



SOUTH-LAND

165.4

Sweet South-Lander,



What's

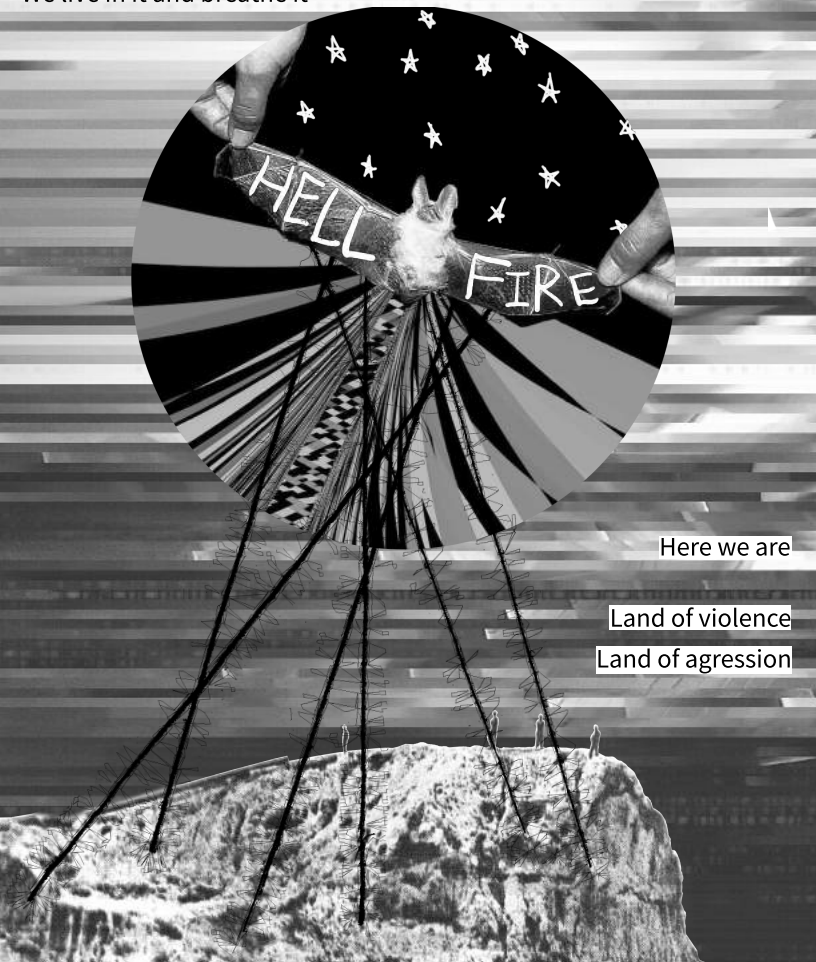


Let me lure you through our garden with my blush.

What's one lure in the world of lures?

one blush from a little girl?

SOUTH-LAND is no distance, literal or figurative, from the United States
We live in it and breathe it



Here we are

Land of violence

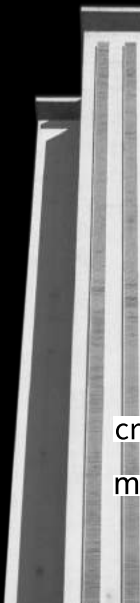
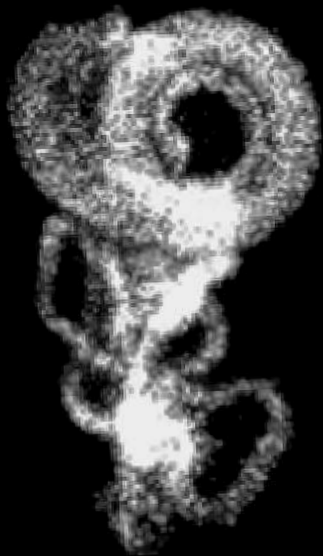
Land of aggression

