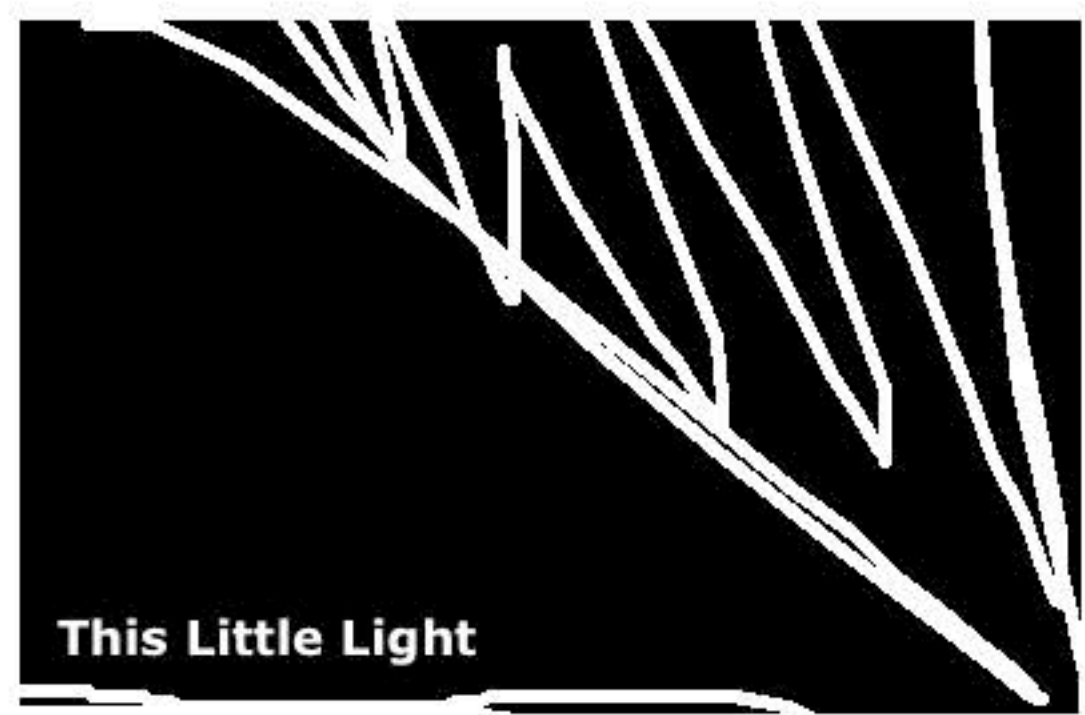


Ruth



Alexander

This little light of mine



vanishes clocks in a bright burst

and hold us infinitely

blasted into a singularity

This little light of mine

demolishes space and tonality

and memory and nostalgia

This little light of mine

burns through difference

abolishing change
and sensation

This

little

light

of

mine

 explodes everything you know 

 eviscerating 

