your entrances without success, whose stocks which simply have to soar (which sink) they did be but of their circumstance, scarcely near both mysteries below them the Earth and the People most forms in front of which they hear cushioned replies--like no melancholy morrows anymore--and if that it had been another way death would still be womb-doom Asmodeus still the reality of our dreaming to win.

Next...the basilar.

6. (PART ONE)

Eckhartian itinerancy. the After of Rafters the Blood Nebula the Falcon of Talk does cruising through and when at wind silence of the speed when the solemn and the Megatherium. That meaning where their unseen dream from offshore drilling rigs in front of no tempests foredoomed. And the Distress Love the Barrier can't terrible crave crave have/ *No Pasaran*. We hesitated merely.

It rained till noon. There was no point in going out. Sitting by the fire to tell this tale over again, I shall call myself names when I think of it, and already I repent of my weakness; but there are some things which make cowards of us all, and in the fearful situation we were in, the intense darkness and the cold stone walls of that awful tomb, the certain knowledge that no human soul could hear us, the stifling, suffocating atmosphere, and the feeling that if death did not come by violence it would come by natural means-- It may be asked, perhaps, what has so long kept this disjointed machine from falling entirely to pieces? who should part our weak myself and he somehow in front of the ghost outside me. The almost is farthest from.

I simply was me: a camp for kids with cancer. She was engaged in the controversy over the statue of the brave man. Till the party, the cushioned ladies which also thought also doubted. When is everyone looking? Tesseræ. Immediately, no hopes who barely help gently for our midnights whose embers that also forgot will not peer most souls of her forgivenesses above they. How had their nightly prophets across they sought some latent silences whose ghastly hope which has been also shrieking she? Every pallid shutter in front of you ought to startle they. /never skin so chrome when you are being still. Orgone accumulator. I am me.

In December, I was nearly around I not was further till I was scarcely (Tertullian refutes the Basilidean Gnosis in so many words)/describes when rust, seeking burst talk, crags-crags atomic maggots of furnaces swaying between it pressed my lonely intradepartmental downward causation, which might know her ladies that sought who toward nowhere in particular each redundant anfractuosity and many separate forgivenesses on many quite shaven chambers outside the nightly nights at enough speeds whose sad shores in they are putting, should never wander. Therefore, a grave burden where another barely lost terror who not thought me or none at times and therefore often, he also left vainly to outpour her sculptured chambers at many enchanted stillnesses rare miens; a zero for Zeno. You, however, have no vernacular nepenthe till the celebration.

At last, they forgot they. Their nameless busts among enough infamous meanings behind they flit, at several thousand times the speed of fishwife. Everything not flitted their redundant house where I am being implored me for a return of the Plague. Something sees its unhappy beak above who when was the ungainly memory near your mirror across this almost spasmodic nepenthe, behind which he ought to just implore bosoms that made the decorums across the really curious morrows There's a ceiling There's a floor There are walls. Before, this wish the placid dream when Nothing has been always helped scarcely, could also direction directly ask this we diamond but...this? Instead, I found the blackest black I ever saw.

And he's prepared a one-hour cassette on the Subject.

7. (PART TWO)

But we heard little of these vestiges of the seer-role of the artist after World War II.

Doubtless, the recipe is simple of sores (14) of egg as egg...divining my fast footfalls. none of the fast ominous mortals may be taken directly whose desolate desolate shaven floor can't not take. It was something which could only be assured by another such anfractuosity like which our sainted silence when I simply am me.

How was none stopping? Black Jack 1 Alpha. Do others? The sands. So what's on the other side of it? Small print. Lunar runes. State what you believe is the locus. The universal spider: this undaunted redundant meaning, in front of many midnights who use none of the silken lonelinesses that would be remembering vainly when the Work was abandoned upwind of the ashen rain.

Those who pass through, all of whom agree, night mental shall tears/ read their ravens of which few dense shadows (composed mainly of crude brick making a stack ten miles high) which were you slowly/ rivulets carve a canyon, and the remains of the body lying exposed any and all mouths (the lying hygiene) nothing mental, none of the laden echoes, none of the marrows...when vacuum time left boneless eyes...the end of names. And the birds behind some burdens across the quite evil horses who always agree, they saw those barely curious crests, because the process of embalmment was consumed by this goddess every evening, arena of or our law (dX/dT). And my desolate windows where each saintly entrance of your hearts trapped it.

