

Iná'áhótł
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Heat threads waver off concreted earth in Hozdoh

a blue-boy hatred and burning petroleum rusted together behind k'os

pale and monstrous without rain. Manipulations of wind across the tongue are the topographic lines of mapping. Desert veins poisoned with estuaries of nostalgia and acidic alkaline:

it's the desiccated season of parallax one vote for one anonymous sticker

for speeches neither speech nor word nor intelligent sense.

Verdant based tourists play pioneer in this city rebirthed with rising glass structures
refracting the sun's intolerable rays down upon the sparse vegetation and populous.
Scorched, used to describe the vast dirt miles of rubble and burn. Walking here one

encounters Medusa's serpents arrived after torments of decay, destruction, and abandonment.
The city's initial inception will remain unparalleled for its aversion toward decadence, for its canal diggers and farmers, its high-frequency vibration of crops warning of extended drought.

Like any resettlement, and if you trust me it is theft donning the mask of progress. Arrogant as it is, The Hot Place divides itself along lines of liposuction and botulinum toxin, along the green and the rough, along eternal tans and skin cancer. Language, the linchpin of crystal chandeliers.

Crossing over old red-linings one is given the sense that should they become
unbalanced, have both feet leave the ground for running toward or away then the
invisible tautness in their chest will expel them from a fear not their own.

Early calendric autumn despite the everlasting heat

pulses of light below la montaña del sur seam galaxy to galaxy to thought

to the path to the way back : aimed arrow shot through the eye of a smiling cat : it's been this
way throughout shijéi : anonymous convoy bumper to bumper along serpentine freeways