no mistakes. no negative space. the entirety is sticky. what can i get away with. my formula of obedience and noise. i am a chef metabolizing dough. the rate at which grain absorbs water. its infiltration also of words. the very same words. wording structures that function both as processes and as products. evidence of a cycle left out like old bread. my language is nothing but a packaged crust. for projecting possible functions. images are nothing but crusts themselves. evidence of relations that rarely coalesce with the core. they result from. transitions an endless processing of problems. broken textures upon an established surface. techniques of breaking systems yet complying to established systems. i leave the crust to stale everyday. everyday i eat a little bread. everyday everyday i throw a little bread away dry old grains. the noise of exchanges a preservation of what a circulation of all grounds. i deride formal definitions of painting. i pledge allegiance to formal definitions of painting i leave them out like old crusts of bread on polished surfaces. the noise of all time. left like bread. i am a man with my techniques with my exchanges. i get flour water salt yeast nothing else. i make bread and i let it stale i feed the crusts to. ducks. the ducks make droppings. droppings that dot my field. my fields being. incidentally. beautiful.