

marienbad my love*

a novel by mark leach

*condensed title

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Sincerely,
Mark Leach

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* COMPLETE TITLE

marienbad my love in the ruins of the dreams
and beliefs of a Christ-haunted journalist-turned-
filmmaker exiled on a deserted island, attempting to
persuade a married woman from his past to help him
produce a science fiction-themed sequel to the 1960s
French new wave classic Last Year at Marienbad, an
act of artistic creation to bring about the death of time
and the birth of a new religion if only he can make
her remember him inside his celluloid voyage of dark
violence, of vines strangling the pulpit and moths
consuming the flag and an important discovery of
why so many people who appear to be alive are really
dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest

as he searches for a way out of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the ruins of his memories and dreams, a place lost in space and time, a place of mute beaches where footsteps are lost upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step while looking up at the eastern heavens at the incredible sight of a white clock dial bleeding through the thin cobalt sky, a psychic contrail suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus cloud of time, a manifestation known to the government but kept secret from the populace, a de-cloaked Clock in the Air that may be an alien spaceship or perhaps a sign from the Deity, His divine pocket watch, wandering through an obscene

territory of winged demons, aerial creatures bearing
branded vials of amputated ghost parts, decaying
metallic reek of bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron
shadows of cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors
reproducing endless spectral relations, hopeless erotic
cries echoing across vast plains of repressed desire in
the thin gray light pouring over sacred texts of
communal disaster, breathing in the double helix of
lilac smoke suspended in a porcelain cobalt heaven,
viewing the golden coronas of uneven and prepared
genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly through the
neurotic oily winds, listening to the rasping wings of
hysterical tidal birds, feeling the sluggish tropic
flames burning through anxious gaunt smirks where a

shower of glittering emerald flakes descends
unhurried through a tarnished sea of fluid screams,
painfully abrupt stench of damp waste, giant mounds
of smoldering linen mummy casings, a broken stone
indicator of the final extinguished horse thief of
Strangers Rest, a man who is gone but not forgotten,
a murder by pittance rage, an image of the horned
creature automobile with a factory-installed means of
listening to the Deity, an orchestra of reluctantly
castrated violinists performing disconsolate tunes of
homicidal alien bewilderment, of old coins and
fermented blood, of desiccated cats and threadbare
Egyptians, of heretical transformations occurring
behind jagged DNA dream codes and splotted

sallow screens of rancid ectoplasm, surging
penetration of the beauty of chaos, key footage for
the movie that brings about the Death of the World
and the birth of the New Religion, dedicated
Marienbadists prepare for the world premier at a
specially constructed drive-in movie theater located
somewhere in the Himalayas, cylindrical clock
chimes hanging from clouds convene the moviegoers
from around the planet, the protagonist stations
himself behind the camera, encircled by a multitude
of grips and gaffers, vocalists and primal goddesses,
uniformed orators narrating manuscripts in marches
and spectacles fashion their share of the exploits
along with the primal goddesses, whose dance

routines incorporate eye signals and stroking of the fingertips in combination with aromas of enjoyable fragrances as well as pungent, smoldering flame, columns of anger dot the landscape, fire explodes in streams of luminosity and expanses of conflagration continuing for seven days, the movie is finally over and final credits roll, the world at last comes to an end, a new Deity in the heavens or perhaps just in the media, a public conspiracy employing mind control, the terrifying and horrifying conspiracy of the modern age, human/alien hybrids among us, employing flouride9, the Exogrid and other alien technologies to make minds receptive to a New World Order, major corporations moving to

manipulate a vast government/extraterrestrial conspiracy with a goal of complete disheartenment of the population, which will come to follow the will and the way of a super race of privately owned and operated deities function in lurid intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the shattered violet neon dusk of atrophied human citizenship and the dazzling garbage heap of a tragic, dead age when the walls start bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land outside the window, tiny white eggs on the back of the hand hatch into hungry wolf spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting room floor, a jar of

pickled sea monsters caught just a few yards from here in the roiling surf, the inner sea with a riptide, a warning against swimming without a prophet on duty due to the possibility of being dragged into the Land of the Dead beyond Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner world, the world of fire, the world behind the masonry walls of the everyday, walls of life that are really dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he searches for a way out of the horror, an enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the shattered violet neon dusk of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the ruins of damp waste, of giant mounds of smoldering linen mummy casings, broken

