

murals.eavesdropping.murals.withdoowop.withdeepdoowop

Her imagination they say was like
a rocket In one instance like several
thousand red light night flies had
been born conjoined together and had
to so infinitely quickly move away from
the only one paying any attention
In the next and decidedly last instance
like an ancestor to the moon trying to
drop down to the air from the outer space
which has no air as far as the modern
moon is concerned It's safe to say
the moon's ancestor could breathe anywhere
could hold heavyish fruit in some body
sac could make threats and have those
threatened love even more Her imagination
had never met anything else that fell
asleep so suddenly after drinking water
aside from her granny baby her baby granny