

I would tell you a story
the cracks in the soil
mushed up gases
of constant churn of systems

I could indeed tell this story
without consulting the trees
sprung out of the cracks
no matter if the sun rays can make it through the loose
molecules
It would not matter, however long I tell a story
or what not, stories are so called
so to
halt or resume a gear wheel, would not matter
every system I'd care would keep at it the thing they
have kept at

now is not the time now, all your symbols
tiled as if of a meaning,
they pass by as bulky trains,