of America



Land of The Deporter & Chief

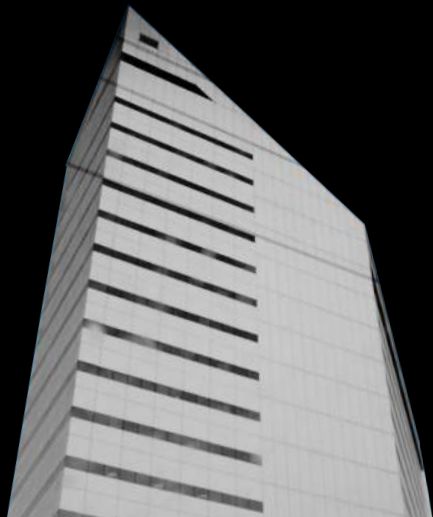
where I live



cr
m

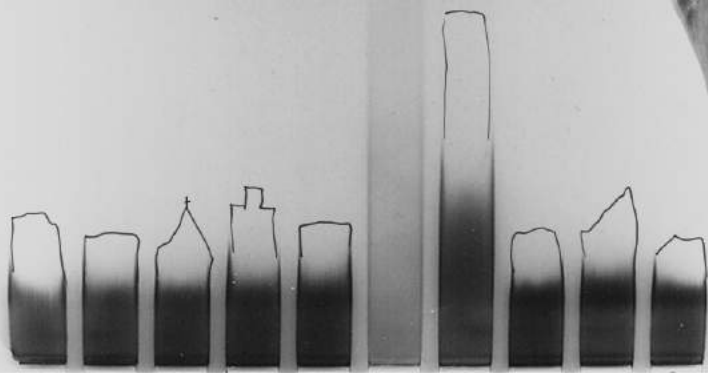


a
lookedevil
an
lives

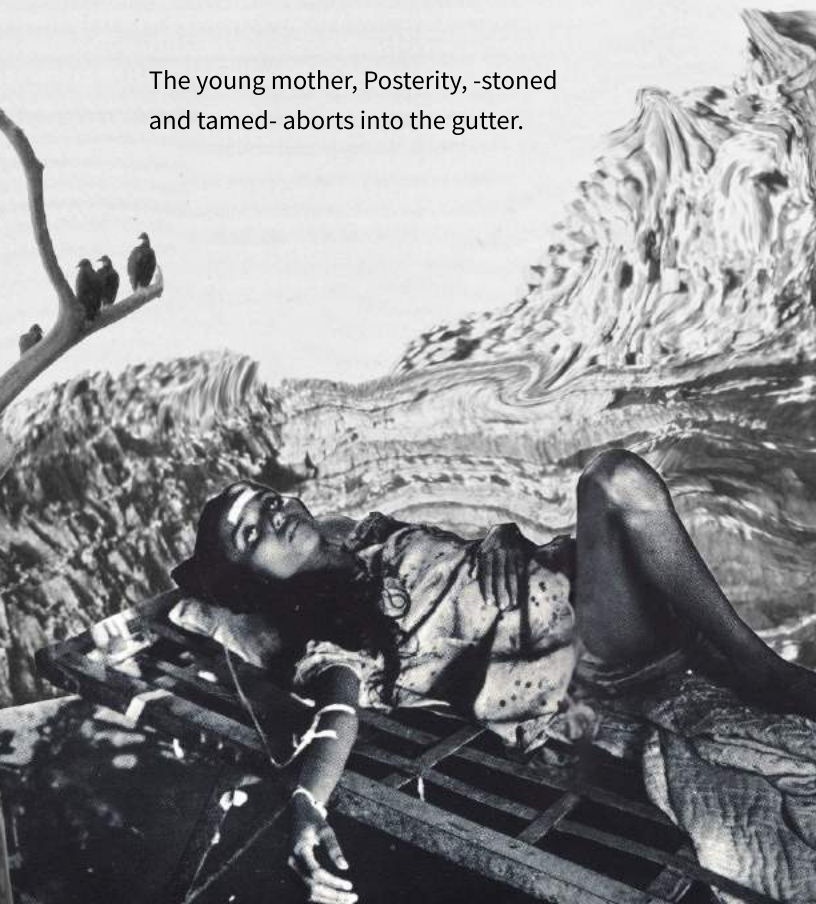


But I'm nowhere distinct.

SOUTH-LAND is full of the
usual kinds of cities where
many people are ghost and
inequality benefits the
vultures.



The young mother, Posterity, -stoned
and tamed- aborts into the gutter.



