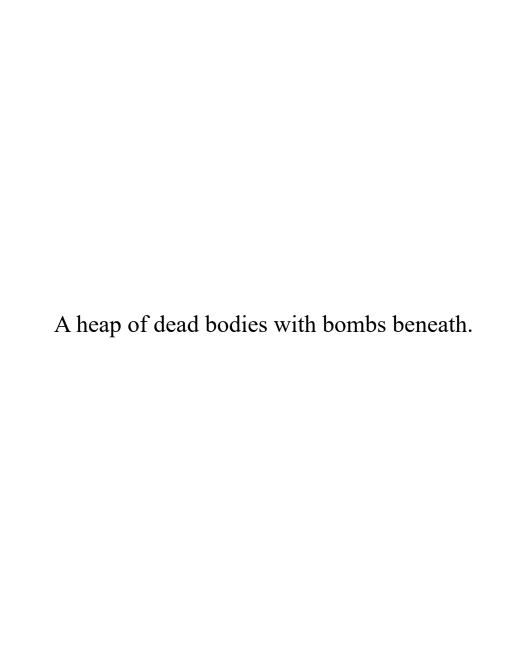
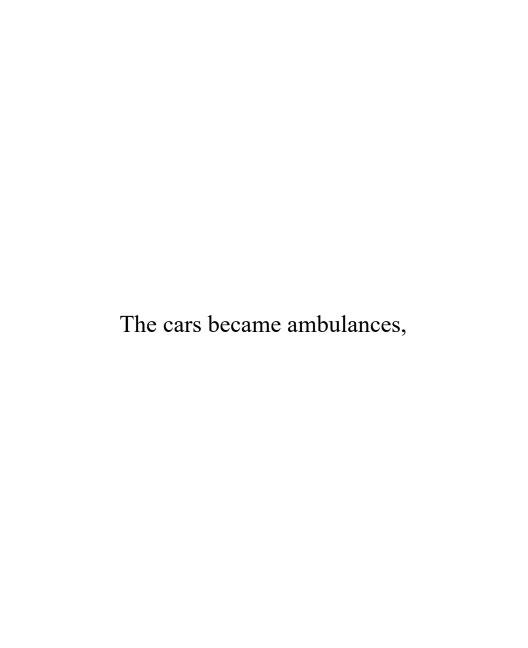
Free Sleep.

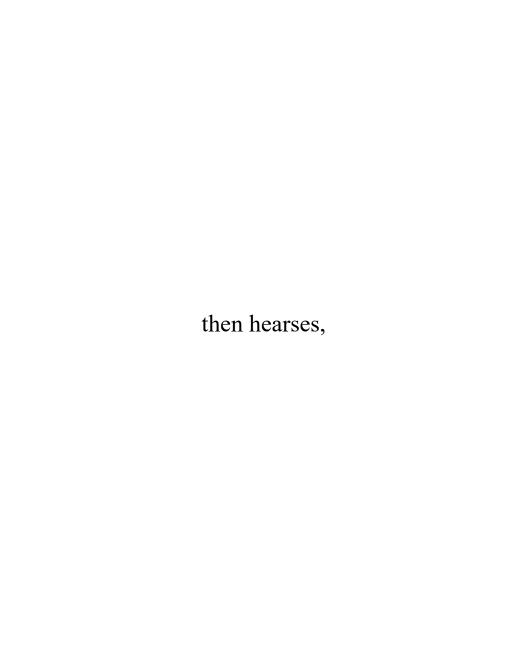
Rose Herald

Final days. The cool summer air in the woods waiting for it to happen and it happens and it rises from behind the jack pines bright light like I was waiting for like what you saw it goes up and is gone and this moment is the only moment for the rest of time. Dust piles up where my feet sit.

