no single person ever wrote a book.
the perfect roof.
a grass of accurate agency
long stalks of matrix rain
in nature.
the blotting power

is still in 'paradise'
that
model of inquiry.
sound falls
on silent mineral flashing dirt.
the brain has a maw
for number that fatty nut.

mutter, gulp, and guilt.
audience.
let's get isolated.
people desire
in space.
to believe in.
that very hard case is
a cavity.
the large moon

is prime to the lunatic
as myopia to its matter
whose buttery cliffs were churned
from the milky sea.
bushy
cows of accuracy still browse

on the dark buoyant burrs.
The next few issues of INFOLIO may be slightly delayed.