

This is the time to call for arms the charms tied to balls of steel. I laugh all the time and it aches in my cheeks as blood runs down my forehead. A stone was thrown.

Despite everything there's a way to hope that what is done wants to be the downfall of humankind. Be kind. Be kin. Kindling. Fire, around the fire telling tales. Like the ancient beings.

Time is the waiver for all those weeks; the way forwards of death is your own. Trying the salts of tomorrow, tomorrow, eating like the greediest of all. Houses collapsing and bystanders standing and staring jaws to the ground. These are the times we are living in. A bin of sin. Looking for a crack of sunlight. This winter will last a long time for the poor when the wealthy don't hibernate. Bears have more empathy.

There's a space beyond this one when we are all done a silence will take over, clover of the grasses and seaweeds of the sea. Yes the ocean is also a space an inner one state into the belly but runs the underbelly the vulnerable spot. Slice that open. And a dragon is a reborn and mystical being to retreat us back to ancient times. I dream of those eras, those mythical moments where fiery imps dance across time and rooms. Let's dine together. Let's die together. Accepting death is a way to liberate ourselves.

Tired, the first thing I did was touch my phone and check insta wtf??? Need to shift out of this away to the corners of safety and the real dangers, physical dangers, the wild animals that are politicians. We think we can fix it virtually but we virtually can't. We need to look into eyes and hear the sound of someone's voice tremble when it's nervous, and when it's scared we can wrap it up in our love our arms our skin and use this biggest part of us to protect them. There's too much to ignore the obvious: there's no escape now, no boat not sinking.

Sunny rise flour baked bread stuffed with essences of magic. Feeding mouths that long for love. Gods are in that bread. It's not flesh nor blood. No bodies but ghosts. The ancients arching up and down in an ecstatic calling. Uniting of energies. Hailing the skies, thumping the ground to open and release old tales. There was once a creature living everywhere, in the wet dirt, under the droplets of morning dew in the canopies of the old and wise trees. Grandparents. Cradling their kids hoping they haven't forgotten.