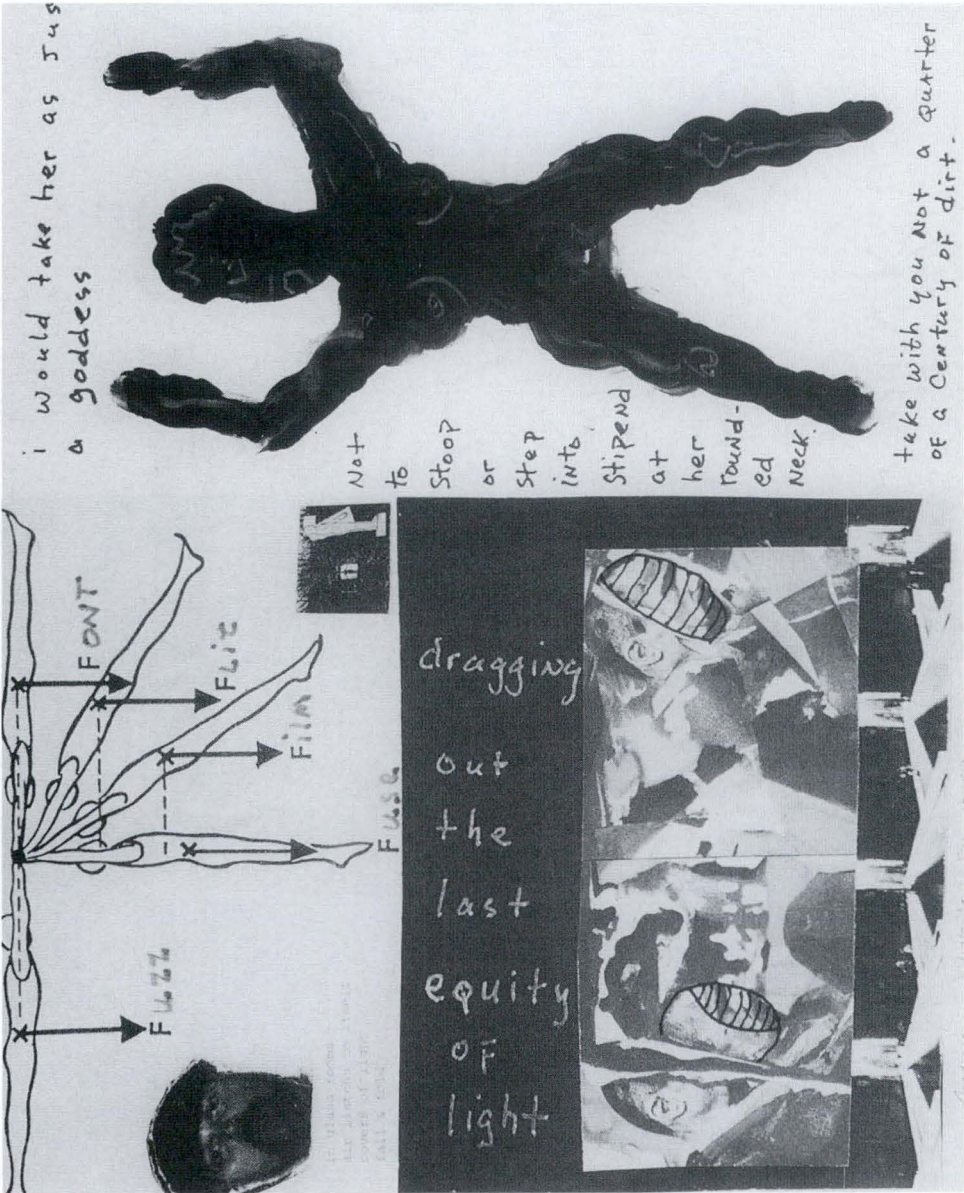
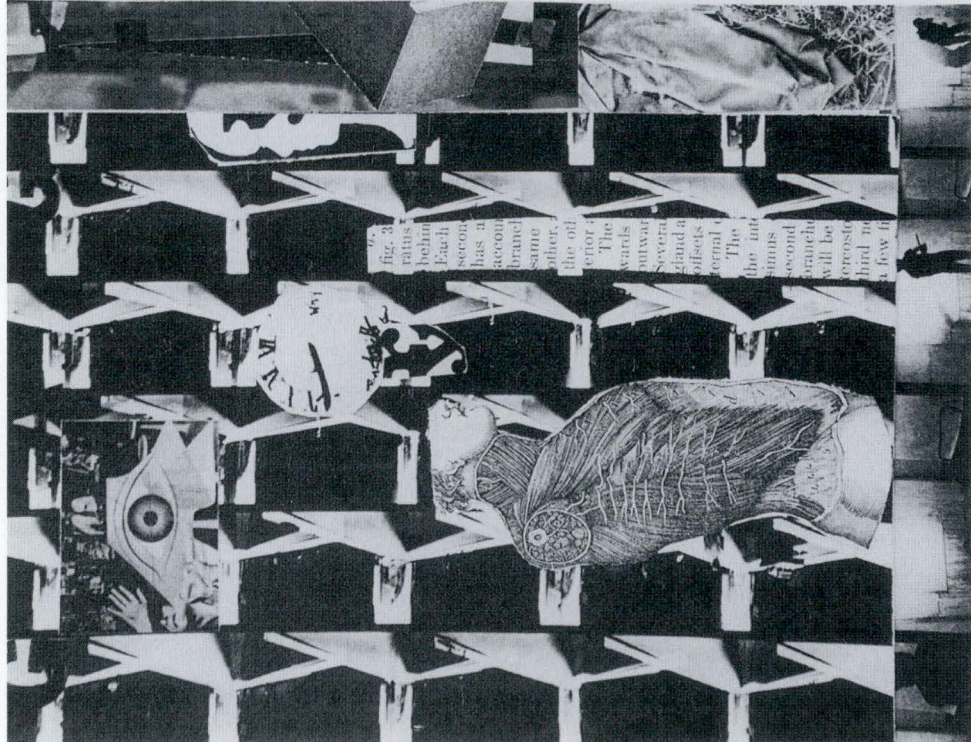
