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
Obscured, the world’s terrific

I want to thank what is clear
for the grimness, 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

...Why do I need my ideas

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

Though here must be a bad vortex 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
What of it stop it

Or what of it stops


What if it stops?

Whelm the field—
Whelp it

Whelm the field
Yr face ok'd
My shame & by it

Help it

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