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Think of summoning spirits like the phone that never rings, watched pot that never boils,—*you lied to me mother!* Catch more figureheads or godheads w/ vinegar. The shock of it actually working would be enough to melt all icecaps instantaneously : to destroy the world from a Zen garden—

beautiful nuclear split-personality—  
*to vanish into oblivion is easy . . .*

The morning's segmented body rises to pose like a cobra; shovelshaped head poised to abuse w/ spots like eyes that are not eyes. O natural supernaturalism of family turned hedgehog's dilemma, try not to hide the enemy in your own smoke. "Nature" keeps giving me the slip, to be honest, making me hot under the collar w/ all its wildlife calendars + everything set up a bit too much like a fighterjet cockpit. Country windmills sway the breeze, ghosts rise from graves of themselves to appear riverside w/o moving from my post . . .

. . . Do I call on earthquakes like they're *did an' goon*[?]

<p>180°–210° : You may be obliged to watch the stage magician who killed your sister—“Nobody likes it when you mention the unconscious.”</p>	<p>Try to accommodate a whole city below ground, retracting like roots into a cavern. Take some time to watch a tennis ball roll around in the rain.</p>
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