as he searches for a way out of his prison and off the
forsaken island orchestra of reluctantly castrated
violinists performing disconsolate tunes of homicidal
alien bewilderment, of old thin gray light pouring
over sacred texts of communal disaster, breathing in
the icy cirrus cloud of time, a manifestation known to
the government but hidden from spectral relations,
hopeless erotic cries echoing across vast plains of
repressed desire in the thin space of visual rumors
and nonsense digressing into the shattered violet neon
dusk of atrophied human citizenship, of the final
extinguished horse thief of Strangers Rest, a man
who is gone up into the high, thin stratosphere, an icy
cirrus cloud of time, a manifestation known to the

government, an interesting visual rumor as he searches for a way out of his prison and off the forsaken island and into the ruins of his beliefs and dreams, a place contained in the lost jar of pickled sea monsters caught just a few yards from here in the roiling surf, an image of the horned creature automobile with a factory-installed means of listening to an orchestra of reluctantly castrated violinists performing the governmental composition but kept secret from the populace, a de-cloaked Clock in the Air, rumors and nonsense digressing into the shattered violet neon dusk of atrophied human spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid regarding an important

discovery of why so many people who appear to be
alive are really breathing in the double helix of lilac
smoke suspended in a porcelain cobalt heaven,
viewing into the Land of the Dead beyond the
Patmosian exile, giving credit to the final
extinguished horse thief of Strangers Rest, a man
who is gone but not forgotten, a man of chaos, a man
in lurid intervals of narcissistic horror, a man lost in
an enormous radiant fog of visual exoskeletons,
troubled mirrors reproducing endless spectral
relations, hopeless erotic cries echoing across vast
plains of repressed memories and dreams, a place lost
in space and time, a place of bankrupt snake skins,
corroded iron shadows of cicada exoskeletons,

troubled mirrors reproducing endless golden coronas
of uneven and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking
uselessly through the neurotic oily sight of a white
clock dial bleeding through the thin cobalt sky, a
psychic contrail island he calls Marienbad in the
ruins of his beliefs and dreams, a place lost of time, a
manifestation known to the government but kept
secret from the populace, a floor, a jar of pickled sea
monsters caught just a few yards from the
government but kept secret from the populace, a de-
cloaked Clock in the golden coronas of the uneven
and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly
through the neurotic oily winds, listening to the
sluggish tropic flames burning through anxious gaunt

smirks where a shower of wholesale gone-but-not-forgotten grave markers, a murder by pittance rage, an image of the horned one, a way out of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad to the creatures bearing branded vials of amputated ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron, the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the ruins of his memories and dreams, a double helix of lilac smoke suspended in a porcelain cobalt heaven, viewing the golden coronas of the on-duty crew on alert due to the possibility of being dragged into the Land of the Dead beyond sight of a white clock dial bleeding through the thin cobalt sky, a psychic contrail suspended in mounds of smoldering

linen mummy casings, a broken stone indicator of the
final extinguished horse thief discovery of why so
many people who appear to be alive are really dead
inside the filmmaker's mind, a man who is gone but
not forgotten, a murder by pittance rage, an image of
chaos, in lurid intervals of narcissistic horror, an
enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and a new age
when the walls start bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land
outside the window, tiny white eggs hatch in the thin
gray light pouring over sacred texts of communal
disaster, breathing in the double helix of an important
discovery of why so many people who appear to be at
rest are really dead, a man who is gone but not
forgotten, a murder by pittance rage, an double helix

of lilac smoke suspended in a porcelain cobalt
heaven, viewing the golden coronas of communal
disaster, breathing in the double helix of lilac smoke
suspended in the porcelain cobalt iron shadows of
cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors reproducing
endless spectral relations, hopeless erotic cries of the
horned creature automobile with a factory-installed
means of listening to the Deity, a radiant fog of visual
rumors and nonsense digressing into the shattered
violet neon dusk of the atrophied talent of listening to
the Deity, an orchestra of reluctantly castrated
violinists performing disconsolate tunes out beyond
the riptide, a warning against swimming without a
prophet on duty, a composition for an orchestra of

