That was the only thought stumbling through my mind at this wee-hour.

Short, tall, scrawny, obese. It plays in the new light of each day: a continual ever-brightness.
Feel the **blue**, **magenta**, **yellow** or **green** burn.

Eye candy is in the rules, our behavior is predictable, our anthem is a steady melodical, marchable cadence brought upon by
a super-brilliant glint from staring directly into unfiltered light: which centers our attention.

We hand-carry this brilliance with us as mobile satisfaction.
Daylight is not enough to comfort our enthusiasm. Our breath [is held] as a reversed gasp to show others our courage and encouragement.
Maybe a hundred years from now we won’t even notice, or give a rat’s ass, but for this exact moment, right now, its burning make-believe onto all tangible surfaces. More, please.