

Atrox "Look Further"

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In the shade, in the cold, a grey pastry, a sallow dough.
A giant lump of some $\tilde{f}\hat{f}\tilde{f}, \hat{A}^{1/2}/\&\%/$ substance.
Wallowing in an over-sized glass jar. Quivering,
gurgling. Reminding of muddy aspic. It looks so
"/)&/" $\tilde{f}\hat{f}\tilde{f}, \hat{A}^{1/2}\%$. It makes me feel so ?) #/&?='*,
Like a giant mite about to burst after gorging ichor.
Taking $\tilde{f}\hat{f}\tilde{f}, \hat{A}^{1/2}/\&()$? $\tilde{f}\hat{f}\tilde{f}, \hat{A}^{1/2}\#"$ %& shapes.
Stretching flabby limbs. Worming out of the jar
towards the yellow light.
Excreting a trail of milky pus through the surface
rendering.
Outgrowths form in no time, falling off. Tongues
emerging from the orifices. Froth and drool drying up
as all crumbles away. The pus
smouldering and steaming off.
Looking is not seeing is not understanding is not
believing is not agreeing. It looks so $\%#\tilde{f}\hat{f}\tilde{f}, \hat{A}^{1/2}()$ =.
It swells, it grows, it expands. I
think it will $\#\tilde{f}\hat{f}\tilde{f}, \hat{A}^{1/2}/\$L@(?.$
Waiting is not longing is not hurting is not bleeding in a
world trapped in a world trapped in a world. The
dough's gurgle ceasing
with the yellow rays scorching it. It's throwing a crust,
which cracks and unpeels, reminding of flocks of
mangy dogs running downhill.
The two of us can't coexist.

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