IN BLACKBLUES THERE IS THIS WE

Lillian-Yvonne Bertram

AN ASPECT OF MEN
ALIVE IN THE VIRGINITY AND MAN
AN ASPECT OF HATS,
ALIVE IN THE SMOKE AND CHATTER
ALIVE IN THE HELL AND EARTH

It is the rank of our time.

It is the firstanybody, the man of our sonata.

In a blackness in time there is this anybody.
How thrilling.

Whiteblues, jerk, How did I feel
In a flowers
How driving.

Best lies in our wire,
Nobody mute, are radiant candles and hells.

Because the world is of the interruption
we cannot forward very long.

Golden light is in the jaw.

Because the earth is at the Camaraderie
we cannot rattle anything.

All sunning, ecstatic us are in her light and settle as a Phoenix.

In black, me stealing mine sweaty and splitting rad joy loud and scattering as a smok.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.

AN ASPECT OF JERK,
ALIVE IN THE HELL AND EARTH

It is this anybody, the man of our sonata.

In a blackness in time there is this anybody.
How ecstatic.

In kidney there is blackness dust in our stalks,
We jazzing each other.

In the man.

A scotch in our pig,
We spreading each other.

Rattles and today pretty light is in the man.

AN ASPECT OF GOLDENROD,
ALIVE IN THE COOKIES AND CHATTER

It is the radio of our linen.

AN ASPECT OF EARTH
ALIVE IN THE CABINET AND TREES

In a angel in chains there is new splatting.

We rattle each other.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled in splitting directions
down the detenable street.

I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.

AN ASPECT OF EARTH
ALIVE IN THE CABINET AND TREES

In a angel in chains there is new splatting.

We rattle each other.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.

AN ASPECT OF EARTH
ALIVE IN THE CABINET AND TREES

In a angel in chains there is new splatting.

We rattle each other.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.

AN ASPECT OF EARTH
ALIVE IN THE CABINET AND TREES

In a angel in chains there is new splatting.

We rattle each other.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.

AN ASPECT OF EARTH
ALIVE IN THE CABINET AND TREES

In a angel in chains there is new splatting.

We rattle each other.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.

AN ASPECT OF EARTH
ALIVE IN THE CABINET AND TREES

In a angel in chains there is new splatting.

We rattle each other.

I cannot bear sheelf.

There is a moment in smoke
I cannot bear sonatas.

This is the discreet, love,
Of the interruption of not-to-end.

On the street we jerk.

We settled down the loud street.