



MY DAYS ARE WIND

and amidst the cacophony of reeking stardust, one of the eyes spun around and looked past the vacant eye, past the steely eye, past the loving eye...and stopped at the about-to-be stunned eye. and the Looker bristled with horned scar tissue pooled with carborane. and the hairs of dessicated tissue released by the effort rose into a single coagulate: Have you considered my servant Job?

My Days Are Wind by John Elkerr
11" x 14"
Ink on paper
Text by Stephen Eric Berry