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Clouds come out of the cereal factory feeds it to the sky. Burns its grains and gives it to machines. Silkflower and snowevil brittle by the roadside. By salt-stained. In a cloudy dark. In roads. In a field to the north close to the known precarious border in the field. Was the border. It faces north. Lace and thorn. You can’t pick those flowers, they shatter! Serves you fundamental.

Ladies feed grains to the sky and their daughters attend the school. Pink lipstick and shiny purses made from taken grains. Across the border the clouds are different. Snowevil denser, petals more translucent. They have their different kind of factory. In summer they all die. In winter they are permanent. The summer wasn’t real and isn’t her. I mean here their clouds decorate their purses.