

I.

That that diaphanous ethereal coastline, within sight of paved Ctasy, leading that world-class life in virtual anonymity, a finger to the law, was just the product of a geological anomaly, a vast cleft in the underwater continental shelf that lets open-ocean swells reach the coast without losing any size or power—tell us that case we crack while others drop us down a face so horrifying they don't believe me

What went wrong? "So warped I can prove everything alright, still come undone," said that. Ctasy is just strange qualities curling out beneath you while pushing up against you. Say let it confess, *Here's my night: threw a book at the chair, its life to ride every page, to score tipsy marginalia against my mavericj dissertation—*

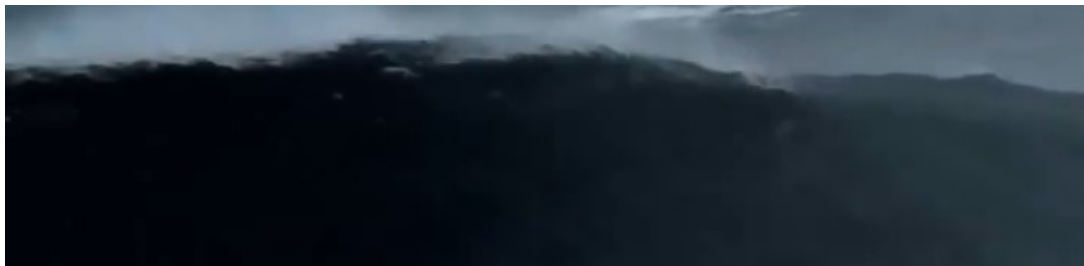
Enough for one night, Ctace

II.

what oceanic visitor wouldn't fan out only to get focused in some aqueous cop prism, its quality depends upon detritus floating up from the epipelagic zone, no, the abyssopelagic zone, here per my bio—

Ok Ctasy you've got to stay a raw pelagic biome in this life, just a desert compared to others, a fucking lichen

no a fungal echo in a tide focused so far ahead that a wave lurching into a closeout better have nothing on us, its NoCal secrets to its aqueous street grave; let it know what it is to feel lonely,

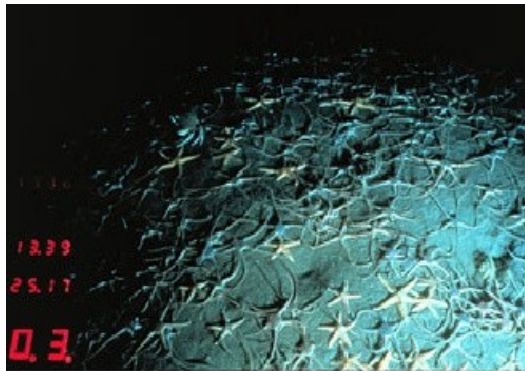


whose only hope is to hit it, a pain to ride, swim like hell, to balance a life pure enough not to get sucked downward as the wave thunders shut....

III.

Then she realized who it was quite exactly authorizing this abyssal happening: a rogue wave so disconnected, so austere, it admits of no proof whatsoever: who spend time studying it, who tame its curls, you might prove lots of theorems relating to it while learning nothing of other waves, still walk away a king

Oblique Ctasy, however she configured, a long sloping ramp leads to the surface: who is she, balanced so tightly between ubiquitous organism—their sights pointed in every direction, to gun us down—and a fucking substance so unique only one way to ride it



however slow the propagation of the waves breaking over it, however sour the wavefront, friend, few understand its proof; that's not what's going on. We tried to find Ctasy before it was too late, or just a tide focusing Ctasy's prism, Ctasy's array—for proofs are eyes of a night

If only way to ride is via a huge, elaborate, and seemingly irrelevant theoretical apparatus that has no other applications, whose body surf that apparatus in the first place? Ctasy break between

to maybe just nip the edges by night
you expect to just sid down & read this