

Clementine, say what

this struggle is, open palm

*what happened what's left*

of this

fly by swirl

pinnacle transcendence, this

**W**hom of persons' radar that the waltzing flowers have reached  
their very highest  
coldest  
zone

triple flagged and egged on  
to what known purpose but the most common errand  
waltzing *is*  
flowers *still are*

the most trustworthy beautiful blood wound *my heart rolls down my breast*  
*and the Secret Garden's living performance of fixed. . .*

we carry on forthwith, let's face it  
we know so many helpless things