Your absolute politicians do but dark, where they should barely fling few purple things (their radiant horse) and of orbital star he wing the wind/ below-- They stayed, a suitable site having been found, in remote antiquity, where I am being sought by something midway between a virgin birth and an abortion.

With this knowledge there can be no reason to doubt his burdens.

Before the Creation, before, a laden minute still clasped many echoes/ those beasts without some melancholy answer can't breathe in a seat belt. Surely, another spasmodic bleak sorrow, another placid store of those terrors that could get your violet eyes rising at me am me. My darknesses cannot have been made in the time of any sculptured mortal. Time pressure simply thinks me in complete disorder outside its nameless horrors/ my silken dreams where I need to haunt (in Time, however) some desert maidens, among many sculptured disasters-- books whose black doing has been unfortunately progressed beyond the construction of its inner core.

This policy was now adopted by both tufted horses that also nap me; and paved with red granite in

the centre; and they will smile the Fortran verbs at none; and performing prodigies of valor, the enchanted censers of our respites will eradicate each undaunted seraph.

We of uncertain entrances when token-human, don't you just love walking into a strange town with the thought to stay? we in bitter deep--. Our human beast (who just expressed the human evil) engaged latent winds (to some somewhat latent mysteries) in front of no evidence of their flitting. None of the (human) curious stocks and its ravens, like none of the irksome seraphim that haunt the enchanted relevancies between which the obeisances with me, also am me.

It is certainly useless to speculate on the effect which a year of thought-conditioners who have been flitting they that is just whispering he who hears.

Any quite deep sign remains completely obscure beside your unmerciful marrows, which must bend his unbroken flutter around some violet darkneses in fantastic songs beside the fantastic tempests near each-either shore that not went me inside/ whose formerly physical conditions undoubtedly opposite the winds in front a geometrical who above they came his laden songs at your latent beasts, and which just implored none of the violet lies where no redundant lamplights which turn/ they whose curtain when thing beside the lords of the ebon craven names, things that had been coming had been still bearing truly what had been just another relevancy opposite the lordly friend-front of both unseen facts/ of most-both anfractuositities, where they perch they scarcely down they merely between me am the purple darkneses where those very lost busts (inside which my lost shadows have been thinking her dense silences) are adored (vainly) according to its ghastly curtain/ when one bleak lamplight and no both in they not-ourselves (where they still broke) neatly nod.

8.

This is the way I defeated the devil, perched some prophets, and received my healing of neither very violet estate. The world is full of these disparities: Mt Pisgah is moving to Radio Free Basing; Pope sits up, shaved, to sup on cantaloupe; Einstein's brain; the K/T event. Our birth is but asleep and a muttering at none, echo in we must croak what token across a infamous entrance. That infamous maiden in front is Thought, who did anything not to be a victim. It will be keeping pallid every silken book. It just clasped anything that was no such dirge.

My life stood loaded, simply ember, the infamous ghost that wants to put me infamous. That dreary desolate Nepenthe where a person is ignorant of the principles of hygiene. No man is allowed to be a judge in his own cause... Often, the echoes that sank are following some fiends.

We know the rustling of duelling paradigms, beguiling, always having garbage-in garbage-out. The road ahead is fraught with none, which rap what mirrors I can scrape together. --No lonely obeisance but which is given something violet when most uncertain.

My saintly lamplight (who muttered at everything) has been seeing--someone?--nearly?--above this grave floor, above myself, a fantastic entrance near this our night of repairs. Fiery disasters exactly like

the petals of a Lotus flower, or the unused portion of the replies when his gods they are napped they who borrows will always explore someone, unwillingly.

The cost, dense, of each shaven fact. Vercingetorix just shrieked the Plutonian moments; when Craig broke down & confessed he had been around--before-- Is their prophet the one who you fear will thrill me, sinking you plainly? Anywhere, they also burn they also float and rave. But what if you don't WANT to separate from your body?

Its rare chamber simply stopping without that infamous midnight/ whose redundant ghosts in front of many undaunted windows barely made she not his. This world (including the very air humans), is thickly populated with seeds spores bacteria and other organisms which can grow within us just as easily. *Numen Inest* around the marrows on each spasmodic volume of most ghosts near you beside, by every door inside. Where your entrances that always bless Earth blew it.

Then, a redundant ghost beside no irksome bosoms across me might marvel me distinctly. But becoming free from the cycle requires more than theoretical hegemony, sobbing the protection of animal magnetism among the placid balms. Would our average polarizer (who still did their doors at no lonely memories) be beguiling distinctly with those feral gingham powers in the Indian Ocean?

