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The Joy of Physics (2019)

from The Age of Huts

[...]

I smell warm weather. Bed, we lay, is grandfather table. The highway is not the thousand of the oranges which it pour. These are only words and have no other world. Temperature in which body back. Sickling from the insect cells. Cross-section the head, get the words. Sense data are language here. Collective neglect of responsibilities turning in the inward cause. Its of the same. A sidewalk I suddenly expected to sound. The lower the fear, the higher the sleep. Glare of edge, shadows of billiards.

Insect headlines made from world. If the photograph becomes expected, suddenly distance becomes speak. As we decide today, his day drifted into razor. Lower sun to rainbow. The sentences of my dogs bark. Here of objects and patterns without physical. Sound of gas meaning, this, faint hum in the adequate as I make my criterion. Morning advances from a great sky of east. Kill as ghoul, as brain of kill. The awareness is sentence of name. Vision weight loss. Only to recognition of words with the other value. The rim of spring is dimly seen.

The day blues with gray first. He turned his fud of my former us. We should poems by have, not by goals. The clock forms a but that not act. Bird was more casual than the tree. Moving what you present.

All the things of known from the true of which. Sentences in which dogs bark. A new sidewalk of cloud had rose in our mushroom. The existence of experience. Each one spring his seen on, one rim at a dimly. This alphabet brings in the summer song of proliferation. Turned in an truck of oranges.

We went news through the loomy room. Brain coming from voice. Recognize new presence atop season. We spaces at the awesome barren mass just as the immense worked its way up over the land. Insurgents stood on sidewalks. The predicated existence of an old experience. Blink is a forget. Themes on the now on my see to life. The more I put into the weather, the less warm we are it smell. This is the morning between meaning and Q-tips. There are diamond needle within a pine. Sound of roller skates on sidewalk. Morning I shake is loose for many senses.

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