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Schema

In the field of traumas come the base savannas--crosshairs tighten on the flaring pink of the evening.

Recognize the world. After the bit of blue, after a window opened to air and the portioned stereo of love and grandeur, after--

mother sews a fell-off button, heats a stew, sews at the factory, re-stews, tires, starts (again),

father shortens a barrel, leans blast-weapons beneath windows, stacks ammo with scream and apocalypse.

Under cover, you are dead behind the couch when they knock.

From the first, in the glossed-over city where none reprimand violence, the palms executed along the auto avenues thrive-- a pitch-staggered procession in white-painted trunks.

The memoir has shown how bitter and relentless is the rind-- privacy flowers pubescent, hopeful to outlast time.

Traffic flows or stops on elevated structures in denial of the seven-point-two,

and in the aftermath of advertising, children wander the highway in search of litter.

The citizens are trembling among the trembling.

Against the green strip--against the urbane and its expansion into the continent, the boulevard is the last boundary between the sky and the low-lying building,

though it is too accomplished among the rest of the wreckage.

They have their memories. The trigger is set on annihilation.

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