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Transcendence is the costume of the buzzard. It is a disembodied spirit that touches everything in us but is seldom touched. When the buzzard drives around, its two-toned wings swallow the sound.

When you fly as an updraft in deadheat toward the sun, only then possibly will you and the buzzard become indivisibly one.

That red head is not blood but it matches the sun. The four claws are not bones and they envy your thumb.

Still at the non-existent end of the circle, the buzzard, like you, will be voiceless, the hssss absurd, the true surd that begins

the excavation of the air rotating around each corpse

as the sun must rotate the silence around the round bone of the moon.