

and then there is just the ▲ and the stage IV.

soldiers marching into the ▲ in search of glory and kingdom. But your tot's

put tears are ▲d. We follow in due course,

can't keep your PG&E. They can't cure stage IV in your grandna. They can't

Words make nothing happen. They can't stop a tot. They

change your diapers. She doesn't remember

lords. Four they are, but they are more than four.

Hoofbeats clatter outside along cobblestone streets in the gray

men—and they are always the place changes. They

But the place is not precise. They

But the place is not precise. They

in a court of fools. Merry fools, so many and so merry to look upon. They don't know this court is tot's

Inside, your grandna's cherry lipstick stands out from her eighty-pound frame. Her photos are gateways to

You reside demand their audience.

until our revels now are ▲d and the jesters can no longer please and the horsemen

are all. The horsemen are waylaid to Wanning Street, where they will stay and circle the battlements.

They are all. The horsemen are waylaid to Wanning Street, where they will stay and circle the battlements.

gun and duct tape and magic that hold it all together. Taken by maladies, they were, jesters please the king and all is well. The court is dead. They are all. The horsemen are waylaid to Wanning Street, where they will stay and circle the battlements.

