



Collected Fragments Detailing Your Journey

A gravel path. A cobblestone road. [Echoes of hooves.] An unfinished tunnel in the mountainside.

Unless scythe, machete, or pick. Or emaciation until you are weed thin and conform to wind.

Nevertheless, one way – head rooted to torso.

If you maintain equilibrium, it is not necessary to lift your eyelid blindfold until the end. Unless the chasm, which, despite rumors to the contrary, has a definitive bottom.

The abandoned circus tent: acrobat bars dangle and knives outline the perfect woman. (Illustration of faith.) Field of tire ruts.

(This is not the first time you have arrived here. It is the first time you continued.)

Toward the siren. Toward the smell of fire.

Not dirt but ash underfoot. This is the fabled destination. Don't look, don't look.

[Steal a glance.]

A house gutted by fire. Not unlike your body.