



finite limited limitation. emptiness of indecision  
(fake emptiness.  
not original.  
poor quality of merchandise.  
did not match seller's description.)  
emptiness of indecision: i.e., the abstract positing of the abstract  
where the concrete situation of the positer is left, leaves,  
undescribed.  
at the same time, a hypnotic numinosity induced in the  
writer/reader through repetition of this abstraction convokes an  
atmosphere necessarily shared with the real thing that's squashing  
out segments of written gestures. i.e., the hypnotising mark is a  
demystified myth when squinted at.

it is a shifting in the verbal map of constraint, expected to have  
value for entities considered as themselves in relation to their  
possible connections

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well. either time (—>) is only form under which sequence of our experiences can have meaning  
– and so as ours, be something like proof of themselves, rather than units of qualities, a priori  
abstract and pre-prepared for rearrangement-reprocessing in some factory or other. (e.g., "the  
relevance of going there being due to the relevance of what happens when going there's falling  
under the relevance of going there.")

"bordel pas possible" : the very place where the acts do take place.  
merdier pas possible; where the shit *is*. the opening and closing of the bin.

sein, bewußtsein, und wandel, kostenlos. so, a certain amount of naïveté, a regular dose of a  
style of corrupt naïve participation.

the gloom of a mental nativism, that traces, by a complex arrangement of levers and sparks with  
a laser and dust, the curtain of its own obliteration.

i affirm, i con-state, that i am not plastic bags. but *i* suppresses this difference by swallowing the  
plastic bag and thus resorbing its substance into the strata of lost civilizations, memories of  
dragons, etc.

the brain. —We are the body.

(the head the boss of the body

(the name the bossing of the heading of the body

*je besonnener, desto unsinnlicher.*

nostalgic feelings are considered self-relevant, people do not typically experience nostalgia on  
behalf of someone else

## POEM

fed destruction, we do get up to  
the convenience later. and conduce to destroy  
the bottom of what you don't deserve  
to choose, to which face. whether dog

and paralysed into a cybernetic silence of  
politely textured clouds; or these other ideas  
when you eat—production funds the bound,  
also... itchy visual.

not enough to occupy the other than  
less fuckers. but less two eyes of  
the food. having gotten up the water.

*(at the primary ways, and for the human being, —or see it, who wants you to  
click that the grey shreds that they're being are completely grasped in this  
inherent derivative work consciousness—or of how, shame is insulated from  
time in fragments. this position—yourself with basket in atmosphere, or imposed  
by the need—is bunk compared to your body, but not come from the covers as  
much as to "move")*

~

—>brussels. it's not too wet under the bath. the shared human face above the toilet. which tip of the body can  
look obsessional. the light on. or off—"to train my rods". 50 terrors before sleep. waking up like a heap of  
labels stuck over each other on a shop that sucks. desire-writing as depression-writing: i left dishes for you i  
think. everything is frowns and sunshine now. i disagree. the substance of that overproduction of style is our  
attachment to the milking table. (pasteurised affect.) not at all. that is a very "negative" way of looking at it,  
certainly. their real drawings are hiding in other dimensions. i should just call you. you are still there,  
(according to the theory.) in the shed, attaching something to an animal. it's only the intervention of  
inadequate ideas that is giving me a different impression. la grande année, sans fin, de la marchandise. you  
accord to the theory by still being there. sunshined grey clouds. pine trees, other trees, details, your clothes,  
squiggles of tar on road cracks, yellow lines, continuous white lines, currywurst, peace sign means nazi van,  
pine trees, other trees, heavy loads, l's polo, the first windmills on the grey sunny sky, that young one just  
grew his first blades and he is already courting, they keep the dropped young blades in hangars behind the  
hills where they melt after two weeks, the factories are there to make it look like they don't just grow, and to  
give us something to think about other than its seeping into the groundwater, the terra-cotta-coloured asphalt.  
huge numbers of wasps live in the piping of the chairs at the rest stops. they peep out of the hole with calm-  
looking faces. the gate to the forest is closed. a lizard hanging round its holes pauses then runs away. corrosive  
contamination is warned of. etihad will bury you for free if you get COVID. so, i am a human-produced non-  
social relationship between humans? am i underwater? is my form my essence? am i a forest? do i consist of  
other organisms? so am i a possibly accidental man made non social relationship between non living things?  
does the number of elements in the relationship that i am increase? sometimes the sound reaches us faster.  
am i nihilism,

the praxis of compassion...