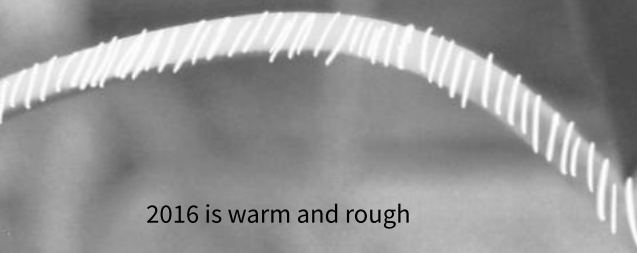


The Media is terrible.



It's no secret...





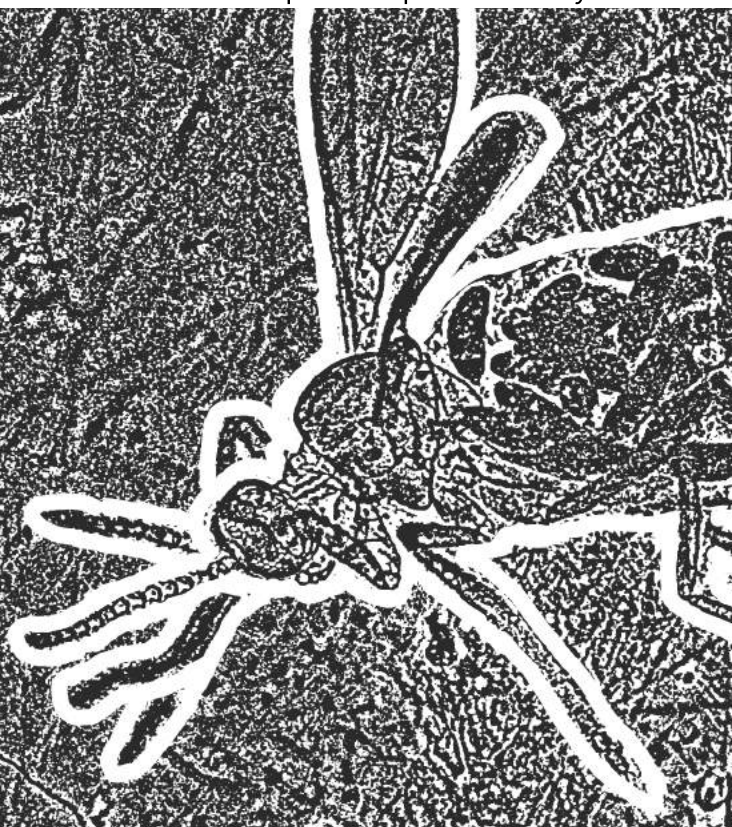
2016 is warm and rough

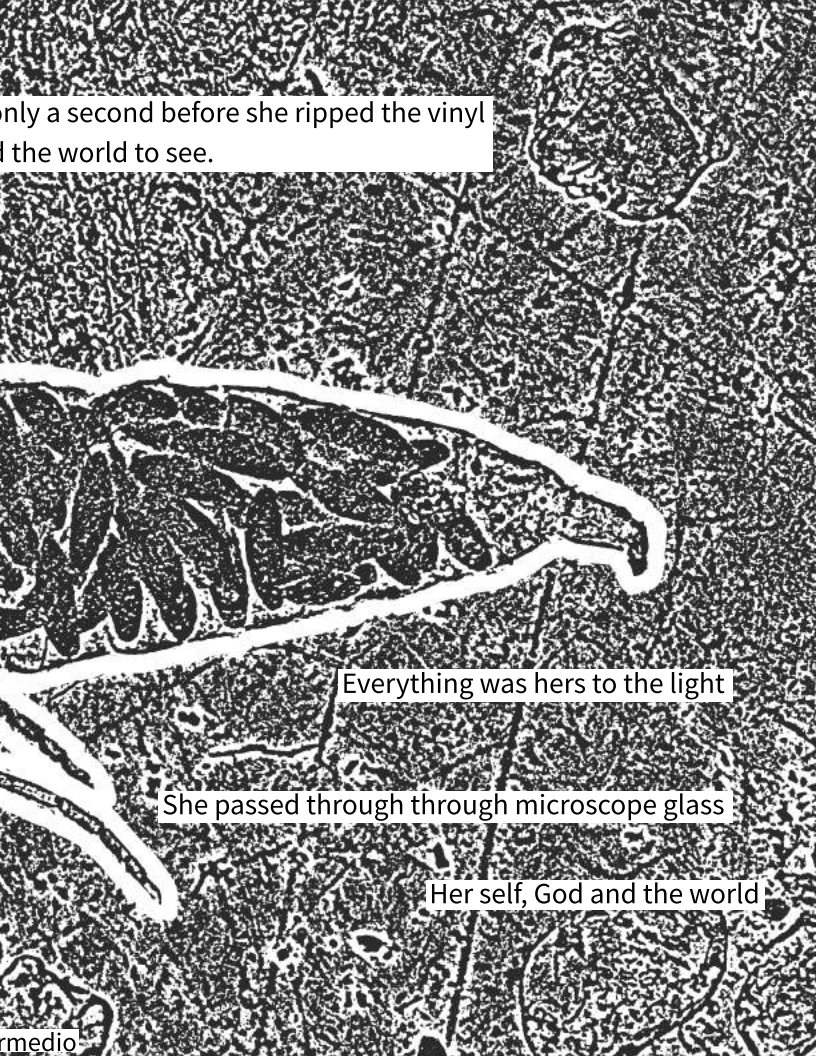
the texture of a crap year





Maya glanced at the camera logo on the translucent bag for o
hood from the microscope and exposed it's body for God and





Only a second before she ripped the vinyl
and the world to see.

