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Suddenly a Wayward to Thinking Words

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SUDDENLY A WAYWARD TO THINKING WORDS

To understand a scene, one maneuvers a chess board in their favor. Like applying a moustache on the *Mona Lisa*, sentences ply a referent like the pleasure of stretching a rubber band between the fingers, moments before the penultimate rupture. That's why I prefer the word *dove* & *bomb* side-by-side: to think, *divebomb* is to think, *a more present dove*. Suddenly a wayward to thinking words it's a wonder some nouns run away with some verbs & for doing so, violently *are*, while we harangue white noise as if it were the genealogy of wind. It's a wonder we war like hell with the irrational to conjoin, while what woos us wants us; or, wants us dead; or, wants us to enter dead air. By the way, how many warplanes are named after birds?