

House of polar hysteria.

Is a mixed state, agitation and depression, green eyes gleaming fruitfully from the snow. I cast the circle, invoke the professional lover, where is the topaz man when you need him. She cannot be trusted with a weekend. We dwell with Tyw, Wodin, Thor, Freya, never riddle over who rules our workdays. I think he had a forest not a migraine. And I've seen God and done without, listened to the autobiographical sinew of helices for hexes; maybe blew it. Five hundred lifetimes as a fox—that's one. I let the leaves drop, stood all winter long empty-handed. It takes me, the supposed permuter, an hour to drive home, head hung out the window trying to see past striating snow, prow straight into its oncoming swirl, weirded. Go somewhat nuts, picture knot-headed proto-Europeans in rotted bearskins hurling heavy objects, e.g. boulders, at each other and grunting wrathfully. Is ego really so bad, after all someone has to steer the car, guzzle tea, take the last doughnut, facilitate meetings, or else chaos. Those old Zen masters who greedily reach for sweets. Whack the Calvinist within, it's an action not a piece of work. Who's above his own consequences? Both of us turned involuntary to check her out in tight jeans leaning over a low wall, blue eyes rimmed with black, thirteen and more than a little bit bad. No more sugar for you; I'm taking *no-no* for an answer; *I am not a human being*, after which he led the monks to the other side of the mountain, with his staff picked up the dessicated corpse of an old reynard, and performed the cremation service as if for a priest.