

CLAWING AT THE GROUNDED MOON #79 ●

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i refuse all heavenly prostration acts i refuse to believe the
moon fell for us that the dust kicked up was a god dragging
knuckles across the face of our world that there is any
tenderness in a rock i prefer the negligent over the fiend i
want humanity to lift up humanity i lower myself for no
conjecture i lower myself for no ideal i'll bow to you reader
to you to you to you you don't even have to ask