

I approach love as I would a city, errant in its silk and manifestations of gray. The heart, strange hub of all exchange, has been known to fold in on itself. Wishes are arterial and charms are wasted on children. Life is not palindrome, but there is traction, insular lunacy, and the thrum of beguilement. There must be a kinder, gentler way to thin the herd. I should like to die in an outmoded way. I should like to lay waste to story, rip the throat from the dream, and trade the love for the fuck.