Everything was hers to the light

She passed through through microscope glass

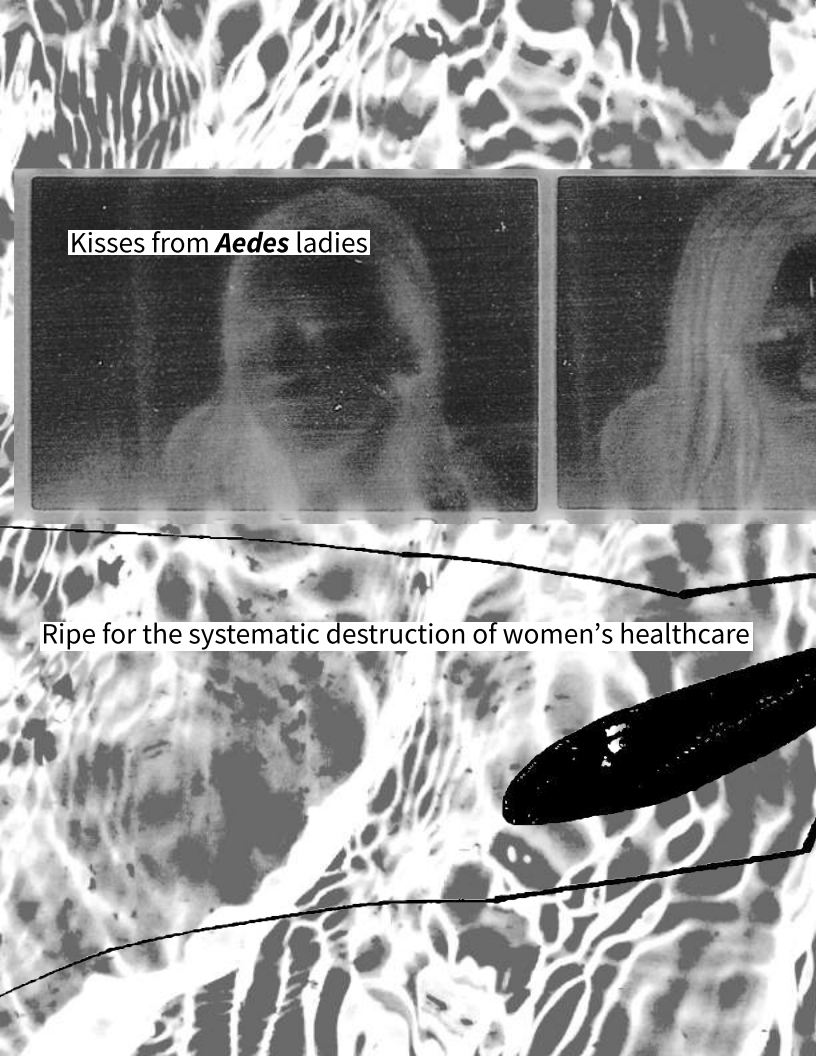
Her self, God and the world





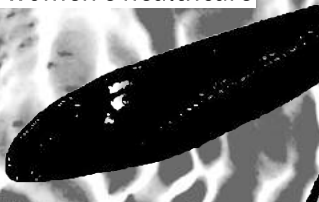