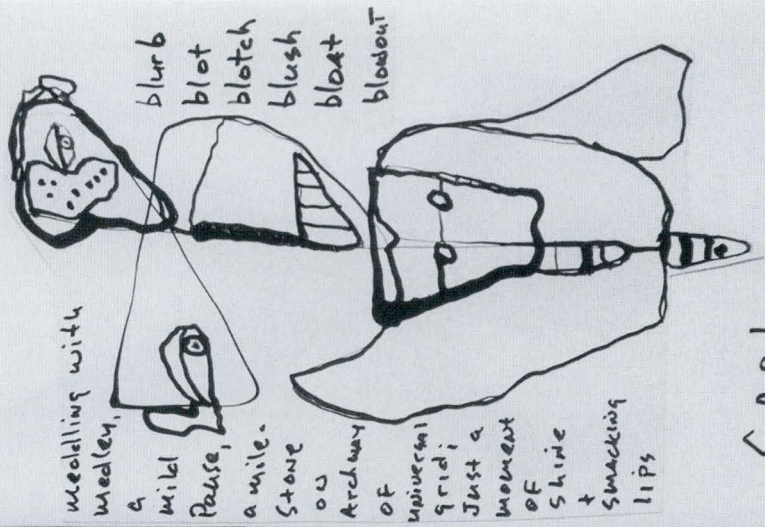


