

**PALABRAS DE BITS, PALABRAS DE TINTA (BLOG DE  
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**Grace Shami**

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Aconcharse is in DLE and is derived from yet another slightly differently hispanicised form of the same substrate word, concho :. As always, we look forward to your comments, criticism and ideas at info at hispabrickmagazine dot com. The stems and limbs and trunk Sweet silent beauty It is something reborn... It is I am hearing your heart, your arms... Moving the space in your walking Your legs, your feet, your body In harmony with the deepest notes In the way to the stars It is your strong decision who interpret the B flat Probably you ignore Palabras de bits musical you are Your paths walk is an earthly sound wave Crossing black holes I see you going surrounded by prodigious trees By the a lighting hummed sex You are including in this cosmic performance Where the typical piano is almost broken Your hot decisive walk impresses me Trillions of stars flows making forms your image Cavities, fingers, branches, divine caves Extending your movement away From your central blue and black-pink Aptitude! Chaos favours fortuitous

discoveries. No dejaremos de remunerar a quienes se conduzcan bien.

Your hair is a fountain of gold, A rain of foam embracing me, Bearing me up, to sea  
are not streets I am thinking about you and I grow As a woman  
In my way is not resentful is not past Is not future Only I  
feel the red clods-earthly-grass at the moment Sometimes it is  
an even layer of snow And I grow because the sky is bright As  
your colours And I open my arms to the puzzling fable Of your  
eyes.