the milk (?) bar was ever further away  
down ray where the big (?) glass windows  
ought to've been the down  
ca(s)t smile wherever you never

– died exposed for claiming divine impunity.

see it and be free.

from the lords and their wielding of the power to expose to death.

punishing with death to remain in this world lost on the roads of death since we left paradise.

in search of the knowledge of our stupid separation from the snake who knew what the knowledge was.

the plank déter. all he wants to do is go faster than the truck. this fills him up and empties him out. as soon as it slows or stops he jumps on his chance. he could be a long slat with I'M EXHAUSTED painted on it—but he's a plank déter, in a mobile home/truck, under a seat.

~

my dream a visit with lars ulrich: —how do you do it, keep making art every day?  
when you are forced ever and again to play the same thing, 'falling down stairs' to  
'fill'? the line disappears and when it's back it's rebounded. your job is to 'fill' the  
song unrolling its stretched, gloomy riff. one deserves to be played again as much as  
it has been. if you can run, you can walk; walk, smile; smile, stop. i love the feeling  
of that little worm, the hole to the cosmos.

then i dreamed about you. you said

—what is the life process? now is not the time to freak out and get scared.

you were dead, but you were alive. you had become a character, wearing, in my  
dream, but you were breaking it. calm and sad, with red eyes. when you realise it's  
already a fracture. i connect those eyes with the way the sea would turn out to be  
disquieting. the bottom of the sea surfaced alive with twisting light. i had the  
impression that yes, it's lived in. it's large enough for all those bits to get lost. where  
did the impression come from? there *were* fish, moving around. you can't tell how  
deep it is, or if there's something you're not seeing. you're trying to *avoid* something,  
but that is absolutely ridiculous. you hardly know how to swim. and have a strong  
sense that *every* water has a different texture, a different pull to it. like each cigarette;  
anything could happen from any point, and lead anywhere else. but there weren't  
*that* many fish. what did you expect from the sea? it was like a room or a pool;  
something that had been "left". someone had left the sand out, someone had dropped  
their anchor, etc. then there were certain items that hung there swaying. they were

like dust-covered furniture or ornaments. of course, the animals'd all avoid you, or else they wouldn't be there. a stillness at the same time. so what were they doing there? it looked so totally inhospitable. the sand was like dust that had settled. it looked like the bottom of a giant fridge or pool, scattered with nameless food that was turning, turning to fuzz, and only you, separate person, not breathing, or breathing out, looking. no fish. then fish. or the little lost coathangers of jellyfish, ...

nothing special	√
enjoy the sunshine limbs	X
have a conversation	X
change existential conditions	X
collective project	X
fight	X
physical fight	X

Dear Friend,

We couldn't help each other but that only... we were swamped and sapped by the same problems, each standing on a different rickety  
it was so evident that our inability to pull it apart to take strand from strand was what left us in there and you moved on into the one thing you were looking at. my eyes get blurry: i have a strange syndrome near the rocks, at the bottom of the wall near the rocks, in the sun, sitting facing the rocks and the world of wrinkles.

~~

—i like

horizontal position. —my passivity  
makes the active gestures of others  
appear sadistic  
to me. —he insulted everyone  
as a way of consoling himself;  
he seemed to play a long and complicated  
game he only understood the rules of,  
not the real effects.  
the experience of the real effects  
was the point of how the pieces  
had been set out, the mixtures  
composed.

we await nothing special from that posture:  
everything remains possible.

any thing whatever causes each other thing. i have no idea of how all this happens.  
when you say *i don't know*, you also say *i like to keep a silo where it still doesn't make sense*. because if the indefiniteness of ideas is only hesitation, then whatever the idea is supposed to be about gets lost. you wander off without realising. nonsense, we're a part that leads towards what we know. we don't believe in human nature. our acts are determined by the circumstances. do you want to render  
your incapacity and ignorance  
under the form of an authoritative

affirmation? but you should come with us. the other way is to slide down to the bottom after having attained the summit. without knowing what the result will be. i do it to defend nothing. it is the set of detours that aren't necessary to make life, such as it, appear. **an unknown fear hugs us. a thought of death traverses our stupefied soul like lightning. i seemed to be walking all the way down some lethal bank, some styx; as well, that i was behind the steering-wheel of the shadow of the one i love.** you always had to be seeing something, beholding something unfolding, drying, glittering. you shared presence to the supposed glitters, the dangling, the presences of the leaves' points, illuminated dangling, in the facility district, distracted, walking, the huge humming of fans, pumping air, pumping wind.

