

a score of budding vanguards flock about the tower tops.

and this new jacket im wearing had me feeling like *such* a pedestrian! rambling along with all the citys crops in my hands held in soft fists in my jacket pockets, in the pockets of my new jacket

and streets, cornerstores and transport and sundry that rocket in to these tireless thighs.

and the cracks in the pavement, the fissures opening in the walls and between all manner of structures and in your cracked hands and feet and between every one, and in the gaps between every letter ever shaped by pen digit lip eye foot stylus needle or scalpel and between everything ever named, open into bottomless musky catacombs where nature used to be, yet we are spared falling into them, some of us, by a collective system of rails and stays and decrees granting stays, obtained not at the term but through the very lacuna of a years long trail of paperwork of letters shaped and their gaps, all secreted out of the unbearably immense and dented past into the heaped up atomic points we keep precipitating into, each specific stuck, shedding skin and dribbling an acid that burns through its own cheeks, flicking the lenses of our eyes with rebar fingernails until we do so, all roughly stapled with some distorted image of the whole or one of its discarded foil wrappers inverted to obscure the print, seen as though through an oversized globule, all the past shipwrecks of which only remains what we heave into our single-molecule polymer as we pursue our tangent to the supposedly curved surface of whatever it is that used to be under us but that fell out of view thanks to the endeavours of a few possessed visionaries.

am i making too much of this.

at least one had what looked like nails embedded in their knees.

spared falling into them to that extent that we continue to write orders to order and follow them along the jumbled system of rails and stays like ants or cliffhangers, trailing scents laid by those ahead who preceded us and showed us the blind way to the very ends of the hanging underground rail network of the musky catacombs, where they themselves congealed into single molecules of its alloy, hardening and fixing

themselves onto its end, filling out its form, extending it through recourse to no blueprint, no paperwork, and once securely bonded it thrums with the current flowing through all the rest of the polymers thousand fine roots, printing bent images of the imagined form of them all to itself in an oversized virtual globule of the vitreous till it is satisfied by its production and its spontaneously pre-destined location.

and is there anything more chilling than a large group of happy people you barely know.

and i stride the mossy glade charged with a giant sock of coal, and when the clocks strike noon i stop whatever cretinry im doing and take up a chunk and crush it into my eyes, ever at the ready, coz you never know when the clocksll strike noon.

and are cats just rats evolved to eat other rats. is that not the secret of their rhyme.