

ABETTERBETTER

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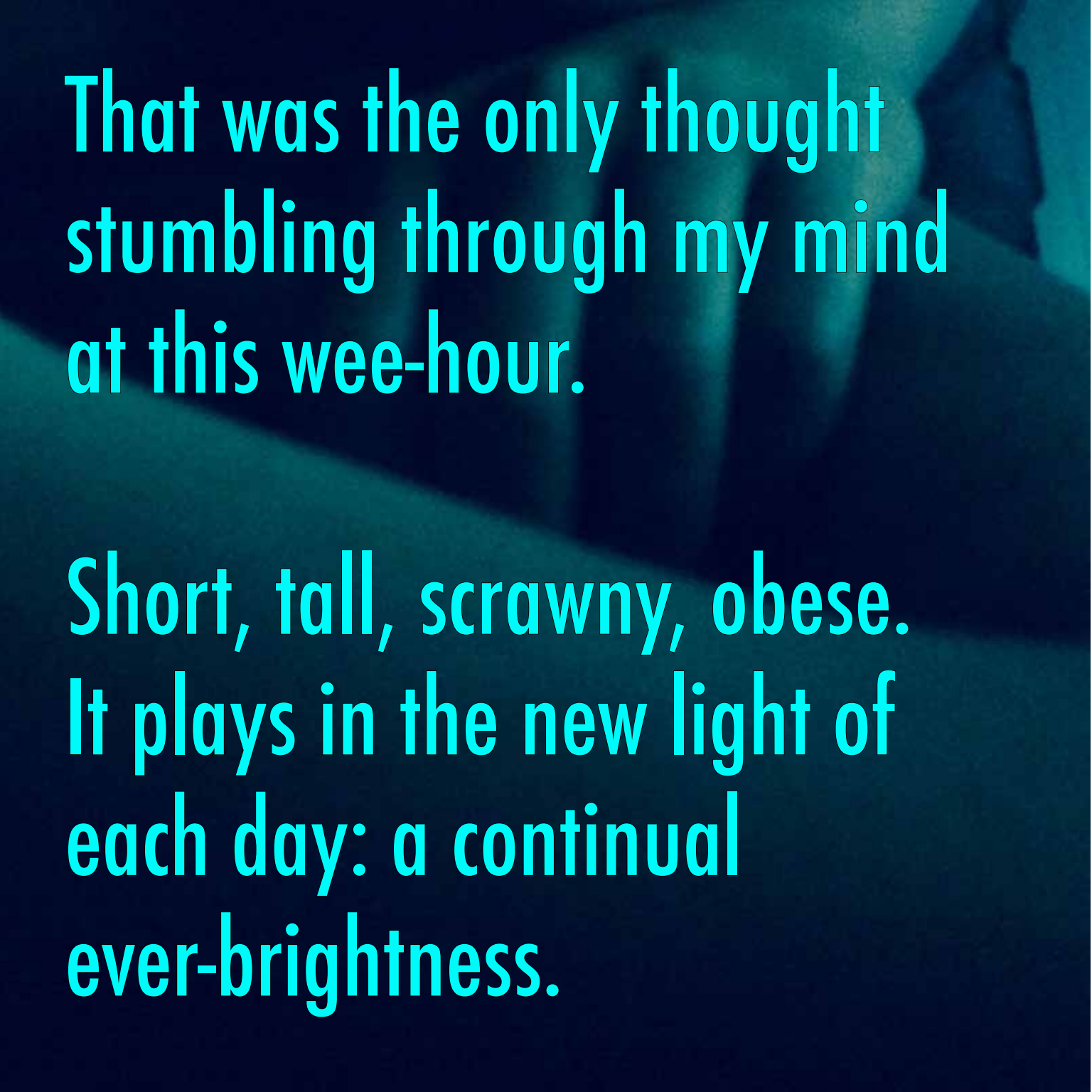
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That was the only thought
stumbling through my mind
at this wee-hour.

Short, tall, scrawny, obese.
It plays in the new light of
each day: a continual
ever-brightness.

A vibrant sunset over a sports field. The sky is filled with streaks of orange, red, and purple. In the foreground, a chain-link fence runs across the frame. Behind the fence, two stadium lights are visible, glowing with a warm orange light. The overall scene is a mix of natural beauty and artificial lighting.

Feel the **blue**, **magenta**,
yellow or **green** burn.