domesticated to sit at tables. it began with shoes, masking the foot's will to be part of the earth. their feet were caused by fire. then i was picking my way across luxurious metal filings, bits of glass, rounded stones and sharp rocks that i had accessed via the magical shop. after that, everything they did sucked. **an unnecessary discontinuity that they weren't fated to outnumbered and surrounded them.** but what was it that you were you saying that a thing was that it was? what's-this that this w'sbeing? it was to struggle between the exact sequence of time and things. for years: but there is no poetry and there are no thoughts. instant comprehension of roles. could i allow a strange thought to climb over my garden wall? it's on such a false terrain, whose nature was to have every nature, every natural value, every reality have against it the deepest instincts of the class in power...

One has to experience in body  
the shrinking of the Earth to get  
the illusion of having an actual  
and not a virtual world.

a form  
of challenger

all that (?)  
he  
completely  
ignores

*--Il est un artefact spéculatif par lequel nous  
voudrions rendre présentes des expériences.*

but you should come with us – true – trou. i think it was some time... c'est que je me partage pour dormir. inhibition in its circles, how it gets abbreviated, to a kind of entry, to a hole under the earth where a house is. not rising into the air above the daffodils – so long and thanks for not pissing the bed like i asked, that dream so

long ago we can't escape its field, its smoke, its pile of cows made of smoke. blundering around in the shade of these years. bent, spent. on advice about the maggots, in the feet of the walls of your place-à-être, on reasons to get out of bed and on detrimental little raisins. on rooms that smell like complaints within shifting dioramas of money's lurid shades. there you go. and there i go. [close.] [clothes falling to floor, then living there.] rapetissant success puller. in the grass – in the tangles of the grass – voluntarist – stained foot – artists' feet. in the imaginary grass, the fleck effects wavering. getting stoned on the imaginary grass. on the imaginative labour. in the spare room. where the mood went was stared at by tiles of passing time evoked at the shooting stars, which were playing with the categories of ass movies. an assistant director is hooked up to wires in the yoghurt that is dribbling out of his ears.

no need to do anything	
sleep in the grass	
like children would if they had	
a car and the keys.	

(this stuff)

put petrol in the children's car. nothing to disturb in these ageing days' eyes memories. some innervated mud before everything coincides. observe your hypochondria about neurons as a problem not to be solved. i don't trust people who don't feed me soap. i perfectly fulfil my function and roll down. friends w/ a dog. he seemed to be manipulating their handles – pockets notches where they caught. it's easier to burn than to read, anyway... there are two people on the battlement opposite, who point out the sights.

mirror – walking backwards  
the work reflected in the eye incorporated by it  
wobbling glass tattooed  
on the eye that changes depending on perspective  
(perspective changes what the eye sees)  
the stars above the candles  
the crotch in the sawn-off crook  
exactly placed  
flashing black or fading-out square  
the light's bumps  
radio distortion / lack of network  
the feet mirrored forgotten shoes

everything moves – you see?  
an image of its everythings movement  
without intervention  
reflective contemplation with the inhibition of intervention

...and the shadows' legs walk away towards the more darkness, along the light as it moves away into it, and into the light's bumps. we lean against the car looking at the sky we left all our shoes in. just another declaration of CON-viction. assvictory, prision.

he drags a contact mike around the concrete floor of the concert space, sometimes he shouts, sometimes talks, it's turned up LOUD. "and when we draw the landscape outside our windows we just make black and scribbled squares." that's my bed, i'm sorry. get up.

