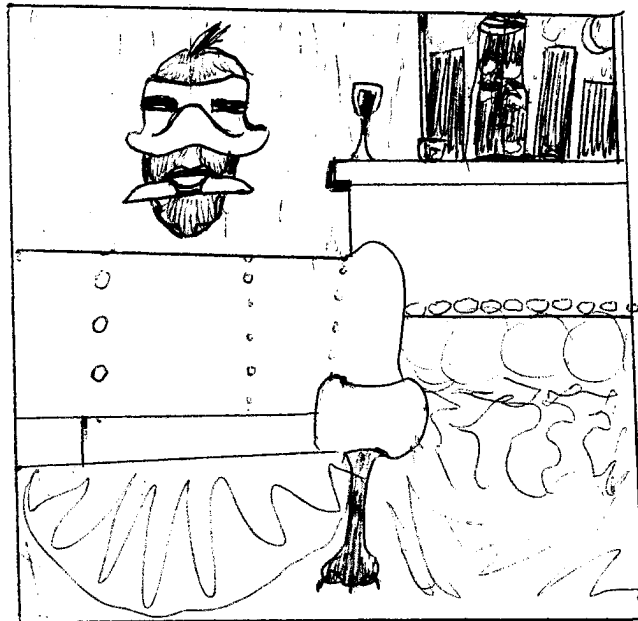
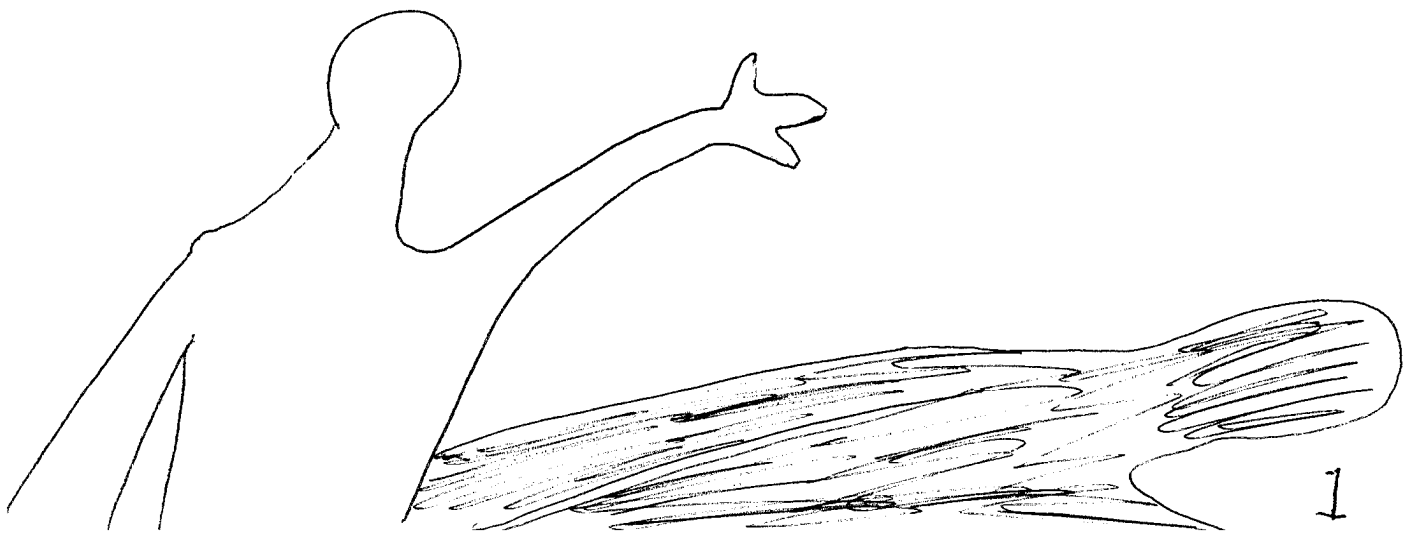


