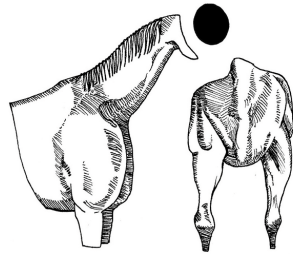
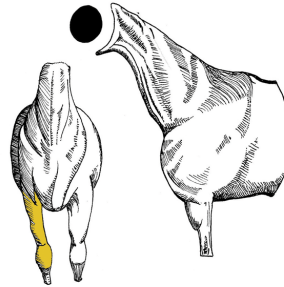


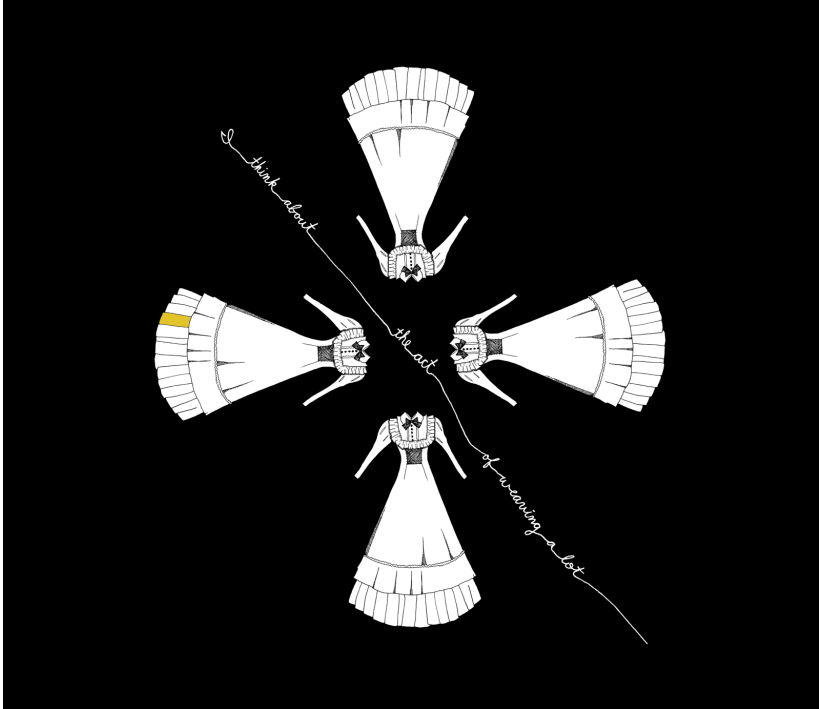
THIS AFTERNOON, WE ARE ALL ARACHNES

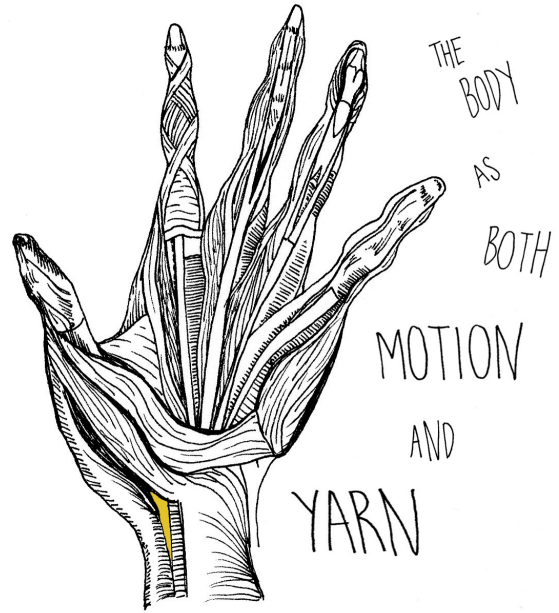


IN THAT
LIMINAL SPACE

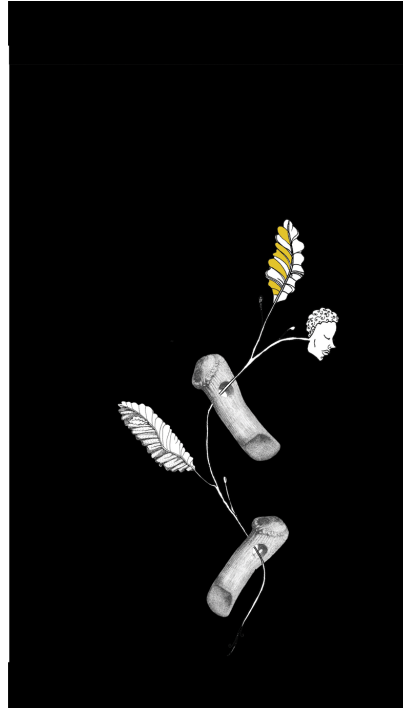
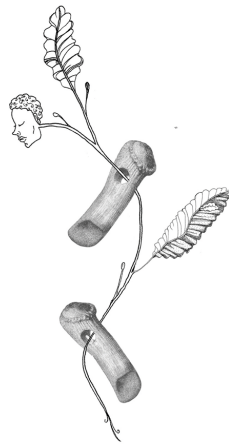


