

Low on Water

Briefly wishful, the industrial grass wilted no water no sun no powerful radiation
rays no epoch nervous clouds of sorts the near-death experience no waifs
no humans no beds no apartments just appalling darkness obsessed
darkness uncontested darkness and we along often chased cheerfully
blinded a morsel of persia a morsel of withered land an iguana a rubber band
and flesh a dish a screw a paper clip an arid crack of soil a hundred and twelve

and and

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