some dust dark murk

atmosphere

star-circling tractor

the distant hills

enduring the

 Schiffner pattern

6 letters = a "phantom"

streak charge patterns

cold flare = an obscure transient

decoding the dark

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Every microchap may be printed

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Cover: Mosun by author

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phase shift

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Recycle this microchap with a friend.

ode: descartes

i think

what i think

therefore

i am

as

i am

thoughts at a party

from the tumult of adolescence, you fell into

comfortable disquiet, or perhaps it was
desperate routine

you sense all this fading now, falling

from you; you expect

something else

now, something settled & reliable

but i tell you now it will not be

final when finally you escape into that

amorphous grip

-idleness, retirement

that senescence, too, will blossom finally

into death

"decoding the dark"

yes, the voices

chaos speaks deeper

truth, saying nothing.

but what was asked?

there was no question

so any answer

seems unsought.

& still, from dark corners of the coarse-skinned world

the truth oozes, & silence seeps,

until clear water flows, to undermine the roots of our indifference.

decoding the dark

study the cryptology of silence

to learn what is written in night.

forest & field call out to heedless stars, saying

everything without words. what can we say with words?

we hear more when we listen to no words; we say more

calling out to heedless forest & field

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