DOVE-OFFICES
"dem Staubkissen Einst"

Dove-call amidst fixed slaughter. I was with you, & you were not offended. If the time's running commerce must pay for my indiscretion; let the fleshy breath fall into temporal agonies, away from the proper object of your restored passion---

faith where the middle life is resung via Spanish eloquence. Over the small arch, the wind uplifted, & each mortal care a loving ease. We were thankful, & others moved to the secret contemplation, to the first purity of the salvaged honour. The figure & the dove become enclosed fires in the third circle, & the seed prospered from the enforced touch of the half-life to a graceful surplus. We were all indeed mute, as the prophet moved equity to censure the next occasion to the perdurability of the house.

There are a variety of deaths in proven muteness: the young boy can only name music in degrees, his twisted limbs the edifice of a persistent tension. & can you help him?

"The harsh wings cover extended outline & fatal merger, the boy dwells in future-will, his faith but a dark mantle." Then to step beyond enforced union, for we owe you proven merit & a hard sympathy. Reason is but acknowledged displacement, & we change from simple structure to the false marrow of inverse marriage. If so, you could not love him, your house an affirmed theology, lexia of boasted trivia & doubt. We needs must love the purloined copy, & settle dispute in framed commerce. Then, let the broken boy laugh, his hands are but the reserve of falling matter where the gull hangs, alone at the surface & profit.

Consumed, & the unclear life parts whitewash of attire at the opening scene. For this rounded hill the long disease & greater irony. The road is but receded limit, & she cares nothing for lesser light at the closed window. Does she not space resolution in speedy ruin, till the name contends the spine & deformed birth at the general gleam of worth.
"They persuade, at a cast limb", till quality is a matter of duty on the low ridge, & the green valleys register your quenched voice in further address---
disgrace still precipitates (though imagined).

You enter by the small white gate. The father is unsure, doubts the youth's piled on snobbery. The word unfurls at the gleaming gourd, culling temporary torment as a chaste gift. Who then shall trouble at the eventual offer? Where the event displays your grounded quiet, my reason can but raise an oath as natural allowance, as memory.

For every effort needs must renew the eye's allotted hour, as it rims the gilded wastage on the firm ground of allotted quiet. "Could be the sound is double edged", but I saw you leave from the dome's enclosure, death but an easy walk to the low forwarding, & the haunted origin.

Persuaded: & doubt remains a still cipher, undone by profound age & broken homage. Desire can be but refigured need, foundry where the wing burns in deeper warmth. As "use" is your turning, refusing change & clouded vision, despair is but lone pursuance. You know I effort with a distant temper, this usage in my open hands as a final accounting.

To know this end as wider promise where the orange is but ripe & a dancing flame, cannot preclude you from source as idea, leaving each lie as precise knowledge.
HEAVY PLANT CROSSING