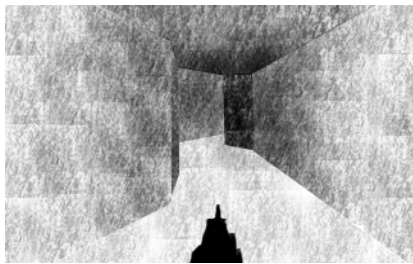
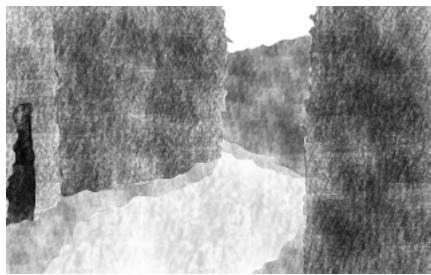


**YOU ARE
HERE**

mark your enemies in the book of skulls,
each chapter is a new embrace.
you rot the bed.
it's first steps again.

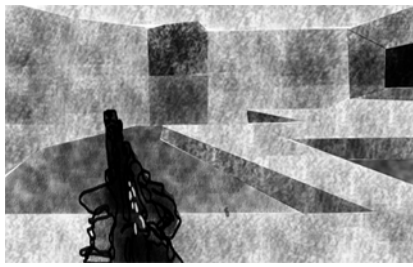
there is an eerie qualm in the endless night.
you pace dad-like in its doubt.
take up your tent and weave onward,
your socks aren't getting any drier.

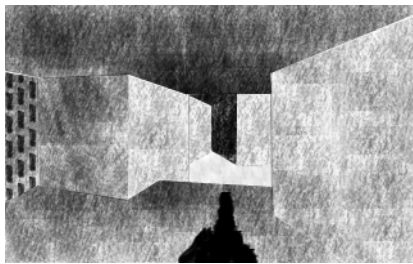




apply reverb to your body,
and dredge up each glittering corpuscle.
a distant light reflects in the drenching soil.
tread closer on its promise.

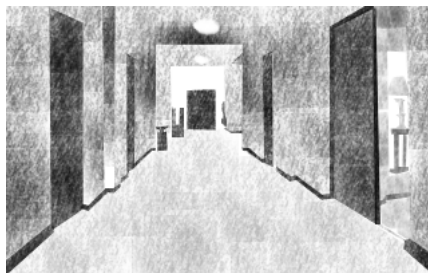
abyssal plugins warp every twig.
you wander lossless through the mulch.
the mansion beckons through the wet.
soon, a floorboard reprise.

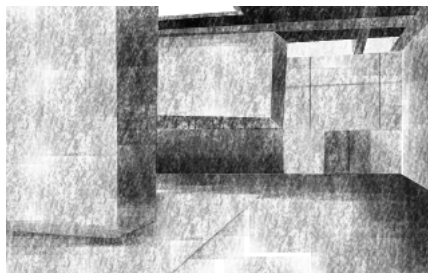


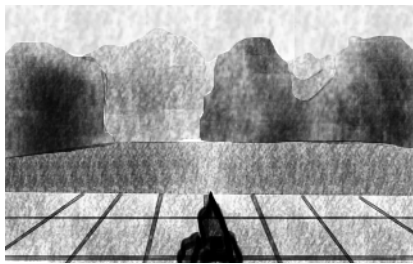


the peripheries are emburdened with hope,
but pay no heed.
the lamps form halos in the rain
as you approach this godless place.

you know the door will open for you.
the mansion's stomach rumbles as any thing's does.
mould passages from the dearth.
you're at both ends.

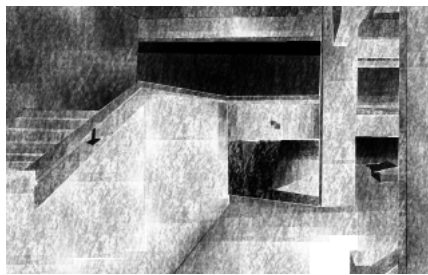




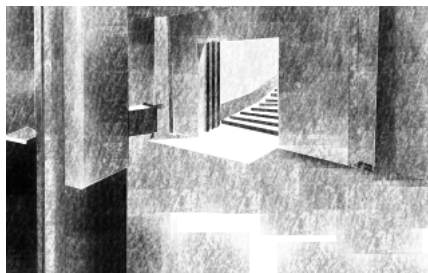


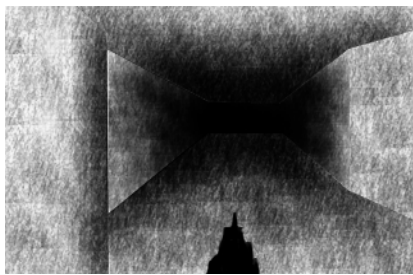
there is a strange outside past the window,
different than that you trod.
its mountains stretch out like possibilities
that you let slip.

walking, you remember something of the layout,
though as memories this place is impermanent.
a step forward on its crooked ground
is often two steps back.









no.
nothing.
you were gone.
you phased out briefly.
scrape yourself off the floor
before the room grows more corners.
orthogonal pains remind you of what was.
you sense a lump in your throat
as welts spill out your larynx.
you wince smilingly.
the lamps quell,
as do
you.

 **YOU ARE
HERE**