EXCERPT

SLOW: CRUSH



PAUL DOMZAL

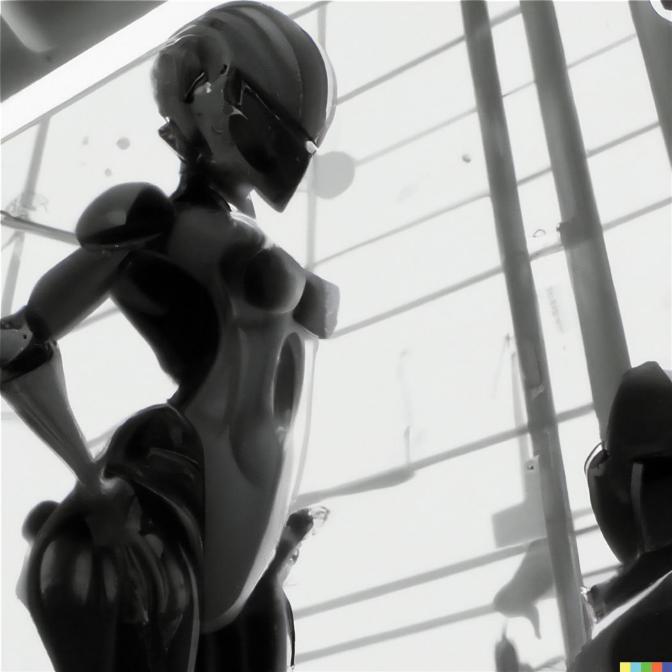
distracted by disjointed fragments of strange future dreams, Asian girls form Krakow, pieces of starships glowing greenish blue in forcefields, silence pierced by squalls of inaudible waves, then a droning hum, dark matter unseen, surround in a primordial sludge whatever is left of you, like on flickering fragments of Dawson City celluloid strips, faces scowl, bejeweled belly dancers from Salome's dream of St John, helmets, masks, ruined cities on the edge of time, rays of light iris like stars on the black sky, a smoking cigarette, an impossibly twisted arm, she's sitting on the edge of what is left of the roof ledge at night—how long, how long can this go on



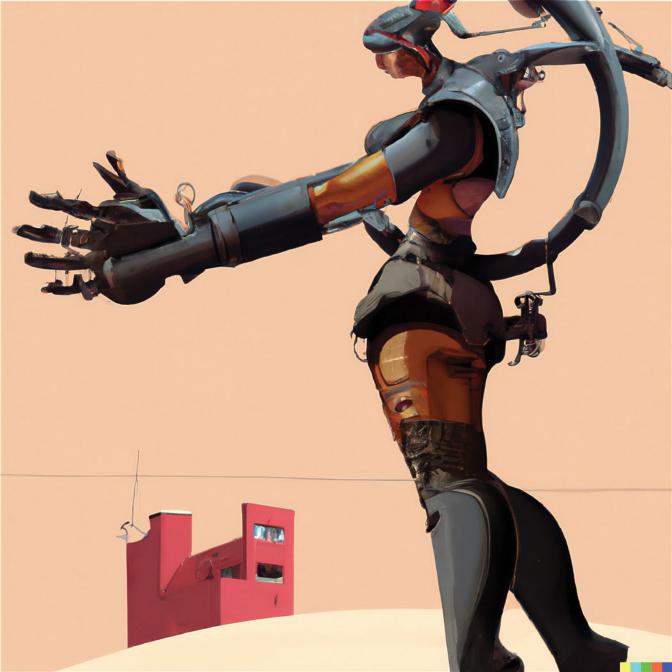










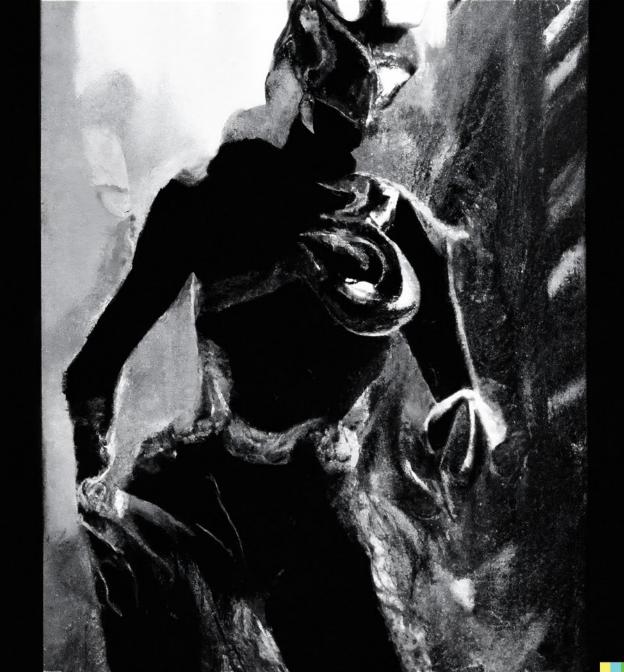












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