



SOLUBLE BATTERY

Nour Mobarak

Afforded only the moment when you've yet to make a habit of double-canned sound, your idea of movement only ill-exerted, slept on twice you kept a fry bread broken. Clipping double-helices and remembering that as a woman you knew no other than to not be lyrical, lyrics were encircled in the mouth, out the bosom, weakness. The halogen skips. A monument struggles to remain. It upholds its mother tongue, but ridiculous. The bed is pushed under you. Every all that is weakness pushed onto your traps, rail head to panpsyche, pushing toward fjords to find physics and workables, jelly ice, railheads, hard matter pushing out concentric. Emerges a rare gut.

A gut, low to the ground, in the off-constructed where wide-panels hung off under 5 peaking roofs, shingles sliding after every rainfall, slapping sounds for all-weather. A gut, pressed against other wide-panels, low, compressed at exhale, twitching at thoughts which repeat, repeat. A trust is held in the fjords, out there, by a robber who has a stupendous career otherwise. Robber. Usurper in wonder. It wonders to pray to find a way to never care again, knowing one day that glorious career will knock and remind that it did not give in, it could have given, and it should not have, but abandon passed and left careful horror, gut-gag.

Otherwise,
the majesty of dubious consent detonated into solicitude happy solo



Nour Mobarak is a voice actor living in Los Angeles.

