Enzo Silon Surin

HIGH'S COOL ENGLISH

We fit ourselves into small silences, the width of which depends on where we live. Tomorrow's standard deviation: bid no explanations, conceal your syntax.

Better to say what you mean than to mean what you say 'cause the trek here's infinite.

The hue and cry of the streets pole toward regarding both time and reason—for which the objective's clear: a lonely ascent—another long poem—alter your route, conceive of a clock's whirr

in a room of frost windows, ambulance sirens falling away,
Byron escorting you back to the pages.