

# Blue/rings 7

*by* Kog Zadare

Is this it? Us why? The hour now? Then someday we ask only that, when a return to calmness? So it is, miserable edifice of sadness! Clarity. The thing meets dirt at a double hoof with an irresistible trot. We see, it remains blind. Unhappiness it foretells? Clarity. What can it know? How does it get along. Automata species? No brain as in a dark dream. Clarity. Blue feet, red lungs it is unspeakable. It strides in swirls like the wind herself and threatens to drag us down to ruin. Random chance movements dominant its frame. Clarity. It is an ordered thing if one studies it, and applies sense to it. Our science documents its girth and takes measurements. It is known through patient application of reflection. Clarity. Fear or gain in it, for us? It has, you see, neither capacity to see or to speak... Empty of any meaning, one does not know what to make of it. Inspires such a deep melancholy, that stays with one. It seems to be useless. Clarity. What a monstrous thing, lethal proximity. It won't satiate. Get full of us and leave! Desperation fills us up, our only hope. A bad wind blows through us, death is threatened. Hide. Clarity.