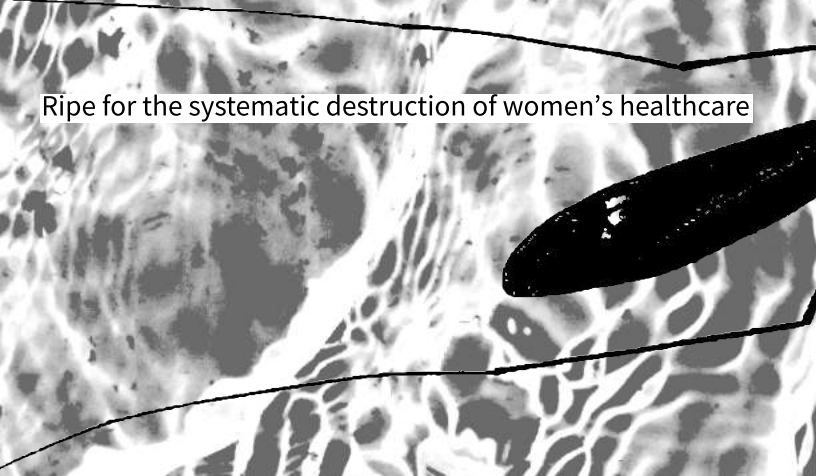






Kisses from *Aedes* ladies

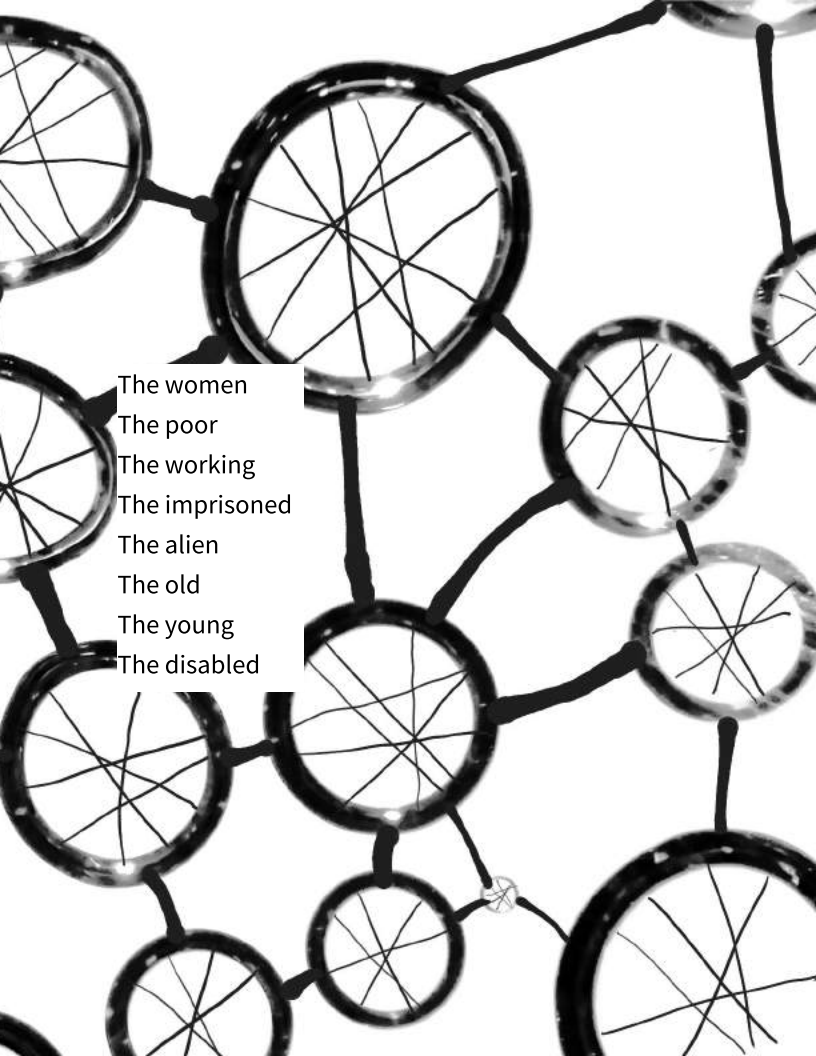
Ripe for the systematic destruction of women's healthcare





