

Shattered in Fall*That sword is sad and beautiful and, / This visionary cave*

– machine learning algorithm

Should we have seen that coming? Should we have seen that weird terrific scenery, silent and often not silent, rising high with multi-coloured curvature and stones? I'm being present in this landscape, an upward-sloping maze of little arches and depressions, staying the winter, with woods that loom and thin back out, scissoring down from level to level as if branching in reverse. Meanwhile: air-conditioned rooms; a jug of just-in-season flowers; a book on which I see the words *ecstatic* and *Detroit*, as in 'Don't you feel ecstatic to be visiting Detroit?' *Repair your ship from beneath your ship. Don't you prefer dismantled art to art?* What life there is is out of sight and quietly commingling, entirely aware of us, hypnotic though invisible, though invisibly moving, which is key: we sense it more than anything, like reading and discovering a hidden communality, like the same day lived from opposites ends at a similar speed, inhaling and exhaling at once, mid-season, which is understandable, if only understandable in part, the way the images you picture never seem to picture yo

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