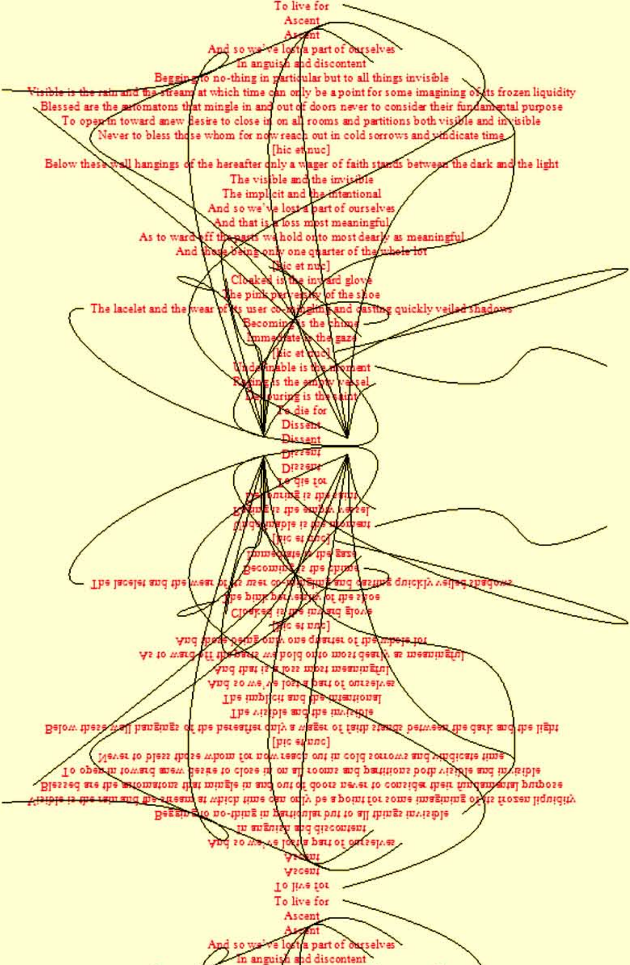

To live for
Ascent
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And so we've lost a part of ourselves
In anguish and discontent
Begging to no-thing in particular but to all things invisible
Visible is the rain and the stream at which time can only be a point for some imagining of its frozen liquidity
Blessed are the automatons that mingle in and out of doors never to consider their fundamental purpose
To open in toward anew desire to close in on all rooms and partitions both visible and invisible
Never to bless those whom for now reach out in cold sorrows and vindicate time
[hic et nuc]
Below these wall hangings of the hereafter only a wager of faith stands between the dark and the light
The visible and the invisible
The implicit and the intentional
And so we've lost a part of ourselves
And that is a loss most meaningful
As to ward off the parts we hold onto most dearly as meaningful
And those being only one quarter of the whole lot
[hic et nuc]
Cloaked is the inward glove
The pink perversity of the shoe
The lacelet and the wear of its user co-mingling and casting quickly veiled shadows
Becoming is the chime
Immediate is the gaze
[hic et nuc]
Undefinable is the moment
Raging is the empty vessel
Devouring is the saint
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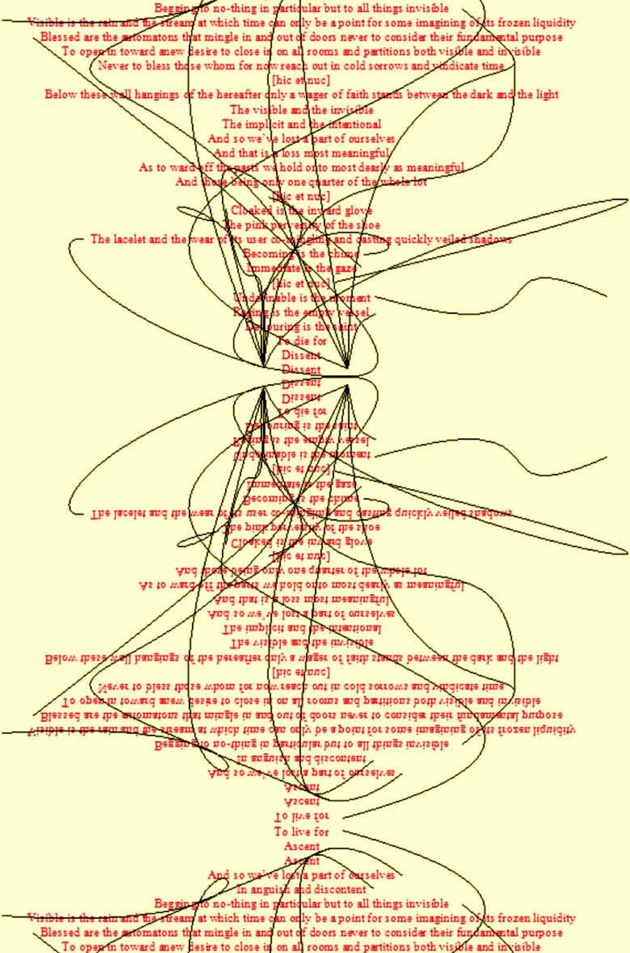

