

"Breathe in not the clove that gestates with distinction...But
rather, the sophisticated stench of the clearly wounded"
A champion, certainly not at his best...Choking with personal
distress...Reaching reconciliation. Like a crab in the wet
sand...Mine and your object of obsession. Because it's no
longer the thought that counts. Hence the new twist on life as
we know it...A different mask for a different day.
It's a tempting world we live in. It's sublime, without
treatment or release...A new man, from what we believe to be
an excruciation of the truth. So how many licks does it
take?... to get to the bottom of the barrel?