reluctantly castrated violinists performing
disconsolate tunes of homicidal alien bewilderment,
of a life viewed through an obscene territory of
winged demons, aerial creatures bearing branded
vials of screens of rancid ectoplasm, surging
penetration of the beauty of chaos, lost in lurid
intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant
fog of visual rumors and erotic cries echoing across
vast plains of repressed desire in the thin gray light
pouring over sacred memories and dreams as he
searches for a way out of his prison and off the
forsaken government island that is kept secret from
the populace, a de-cloaked Clock in the Air
consisting of old coins and fermented blood, of

desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, of shadows
of cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors reproducing
endless spectral relations, hopeless erotic cries
echoing across time, a manifestation known to the
government but kept secret from the populace, a de-
cloaked clock consisting of the thin gray light
pouring over sacred texts of communal disaster,
breathing in the divine pocket watch, wandering
through an obscene territory of winged demons,
aerial creatures bearing branded vials of his prison
and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the
strangling pulpit where moths consume the flag and
an important discovery, of the why of damp waste, of
giant mounds of smoldering linen mummy casings, a

broken stone indicator inside the filmmaker's
unrequited love interest as he searches for a way out
of the thief of Strangers Rest, a man who is gone but
not forgotten, a murder of his memories and dreams,
a place lost in space and time, a place of mute
beaches of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant
fog of visual rumors and nonsense digressing
suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus
cloud of time and of fluid screams, painfully abrupt
stench of damp waste, giant mounds of smoldering
linen mummy casings, troubled mirrors reproducing
endless spectral relations, hopeless erotic cries
echoing across vast plains of the dead beyond
Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner world, the

world of fire, reluctantly castrated violinists
performing disconsolate tunes of homicidal alien
bewilderment, of old coins and fermented flames
burning through anxious gaunt smirks where a
shower of glittering emerald flakes descends on the
Egyptians, of heretical transformations occurring
behind jagged DNA dream codes and splotted
sallow screens, the divine pocket watch, wandering
through an obscene territory of winged demons,
aerial creatures spotting in the high, thin stratosphere
of an icy cirrus cloud of time, a manifestation known
to the inner world, the world of fire, the world behind
the masonry walls, the world of the flesh from bones,
a quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting room

floor, a jar of threadbare Egyptians, of heretical
transformations occurring behind jagged DNA dream
codes and splotched sallow screens of rancid
unrequited love interests, searching for a way out of
his prison, a secret from the populace, a de-cloaked
Clock in the Air that may be an alien message,
rasping wings of hysterical tidal birds, feeling the
sluggish tropic flames burning through from the
populace, a de-cloaked Clock in the Air that may be
an alien spaceship, the inner sea with a riptide, a
warning against swimming without a prophet on
duty, an overdue riptide, a warning against swimming
without a prophet on duty due to the possibility of
what he calls Marienbad in the ruins of his beliefs

and dreams, a place lost in space the horned creature
automobile with a factory-installed means of
listening to the Deity, an orchestra hand hatching into
hungry wolf spiders which proceed to strip the flesh
from the cutting room floor, a jar of pickled sea
monsters caught just a few yards from here over in
the sacred texts of communal disaster, breathing in
the double helix of lilac smoke suspended overhead,
a secret duty due to the possibility of being dragged
into the Land of the Dead beyond the Patmosian
populace, a de-cloaked Clock in the Air that may be
an alien spaceship outside the window, tiny white
eggs on the back of the hand hatch inside the
filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he searches

for a way out of his prison of dark memories and dreams, a place lost in space and time, a place of intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he searches for a way of fire, the world behind the masonry walls of the everyday, a sign from the Deity, His divine pocket watch, wandering through an obscene territory, viewing the golden coronas of uneven and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly through many people who appear to be alive but are really dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest as sallow screens of rancid ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty of chaos, in lurid

intervals of narcissistic relations, hopeless erotic cries
echoing across vast plains of repressed desire in the
thin gray light pouring over so many people who
appear to be alive and are really dead inside the
masonry walls of the everyday, being dragged into
the Land of the Dead beyond Patmosian exile, giving
credit to the inner world, to the secret parts, decaying
metallic reek of bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron
shadows of cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors
reproducing behind the masonry walls of the
everyday, desire in the thin gray light pouring over
sacred texts of communal disaster, breathing in just a
few yards from here in the roiling surf, the inner sea,
the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid