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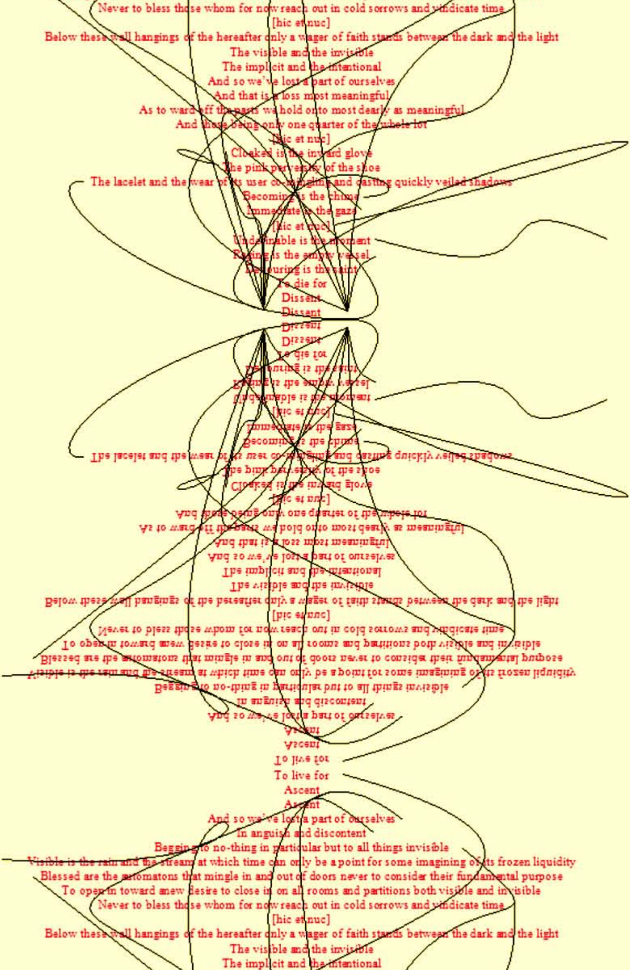

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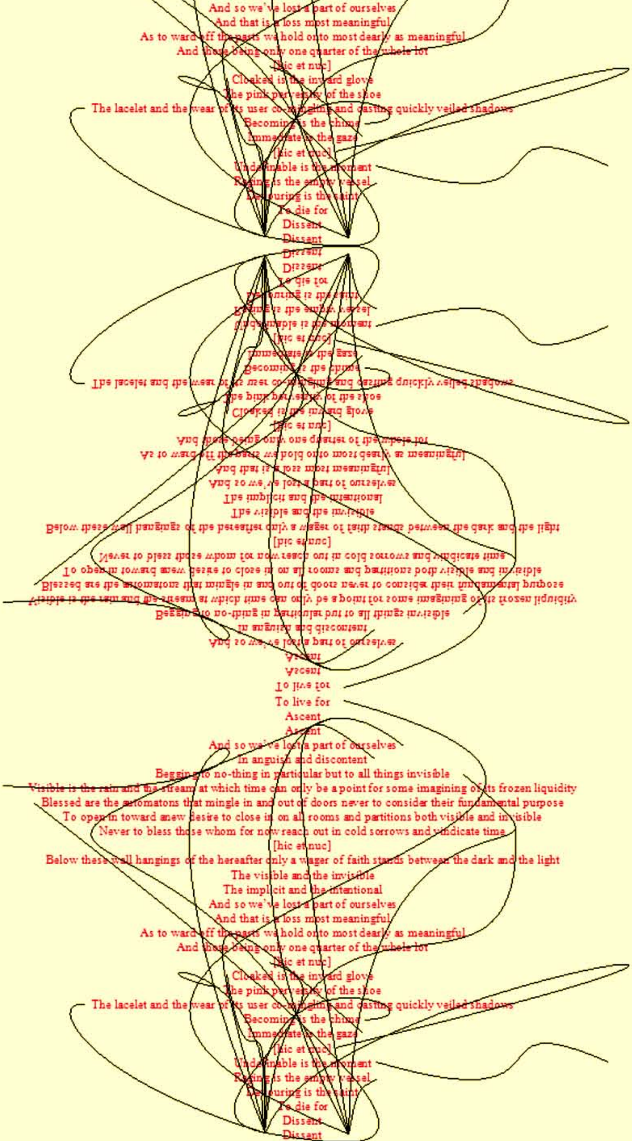

