

...out of nothing our souls burst forth like shelling-peanuts...

What's healthy in sharing if crumbs only mark where something once preened.

Those crumbs hide something; behind, beneath, below, between.

It's like, in these, empty places—something, or at least, its like being so unlike as to cancel the *refraction* of light, or crumple all acoustics in, acoustics mean nothing in an empty room, unless, you are the only one-handed ovations for a Key Grip—forests come down every time I see you at the multiplex, and the act's stain is a white and infinite outline.

Leave $x, y,$ and z behind, if only for awhile, and let there be a consequence. Let's say $r, s,$ and t strike some new arc through your wrist—here, carpal tunnel is a wormhole; dispersal a nutrient; perforation a bright green blur; a kiss the force that impels the last gurgle down the drain, taking a bath, will the peanuts (un)shell themselves?

Or do I need to throw in a hand? Are there hands in the water? Any way?

Assuming direction can be shut tight in a fist or assuming my fists have not yet been bound to the wall, and of course the wall is there, that fists are there, that yet is there, tucked in time like ribbon in a flat turquoise glints and char diamonds grasping the obverse: knurling with

Kindness comes with thinking of past things, or, pathways split to reveal a forgotten shine.

Yes. I broke my arm on a nail I felt guilty for, so now I cower at carpenters; too much to make it a letter? See, I'm a shoe made for the internet; you're covered in silk, at the narrow end of a funnel, clacking two sticks together.

No—you're curling the index fingers at the the face; too much spiders? Too many movement.

Such vicissitudes leach our industry of efficacy. With the rapid pulse of lips that double as teeth, contingency is an anemic hue.

Is there an explanation for this or do we observe and collect blood samples and conclude by inductive reasoning the patterns for toes falling off and flying away in different directions than we are walking?

Do we let our tongues curl like basil-upon-basil, draw pictures of great leaves for evolutions, on cave walls, then our shoes, dying off and letting our children absently take up the thread—crop circles spell out instructions for a tea that makes your words sweet; the pyramids are inverted uvula, honeyed.

Wrong again: this is a place for learning, not knowing.

Look up, or around, or in whatever direction suits YOU. Limbs of sight do not an emperor's over-flopped ears make. Slapped into the concentric, and more like echolocation via those spirit ditties played on radios appearing with no virtuostone. There is a marriage of some famous writer and a squid, *sometimes*. What I mean is, there are digits, one, two, some more, and together there is only wiggle-room in the void that was created by the creaking of grandma's rocking chair. Of course. Pour me a drink. I may need them all.

What can you do.

What gives? What's the deal? Get out of town or get real.

Should you wander into the actual: fill your wallet with only yellowed receipts; keep your pockets in your shoes; breathe for the sake of exhaust, not intake; make of postcarding a vocation; chew all advice 9 times on each side of your mouth before swallowing.

Someone at some point should mention peanuts. They're such a splendid, salty treat.