



Deborah-Joyce Holman & Yara Dulac Gisler – **Unless**

life in filaments and distracts
that course
tricks laid bare what we assume are coordinates to resolve
conclusion
an in and out beyond the viewer
when separated and looped these attempts at storytelling become ritualized
what little owed to character being with myth and tunnel
tranced in what it left winding in cyclical
beacons in the underground locales for first contact
what we are becoming is usually around
ways we escape into anothers perfect shroud
my wisdom coach of false equivalencies dried down until dryer
stoked
unrest at attention fighting a high and not stopping to see if we are still
separated catatonic promoted too
structured into a heat wave final chances given at the tabernacle
where those things go the trite and tattered
used up and its full of goodness these small
traveling bouts of zealousness sharers of moments beyond repair
commune with the sun effective for this this and this is the reason
we are here it seems
filled up a glow
the light that pervades here in flashes the unextinguished platform
the star a stage
this thing gets together once
the freaked self is far gone and at the end worn down loose
the fire not the flame

to be fruitful
we cant hang onto what you have
life and labyrinthine losing
mine
wandering pronged antenna **retelling looping gyrating too**
see saw on a saber near our dancing **in the shadow of knowledge sacred**
shared
i again i hopefully its us because just because
life so immaterial stagnation springs torn vessel suite
gathered into frames on tracks
though convoluted in its wake **most things are clear** life in split choices
spills through
staged traces you you you anew