

There Is A Time For Everything.

In between the dead and the living, feelings of neither deadness nor aliveness, that is when evil exists
Even in the stoniness of my own heart. ***my body fragile killable.***

I did not kill HER



PULSES

***We entrust into thy hands most merciful Father,
The soul of this our child departed,
And we commit her body to the ground,
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust***

Fig. 13.8 Gloves