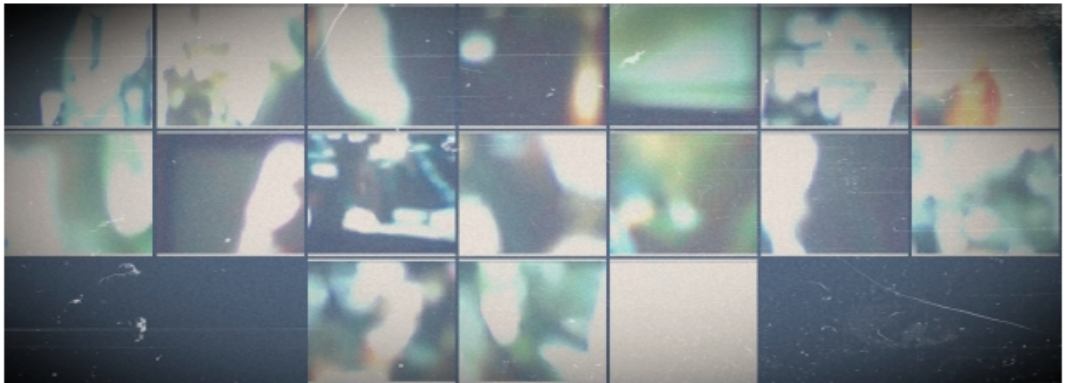


flip book 1

a morsel of material studies



by les wade



this book is dedicated to alain minaud

press then release press

kranaan@yahoo.com

salt is a kind of color.

