

## GRENZENBORDERS

The gesture braced is a concealing profile. Legs of tensing fog. High hand kidnapped by the north. Corporeal angle jammed by the violence of the frost.

Sometimes the body trembles in the entryway of the party. Like an island shudders and its humidity goes discovering names, with the aroma of the milk, toward the infernal face made.

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A shroud halo converts the jaw, anchored obscenely over a base of metal pegs in the center of the rite. The tongue silences the panic and the eye bleeds under the seminal fang.

It has begun in the hollow and is a blank scream of mechanical breath. When the form ascends, inhale to the tatters and the melancholy limb.

Until everything turns to salt.