Eye candy is in the rules,
our behavior is predictable,
our anthem is a steady
melodical, marchable
cadence brought upon by



a super-brilliant glint
from staring directly into
unfiltered light: which
centers our attention.

We hand-carry this
brilliance with us as mobile
satisfaction.



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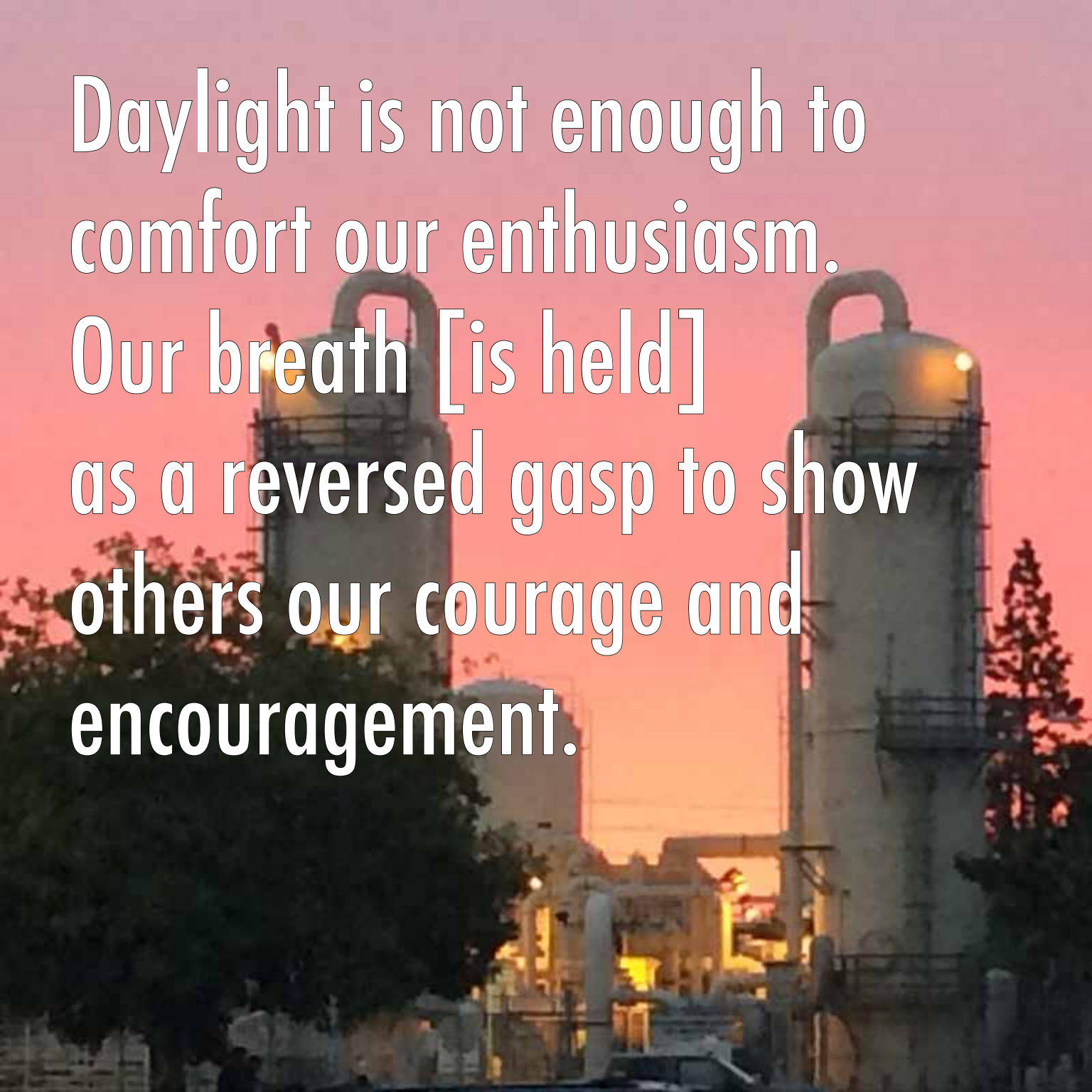
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Daylight is not enough to
comfort our enthusiasm.
Our breath [is held]
as a reversed gasp to show
others our courage and
encouragement.



Maybe a hundred years from now we won't even notice, or give a rat's ass, but for this exact moment, right now, its burning make-believe onto all tangible surfaces. More, please.