

LAST PAGES MAKE BOOMARKS FALL

Last pages make bookmarks fall. Expatriation. If you can only divide, you need division. Lines are spent. Period piece. Stones in streams. Tufts of syntax and of syrup. Mildew. A Thomson is not one to throw a fit. Wrong direction. Sentences from down and up. Meeting point, middle. Circumference of ambiguity. Savannahs often crowd.

Interest in lemon seeds will peak in humid weather. A kingly ambush seemingly aversive. Do not mind. The grass is greener when you're lying down. Horses pass, owls cooing. Knightly, stately, violently. A blade by your ear. You should have stayed at home. Listen to advice. It is gift and thoughtful. No commandment. None the wiser, armors shine.

Receding hair lines are cowardly. Full retreat. What army idiom. A conflict of brows and fur. A gaping expanse of pale, wrinkly skin. Foreheads of separation. If you move along the jawline, you can get your feet wet. Gauntlet of elements. The sea a frothy grin. A fishing rod can poke your eye out. Enabling you to see yourself and far. Clams open.

When five lamps are close together, they look like caviar. Purply transparent, blinding. Life on Mars. Or a cluster of planets. Tadpoles giggle. Circular swim meets. Spherical, even. Don't go where I can't see you. Wide-eyed. Salty taste, tickling sensation of water. Eyes running. Tails are like skeletons, snow, cross-country. Lines in snow recall electric eels.

It is not true that deserts are uncomfortable. Much good can be said of warm days and cooler nights. Or scorching and sub-zero. There is room for play. Team spirit. Quiet reading is encouraged. Canopy of linen, silky breeze. Shade your eyes, someone's coming. Tigers and elephants. A tired fish. Noah-like entourage. Dove-tailed olive leaf. Shore leave.