

FOR THE LOVE OF ARIADNE ① ② 10.18

you live just safely north → these miles we so curse serve healthy fortifications. nature has put you → nature has put us where we are and it will be nature that will some day draw us back together. you wait for me → but you don't know. these lines we curse have sheltered us → have let → this space we curse. the poles that ^{pull} (push) us separate will one day pull together → as i drive → as i drive across the forest let me hold your hand (don't let me fly into the sun), and as im running through ~~my~~ this war, please read my telegram → ariadne don't let go. no matter what spirit moves you. this string means more to me than you will ever know. you live just safely north → just gently set away from fires that send down the tender heart → just gently set apart from fire sending down the tender hearts → and for no reason saving anger → this space we often curse → it saves us.

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ARIADNE ③

10.20.9p

you live just safely north. this space we often curse
is the same space that saves us. you live
just gently north — set apart from fires
sending down the tender heart.

as i dive across this forest let me hold your hand
(dont let me fly into the sun) as im running
through this war please read my telegram —
and tell me that it's to be won.

~~Natures put us above war and it ~~will~~ be she will
draw these poles together soon~~

through no true spell but anger,
~~through no true salve~~ through no true salve
but love we so amble on in
the science of the senses.

through no true trial but practice,
with no true song to hold we so
crumble down — tumble in the folds

little ariadne ~~went~~ came on home
~~little ariadne went you came alone~~
~~through the~~ in ~~the~~ my
saddest hour i sit alone little ariadne

little ariadne

F:10.21 C:10.22

you live just safely north. this space we often curse
is the same space that saves us. you live just
gently north set apart from fires sending down
the tender heart.

as i dive across this forest let me hold your hand
(dont let me fly into the sun) and as im running
through this war please read my telegram and
tell me that its to be won.

through no true spell but anger, through no
truer salve but love; we so amble on in the
science of the senses. through no true trial
but practice, with no true song to hold, we
so crumble down and tumble in the folds.

and as i dive across this forest let me hold your hand
(dont let me fly into the sun) and as im crawling
through this war please read my telegram and tell
me that its to be won.

little ariadne won't you come on home? in my
saddest hour i sit alone. little ariadne i feel
the walls close in — come and calm this
soor wanton wispy din.