

## **thread bought still**

By Edward Wells II, Dec 01, 2009

the breathing box with no in

I lay on the time  
at some time I turn; I lay in the dark with  
I lay in, on, with my sometimes  
I hear the slow turning of  
I listen in the dark on the bed with  
I listen in, on, with  
the sound is easily recognized as the double

the room removed from  
the street behind  
married, encased in, with

there is no  
this is  
there is no—

I listen some mornings Other mornings I can not

I walk out into the often cold darkness I return in the dark and  
I return in the cold darkness and step into the warmth of the living room  
that stays warm despite the cold outside, despite its Tonight

I eat limón chocolate para mesa. It is a dark chocolate with grain sugar and cinammon flavor  
mixed. The top melts smears  
That mixture is, coated on the top side with dark, more stable,  
does not melt with the heat of them.

The limóns are tiny green globes. Who would have guessed a delicate marvel.

blow out. They flip their hair dryer on and off against the current,  
against the dimming of the lights. The room browns out gasping and nearly passing/succumbing.  
There isn't force enough; the drain, the surge can not pull or push enough, the lights gasping  
and nearly passing/succumbing. There isn't force enough; Maybe with two three more in unison the  
terror would cast Us into darkness. Drop quickly the cold dark onto the room. Chilling, but never  
smothering the warmth of the with