

What A Handsome Lanky Fellow He Is

In her iris, the storm subsides. When it subsides, it's quiet once again. The arm was held in a sling; she cradled it just like a baby swaddled in the old-fashioned way. To avoid losing it, she had had her left forearm committed.

Living our own lives to the fullest, you ask? I'm sorry to say that's a no-go with you. That was when it began to weep. I could have asked it to come out of my belly! From no standpoint is it an issue; since the left eye is at risk of blindness, it should be cauterized in advance of its excision.

But she has misunderstood the essential point! Stretching her bones, filling the voids! Scratching its skull, feeding the gaps! A dead child thrives in my heart; others blossom in our anemic veins. With or without any guitar pick, when it is not being used to disparage, the index finger serves to point.

Light spirit, solid soul!

The shimmering mimic of shadows muttered on her hips. A dead child thrives in your heart. Blood might be the key, right? Am I a wrongdoer? Are you... Are they! Us... Who is.

Who is the one who lost an eardrum?

The pollen passing through the midrib of the forearm's sagittate leaf is not completely eradicated; the leaf, folded into quarters by the trade winds, undergoes steam cleaning before being returned to the intertidal zone. Are we going to harvest the jellyfish from the brains of the washed-up children there?

Are we?

Are we... Her hematiferous arm was gone, and she was changing the dirty, shit-filled dressing on the wound. The fingers came loose one by one, like petals. Or small, long, slender, silvery fish. Amidst a fleeting moment of tension, the soul of the arm receded. He flowed back, small drop by small drop.

The eye, of an iridescent green, was in her palm.

A child's one; an artery had ruptured like a pipeline. Is this blood or oil? To avoid losing it, she had tucked her left forearm inside. Her blood-stained arm. It was supported in a sling; she had changed it and cleaned the wound. Tossed it into the dustbin.

One little drop after another.

Only one-third of the arm's core has flowed back into the rib cage. Indeed, in an autistic withdrawal, the limb that has been freed from the weight of its soul otherwise withers away.

Are we going to harvest, today?

Unswaddled, after a time, it spews out the dead children of the foreshore, and then the entire contents of the ribcage are emptied by the severed hand. Are we...

The lack of reception capacity. That lousy, impaired arm. In its fall, it drags down the left eye with it.

The magnificent left eye! In its iris, the storm subsides.

Boasting boats, glistening shipwrecks!

As it subsides, calm returns. Did I miss the main point?

Did I miss the main point?