

I wish I could say this didn't start with pain. But it

does *Arched window*

Stone tiles

Plum horizon

Guttural slope

Three leafed

nasturtium

Draped rug

Plans for a library. We can be many things in memories of spatiality. We can be future. Ignore my marking of fragments.

And here, a line is drawn. I think this must be where the house begins. Where the library first finds its creature-archive.
A Casting Particle. "Wash the clothes, sweedebede. And hang 'em on the line can see by the way you wash the clothes. Your cooking must be done."

a flame work that you have to consider. Exhilaration. Cause a form does the work for you. It is I think I will build into a hillside. In finding a form.

Escaped from obligation. Here I find form in the red tip of a spade.

agree. "Sometimes I don't know where this dirty road is taking me." I hear you singing it, but I am not sure I

Beyond the pushy pines.

I wish I could say this didn't start with pain. But it

Arched

Window

Stone tiles

Plans for a library. We can be many things in memories of spatiality. We can be future. Ignore my making of fragments.

Plum horizon

A Casting Particle. "Wash the clothes, Swee-dee-dee. And hang 'em on the line I can see by the way you wash the clothes Your cooking must be fine!"

General slope

And here, a line is drawn. I think this must be where the house begins. Where the library first finds its creature-archive.

leafed

Three

I think I will build into a hillside. In finding a form. Exhilaration. Cause a form does the work for you. It is a frame work that you have to consider.

natant

Escaped from obligation. Here I find form in the red tip of a spade.

Draped rug

"Sometimes I don't know where this dirty road is taking me." I hear you singing it, but I am not sure I agree. Or does it start here?

Beyond the bushy pines.