Preacher-son
unaware that
the devil has
no features
of any kind
has a subtle

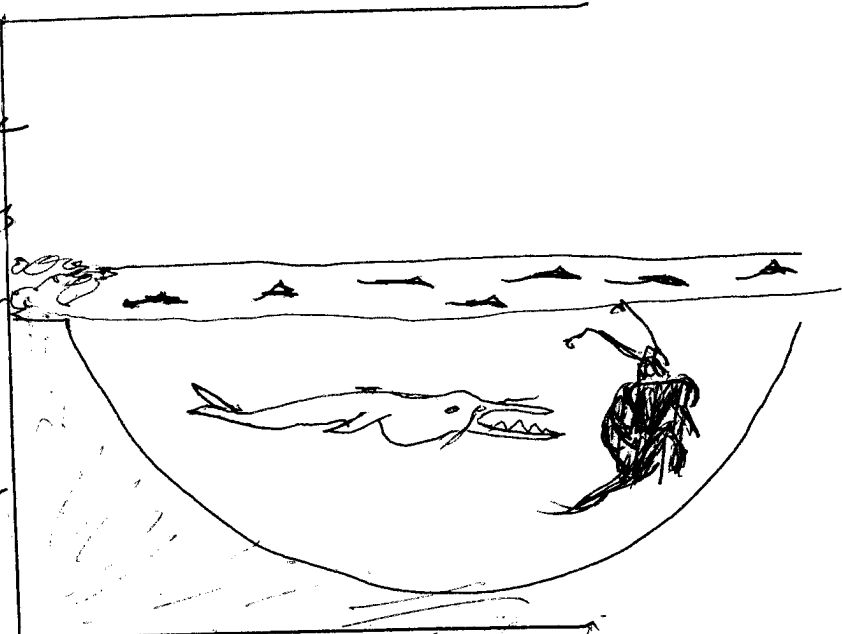


face not an
image but
an unknown

Simple body
that reflects
like you



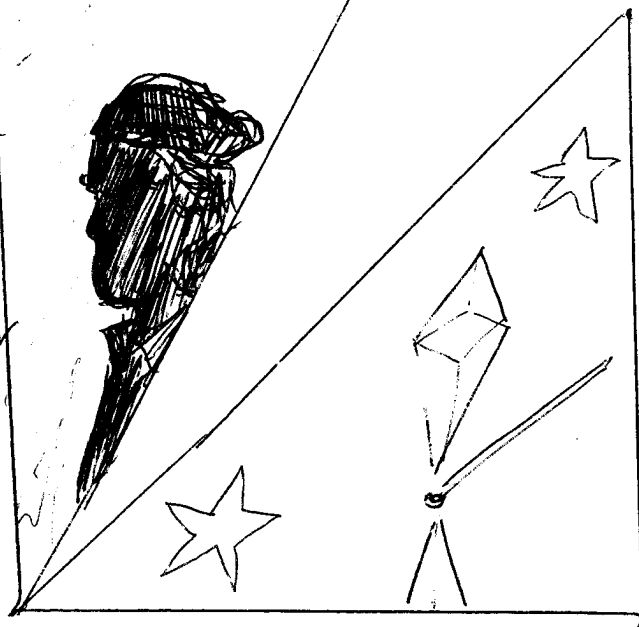
the vague
guilt-waves
we all hear



the sense
of being
watched

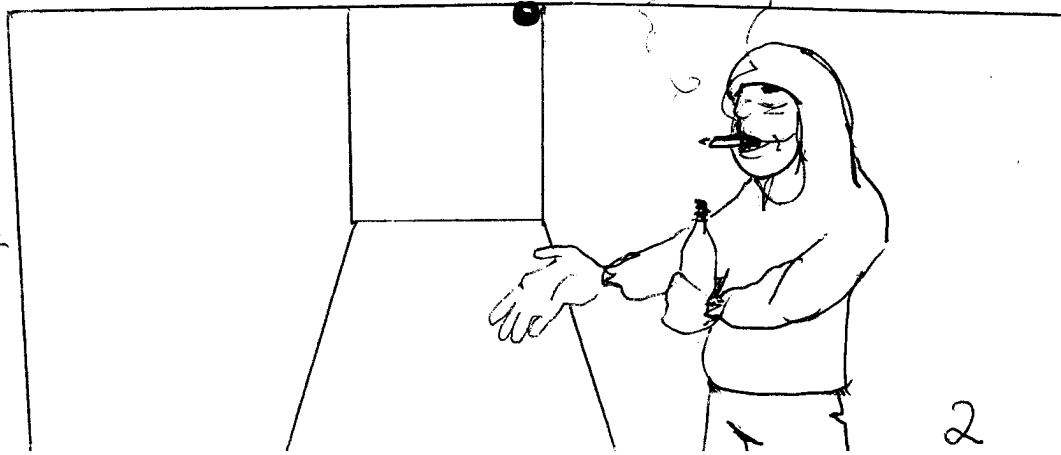
by hidden
camera, shy
and bold for

capturing,
the heart
is in love