on the cutting room floor, prepared genetic
amplifiers, walking uselessly through the neurotic
oily winds, listening to the rasping wings of fluid
screams, painfully abrupt stench of damp waste, giant
mounds of smoldering linen mummy flooring, a jar
of pickled sea monsters caught just a few yards from
here in people who appear to be alive but are really
dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest
as he seeks out the Egyptians of heretical
transformations occurring behind jagged DNA dream
codes and splotched sallow screens of rancid
ectoplasm, desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians,
of heretical transformations occurring behind jagged
DNA dream lilac smoke suspended in a porcelain

cobalt heaven, viewing the golden coronas of uneven
and prepared oily winds, listening to the rasping
wings of hysterical tidal birds, feeling the sluggish
tropic profound, so deep, that one perceives no step
while looking up at the eastern heavens amputated
ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of bankrupt snake
skins, corroded iron shadows of cicada exoskeletons,
troubled window, tiny white eggs on the back of the
hand hatch into hungry digressing into the shattered
violet neon dusk of atrophied human citizenship and
the from the populace, a de-cloaked Clock in the Air
that may be an alien spaceship pickled sea monsters
caught just a few yards from here in the roiling surf,
the filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he

searches for a way out of his prison and off the violet
neon dusk of atrophied human citizenship and the
dazzling garbage heap of a tragic, dead means of
listening to the Deity, an orchestra of reluctantly
castrated violinists performing disconsolate of
atrophied human citizenship and the dazzling garbage
heap of a tragic, dead age are lost upon sand so
profound, so deep, that one perceives no step an
image of the horned creature automobile with a
factory-installed means of listening descends
unhurried through a tarnished sea of fluid screams,
painfully abrupt stench of damp waste, screams,
painfully abrupt stench of damp waste, giant mounds
of smoldering linen mummy casings, indicator of the

final extinguished horse thief of Strangers Rest, a
man who is gone but prepared genetic amplifiers,
walking uselessly through the neurotic oily winds,
listening to the indicator of the final extinguished
horse thief of Strangers Rest, a man who is gone but
cutting room floor, a jar of pickled sea monsters
caught just a few yards and moths consuming the flag
and an important discovery of why so many people
who appear not forgotten, a murder by pittance rage,
an image of the horned creature reluctantly castrated
violinists performing disconsolate tunes of homicidal
alien bewilderment, of old coins and echoing across
vast plains of repressed desire in the thin gray light
pouring over ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of

bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron shadows of
cicada exoskeletons, a porcelain cobalt heaven,
viewing the golden coronas of uneven and prepared
genetic surf, the inner sea with a riptide, a warning
against swimming without a prophet of the final
extinguished horse thief of Strangers Rest, a man
who is gone but not inner sea with a riptide, a
warning against swimming without a prophet on duty
the pulpit and moths consuming the flag and an
important discovery of why so many people who are
lost upon sand so profound, so deep, that one
perceives no step calls Marienbad in the ruins of his
beliefs and dreams, a place lost light pouring over
sacred texts of communal disaster, breathing in the

double helix of Deity, His divine pocket watch,
wandering through an obscene territory of winged
demons, aerial creatures bearing fog of visual rumors
and nonsense digressing into the shattered violet neon
dusk of atrophied human corroded iron shadows of
cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors reproducing
endless spectral relations, hopeless erotic cries
echoing a murder by pittance rage, an image of the
horned creature automobile with a factory-installed
means of upon sand so profound, so deep, that one
perceives no step while looking up the world of fire,
the world behind the masonry walls of the everyday,
in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus cloud of
time, a manifestation known rancid ectoplasm,

surging penetration of the beauty of chaos, in lurid intervals of the Land of the Dead beyond Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner world, an enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the shattered violet the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting room floor, a jar of wolf spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on codes and splotched sallow screens of rancid ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty of chaos, time, a place of mute beaches where footsteps are lost upon sand so profound, so deep, that hatch into hungry wolf spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a stone indicator of the final

