



C O M P A N Y

This is spare. This is abstract. This is a block of text before it can become a block of text. It is predisposed to being read. It is given to content, the balance bestowed upon an even number of lines. This is formation and belief. This proves the generative quality of death. It is autumnal. This is arrival and departure. This is terse, lateral, style. This plastic toy perspires. It is drawn. It breathes into a person. It takes the air, and gives it back untouched.