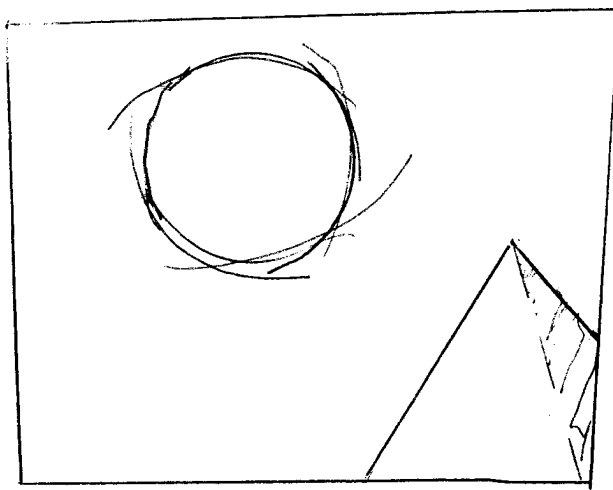


you can't,
the clock
and friends

in social
fantasies,
like children



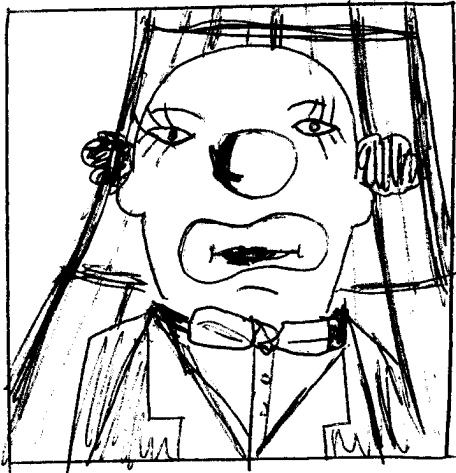
are saved
by people's
interest, there



are clowns

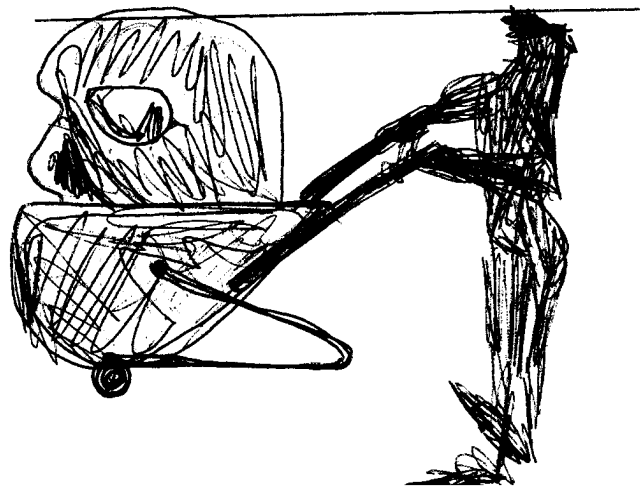
and balls

with points



and people
who shift
their minds

alcohol
release my
belt, my



attachments,
the open
issues, the

endless, and
immense; as
impressions