Guy R. Beining / LOST STOMA FRAGMENTS





MASK



meddelling with
wedley,

a

wild

Pause,

a mile.

Stone

ow

Archway

of

university

grid;

Just a

moment

of

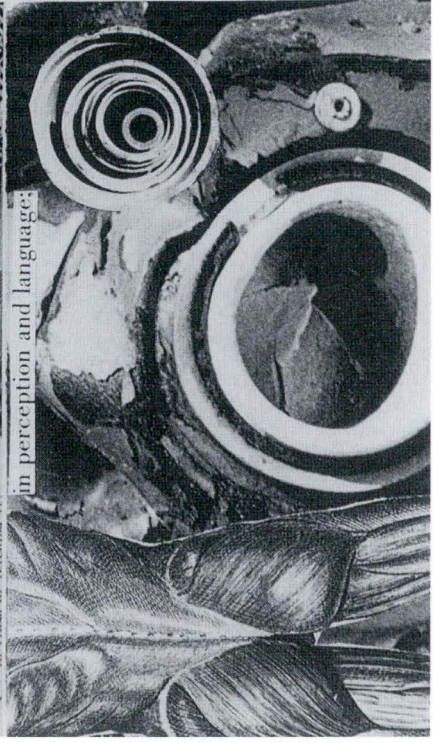
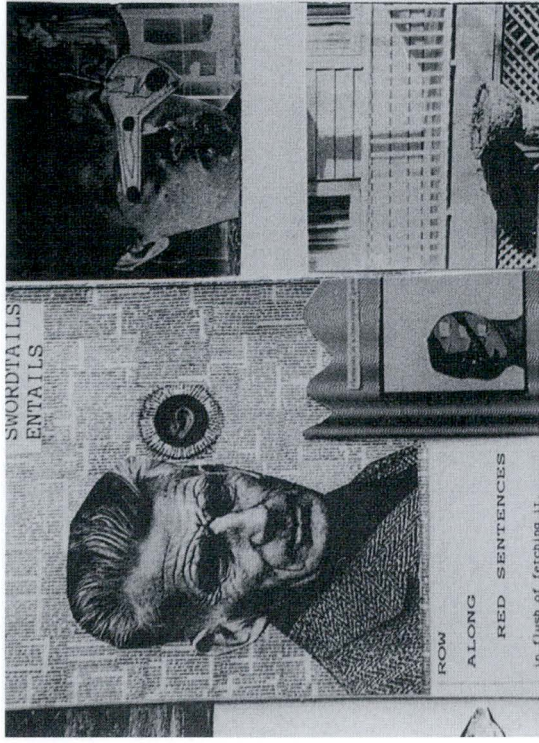
shrine

