

The sheepdog madman
became dander to his own froth
this wool of broken thoughts
a rabid onslaught

NOW

watch that box of shadows,
moving creases shallow

doesn't problem "sovlings",
only
invent more problems?

Thats omni-inter-accomadation

those bridges lead to bridges lead to bridges

ever evolving and decomposing

smell that?
that's the stench of our compulsions
a rancid, sickly concoction
which lacks only

what it's after

- desire in its tattered old attire -

fumbling
into the here-after

its breath is our disaster

ōm āh hūm