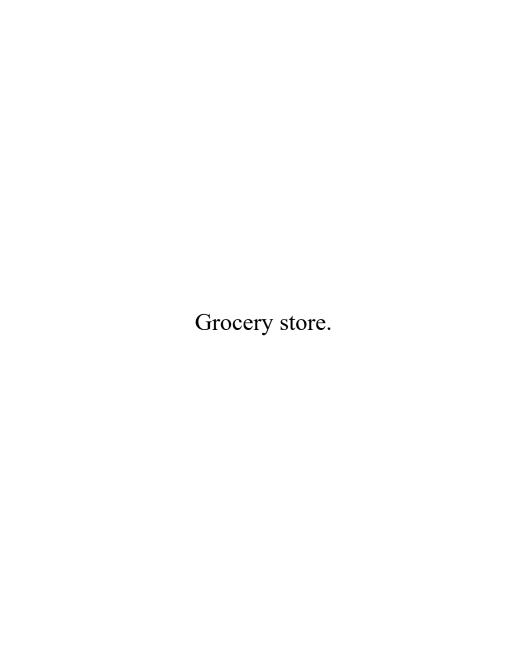


| A plane, half-destroyed, waits in the forest. | |
|---|--|
| | |



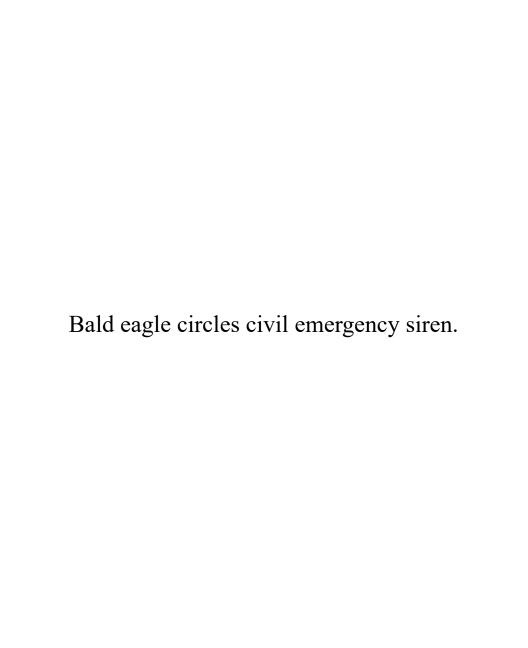




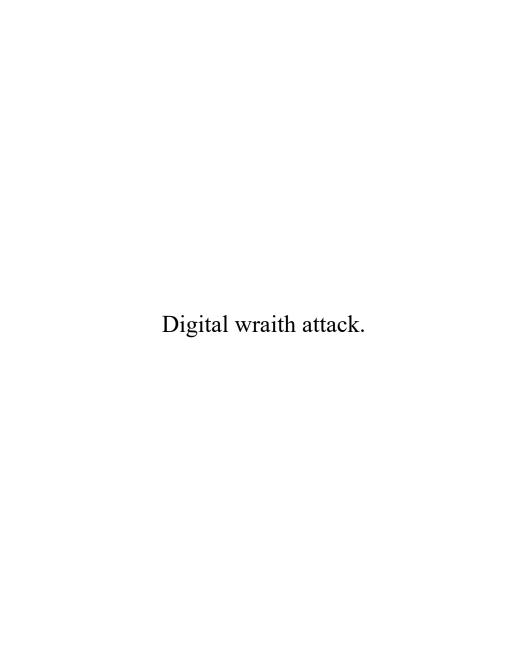


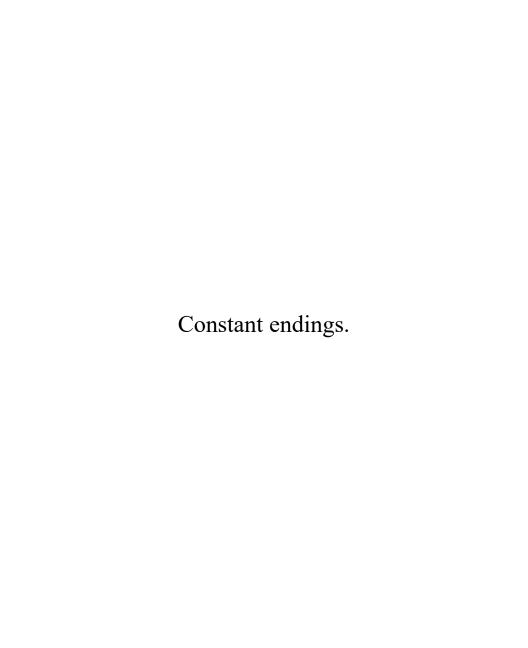
One hundred people together in a room saying to themselves, "But I was so careful."

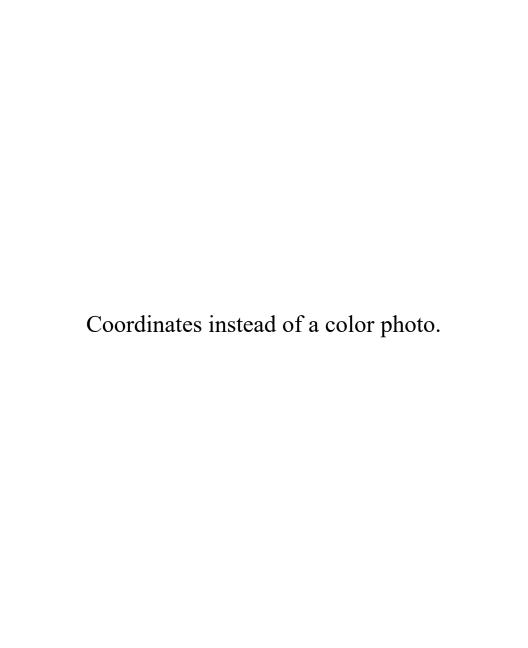


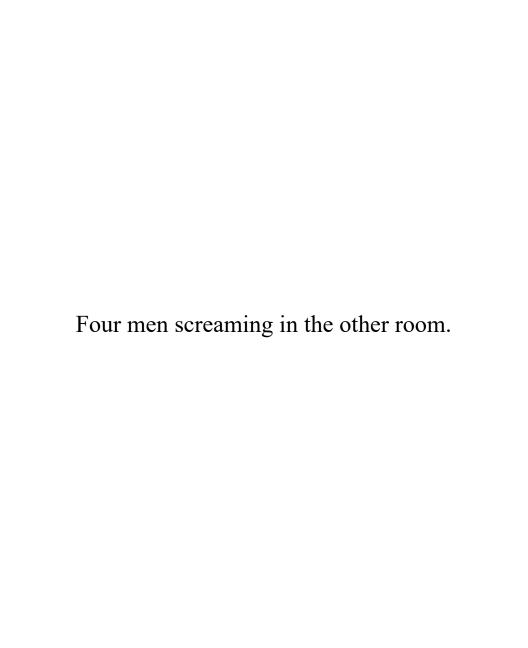


| Low bit rate wind blows through actual trees. |
|---|
| |













Flare gun flare. Up into the night like a fucked up fire. They're all dead. Funeral expenses. Dripping faucet in a house with no one in it. The dust collecting doesn't reply. You know it's bad but it's not eerie until you remember it will never change again.