my slow dissolve.
speaking as a house of cards

droop
drip
drop optics

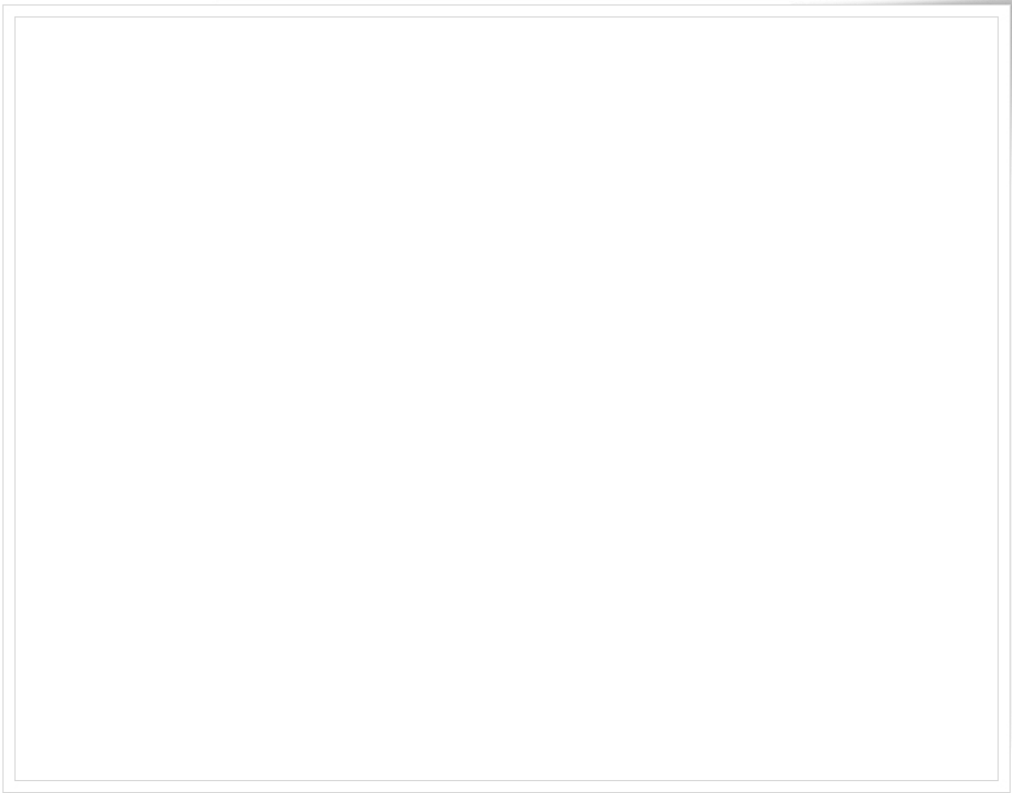
plash & plasmatic

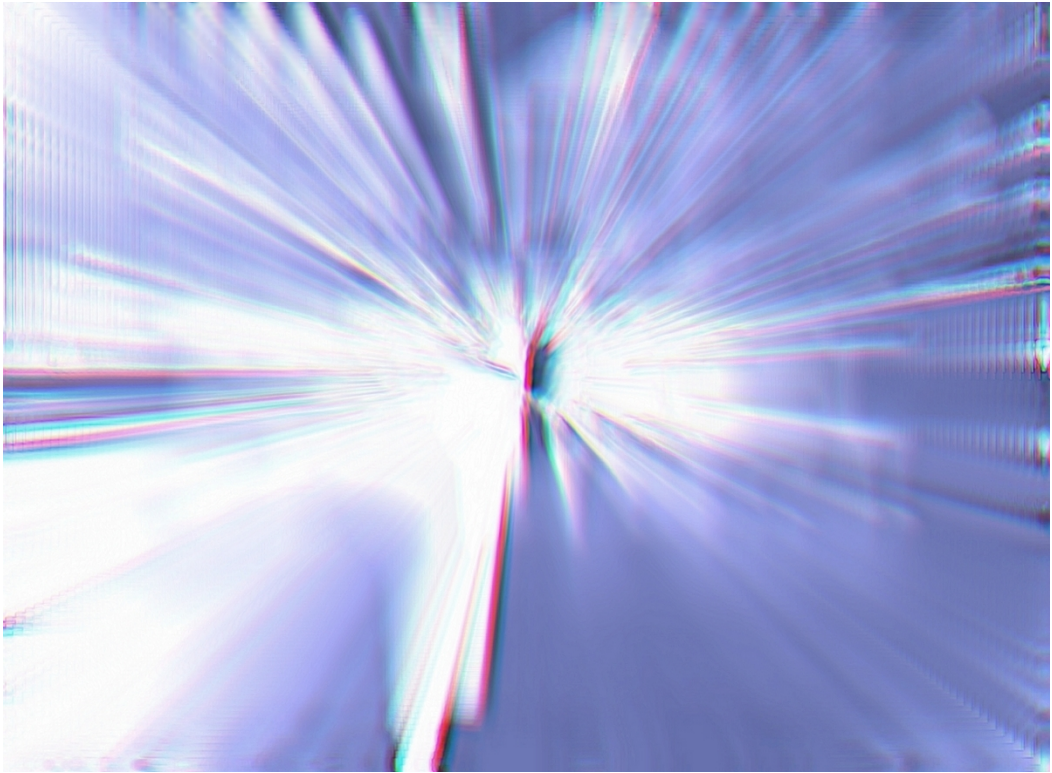
and the refractions

who are standing in song

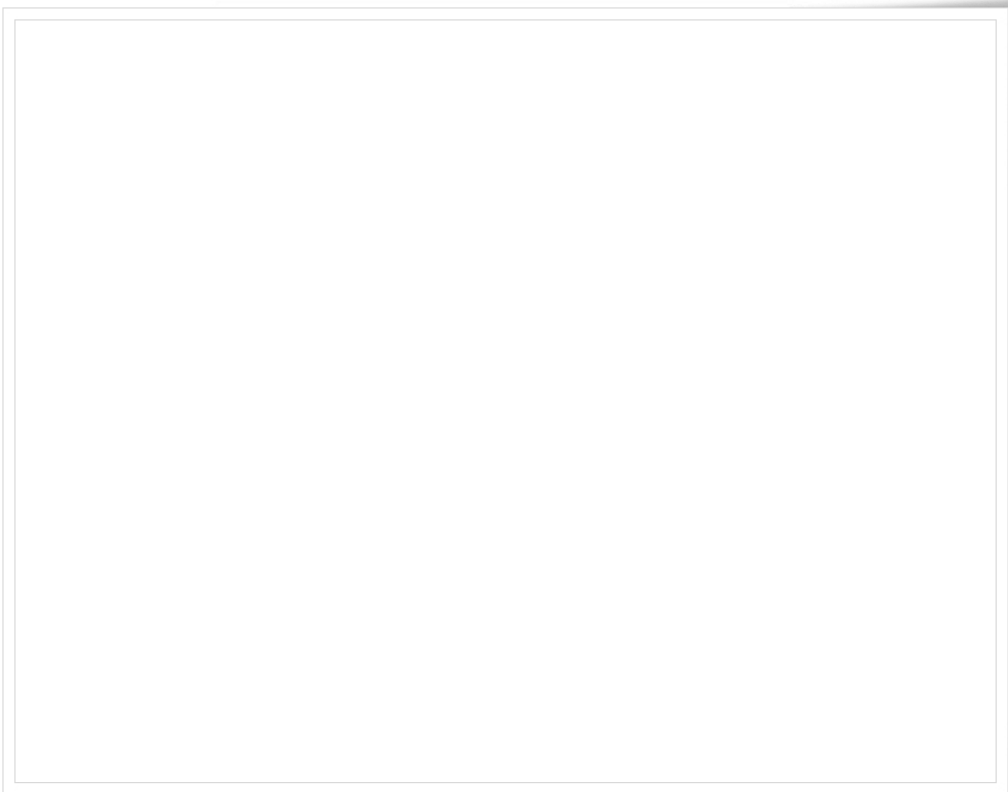
and

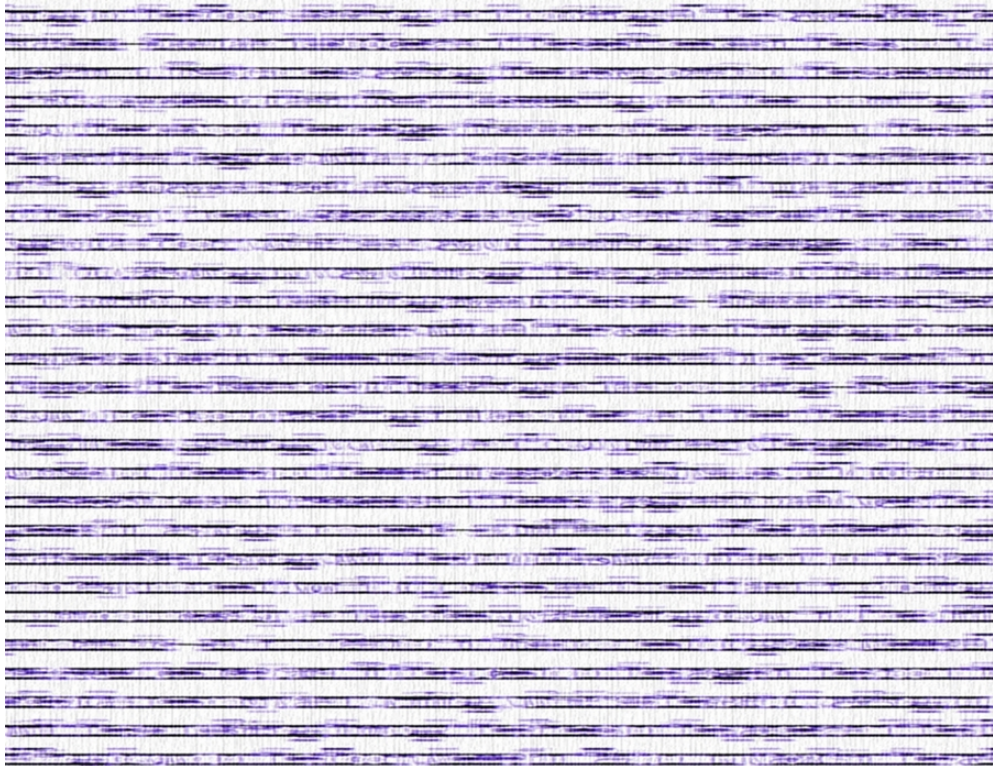
the water is so old





executing realness. all words can be panoptic. a program i'm not looking for tangled up in the overall crashlanding of the surface, the whole flypaper configuration of it—what you call re-sounding. sunk is the operative term here, building up a ferocious *tau* factor or quick *delta*, and really getting into it. the tongue is always in the same spot. a lens focusing a few centimeters away from the other side of the page. a wrap-around view. the wrap-around glass is reading what was written a few minutes ago. building it all up into a glance. motion lotion. the sorrows of weather. the ability of paper to absorb colors, which is why paper itself never leaves a trace. even though i am grasping hold of the odd trilogy and avoiding the word "claustrophobia" - oh! there! i said it! the tongue is always in the same spot, crowding in on the seen. awkward resonance of all the previous moments. the hands keep traveling. is everything made up of lines?



