

Two Butterflies Trap In A Thumbnail

Seek the cry, the flight! The night...

The survival instinct will therefore seek out the umbilical cord; its body-object is a skin. (A skin.) I mean, these birds are really disgusting.

In an original tracing, the index is an inversion—a *reversal*—of some segments of the survival drive: astricted artist. Skin cells, the thorax.

Would you want to lay a parasite inside this inter-iconic void, and thus prevent this dialogue bubble from finding its own language?

Ooh!! Ow. Would you insert it, would you? Quiescent insect—sect. Inoculate it with a predator. (A predator.) An artist of her stature.

An artist of her caliber. An ant; a mother ONE.

A warrior ant that defends the eggs of the Queen Mother! An insect—sect.

Ant. Sector. Tick. Tick-tick!

The butterfly is an artist confined within his own camouflage, an exuberant dialogue condensed into a speech bubble. *A speech bubble*. A speech bubble. (Bubble.) And the shrill squeaking of infinitesimal mo-

vements. (A chrysalis...) Bubble—*Imago*. Chrysalis? (Look for it.) SPEECH.

The chrysalis were banking on ivy leaves to hide in, it relied on the shadows to save a quiescent insect inside; an image in the making.

In a depraved tracing, the incest is an inversion—of some segments of the death instinct: astricted artist. Skin cells, the abdomen. The rib cage, a cage without ribs—the thorax—the thorax. The moth, the mother moth; her body-object is nothing but skin, *nothing but skin*. Two eyes searching for words. Wooden punch in memory.

An artist of her caliber. (Caliber, a book) ^{A speech.} A song. Who knows how to shoot. Parasites trying to eat the chrysalis! Seek the cry, the flight!

The butterfly is an artist confined within his own camouflage, an exuberant dialogue condensed into a speech bubble—a bubble. Seek to extend and deepen the song. Spider—web of words. Wrong. The song. (The song!) The song to ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Originate the organ, as close as possible to memory. *A memory*. A man? Search for it. To originate the orgasm, as close as possible, possible. (Possible.) A speech bubble.

Skin cells, and the thorax!

The ant—ANT—the sect. Search for the cry...

Its body sung, her soul embodied. Shrill squeaking! (Spe—e-e-e—e-e-e—e-e-e—*ch*.) Search for the speech. (Look for it.) Speech. (Pear.) Wasp. (Twang!) Valid. Lid. (Chrysalis!) Liquid.

Originate the organ, the voice. A one that comes from beneath the skin, under the tongue: in the muscles and the blood stupor! Lick it or not, lick it or! (Or.) OR. OR, oh-oh, *or!*

The words, the song; a speech bubble. (A speech!) Skin cells, and THE THORAX.

The chrysalis were banking on ivy leaves to hide in, it relied on the shadows to save a quiescent insect inside; an image in the making.

I mean, those birds are nasty, bums trying to eat the chrysalis! Ant. Sector.

Tick. Tick-tick! (Tick. Tick-tick!) Tick. Tick-tick!

Wahoo!

The words, the song; (A chrysalis.) I don't know how. I live in a crowded apartment complex, a brick and reinforced concrete wall, covered with Virginia creeper. *I live here*. And I am an artist, a poor one, a no-known-know—an unknown. The creaking of the night, the wings of the night, those that slowly emerge from their watery chrysalis. The speech bubble of the night. Near a quiet residential areas. I'm an astricted artist. Skin cells and thorax. Whoooo—quiescent insect. Inoculated with. With—ith—!

The ant, the sect. Search for the cry. Near a quiet residential areas. I'm an astricted artist. Inoculated with ivy. Parasites trying to eat the chrysalis! Seek the cry, the flight! The cry, seek the cry! The flight—the cry—the flight!

Oo-oo-Oo—Ooh!!