

LIBERACE'S DOGS

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of the Arts

by

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MISCELLANEOUS

LIMITS

The eye can take in only so much. There's a limit. They say the limit is three thousand stars that the human eye can absorb, ~~that's~~ three thousand different worlds living inside one brain, all with half lives and varying temperatures. Yet when I see them I tend to say they look the ~~same~~, the way I make generalizations about men or literature or garbanzo beans. All the theories amass to become one burning cosmology.

There's hope yet for late literature. Tiny, tiny pin pricks through the carbon paper. In your head it was so., Arrange the boxes carefully. ~~Soon~~ I'll be able to breath again. ~~It's~~ just ~~that~~ you took up so much of the room until there was nothing left, nothing to live for sometimes.