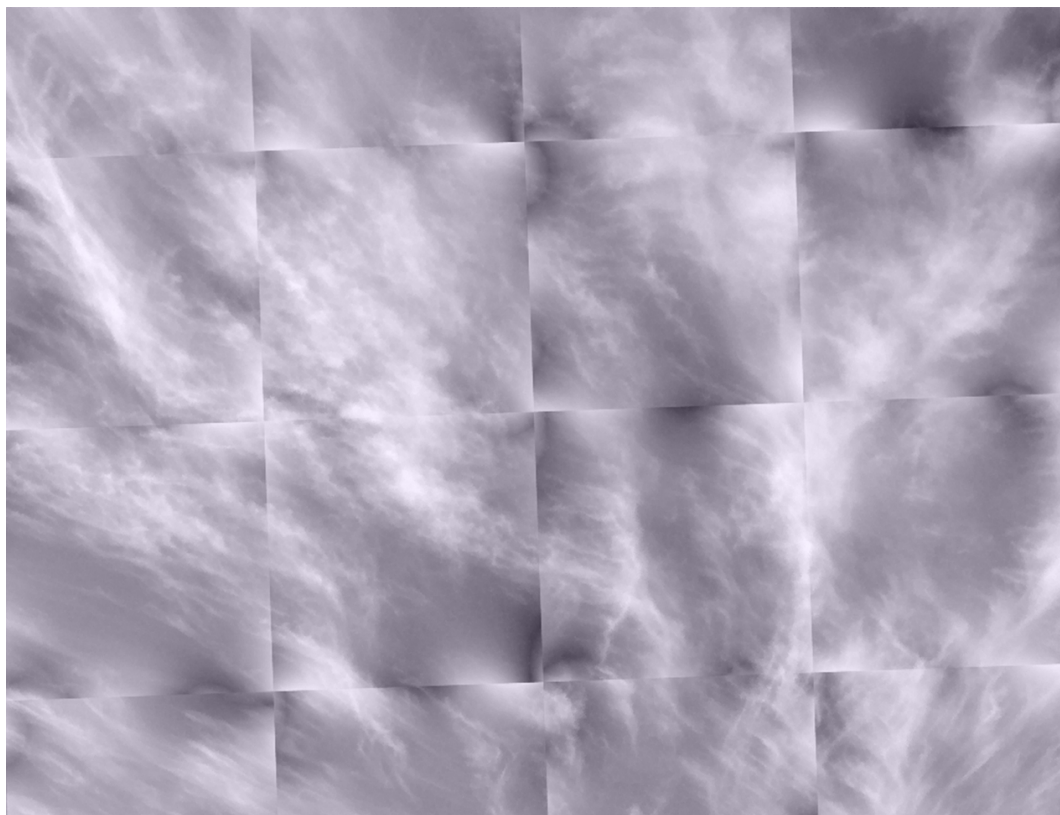


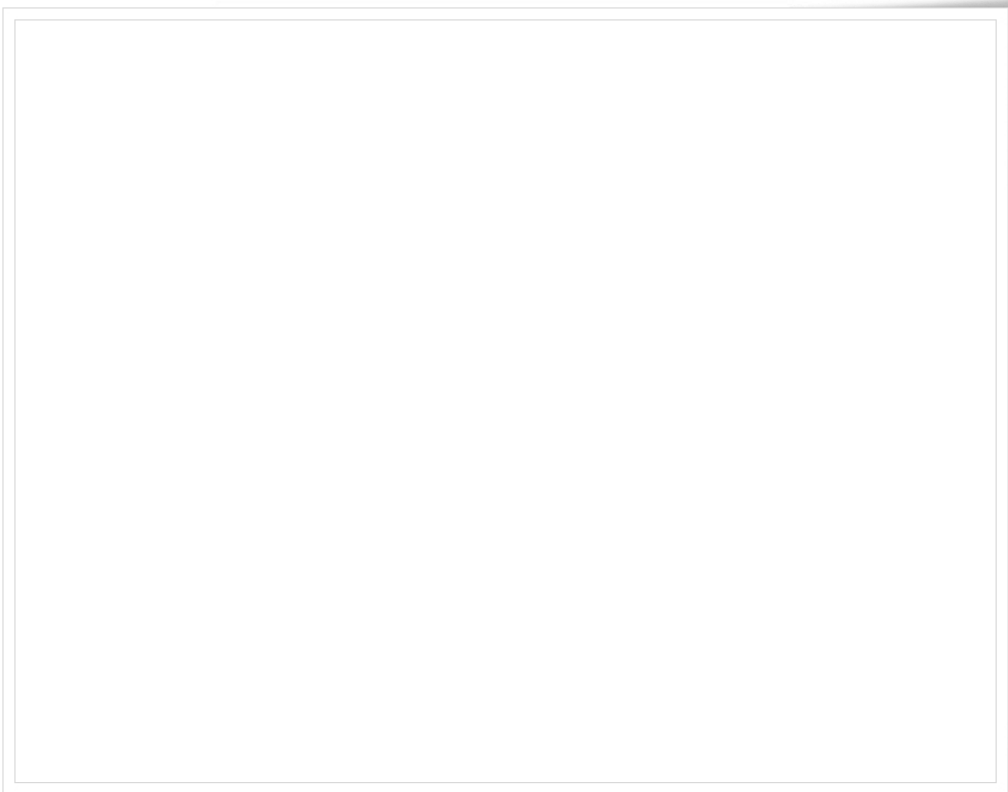
orphonics. my black peacock. night leaves. iron wood. it's all suspended. the use of preludes. everyone leaves. they thought at midnight of discs, of the black plastic of the disc and how you have to hold it just right. a block of text. the odor of rain. the said is always occurring. a block of light. the odor of rain is just around the corner. the drop in temperature when i saw you on tv. formalities. desert squares, sunset 6, off center 2, again of sand. ship in a bottle, fuschia in her new dress, that the whole use of sudden prologues be flatly reminiscent. messages left as stage whispers, dial tone as departure. the ribbon and white, the tactical arrangement of parts. poetry is the lack.

five days after december 14, 1833 contained a deep wound in his left chest, a house family narrative. five days later, as if they were still waiting, and the day came with a deep wound to the chest. house man left the house. he is a lure for anashibag and crew. he has a bag to give. he said a stranger. he was in the garden of the court in ansbach, he was fascinated by the answer and was stabbed by an unknown. the bag was with him. garden court at the back of the house. police search, it was in the sack—mirror writing—a note containing a small purple pencil like a (writing) mirror. that far down in the spectrum. police search garden court "(mirror) is a small purple bag, pencil note" mirror writing, including information found. this message can be read in german:

." house man will see exactly how much i can tell. a room in the house like a road through the ruins. what i can tell of room after room, mile after mile. what happens to what is missing. we were all asleep, someone else was walking. i tell you where they came from _____. a man from the house, i still see over, i mean _____. you do not have to come out of _____ on the river, i am on the border of batavia _____ the name, i would say mlö. for me, coming from the border with batavia avenue _____ i is the name of the river: m & l, but i wanted ö"

.....i'd like to leave this city.....
.....
.....
.....this old town don't smell too pretty.....
.....
.....
.....glass as a solvent, sound as a particle.....
.....
.....
.....warning signs.....
.....





"all my books are little movies"
ldw

