

hello world, swirling pond thunderbolts hiccup! wind
and storm at this yellow green, yellowing of an old fruit
found amidst the waves for the joy in a field alone?

soyez discret—

hello storm angel swirling pond thunder salts hiccup!
wind in storm a this yell a-green and on the high
yellowing confounded in the midst of the waves for
the joy in a field a way a lone a last a love a long n

freeze—

b
bundles for bunches
a
manners on matters
n
a good breeding
ADxy
first day of orientation
a
and formation
n
how to throw impulse?
a
set fire!

cooking begins—

banana omelettes, banana sandwiches, banana casseroles, mashed banana moulded in the shape of a British icon rampant, blended with eggs into butter for American toast, squeezed out a pastry nozzle across the quivering creamy reaches of a banana blanchmange to spell out the French words ... tall cruets of pale banana syrup to pour oozing over banana waffles, a giant glazed crock where diced bananas have been fermenting since the summer with wild honey and muscat raisins, up out of which, this winter morning of a new decade, one now dips foam mugs-full of banana mead ... it is flamed in ancient brandy inside the Jackfruit's internal Internet ... the sunny coloured power-jam painted all over the cross ... fruitful

the first *mât-re* speaks—

peel the world: shake out the gaelstrom and the mudstorm: alter my home: play me paranoid android

outside space, time, and banana