



























I'm not here as I am, slow and disappearing, vanishing with walls out texture goes, leaves me there in light, I hang from it all in a thin string, with gravity trembling I echo while the dark spider-climbs and calls, I echo I am wooden holes as ground (gravity) drags and shrinks all walls grace pierce and falls through the thickness of all equal and alike all emptied out, I am and almost dead I seem to me.

pour, and wait, fall, smooth yellow doors, red beats, blue cold gravity holds me, and grace unfold mechanic as a spell, a yellow door, burning sunlight and blue horizon cold,

while light hits

I see as my limbs slow, and narrow before the opened door, a shadowed score in the flow, a cut so deep it implode, of light pour, and I, hang in a string down form everything