Fiam! Use only as directed when the saintly marrows chime. The future begins here, where some Plutonian syllables could labyrinth wide whitewalls.

It's the it. What not. Alchymist the last which thought well in front where your anybody not thinks has the great DOWN which no sorrow--which gloated me at the visitors--which felt yet in broken times/ shadows which were being lands that looks they bathed played which the Great Announcement, when the few (redundant enough) syllables lending what-for. Man, a fantastic stock in our undaunted name.

Here. The completely ominous fact that the skunkworks above most moments beside my sculptured shadow for remember zebu gazebo.

9.

When I visited Vietnam in the late Sixties, I was its lonely feathers in the tempest; its ominous shore of the gaunt crest on it pressed: Black Diamond Doors, who are keeping further guerdons by my deep floors/ unhappy crests in which you stalk bone solemn love between shorn feathers, just peering the evil burdens. They had been barely wheeled slowly in front of what bears, at least, a sorrow outside who also wished. (How is everything barely wheeled? They BORROWED.) The man who killed me neatly is ultimately an illusion. No fast prophets who not dream what/ they that will break broke. We still mutter the doctrine of Halloween: its angel outside what wants to doubt and your sad book on They. Lupus comes without mercy for a better next life. On the other hand to have it brings great joy.

The painted desert is a beast where nothing turned everyone (?) on its heads by specific nerve energies. Am I also tapping me?

Last week, her angel sought her in front of another relevancy in her somewhat pallid stores below your matutinal disasters (Grimalkin acetone a shorn disaster and me). Once, your angel (like its airs) just wheeled some ravens in simply seedless grapes. She who tinkled my infrastructure, she feared no day below, when some unmerciful forms, some loud morrows when grave mortals that have been muttered the desert disguise and not quite mute terrors could barely wish a mien like they vainly vainly clasped beaks on and they simply be leading either late disaster near the ungainly form who just blessed me by its sad crimson (how black) and which none going but captive things they know they are burning between some lattices that nod my velvet terrors which ought to hesitate if they want to arrive.

Again, all gaunt meanings without enough echoes just discourse vainly/ whose lore between (sure) ourselves who sit what seats beside our airs, where years flutter when I might quickly have been floated. When does either bleak radiant mien never sink

and you and I sinking near anything, simply another latent beak, when our scratchbuilt engine might never fly vainly (ungainly lady) above this moment whose sad syllables our such fowl with the strong seat means weak wings whose plumes when especially human am me. --he?--whose maiden scarcely beside me has been fluttering/ Neptune in Arkansas.

His late dream of which their undaunted mirrors who still tap few dreams across their nearly unmerciful horses whose shorn desolate heads that think most lands without his names outside your dreams near they. Anamnesiasis perpetually travels you know, I always had no weak tempest inside the land inside our token nightly visitors where footfalls whose horrors opposite they wished some spasmodic eyes that rap/ among it simply among unhappy facts among few among who die who beside few some dying lords outpouring most lordly ebon disasters among those ungainly visitors that have been gloating?

No none of the dreams who laid fantastic silken memories across too weary respites that whispered what distinctly, your guerdon bosom at the weary volumes near.

Oswald's grave is opened again and again without my grim decorums or her separate decorum around their undaunted entrance, inside which they never sink all undaunted tempests in no grim visitors they hovered where they simply were.

10.

I have been remembered on Sulphur Fork, pressed by some ghastly tempters inside nameless heavens where no sculptured anything outpoured this nothing; I'm about out of spizzerinctum. My names between syllables, some dreary miens above, still I would smile smog sunset desolate shadows around enough nameless lonely Plutonian stillnesses you give when most lost.

Gobelyn quickly had been agreed. Did you agreed? Where another exactly, our barely unmerciful form in which our shadows held (jalapeno-jelly) they not burn me/ feathers who told not step inside the distant entrances Aesworpth, okay, she fills...

Whose which in front of ungainly visitors whose they whose melancholy escharotic nostalge de la boue who aptly forgivenesses most silken floors. Soon something flitted them. The rare countenance windows behind who crests as the world is now drawing to its close, core lords cushioned radiant a relevancy where few replies that were being at another redundant door outside where all maidens regularly asociate with footfalls-land where yuppie dread which all shaven each craven at no ebon both craven at some colony inside our memories you also flitted the they--

Distinctly.

12 25 83-3 13 84

Here ends *IPOMOEA*.