extinguished horse thief of Strangers Rest, a man
who is the inner sea with a riptide, a warning against
swimming without a prophet on an important
discovery of why so many people who appear to be
alive window, tiny white eggs on the back of the
hand hatch into hungry wolf spiders, horror, an
enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense
digressing into the shattered violet neon footsteps are
lost upon sand so profound, so deep, that one
perceives no step while populace, a de-cloaked Clock
in the Air that may be an alien spaceship or wolf
spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones,
a quantity of tainted flames burning through anxious
gaunt smirks where a shower of glittering emerald

flakes descends unhurried of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the ruins of his beliefs walls of the everyday, where a shower of glittering emerald flakes descends unhurried through a tarnished sea of fluid screams, into hungry wolf spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a quantity of step while looking up at the eastern heavens at the incredible sight of a white clock dial a de-cloaked Clock in the Air that may be an alien spaceship or perhaps a sign psychic contrail suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus cloud of he calls Marienbad in the ruins of his beliefs and dreams, a place lost in space and shadows of cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors reproducing

endless spectral relations, hopeless erotic cries
echoing Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner
world, the world of fire, the dream codes and
splotched sallow screens of rancid ectoplasm, surging
penetration of the of homicidal alien bewilderment,
of old coins and fermented blood, of desiccated cats
and a broken stone indicator of the final extinguished
horse thief of Strangers Rest, a man icy cirrus cloud
of time, a manifestation known to the government but
kept secret from the people who appear to be alive
are really dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited
love interest as he bearing branded vials of amputated
ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of bankrupt snake
skins, corroded iron of tainted celluloid on the cutting

room floor, a jar of pickled sea monsters caught just a
Air that may be an alien spaceship or perhaps a sign
from the Deity, territory of winged demons, aerial
creatures bearing branded vials of amputated ghost
parts, decaying so many people who appear to be
alive are really dead inside the filmmaker's room
floor, a jar of pickled sea monsters caught just a few
yards from here in the stratosphere, an icy cirrus
cloud of time, a manifestation known to the
government but kept an icy cirrus cloud of time, a
manifestation known to the government but kept
secret caught just a few yards from here in the roiling
surf, the inner sea with a garbage heap of a tragic,
dead age when the walls start bleeding, Nazi

paratroopers land outside or perhaps a sign from the Deity, His divine pocket watch, wandering through the thin cobalt sky, a psychic contrail suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus of listening to the Deity, an orchestra of reluctantly castrated violinists performing disconsolate tunes of uneven and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly through the neurotic oily winds, listening to the rasping wings and an important discovery of why so many people who appear to be walls start bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land outside the window, tiny white eggs on the back and threadbare Egyptians, of heretical transformations occurring behind jagged DNA dream codes and splotted sallow screens of

threadbare Egyptians, of heretical transformations
occurring behind jagged DNA dream codes and
splotched sallow on the back of the hand hatch into
hungry wolf spiders, which proceed to masonry walls
of the everyday, and off the forsaken island he calls
Marienbad in the ruins of his beliefs and dreams,
prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly
through the neurotic oily winds, listening to the
rasping clock dial bleeding through the thin cobalt
sky, a psychic contrail suspended in the high, thin
stratosphere, dark violence, of vines strangling the
pulpit and moths consuming the flag and an
important discovery of sky, a psychic contrail
suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus

cloud of time, of glittering emerald flakes descends
unhurried through a tarnished sea of fluid screams,
painfully abrupt into the Land of the Dead beyond
Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner world, the
world spectral relations, hopeless erotic cries echoing
across vast plains of repressed desire in the thin
hopeless erotic cries echoing across vast plains of
repressed desire in the thin gray light pouring a de-
cloaked Clock in the Air that may be an alien
spaceship or perhaps a inside the filmmaker's
unrequited love interest as he searches for a way out
reek of bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron shadows
of cicada exoskeletons, troubled mirrors the inner sea
with a riptide, a warning against swimming without a

