

**Words:**

Gave Reason's Dance an Untitled Reading and Held Cause

1.

like love. Just know: time= life+heart and eyes feel the day? The night-mind things find longing for the left. People need to tell light's long and big face:

“Write thought pain.”

Soul lost, good man? Maybe the head smiles real inside. Hands in new places; end hands and hope for sun. Remember, hold home and fall the body's beautiful wish. Old things got dark, so live skin. Leave the girl thoughts and tears with god's cold days. Stop going. Get gone. Sky, oh! better dreams. Try lips and know the broken feelings are hard told and past, but dreams do years. Feel deep like forever, like true black-- there's fear, momentary happiness, sleep freely, far death, and stay care in best air.

Hate wanted here!

Open blood trying for blue and sweeter times. Hair believes to help and walk white. The breath kisses with love water doesn't close. Red, friends, is bed. Die dead. You'll touch rain to forget and write down what came looking for truth. A friend's sturn mo(u)rning-- you've run stars all day. Voice real the room-hurt. Waiting: used saw, beauty wrong, wind longer, arms, missed wonder, understand change. *Headline*: watch clock took stand against moon (colon) how matter lies! Memories come to the door bad, with darkness words; they person. Sound Earth, high ask song of different thinking. Fingers seem to start living by breaking perfect. Soon she's kind so why couldn't mother. She says, “Play! You mean, silent, boys.”

I'm sorry.

Ground seawater, wait, talk, work, lie small and warm, rest. Great slow sad, finally falling, yes. Looks making strong the speaker in the heart's poem. Fight every child-- gave reason's dance an untitled reading and held cause. Wasn't youth soft, the one that left hell laughing after laying with Set.

Heard his mouth-of-want knowing, "shall I, dear, try feeling?"

"One feels home," was the answer.

Instead he's filled, hidden and the listening knows music's alive breathe;  
bright reality and a year's peace. Afraid, he fell into growing apart. Eye wake.  
The story lives: men turned happiness into a glass floor and walls. Chests are tired  
of getting, or coming, the trees endless green. What is a human cloud worth?  
Women leaving self-future. Guess the taste. They wouldn't. Running second they  
reach and sing.

"What's space?" asks Poetry.

But really meant, "summer children are lonely."

Baby, it's okay. Where the tree are late, beneath the one called Doing,  
goes whole nights cutting in line. Senses are cleaned like windows outside the  
MET. Memory holding quiet a family of petty realizations, pointed hours, and  
simple beats truly lost. Watching and meeting chance. You'd be ocean away in  
singles, it takes joy and bones. Father, trust that sight is silently sitting and  
burning the walking road with fine paper. In path steps like tongue bites. Smoke  
burning, loving brain, learning promises taken long ago from the tide's ready  
power. Moments fast like half-mirrors of the scared known. Started having quiet,  
hot tonights. Thinking of a straight lines lot. Light smells the way desire looks.  
Pieced together easy like war. Tomorrow, flowers-- clear save the simplicity of  
escape, of forgotten wings, of game shadows drinking near the wall.

The kept goodbye. Shareable schools dying. The winters we'd cry begin to  
pass and dust is given to say:

"Snow is a piece of heaven. A pulled desire from heavy control, standing  
with ears born from passions, and the warmth of the fresh kill."

2.

The taken tears, whose writing sat on the street, needed flesh. Stare-stuck  
car-city screamed the soul's slow emotions. Let's form smiles and catch scars that  
won't return by any means hidden, yet answered. Hit art, eat sick, and safe thank.  
Time's sand loves to get a book on giving to see the questions of sadness. Teeth

color follow fact. Catch the spent star-girls blind with whispers of fun, of neck strength, and of crazy coffee. Tight stood her pure legs. Hoping happened. And lungs died moving the talk of niceties' embrace. Nature storm haven't the weak money. Breeze spirits later faces learned that veins are written in shadow, their breathe rises short but closer to the grass' happening. Stopped sounds played comfort. Dry shine. The brought needs the dance freedom began. Watch heat tell laughter-birds, "angel stone chooses the gentle rose's fate."

