Leuthold

Distant

true and I sit here
once done in caves,
now done in the
endless maze of metal,
often, entropy given
and silicon boxes,
the smell of hot metal
and coffee or tea or incense
my fingers bleed like berries
and /stillbirth of ideas,
lost one of my children

on its own.
places you didn't
yourself
it a
out through
hell/hole/door where
dow and breathless gasps
a backdrop of smoke & mirror
testy lines of textual
tornado imprint with...
y the throat,
and

kept pristine
their bloodshot eyes
red(s)
well-intentioned malice,
black-light darkness of...

writing/erasing/revising
one.
und of
ether, that comes later
the brainstorm
solidifies the work
as and leave a legacy),
handy,

or cellulose or silicon or...

The Space Between

Jason Cytacki