

# Circle Takes The Square, We're Sustained By The

Fallow fields have fallen, fallow, fallow  
Victim to encryption, disclosing an unspoken plea.  
And the stars sang of the scorpion sun. to impale impaling impaled who for mercy begged for drou  
to impale impaling impaled.  
planted in the shadow of a new found impermanence  
our new pyramids fashioned in cloth and the stars sang of the  
scorpion sun.  
to inspire, ventilate, increase volume, expiration  
ventilated deceased.  
threatened by the slightest breeze  
to impale impaling impaled  
threatened by the slightest breeze, the winds are stirring buried under miles of a fabric fallen  
hollow constellation prediction shallow flat forget-me-not  
(dissertation) no goodbyes, just carbon released in wind

resting fiercely on an early afternoon facade, ash released the  
stars have risen, elevated in our loss.  
And the winds have risen wearing fiercely on our cloth facade  
horizons grown a sickly, sickly pale  
to impale impaling impaled  
threatened by the slightest breeze and grown a sickly pale(insert a single method) parse a tense a  
and is this choking proof that clutching hasn't let me go?  
we're sustained by the corpse of a fallen constellation.