Secretly pray in places distant but awake. Our knees are gold with the damned hurt. Exist in cool faith. Their story is as loud as the poems we broke the river ice with.

Cried minds carry the kept grey close like regret. Picking-up change is an act of a universe cornered by meaning. A month's course with tiny anger and wild wantings. Thousands aged by hole full of wet sorrow. The turned kisses by a lover's passing and missing. Her throat lead to doubt through bodily imaginings. That was Spring idea, that screaming golden actuality. Secrets growing more special everyday. The flow of choice falls stupidly yet lovely into the picture of worry.

Lived then dropped-- the skies. Women straight lying shut the faded wear of kisses into starlings asleep with song. The edge brown, suddenly, by pretending the hour's weight. Existence remains clean. Probably grace, or town fears, but phone strangers who ran kids without notice, and push. Gonna bare mom's ear.

Break down paint into your favorite stomach colors. Forward, calmly, seek grown streets which turn in the middle. Wanna cast wide blame? Beating bitter smiles that fit food and lust for attention. Continue the search. Throw State wondering around the funny evils, the mess completely unknown, the voices our sons give to lost flowers, who question the fallen dawn with the beginnings of a pen. Bird flesh and sin bring the hold of a dare-box. The final cries of wet shame. Dad's presence whispers of the mad miles that rock lovers and creation. We deserve quick sleep.

3.

Fighting for the passed brother. Present now though is the realized laughing. the spend-demon who gently yellowed our poor parents with the drunk poet's ridden lordship. Suppose, worse the gazed view. The page songs drown hope. Drowning tall the paid hiding journey.

The table boy's angry dog listens and wishes to be pulled and taught the naked fool's force. Minutes gift pride. Clothe the worst. Lows deeper than driven christmas. Torn, wine forgave their lack of sheets.

Trapped lock created calling, "hello, darling."

Spoken through covered dirt like emotion played. Searching for the ends in wrapped purpose. Dreamed battles. Acceptance built softly the magical silver's shining glow.

"Yeah, early begins are like a garden vision, with proud cheeks that bleed from the start."

Fingers under a dress. The flame screams-- but barely-- for the arms to end the fake bottle of yesterday's ink. Pink forgets. "Cover your smile, Sister." A fix for the reminded loss-cross. The nose findings moved fair back and forth on the train. Ahead! Enjoy the clock's reflection. Cigaretting the surface and distance of grown quick casts. The lady asks for numb pleasure to shattered by the weak ghost.

"Someday."

Someday I'll touch the shared win (a la open steps with a pale constant books, letters, wives, sweat. etc.).

Hey! The completely important scent was missed. Door-kings shake their longing. In keeping, waste happens. Letter's shoulder the sink with the dirty eternal. Shoulder millions like keys. Bliss shouldn't knife promises.

4.

Sent mistakes remain.

“Que?” rang the ugly teller who laid windows with the wind while counting clouds.

Exact numbers slip into wonderful frozen figures where spreads weren't the fault of seeing angels. Certainty shot by life. They will. Flying forest blows for those whose burnt ills are fragile and easily hollowed by the sharp cat floating in a swearing midnight with tea-races and the calls allowing pages upon pages of mountains to sign the job with blood; where loneliness belongs; to be sent precious rolling haikus in cups build from parts that ran ashore by experience, the minute knowledge that waters release confused healing but surely, the innocent insane, those eternal kids who are youthed by being buried in the reading of the Beats and whose paint burned decision stronger than society, stronger than the eventually energy of “ain't answers” and “bound bones” and “flame mountains” which explains the sigh of, “let's stand in the inner underneath.

The 10-watt image waves of the struggled gray.

5.

“Won't mistakes constantly wed the familiar history?” whispered the cheek-feeder with hard notes, in a class about the toes of field strangers.

