Retorne to the Sloghe of Langue Decaied
Not all burrowed lang is rot, though ever wood is fungal. Just as the architectonic forest is a metaphor, the metaphorical book is a holomorph. The book itself, grave objet, digital passage. The forest, in fact, is a faux machina.
Ev’ry space is temp, a book w/ ende lef & vygne. Re: space, red agen, resiste tempo tempor. Onely blanc space on the page is < tym. Efén he blande pagne doen mold. An supernal horne ov handgewrit, as upon die lefes & borkr on den forêt dekke.
The ei haf closyd: yon compiled poysyn, the book writes itself.
The syntax for[e]d le extant to wheche delayed matter neathe the boardes @1’s 2’ a narrowe pasion crowing regrette to the book splaid w foliage winde blowed unter contemp. A rotting past of dis stande. Hleder uppe becam the lange. 1 vys tak by sprig. 1 vyce exposed. The forest erased.
Kart be stein impresst:
The woods is where it's at.
De ofe, layt, frmr, previs, altz, loos, decaed, forgotte, tu comm.
The forest. Tha is, thu was, hab e’en, woll ha becom the book.
Wrapt in the forest
Tk cove un la book

The book war a forest
The forest never wore a book

††††
& yett.