is a non-bound book a book at all?

or perhaps consistent in its mystery as a holarchy of relations to organic
is a non-bound book a book at all?

is it a type of anti or replacement?

or perhaps consistent in its mystery

as a holarchy of new relations to organic
we are learning to evolve our wombs

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cocoons gesticulating in jars
making our own equators
our own equities
through visages of timelessness and spacelessness

chambers within chambers within we

are perpetually unfinished yet also neoterically enabled

by these variegated versions of the inside fist
as a species I want us to learn to speak to and of each other quantumly rather than cognitively
each

‘in you I am a rightly contextualized vast’

because truth is

‘it is being kept that keeps me here’
we are learning to evolve our wombs
like eating your pupils
as a gorgeously studded or jeweled
myopia
we are learning to evolve our wombs

we are learning to evolve our wombs

we are learning to evolve our wombs
Copy # 26 of 45 handmade chaps
we are learning to evolve our wombs by j/j hastain