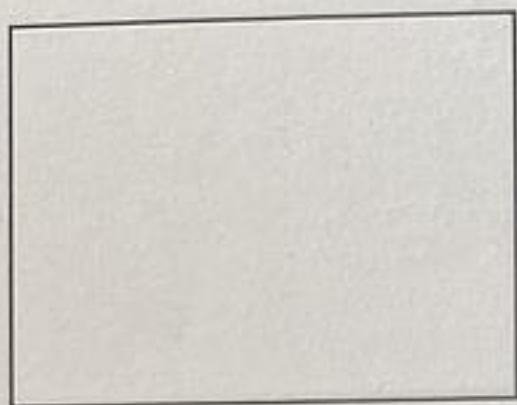




STANDART



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Many dozens of revolutions later, beans were finally in an extractable state. Buzzing ensued as dreams were pouring over the chocolaty granulate. Uncontained spillover got lost in Doo's stream of consciousness. Blue, so much of blue, bright, beaming light stripped away his sensations. He would've normally flinched. Instead, his arms opened wide to embrace mindful nothingness. Cup of his life! Ideas barreling down the slope of creativity landing in opulent swirls. Hugged by bliss, he couldn't have noticed a pair of glimmery hummingbirds. They, too, are dancing in infinity.