





Saying fuck the odds changes the odds for better or worse, though we haven't the means to challenge fate, only to implore her to accept our exception, claim true love's exemption. The triune sisters only glance as fools dance on their precipice.

Juliet and Romeo were devoted not to each other but passion, blind to perverse chance that chased Tybalt, that allowed the brother to believe one messenger was enough. One message is plenty, at once cleave together a sphere.

Bet on us but don't quit your day job or stop trimming the hedge. Regular edges are wedges in the crack of her denial. Going backwards to catch up might be acceptable if now and then more than modify.

Ignore all that when she is stroked to sleep, cracked clean. Devotion is its own prize, the thrill of having come through, satisfied desire. But there is not one in every box.

They use her shears at will and she is all will, the rose in bed infected with merciless power, with time that comes without not stopping. Disaster follows mischief follows folly, only plenty to plead.

Solitude but not loneliness before you, now scoured heart sack dropping into negative atmospheres, guts want out. There is too much empty space but no room to draw breath.

Home is specific, co-ordinates this inhold, *this* morning's coffee certainly, pulled tense when remote or compressed skin squared, eating together or to go dancing plenty here.