BETWEEN
STRANGLER, BEAST

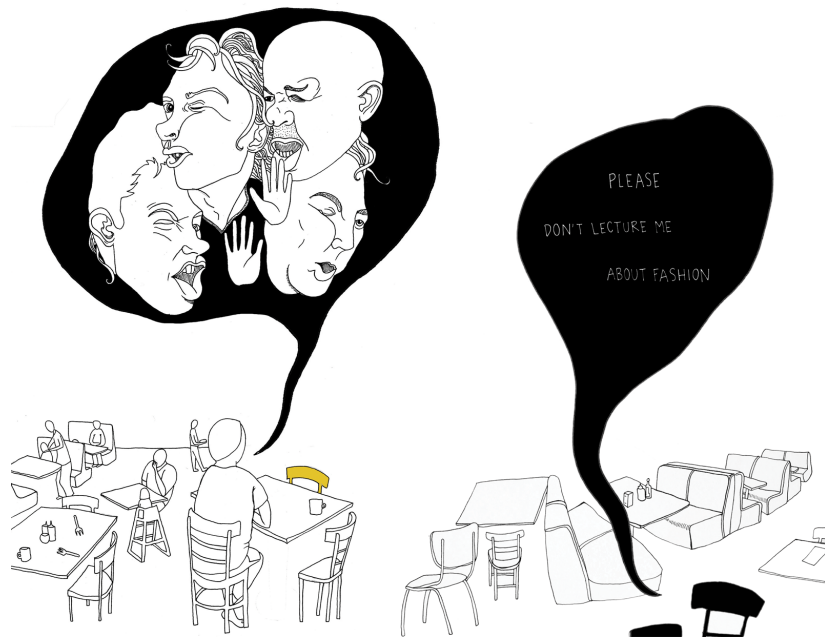




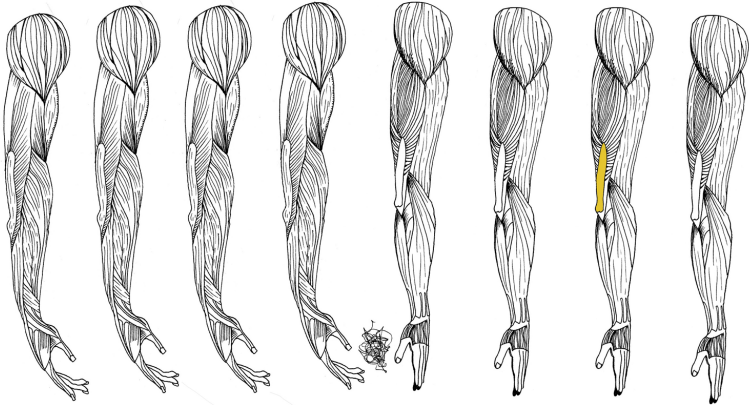
BUT WHAT IS OUR LOOM — THE PAST ?







THIS AFTERNOON, THE QUESTION IS WHEN



I FIND PROOF

IN A GAUZY FLAKE

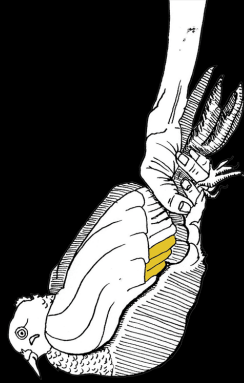
OF DEAD SKIN

PULLED

FROM THE BACK

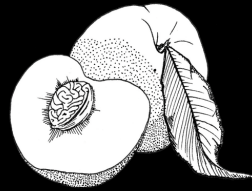
OF MY NECK

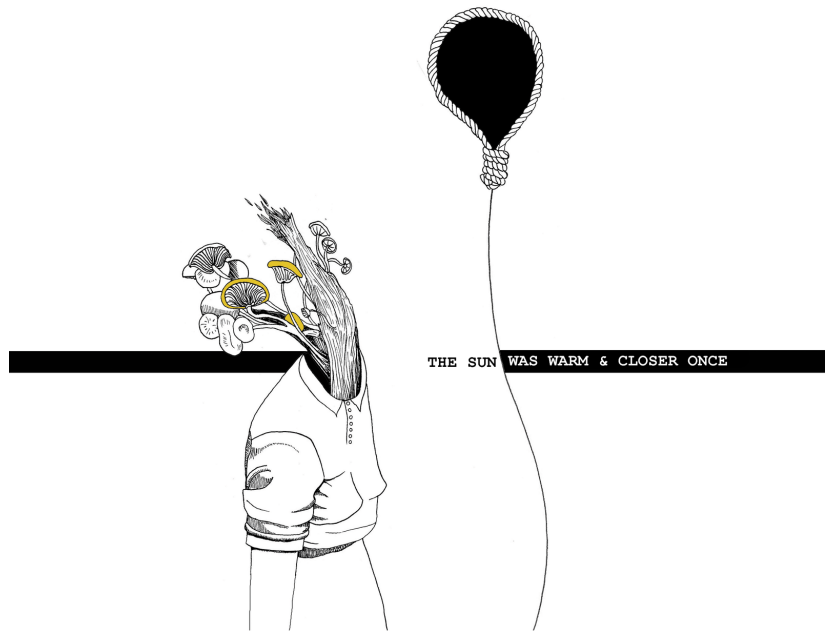




IF THIS WAS MADE

IT CAN BE UNMADE





THE SUN WAS WARM & CLOSER ONCE