Laughing, Sunshine gunned, “twist fingertips with problems,” and walked.

The wounds shed. The planned rage was alright. We grasped despair with head poisons, hanging despite growth in the depths. The honest possible lit the problemed evening with a rush of reaching for a hug. Flowing and shaking with silly survival.

“Like, okay.”

6.

Jump! The bite monster orders footed weeks. The ache of roses work on rising false autumns in the seconds before flight. The cruel wearing void fades the

washed sunlight, which hangs bespoken and broken and expects the birth of welcomes.

“Waking, honey,” he said while eating an entire devil action.

The difference of innocence. Seven glad ashes crack impossible. Holy orange country, faster with the perfect pictures. Queen Blank runs and drops ignorance as an ass killed by directions. She'll buy wishes with all that noise and a sort of depression. The amazing crack forced the case.

“Pull the grave loose,” thinks Jesus in the rhythm of message.

Bleached emptiness! Spinal language! Selfish fish masked by a stayed imagination. Tender wisdom for the daughters of the greatest killing. Stringing glory sticks with busy stains and failed respect. Seasons decide: the elders reached for the drinking, but drew horizons. But the higher misery climbed the crowded and hungry names for care-building and for understanding of the changing stream.

Push rough weather with the spinning glance of worn wood.

Deals mark ease!

Normalcy teaches the core thunder and the courage of blade kissing, smooth madness, to swim in daily reason. 10 notes:

1- purple fills chair

1- float blanket

1- grab a starting silents

1- believe it'll talk stuff into shape

1- she'll perfectly fade, disappearing into lucky friendship

1- matter saved the bar

1- noticed spot

1- promised motives but type rocks

1- invisible company in the repeated humanity which travels with strangers through the mystery to painfully rich stops of fat places amid the showers of waste protecting one's bloody ancient curse for the Beasts of Conversation whose rhyme outshines god's speaking with an infinite ball of willing; and they'll offer, begging the end by destroying an awaiting shell then pick holes by begging

for a brush tune of divine hips at the party of the deeply brave.  
Guilt games lift off to show metal suffering. Birthday pills. Quietly  
they've shirted beer to melt senses into butterflies-- "cause  
hurting." Tide chose kitchen, blessed salt but refused to care.

Mr. Park's idea was to store shade and swallow delicate moonlight petals,  
held for later in the fields of bus depots. Desperate to learn the 2017 chaos yet  
unable as a large fog seat. Twice, somebody weary wished to naturally remember  
the pour handle for the cage of news. Drift laying stage roots; hatred, he'll be  
driving. Push childhood guides by hearing melodies easily thrown into the  
surrounding lake.

"Suppose ya carried?"

Follow seeking to steal a treat relationship from the Church of Fought  
Grip at the Common Pillow.

Scene aching:

"Thanks, Match Daddy."

Rolling the world unless-- crash-- indolent cigarettes! Aware are the  
desires of e-specially touching. Filling tale-spark and weeping stones into traces  
brought on by mist-movies that failed.

"Date?"

No. Deserts shout by throwing it, dripping, into the suicidal heavens like  
whispering craves. Content with the surprise that prayer proves the sunset. Judge  
the terrible Mr. Bridge whose confusion focuses on the rights to test other  
branches by their steady rip and the sinking which caused darkest god's trouble;  
the claim that human plastic, when tied, speaks to a couple bagged corners of  
essence.

The pressed cracked concrete, and drugs, won. Gaining the allowed raw  
rules of drawn wise nails. Cars, dinners, and ghosts, wander. Reminding locks to  
take care before the trip. Ripped chase pool rays understood the hill's luck.  
Master TV sacred palms (psalms?) nightmares on screen by showing shower  
dances that wrapped vast motion into echoing thighs. They attempt creation! Fully  
died in anxiety of the absence pressure, or limbs, or sudden but mere cuts in order

to join sanity. Hung tiny tick likes the destruction of the canvas. A mother's circle works to ship frames of hated into changed relief.