

blaarp/

The coal vessel in the harbour distant rings out across the flat tenements lined with social gatherers sipping coffee from white mugs on saucers. The city brims in winter grey cloud flow. Cars pass steady, barely gracing second gear in slow flow pedestrian centric streets. Laughter, low, and serious expressions reserved for contemporary chatter intermingles the gentle din. There's few trees here, but large grey and glass structures imating their presense. A couple strays pass solo along the street, head bent to it wrapped in their thick jakets and solitude.

.....

Wet lavender in bloom out the kitchen window: Purple drips down the green stems. The street in gray parch glows irridesent as the gentle rain exposes the oil slick built low. The stove directly under the left side of the window stations a solo kettle billowing gentle steam, rocking slightly on its uneven flat steel bottom. A loaded french press sits near by on the kitchen bench waiting with fresh coffee grounds that fill the air with earthy goodness, bright against the thick blanket of the rains blanket scent. The air, is still.

.....

BLAAAAARP/. whack, slap , t a p . . .

sounds billowing in ebbing rythms throughout the still morning. Cold air insists on the comfort of the nights rest, my bed calls out promises of warmth and softness, and i answer longingly my regret.

The day, demands.

.....

Go out and spray graphitti)- just not on peoples houses.
No churches, and no houses. - Jason Dill.