

The country was full of trees, in some places covered with them—vines belonging to the company.

And bought from the inhabitants three rivers situated in high and mighty locations.

The part lying within, the young they dug out the varied peninsula midway between the striated southriver and the smooth northern watershed.

Compromised sycamores, behaving as though common species, predominantly manufactured.

And thousands of huge blossoms, the last named ruthless, continued the great part.

Thwarted spores touch down on piles of home furnishings crackling with disuse.

A stair-tunnel broken into under lamps against official mirrorglass.

Not much coming through the pine waves except particles of themselves, which particles accumulate on the Olympic expanse of the swimming pool.

The munching of cellulose beyond a vortex of forsythia at the property line.

Alto wind chimes under the soffit.

From the hills the first opposing forces came upon wide expanses, fragrant, resinous.

A month arrives in a day.

Velocities seldom rise.

Blue clays attract collectors to the region.

Many specimens of iron.

Unconsolidated gravel may run the crop season.

Feldspar and mica there are four degrees warmer.

An abundance of latitude; intermittent skirmishes.

The diversion of springs, an arm of them flowing empty, ponytails, limestone, drug mansions.

Tears and old tastes returned, instantly occupying their own relative high ground.

It chose to step deeper in this time because its hour was long from up—in stillness, that also was a thought stirred open and shut, failing to meet required regulations.

Southward the soils become lagoons, considerable barriers to the ridges along the extreme western boundary.

Beyond the immediate slopes run multiple tracks of railroad, motor headlights shining, brilliant lamps, innumerable facets of light pass or sweep the travelways, contrasting with river craft, freighters patterning a belt of canal-water barely visible in the distance.

Leaving a variety of its pockets deep and dark it reached a hand now into hardwood; back and forth, molding what it believed to resemble the Great Piece of Turf.

A sadness followed, requiring a measure of preservation it'd seemed, even, to crawl into and out of the junk.

Morning eyes called a fragile classification into view—the faithful who never know their god.

By reaching, though, there is a wall there to preserve destruction and a chalk line around the vomit that comes of it.

Stirred leaves turned in wheels.

Man alone doesn't readily give itself up.

It sits parked off the resort road, mad-dogging a doe in the woods.

Unto nature it dissolves in deathly peace, like as though in a web.

By stumbling one breathes to one's own detriment.

If the body's ad hoc integers were to decline membership in a single world could they taxi freely between all of them?

To put it baby-wise, mustard carpeted halls, inert things, parentheses, chain link settlements, a frenzy of palmettos, machined captives barking about work, the words "forked" and "predator"...

There is no off.

There is nothing accompanied by muted noises.

But for a moment these marks hang suspended, as when falling down stairs the stairs get dragged into the screaming.

That strange one-person clearing began around the privatest of properties and remains a subtle nuisance.

That sand in place was being reserved for ants.

Thirty or some-odd feet into the forest, felled trunks like giant horse muscles wound around its head.

It planted its feet here, now unsure whether or not it put them there on its own.

In front of it, ashes pressed into humidity.

And next to where new souvenirs had been left, a squat green shed hummed.

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