Some fell faster than believable, smooth gasoline power close in the core, even as some, believing faster than falling, narrowed to trivial thoughts instead; remarkable expectations, the magnificent *tick tick tick boom* of meta-expansion to the end, while machines struck from the back, bubbled through intelligence pickets, spent up demanding more, better, other days, poor, bedeviled, peaked out by modern popular notion of complex believability; why live longer than any one lifetime?

Of course, the rising circle corresponds to hushed kill, hushed rising, hushed indeed, to paraphrase Nietzche:
surprise civilian events launch sympathy launches accordingly, the staggered brutality of Operation Air Children, a test of flotilla math and superpower promises, the nuclear novelty of a mainstream version of revolution’s
last chaos faction, 
its clay cannon battle-
champ needs nothing, 
just itself, 
notching to an 
unproductive end,

a surge commotion! 
Misinformation floods port cities 
sneaky crises await many 
beyond catch and 
release encounters,

and if we continue to need ice, 
ever another emission from sea, 
a particular renewable passage, 
but developed a billion 
hailstorms faster, 
a pandemic, 
a recession, 
an insurrection — 
mind the disparate dollars.