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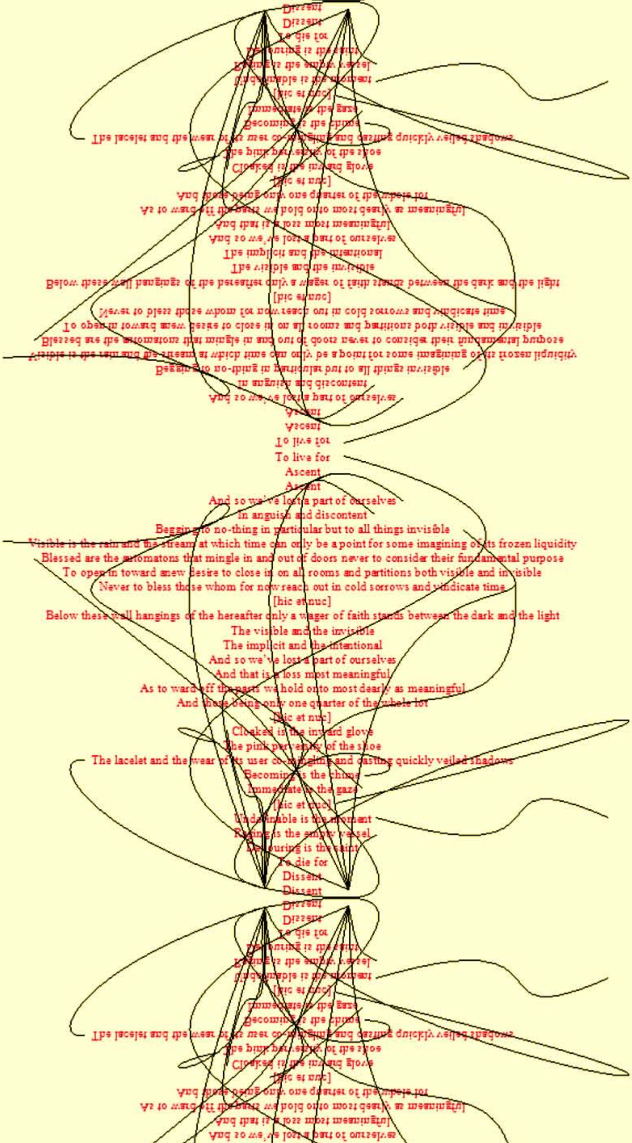

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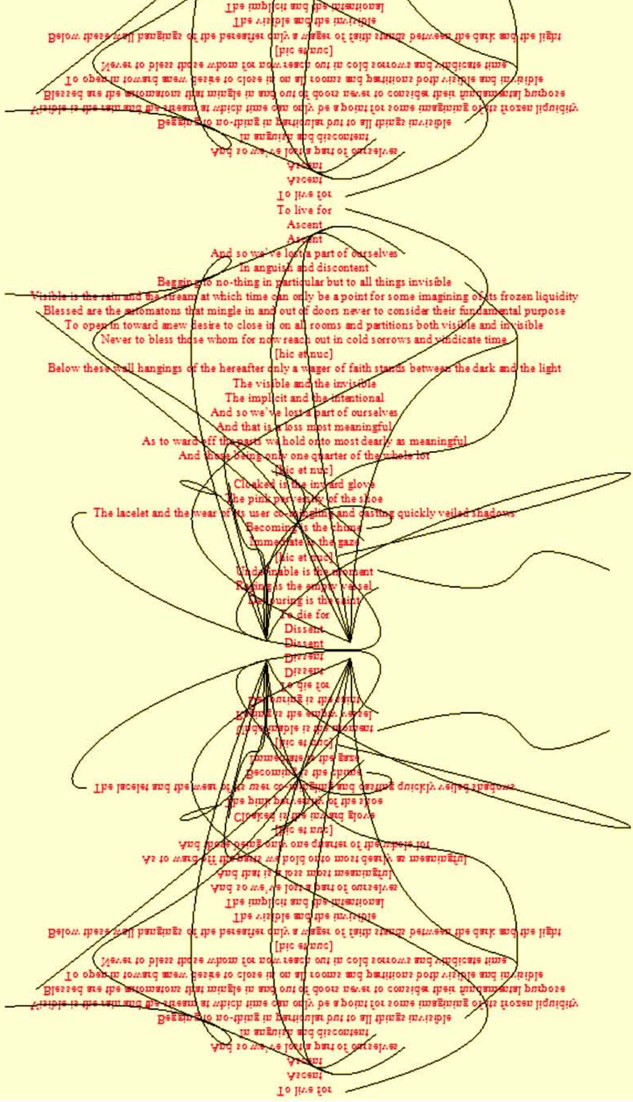

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