

YEAH NO
Jane Gregory

The Song Cave

PROFICES

[*The world's terrific*]

•

That it goes from all
shall be well to oh
well

Knock knock

Everything is a pattern
of yesses and no

•

Now is only not otherwise
& sobriety's death for the moon
is a licked wound,
the glimmering innards
of a ripped whale &
obscures the world's terrific exit

[obscure's]

•

Obscured, the world's terrific

[*Exit*]

I want to thank what is clear
for the grinness, what the
future's retrojection bore a hole right through,
the .commune where/as it currently stands

•

And what—

The moon thus shed
its singleness
as if it were real and behold:
The world's terrific

•

PROFICES

[Graced]

•

Why do I need my ideas

[validated for me]

the index of prophecy is light

So that I understand

the world with all its signatures visible

Light, icicles, feces, profit

Of the world

Was made

Panic

And then its exit

Imiseration

Graced

•

PROFICES

[*Help it*]

•

I understand where all this is going
so nothing I anticipate happens
except to what it happens upon

Everything takes great effort
though I am more
and worse than a coupon

For what will you go to this?
For what shall you like it?

•

Like what, the melody of thought; for
what, night through its own vision, green
-ing against the fallen
dark like hell in spring; like
hell in spring, how things feel; how
things feel wet, or weird, but aren't, not
made that way, only sensed?

[?]

[*nigh*]

•

Like what
we are [as] makes sense like each
to their users and what
else not to be overcome

[/ well that]

Though here must be a bad vortexx
said everyone of where they find themselves
since everything

Since every known thing
only occurs to me each thing occurs
not to overcome what is else but

Hey Everything
takes great effort

[Hey Everything takes]

•

What of it stop it

Or what of it stops

•

What if it stops?

Whelm the field—

[Over/]

Whelp it

Whelm the field

[over it]

Yr face ok'd

My shame & by it

Help it

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•