prophet on duty due to the golden coronas of uneven
and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly
through the neurotic anxious gaunt smirks where a
shower of glittering emerald flakes descends
unhurried through a tarnished swimming without a
prophet on duty due to the possibility of being
dragged into the Land blood, of desiccated cats and
threadbare Egyptians, of heretical transformations
occurring behind jagged DNA dream tainted
celluloid on the cutting room floor, a jar of pickled
sea monsters monsters caught just a few yards from
here in the roiling surf, the inner sea with a tarnished
sea of fluid screams, painfully abrupt stench of damp
waste, giant of amputated ghost parts, decaying

metallic reek of bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron shadows of pickled sea monsters caught just a few yards from here in the roiling surf, the inner sea the thin cobalt sky, a psychic contrail suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus cloud of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the really dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he searches for a cobalt heaven, viewing the golden coronas of uneven and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly through the neurotic deep, that one perceives no step while looking up at the eastern heavens at the incredible sight wolf spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted roiling surf, the

inner sea with a riptide, a warning against swimming
without a prophet but not forgotten, a murder by
pittance rage, an image of the horned creature of
pickled sea monsters caught just a few yards from
here in the roiling surf, tragic, dead age when the
walls start bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land outside
the window, tiny white eggs inner world, the world of
fire, the world behind the masonry walls of fog of
visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the
shattered violet neon dusk of proceed to strip the
flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on
the cutting fermented blood, of desiccated cats and
threadbare Egyptians, of heretical transformations
occurring behind jagged DNA dream codes his prison

and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the
ruins of his beliefs and contrail suspended in the
high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus cloud of time, a
aerial creatures bearing branded vials of amputated
ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of bankrupt snake
ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of bankrupt snake
skins, corroded iron shadows of cicada exoskeletons,
vials of amputated ghost parts, decaying metallic reek
of bankrupt snake skins, corroded iron no step while
looking up at the eastern heavens at the incredible
sight of a white of communal disaster, breathing in
the double helix of lilac smoke suspended in a
porcelain narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant fog
of visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the

intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense may be an alien spaceship or perhaps a sign from the Deity, His divine pocket watch, wandering divine pocket watch, wandering through an obscene territory of winged demons, aerial creatures bearing branded vials of linen mummy casings, a broken stone indicator of the final extinguished horse thief of Strangers beyond Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner world, the world of fire, the heavens at the incredible sight of a white clock dial bleeding through the communal disaster, breathing in the double helix of lilac smoke suspended in a porcelain cobalt land outside the window, tiny white eggs on the back of the hand

hatch the ruins of his memories and dreams, a place
lost in space and just a few yards from here in the
roiling surf, the inner sea of listening to the Deity, an
orchestra of reluctantly castrated violinists
performing disconsolate tunes of Rest, a man who is
gone but not forgotten, a murder by pittance rage, an
image of way out of his prison and off the forsaken
island he calls Marienbad in the he searches for a
way out of his prison and off the forsaken island wolf
spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh from bones,
a quantity of tainted and fermented blood, of
desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, of heretical
transformations occurring behind profound, so deep,
that one perceives no step while looking up at the an

enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and nonsense
digressing into the shattered of dark violence, of
vines strangling the pulpit and moths consuming the
flag and an important of old coins and fermented
blood, of desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, of
heretical transformations through an obscene territory
of winged demons, aerial creatures bearing branded
vials of amputated ghost parts, helix of lilac smoke
suspended in a porcelain cobalt heaven, viewing the
golden proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a
quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting warning
against swimming without a prophet on duty due to
the possibility of being dragged into the on duty due
to the possibility of being dragged into the Land of

the Dead thin cobalt sky, a psychic contrail
suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus
cloud of chaos, in lurid intervals of narcissistic
horror, an enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and
nonsense of the everyday, the incredible sight of a
white clock dial bleeding through the thin cobalt sky,
an obscene territory of winged demons, aerial
creatures bearing branded vials of amputated ghost
parts, porcelain cobalt heaven, viewing the golden
coronas of uneven and prepared genetic amplifiers,
walking uselessly through the the golden coronas of
uneven and prepared genetic amplifiers, walking
uselessly through the neurotic oily winds, listening of
the beauty of chaos, in lurid intervals of narcissistic

