THE B-52 BLOCKPARTY

The empyreal dichotomy intransigent./ The lifted arms, red plastic cups of shriven infidels agreed, their cheers as foil exigent from court to woods then lost did lead the two as venery. Anon the night halflit. So syncretized the crickets died this far from bourne, the squamous opaline inion shorn. Wraithmoths from miasma effloresced withershins. Coyotebedlam, levity. Adult-erated hope but once more involutes. A naked kith the spitted pig hewed. Bel his finger held as passed the Stealth. Dog gone. Not dad’s piss on his toes: the man loved him.