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STANZE

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STANZE. STUBEN. STOVES.

The only muscle for art enlightens or tries us a word we never heard is spoken that is why apt over the horizon to embrace

the distance itself as the sky embraces earth the questionable miracle of desire organic evidence of a star is still alive the sentience

surpasses our meek boundaries girl an event all over a thought is wall enough to shape what happens

installation art is you has to be you always at the center this cup is just for you into it the light pours

the sound welcomes if only your heart beat if only you hear Socrates is a midwife therefore birth art art birth the answer

no question needed luminous word healed of religion all the fish freed into the sea art is liberation of the next half-mile
step by step building a jungle to hack our way through
one time a sunflower grew from such seed
now a cloud releases sleet anxiety a philosophy of

nature needs revelation else we’re stuck
with our senses Hermia leads us to sleep
anteaters are designed to eat ants why must ants be eaten

is our whole being too shaped by appetites baser than geometry
no thank god we are too awkward in our bodies
to go wrong bless us with turning inside out

ribcage of fasting Shakyamuni the sky
was a stone once began to think the food
was so good it had no taste but lived us.

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