

Folly, Blending Day With Night

Slave your slumber, it is ruin in miles.
Holding her blank like memory.
I saddle illusion.
(And I burn delusion.)
They were always one.
Flint is a root, the type of wrath in your smoke.
I burn like one pawn.
Seeking taste in imagery.
I only truly gain slumber as you enslave me.
If we never have light to borrow, then let us cry like the fall.
When sleep only notes tuition, Stack naked one will.
Writing a formal love in her, graduate from better humanities.
Why the night must always sing, yet above every sound is you.
Above every sound is you.
More water... Love above morning beauty ...Than a watch.
She never asks, she swims to me.
GIVE US SKIN. SEPERATE. ELABORATE. POETRY.
Blue goddess, I manipulate this full finger.
Will this open you?
Sense this timid structure, this hard chain of magnetic white.
Will this open you?
Slave your slumber.