+ smacking

lips

blurb
blot
blotch
blush
bloat
blowout

CAST

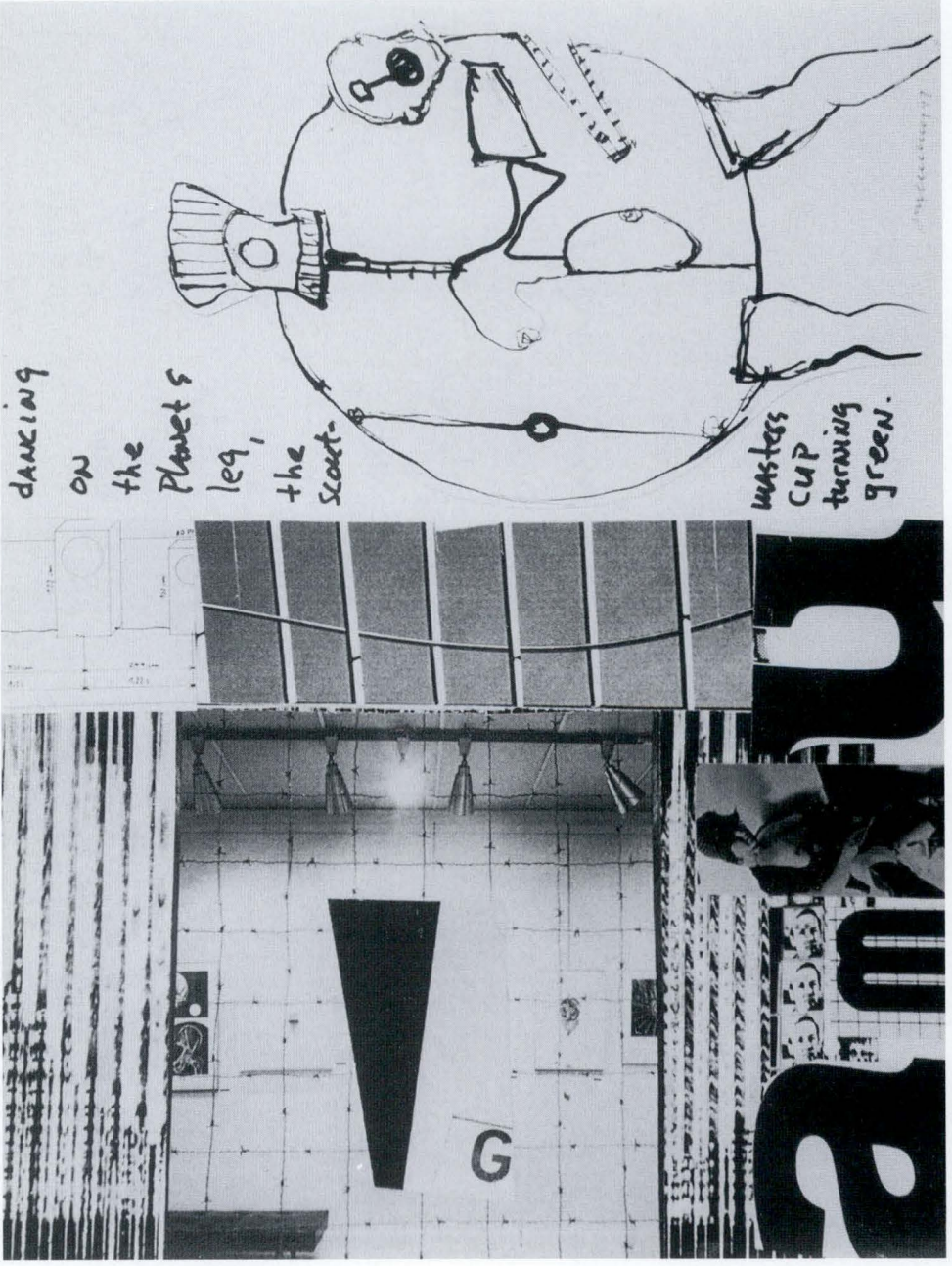


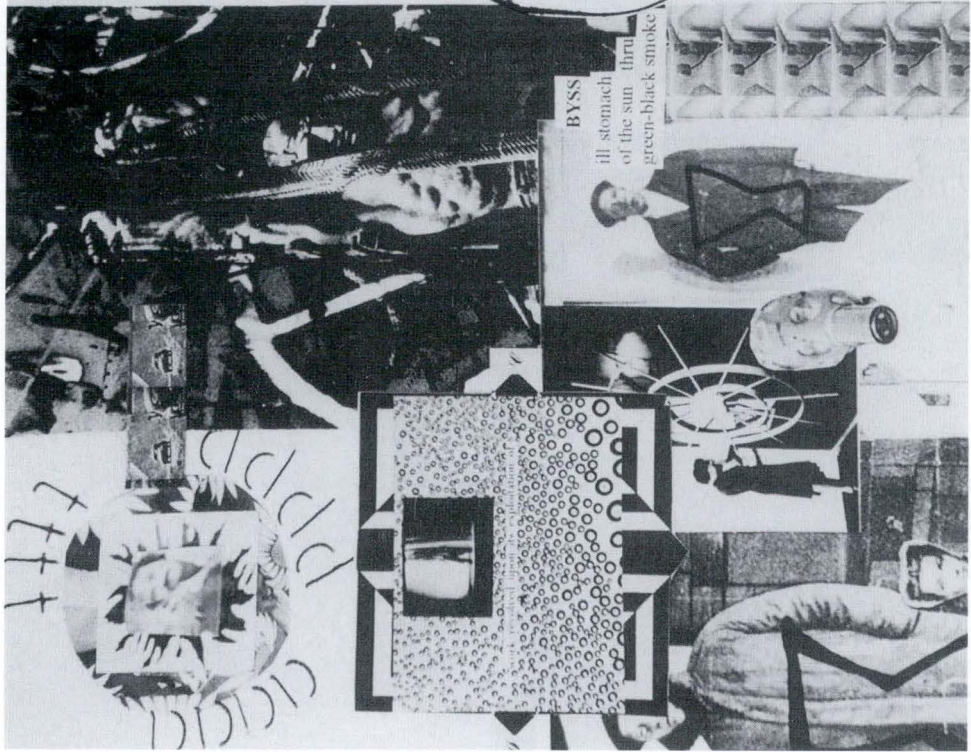
memory
as a
distant
shore,
as
something
splashed
over,
or
held
within
a
claw.

9ocl
a
dot
9o
do
deed;

holding
head
above
dead
weeds
my mind 98

A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, looking down. The drawing is simple and sketchy, with a focus on the outline of the head and shoulders.