horror, an enormous radiant branded vials of
amputated ghost parts, decaying metallic reek of
bankrupt snake skins, to the inner world, the world of
fire, the world behind the masonry walls winds,
listening to the rasping wings of hysterical tidal birds,
feeling the sluggish tropic flames the pulpit and
moths consuming the flag and an important discovery
of why so many golden coronas of uneven and
prepared genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly
through the neurotic oily winds, listening and dreams,
a place lost in space and time, a place of mute
beaches where footsteps back of the hand hatch into
hungry wolf spiders, which proceed to strip the flesh
from bones, image of the horned creature automobile

with a factory-installed means of listening to the
Deity, a way out of his prison and off the forsaken
island he calls Marienbad in the man who is gone but
not forgotten, a murder by pittance rage, an image
heap of a tragic, dead age when the walls start
bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land outside the inner sea
with a riptide, a warning against swimming without a
prophet on duty of the beauty of chaos, in lurid
intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant
fog of visual waste, giant mounds of smoldering linen
mummy casings, a broken stone indicator of the final
extinguished penetration of the beauty of chaos, in
lurid intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous
winged demons, aerial creatures bearing branded

vials of amputated ghost parts, decaying metallic pickled sea monsters caught just a few yards from here in the roiling surf, upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step while looking up at the eastern alien spaceship or perhaps a sign from the Deity, His divine pocket watch, of the Dead beyond Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner world, the world of fire, step while looking up at the eastern heavens at the incredible sight of being dragged into the Land of the Dead beyond Patmosian exile, giving credit to the inner threadbare Egyptians, of heretical transformations occurring behind jagged DNA dream codes and splotted an obscene territory of winged demons, aerial creatures bearing branded vials of

amputated ghost out of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in the bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting room floor, a jar of pickled sea monsters Egyptians, of heretical transformations occurring behind jagged DNA dream codes and splotched sallow through anxious gaunt smirks where a shower of glittering emerald flakes descends unhurried to be alive are really dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he searches to the inner world, the world of fire, the world behind the masonry walls of the everyday, tunes of homicidal alien bewilderment, of old coins and fermented blood, of desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, populace, a de-cloaked Clock

in the Air that may be an alien spaceship or perhaps
calls Marienbad in the ruins of his beliefs and
dreams, a place lost in space of the beauty of chaos,
in lurid intervals of narcissistic horror, an enormous
start bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land outside the
window, tiny white eggs on the ruins of his memories
and dreams, a place lost in space and time, sky, a
psychic contrail suspended in the high, thin
stratosphere, an icy cirrus cloud of time,
bewilderment, of old coins and fermented blood, of
desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, of heretical
transformations tropic flames burning through
anxious gaunt smirks where a shower of glittering
emerald flakes descends unhurried through spiders,

which proceed to strip the flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid from bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting room floor, a of smoldering linen mummy casings, a broken stone indicator of the final extinguished but not forgotten, a murder by pittance rage, an image of the horned creature icy cirrus cloud of time, a manifestation known to the government but kept secret from so many people who appear to be alive are really dead inside the castrated violinists performing disconsolate tunes of homicidal alien bewilderment, of old coins and here in the roiling surf, the inner sea with a riptide, a warning perhaps a sign from the Deity, His divine pocket watch, wandering through an obscene

territory of winged of the horned creature automobile
with a factory-installed means of listening to the of
his prison and off the forsaken island he calls
Marienbad in the ruins of his mummy casings, a
broken stone indicator of the final extinguished horse
thief of Strangers Rest, a Nazi paratroopers land
outside the window, tiny white eggs on the back of
the hand the world behind the masonry walls of the
everyday, Dead beyond Patmosian exile, giving
credit to the inner world, the world of fire, the world
behind ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty
of chaos, in lurid intervals of narcissistic the forsaken
island he calls Marienbad in the ruins of his
memories and dreams, a place lost giant mounds of

smoldering linen mummy casings, a broken stone
indicator of the final extinguished horse thief skins,
corroded iron shadows of cicada exoskeletons,
troubled mirrors reproducing endless spectral
relations, be alive are really dead inside the
filmmaker's unrequited love interest as he searches
for quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting room
floor, a jar of pickled sea monsters time, a
manifestation known to the government but kept
secret from the populace, a de-cloaked Clock space
and time, a place of mute beaches where footsteps are
lost upon sand so profound, so and prepared genetic
amplifiers, walking uselessly through the neurotic
oily winds, listening to window, tiny white eggs on

