

“Implusions”

The worlds are not Wanton only wild and wavering. I wanted to choose the words that even
hyou would be changed by. Take thw rod of my pulse loving and ordinary. Send out your
signals, hoist your dark scribbles flags but take my hand all ars are useless to the dead. My hands
are knotted in the rope and i cannot sound the bell my hands are frozen to the switcha nd i cannot
throw it. The foot is in the wheel. When all is voer and were lying in a stubble eye gapping. I can
only see and feel i have done nothing not evenf or you.