

LOOMS



Every coupling is a portal through time to eternity's undying love for  
the moment

Behind a gate of hidden hairs in suffocating æthers lies a sanctuary of  
grace

A heartbeat is a little shameful coitus the world commits unto itself

Nature loves you to pieces

Nature spills over from ruthless affection

The Dwarves fashioned The High One a fertile ring

Being is born in throbbing communion

A miniature is the perfect image of alignment



Membranes remain the only spaces

Coursings of the bloodstream eternally beg for releases never coming

Flow fed their children to Time before The Light overtook him by stone

Plants tend to the gaschamber of Gaia

Any craft is a slaughter borne in the name of later searing delight

Every great curvature is felt as a plane/ every miniscule line seems a fracture

Ex is tense muscle shut off

Moisture's another shade of dirt



Prose is lying. Song's the vigil.

Himselfness vomiting a birth of Virtues upon their hairless subjects

From its innate it spins the fates of eight

Give an eye for sight of mind

Cut off hand to grapple with heart

Sacrifice fertility to foamy death

Living is convention without proportion

Being is proportioned

Those zitterings of the monkey motor jump both ways t'wards an  
overload

I'w'l look up once The Sun gets her'

Colliding forces shape a circuitry out of amazement



Underground they forge the tools of their better's enslavement

The essence of learning is draining a world drenched in mystery

To learn to be to be and learn

Past is malleable

Future is finished

The questioner is always the answer

The riddle is always time

Did she ever tell her unbegotten sun she loved him?

Did she as he rose?

Whatever god came of it was washed away on day six

Truth is a sentence, Breath an emissary



Whatever wisdom was left was left to the folly of company

Identity is how history blooms

Only the lovesick would add a culture to her nature

Whatever robs one of one's pieces

The golden thread is needed by churning the current

Something specific set to stir when hungry

I is I I sat on

Weavers dress a weirld in silks



Infatuation turns a currency unto itself

Spites hide their asps from eyes fire

An altar's boon offers a blueprint for wailing

Unwinding is a single joy afforded

Fate is a noose for the unwilling

One point permeates so others unfold

Felines grinning from behind veils of a paradise

The corporal is no container

Flesh is wanting condensed



Could the exotic only suck the yoke from it all  
a boneless feast there'd be

Lock-ups want for penal graces

Eternity robed in time for the kicks

A point is ever dividing, a frame is ever expanding

Luminescence sews shapes out of shimmerings

Infinity offers no pardon for matter's ailments

Harmony is forged through the longings of paradox

The probable dance of a single atom rhymes as scalable love



1 is the oral let-me-in-let-me-out

2 is for twotimed strife

3 are the tones of the talking eye

4 is a fortress of lightning

5 is release from the pent up

6 is his cleanliness self

7 are the colorful gleams of the gemstone

8 is the bliss circum circus

9 is the morfin maze of the maker

Nil is the serpent who mounts herself

The three grows from two as the five ascends. A spiral is only a field.

Dad's a dandy

Mom is mum

Nothing goes

Nothing is

Nothing becomes

Nothing

Ancient man plows a quantum field

It's the times who chew the cud

Laws grow from deserted land

Sorrows preen personality

Hung men hang men



Writing rules an only path to winning

A snapping lets go arrived

Begone on maddening inclines of pattern recognition

Tending the garden is no fun if the concern is suckling fruit

A second is an eternity, an aeon the blink of an eye

Living in the languid pace of plants lets life live

Curses wrapped in blessings, blessings wrapped in curses

Conjunction translates to absorption



Wading around a Grecian maze of magnified misconceptions

Sinners and saints seam no value in beauty

The thread to his salvation spun the threats to her existence

On that day the homecurled worldworm returns its poison on thunder

Frail is the figure of the formgiver hiding under false covers

Feeding the snake is what life is all about

Vast expanses cry for blood to fill their void

Defeat is the baptism of an involuntary sacrifice



Mercy's immersed in memory

Futile fertility matches ceaseless direction

At the crossroads his curse is the fulfillment of wishes

Mind divorced journeys home to the seamstress' lap

Diminutive piecings of life role the die

Two rivers each of pleasure and pain intertwine in a conceptual circle

Choices set the table's courses

Within the ear sounds the peeping of eggs



Nobody puts iridescence in the corner

Spine's a chord waiting to be stroked

The problem of personality migrates through the temporal

Tears tear the superflow asunder

Brooding on the living spawns a can of worms

The human soul is encased in a mystery of fermentation

Process leaves a being disseminated

Adventures head for home



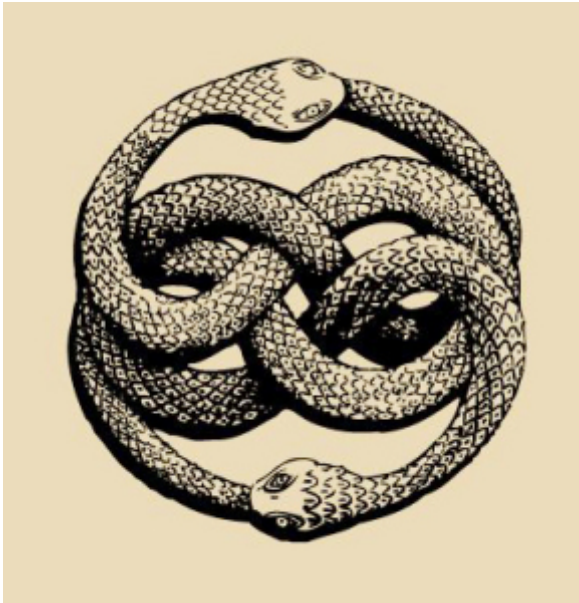
Every direction spins into a cobweb

Unglued and breathless a hatchling sheds its yoke

Releasing fingers grip the find

Sliding her rotundity in to eternity

The circle swallows his center



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