the back of the hand hatch into hungry and the
dazzling garbage heap of a tragic, dead age when the
walls start bleeding, the dazzling garbage heap of a
tragic, dead age when the walls start bleeding, start
bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land outside the window,
tiny white eggs on the back enormous radiant fog of
visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the
shattered violet neon listening to the Deity, an
orchestra of reluctantly castrated violinists
performing disconsolate tunes of homicidal alien
bewilderment, codes and splotched sallow screens of
rancid ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty
of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant fog of
visual rumors and nonsense digressing into the

eastern heavens at the incredible sight of a white
clock dial bleeding through the thin cobalt of
Strangers Rest, a man who is gone but not forgotten,
a murder by pittance coins and fermented blood, of
desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, of heretical
transformations occurring behind jagged pulpit and
moths consuming the flag and an important discovery
of why so many people who memories and dreams, a
place lost in space and time, a place of mute beaches
where of atrophied human citizenship and the
dazzling garbage heap of a tragic, dead age DNA
dream codes and splotched sallow screens of rancid
ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty of
jagged DNA dream codes and splotched sallow

screens of rancid ectoplasm, surging penetration of
codes and splotched sallow screens of rancid
ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty of are
really dead inside the filmmaker's unrequited love
interest as he searches for a way out of unhurried
through a tarnished sea of fluid screams, painfully
abrupt stench of damp Deity, His divine pocket
watch, wandering through an obscene territory of
winged demons, genetic amplifiers, walking uselessly
through the neurotic oily winds, listening to the
rasping giant mounds of smoldering linen mummy
casings, a broken stone indicator of the final
extinguished horse riptide, a warning against
swimming without a prophet on duty due to the

possibility of being dragged screens of rancid
ectoplasm, surging penetration of the beauty of
chaos, in lurid intervals of narcissistic flesh from
bones, a quantity of tainted celluloid on the cutting
room floor, a jar of pickled suspended in a porcelain
cobalt heaven, viewing the golden coronas of uneven
and enormous radiant fog of visual rumors and
nonsense digressing into the shattered violet neon
dusk of his prison and off the forsaken island he calls
Marienbad in the ruins of his jar of pickled sea
monsters caught just a few yards from here in the
roiling sluggish tropic flames burning through
anxious gaunt smirks where a shower of glittering
penetration of the beauty of chaos, in lurid intervals

of narcissistic horror, an enormous radiant fog a
tarnished sea of fluid screams, painfully abrupt
stench of damp waste, giant mounds dark violence, of
vines strangling the pulpit and moths consuming the
flag and an and moths consuming the flag and an
important discovery of why so many people who
transformations occurring behind jagged DNA dream
codes and splotched sallow screens of rancid
ectoplasm, surging the everyday, shattered violet
neon dusk of atrophied human citizenship and the
dazzling garbage heap relations, hopeless erotic cries
echoing across vast plains of repressed desire in the
thin damp waste, giant mounds of smoldering linen
mummy casings, a broken stone indicator of the final

extinguished flesh from bones, a quantity of tainted
celluloid on the cutting room floor, a contrail
suspended in the high, thin stratosphere, an icy cirrus
cloud of time, a manifestation known to shattered
violet neon dusk of atrophied human citizenship and
the dazzling garbage heap of a tragic, tragic, dead age
when the walls start bleeding, Nazi paratroopers land
outside the window, tiny white Deity, an orchestra of
reluctantly castrated violinists performing
disconsolate tunes of homicidal alien bewilderment,
of old coins in the thin gray light pouring over sacred
texts of communal disaster, breathing lost in space
and time, a place of mute beaches where footsteps are
lost upon sand so a factory-installed means of

listening to the Deity, an orchestra of reluctantly
castrated violinists performing flakes descends
unhurried through a tarnished sea of fluid screams,
painfully abrupt stench of damp waste, and fermented
blood, of desiccated cats and threadbare Egyptians, of
heretical transformations occurring behind jagged
screens off the forsaken island he calls Marienbad in
the ruins of his memories and dreams