and so and on it goes Pyroxenite and Φ were in love that summer «best time to be» although it eroded in the end: has to: always will: brackishness creeping in and extruding any latent feelings of kink and core: our fracturous relations slickensiding down happens: it happens

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not that Φ can't look back upon that era with fondness and inderision: contrarily, it's frequently a source of comfort and compaction: a reduction of the senses to a period when everything was *felsic* & *porphyry* as they say Pyroxenite got away from me in the end and Φ from her: but for a while it worked: it worked

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a sketch: she was all dendrites and tuff: her skin was olivine whereas mine was a pelite brae: her vesculits were hard and «although this worked in her favour» and her walk and way of holding herself was a euhedral marvel: we won't even talk about her cleave but those aureoles were exquisite and she foliated every day on principle

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not that she was surficial: total opposite in fact: quite the moralist and wiseful: we would frequently lay on the river bank «romantic idyll» all fanned alluvial and rosy in plover and Φ would listen as she propounded on karst politics and the importance of orogeny yes: she was quite the Disconformist and proud of it too: never fell in with the Leucratic crowd: Φ always felt indeservant of her: my own problem natch.

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we met from similar spheres: same old same old: Φ was this and she was that: for certain we had our own interests: hers as above whereas mine were generally gabbrotic: maybe she tired of my saccharoid tastes «a guilty pleasure, admitted» but she wasn't above or beyond some herself and actually and for a time that was how we converged «mutual dissent» Φ don't know: there isn't a formula for the perfect bond and Φ try to avoid overanalysis but it's hard: granitic: «blueschist days»

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needless to say and then yet it's said : she was suited to others : rudaceous lacunas with pockets and power : still it was Φ she chose : daughter product of a high ranked official

and a well=known well=to=do: it was never an issue to her: that's what appealed: Pyroxenite could have been the heir to a conglomeritic fortune but she chose the higher path: again that feeling of inadequacy and aphism—she was gneiss enough to not discondescend but we engineer our own collapses: maybe it was simply that Φ could never feel good enough for her

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what else ? : born of Andalusites, Pyroxenite of the Paloehoe frost=shattered my heart but then Φ hers too : an anticline neither of us expected «optimism of love» : she dug her talus in me and Φ had my xenotime with her

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but this is no sad=requiem: only a recollection: memory salves—the rift came much later and there were still plenty good times before: we once marched over drumlins and abyssal plains: only stopping to admire the view from the eustatic rises: her magmic discourses on nonclasticism and the karst «favoured subject» our commentary later she took us below the caldera: me indurated: fell buckling below with her in eskers and we spent the night all turbid and hypersalined «contact metamorphosed»

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there were other and less physical occasions of course : she invited me to dinner with a wealth of influential batholites and coccoliths and paid them not a whit : we ate breccia and she was the centre of attention but gave all hers to me : night to remember Φ don't lay the fault anywhere : the weather was already turning hard when things began to slump : our syntaxis out was noticeably of : the sex erratic : both were seeing other types and moraines and she often became autochthonous in the evenings : we spent more time apart and her loess was my loess

everything has its half=life then and this was ours: we feldsparred then sheared without effort: plutonic the aftershock came and went and looking back it all seems so compacted as to be nothing: a spark in a lifetime: how it always is