Crows on the Late Edge of Your Blackout

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CROWS ON THE LATE EDGE OF YOUR BLACKOUT

Farer, poorly back from there, you did not suck a clod of spent coal all night. It just tastes like that. We know the story, witnessed all you can't remember. Our minutes are minutely detailed and mimeod for the typist as we speak. Speaking of speaking, your fat tongue is also a slow one. Forgive us if we must amend or garble your mush to keep the arc the least bit crisp. Thank you. You understand the brown noddies are busy in AC, tending a death nod—some costal junky tucked and guttering in a stairwell. It's just our night job, and this doesn't ruffle us a nit. Look: we don't blame. We can't bless.