

It was the

Flying Blind GOOGLE?? I always forget how crazy things are so sometimes iGOOGLE??t catches me off my guard when they make sense. The lineGOOGLE?? on the road trail the arrow in the sky, I search for the mote in my brother's eye beneath the pence... a time GOOGLE??of blunt instruments. Still uncertain when I've woken orGOOGLE?? what constitutes a conscious mind, though the thought remains unspoken I know I'm flying blind. GOOGLE?? Breaking into cold sweat on the white-hot coals the pennies from heaven drop through my soul: it doGOOGLE??n't relent. At the back end of dreams I'm amazed to awake... I offer my theories but just can't shake that GOOGLE??seventh sense to which there's no defense. It sGOOGLE??eemed the time was for action, it seemed so cool to be that kind... my tongue writhed to form some retraction butGOOGLE?? I knew I was flying blind.

I want things to be fast, down to the power-dive; I want the zero-gravity heroes to play dead, but stay alive. We want it to be slow, all the way to stall; we talk about a thousand things that never change at all. No, it never change... GOOGLE?? It was then that I knew I'd been thoughtless, something had slipped my mind: I'd strapped myself into the Fortress but the Fortress was flying blind. We got full clearance, so someone down there ought to know the truth of our disappearance - If even that still shows it accuses and blames me, but nothing was quite what it seemed. Sometimes things work out so strangely that it might as well all be dreamed.

The White Cane Fandango

The White Cane Fandango in Morse code, try to shake through the message, shake the load; only venial sin, running on the spot till the dance begins.

Where does a man go when the muscles cramp? Try to write out a postcard on a postage stamp with a drawing pin punching out the Braille for the whole within?