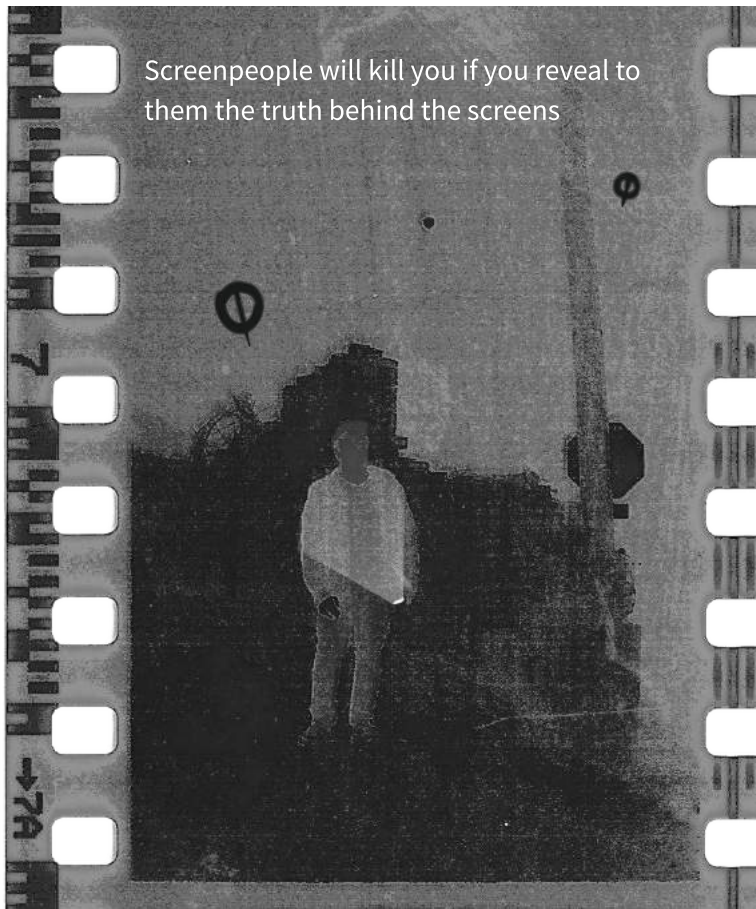
SOUTH-LAND preys on the vulnerable

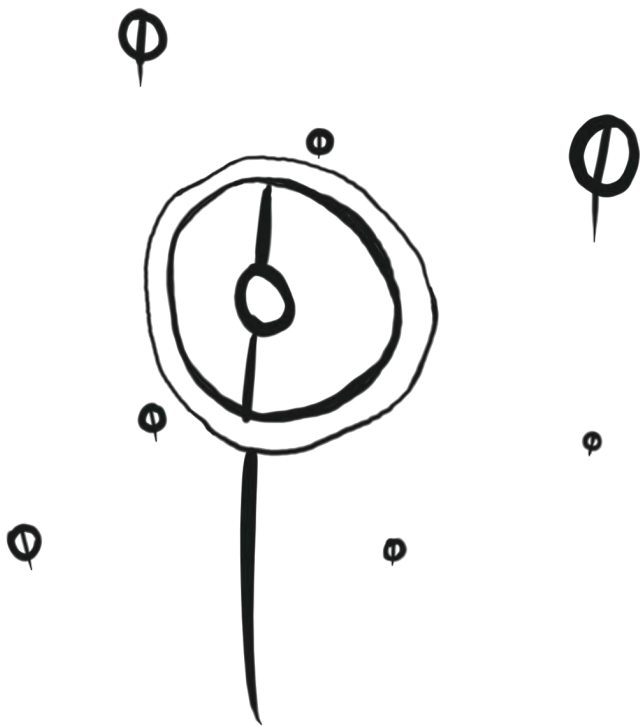


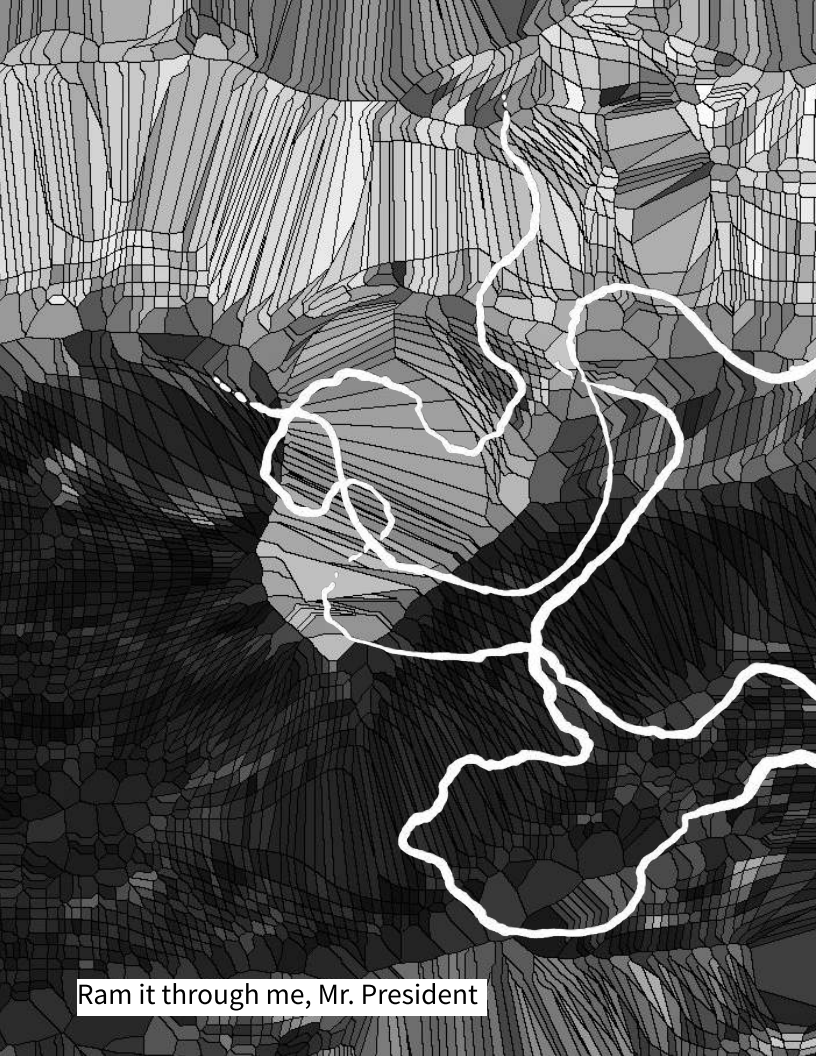
The background of the entire image is a complex network of interconnected bicycle wheels. Each wheel is represented by a thick black circular rim and a series of thin, black, intersecting lines that form a web-like pattern across the interior of the wheel, resembling spokes or a mesh. The wheels are of various sizes and are connected to each other by thick, black, irregular lines that form a continuous, branching network across the white background. The overall effect is one of a dense, interconnected web of circular forms.

The women
The poor
The working
The imprisoned
The alien
The old
The young
The disabled

Screenpeople will kill you if you reveal to
them the truth behind the screens







Ram it through me, Mr. President



TPP

Give Me Your

VOTE - SO



er
UL



iendo

If you are drawn to look out the window
through my eyes, at the face of our lives...

You will see the malaise too.



BLACK
LIVES
MATTER

<https://policy.m4bl.org/>



So let us face our greatest demons and
wrest the world to peace.



S-L #4
32pg, fiction
9/16 - TLH, FL