

The ritual of being



*a cup of tea in the morning, hot leaves that spin into
patterns of you.*

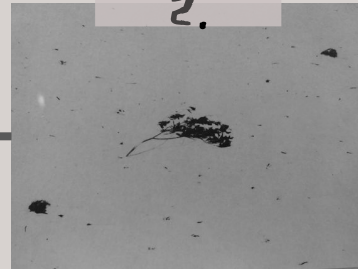
aleness, the conquering of quiet

a system of dreams, tunnels of image and sense

1.



2.



*-inside a beige dream, you find a little terror- a specular shape of glass
That reflects the empty alley of stones.*



And who are we in our sleep?



And who are we in our waking dream?