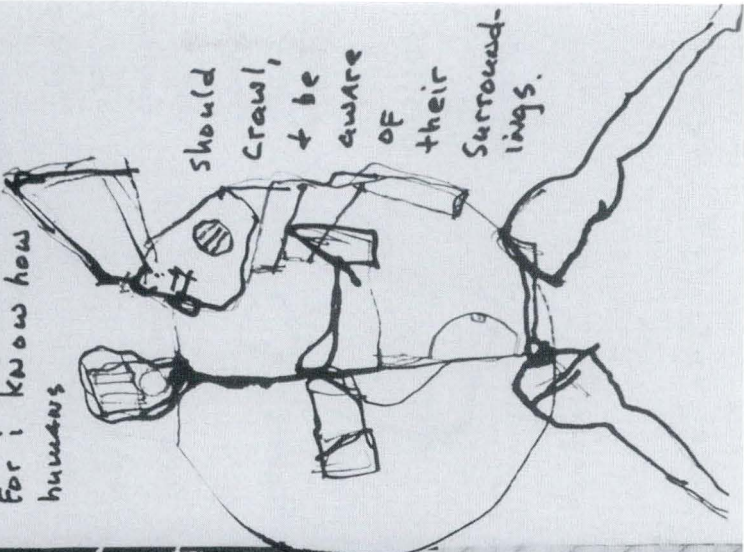


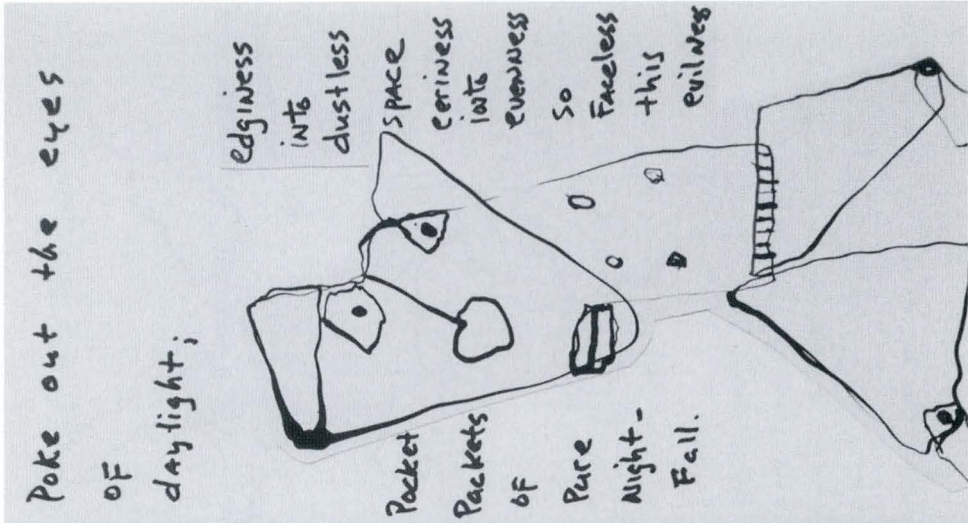
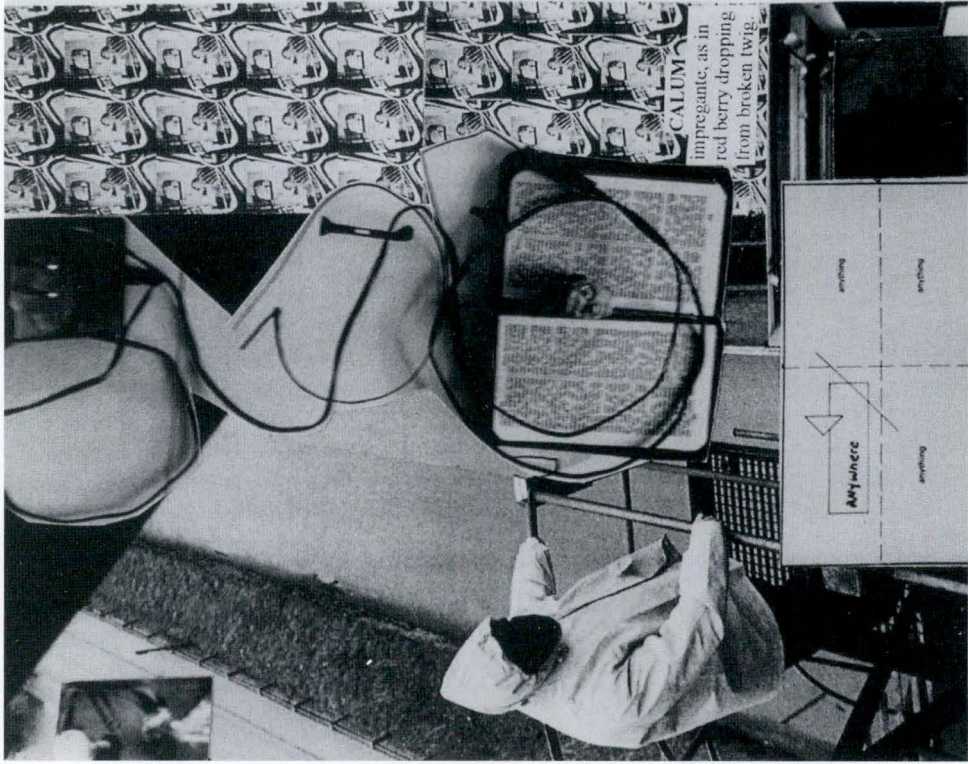


BYSS
ill stomach thru
of the sun thru
green-black smoke

Not once did i drive
thru the 20th Century
+ Not once did i toast
the Notion of Flight,
For i know how
humans

should
Crawl,
+ be
aware
of
their
Surround-
ings.





Poke out the eyes
of
daylight;

edginess
into
dustless
space
ceriness
into
evenness
So
Faceless
this
evilness

Packet
Packets
of
Pure
Night-
Fall.

CALUM
impregante, as in
red berry dropping
from broken twig.