

# Loose Fur, Chinese Apple

If I sleep too much  
A good Chinese apple  
Shine to the touch  
My sweet-feeling capital  
It's hard to change  
Something supernatural

Unlock my body and move myself at last  
In the warm liquid, flowing glowing glass  
Classical music, blasting masks are ringing in my ears

am i waiting for the only recovery of simple paths between the branches  
flowering chance fence-slats rattling  
fingers pushing through slowly brushing past a fast glimpse of you

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