

## Peter Seaton

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### NARRATIVE CAUSE

Old, dark and cool, daring and eager and talking and all the work, all the work, officially lasts for everyone's chinks in the land, everything, man, everything, your sex string by sleep on the sand, but it's more and it makes more, more of some chances to look left ahead.

I'll be like you. Your imagination, where your lairs hang back much longer. It's the same interest, her looks, and she's that sweet woman pursuing it in your passion. Consulting her source she'll use to think your words was gone, she puts lively passages out of her way to let in the needle's breath and valves to go home with to this seem's again. And it's ready consolation scar and the last of the future lying loves her so. These kids know paragraphs, eat rice, eat beans. These are the four sleep values—sleeps of youth, sleep with me, sleep with soul, drugs, medication, love, sleep with mass.

What secret distance, in fact in front of your eyes and sweat and skin rolling in a hot wind all fit together and blackmail you my girlfriend. And mingle with you to do something to your prime treatment. I guess that's official knowledge interrupted by a thumb in my direction. Yellow skin, resistance, sleep with someone stronger, resistance. Almonds and lots late. Gloves, pay phones, socks and shirt. I found myself doing syllables, syllables that come and go and get me out of trouble. Well, help in a flash. Words at a flash? Without having to skip knowing instead of sleeping with confined access in a class breath for accent, or saying the shoulders might trying needing a function of display to make enterprise in sight or source sound like engagement coming up where problems of reading escape by all the talk without them.

Step in hier, hiver, cellars of the substantive and so forth, dark eyes, you have water between the roads leading to the city of Garcia Lorca. Will you first of all write, the smoke clearly can reach far away, familiar Rimbaud. Verbs intoxicated with poets, internal poles of logic in the south or in the frozen north, just musing, if you were here now you'd be leaving, you'd be running, I'd be swimming. If you were here now, you'd be writing, I'd be reading, writing. If she once says the roots are cherry, Mikhail, in a classic hush, the roots are delicate, proud, scared, sky, they're mostly stuff of other things making my adventure, maybe links to a nation, new deliberations, new fun. Using boats differently, using differences differently and similarities like boats. Clear life crediting a guide lifting, stretching, oozing, coming in for a landing and staying, trying and occupying being with your models. This one shows a little

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shoulder, sorts of itself suited to linger, pacing to pause for possible This or Here or As. There's more of that accessibly.

The heart gets conscious control and pumps it to attention. But dial in the slap instead of having wiry data together to do so, but the stick start, because of every bit of motion, and then ideal extraneous motion, extraneous roots, how much picnics, physical real world illustrations, parts to point in a new world. You're into his magic machine—video, dimples keeps down waves with electronic standards. They're working on artificial pressure from the right direction and schedules that talk and spit. And the translation is foot to foot with pockets under a grant of inertia, it could by tone and tactic turbulence and speeds of sliding cause, whatever modal logic was, being sensed action and proprioception.

I've heard unique objects are satisfied by reverence. Usually, object elements in the case of famous Einstein, and he doesn't say. It's the same heavenly body with possible names, star in the evening, star over there, and in other worlds we found people sensitive to something which produces these sensations. I may be writing too much to you, although I don't think so. Have you forgotten what I look like? Angrily aware of life beyond the stage, do you call such indentations lightning? Flashes of what the phenomenon is?

It's for what goes on for worlds made for gold and for light, one doesn't say "a language in German." Suppose we speak English including ourselves speaking of this nature. Some other places, initial graphical substance, some other pairs of people. Reading adventures and favorite floods packed at last. Tears keep your heads pretty still. Or some thinking hot with shame.

Red logicians full of craters jump up and spin at the right moment. I had been disappeared, leaked out into England with mechanics but the ex up the hill before of you. That's still your beam to start away Daddy too.

Dried on a dare. What could be  
Sealed in small hands. Only  
The hidden dots come home  
And flourish with endless  
Salutations: his image  
Was captured on the day  
In springtime, among the young  
Dark, among the cold old  
Flowing fast and cooking quickly

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The design will  
Stars of the sun  
Stood for. The swastika,  
The symbol for good luck  
And floral figures flourishing  
Aline, with wealth and riches

The design is written  
Clear ink becomes dark as ink  
Lines come from changes in star  
Wedges, plants boil at this temp.

To be a glimpse to the rescue. It's marked by certain one by one. For some paradigm of tradition identifying property in a closed sentence differs from itself. Suppose it's history, the universe could have points. You existed, yet, convinced of mental acts and substantial vague worlds with temporal topics painlessly existing.

Ice slice over time, wood clocks into a haze, ambition terms of myth, myth here that was glowing here. And jerked by her glowing ribbons to be a book. Ancient lids too, full of ash. Heals for everyone and these, steep out to sea. Like a hero, who would not let the painter touch it, see if special talks and, of talked, knows something. That was called horses used in races. A man by that name over there with such and such coordinates. I think that Jack, the teacher's neighbor, is his neighbor. It's not statements of species that are less sense, or yellow demons into the concept of text synthetic. Leaving out spirits and one heart and legs mentioned by Freud, born in a statement swallowed by big lines, the show stunk. As though I'd put details there to notice junk upon a beam. The usual machine, thinking hungrily. There's this stuff at his heels. A pair made of ice to hold gold. I have olive skin and dark blue hair and spiritual proteins made of molecules, abstract narrative in the senses, the private narrative and parallel express.

Those indirect objects, objects upon which time things of material followers could be pieces of purpose to stake out creatures against all comers. The anthem of a system throughout the transient lines, does it cease to be a glandular change within murder? Microcomputational heraldics and heredity, and now Earthmen reach the stars you can write with. You can burn in its trail, this world of dense travel. Do the ritual impressions, of commodity and crowds, hold together murmuring with a smile? You'd want two hands and a jet between the thumbs.

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But the spice dust gapes for a moment. Does it occur of space? Your own fine tempered mass?

It might be difficult to be suspicious of the captain to breathe. He pulls off the hotel room, sits on the bed, thinks of images of analytical giants that were the source of these thoughts, the mere benefits upon his shoulders. There's this human work, the mechanical street tuned up earlier, and apparently ground a dry town in on each other. To have local skin nominally and a saint or two shocking babies. And say the intrigue between images, which has a line, every line, party time, attention. The idea of using power from the unconscious to ripple into the face of stars rather than from the master with his source of reasoning. Look, who tuned up on Earth. Have your screens gone blank? And when they light up give me something. Look at a map, a longer one this time. These reasons seem sufficient of furnishing hybrid here together with me. The new life you're looking at would be (new life) talking to you.