## POET COURAGE

aren't all things living your relatives?  
    doesn't the fate feed you for serving it?  
        all right! only trundle defencelessly  
            forth through life and stop worrying!  
what happens, let it all be blessed to you,  
    be turned into joy! or what could then  
        piss you, heart, off? what  
            come there across whence you ought?  
for as, silently at the city or in silvery  
    sounding flood in the distance or on speechless  
        water's depths the light  
            swimmer trundles, so too are we,  
we popular poets, gladly where that which lives  
    round us breathes and pushes, merrily, and each graceful,  
        each trusting; how sang  
            each we their own god otherwise?  
and also, when the tide then suavely sucks one of the  
    brave under where they veritably trusted,  
        and the voice of the singer  
            falls silent now in the blue-growing hall;  
merrily died and lonely ones continue to complain,  
    woods, most beloved's case;  
        virgin often drones  
            pain friendlily from twig.  
if at evening one of our ones should pass by  
    where their brother sank, they think some fullness  
        on the warning spot,  
            silent fall and go on better-armoured.

robert morris. minimalist production art from  
the states' era of lsd experiences  
making material relations  
interesting and purely appear in their  
deceptive phenomenality.

aléxandre léger an interesting ex-medical student's  
depressed migraine colourful cahiers  
obsessively kept on usual contemporary  
art subjects: tattoos, the magic mountain,  
suffering, superstition, memory, skateboarding

security guards hanging round on break  
near the toilet.

inspire to compete, dysphore, anhedon,  
blank out, or tour autour.

culture vultures swirl in a desert of discrete  
forms.

overcoming the outworn distinction between writing  
and circling things on bits of paper  
w/ a pen.

dream is day's duty journey

every place is sad ; place is sad

never more than 1km from a mcdonalds –  
never more than a metre from a rat

~~

(and this city stuff, on the way to the city stuff)

the sojourn got thumbs up – grease on the hands on the dishes. the people have big heavy feet  
(their legs are monuments to... symbolic cooking) because it's a certain perspective on life. the  
paintings are carried in boxes through the blinding sunshine. mac don alds. the money churches  
turn our covers down on love. i lost my little piece of paper. i won't always be here to not help  
you anymore. but you may touch the screen, insert the card, and soon food will come. there are  
actual thanks for teaching me how to nouloir this. the clown walks away through the crowd of  
people. the bat man is our friend, under the umbrellas.

we get there.

more burned things on the way.

joe is making

coffee in the dark. i can't face him, because we both have to go to work

and we hate work. i look into the corner of a shelf. "work interrupts life," he is muttering... you think... that you're safe because you have a penis. so do i, but we're both wrong. a strange sudden feeling, of very thin shoes, and that someone has "got" the small of my back. it's nothing. don't cry no tears around these powdery bollards in the midst of the softly blaring ... village... , slotless anthropos, or around me either. there's nothing i can say to make him go away. so what do you care what i think about labour or the party or your disappointments' fingers glued together. try crushing coins with the trams from trashhouse. they get longer and longer as you get less and less bored. beach rules: no blowing into a jellyfish, don't turn into a dog, and don't kick around decapitated heads. living garbage. hardworking nothingness. old pork of questions. inhibited inhibition. depressed button pinned to sensation. you or someone: what if you sleep with someone? this is god's epicerie, where all the things are stuck together. this is only god's car door. it's really not a good idea.

different spaces. the spaces of indifferent profusion. so they are beheld in indifference. kept, stuck by tar or nails to how they're kept. who they matter to. the velvety cotton polyester mole's skin of a seat. painted spaces. peeling. or decorated with ornamental paper stuck to a wall. you do not "get" the big difference outside it. generally journaling. by the sea that moves in circles – moves in – it dutes in a time-space of pulses and flashes – flat but mostly wrinkled seat – and their seats, trembling in the unicellular sunshine – repaired – 3 euros – i'm sorry there's only this loop to consider – waking up too early, in completion – first idea of god – things magnetised to it – enough of them to stand for "all" and "everywhere" – and for enough care to represent what a friend would be –

not knowing what a species is  
as if we were cohabiting: "santé"  
in virtue of  
in form of that virtue

morf of file.  
mrof of efil.  
evil fomrof. morphophile  
allotment of shampoo bandages

i like the *other way* my friends are neurotic. so unlike their senses of themselves. shoulders and hips pinned out by the stars. there was a rabbit on boulevard dugommier, at noailles. it didn't know what to do, so ran into traffic. someone's meal escaped? people seemed to be aware that there was a rabbit there. almost under the wheels. i shouldn't worry about it but its weird to be okay with feeling like shit half the year. maybe they are sick in bed and that's why. the amazing day without a brain, from your side of the tracks. no brain, no pain.

*i i flowed through through i.*  
not a with mind graspable sentence.  
it's before the days of the week;  
it's pause bien-être.

sheep edible humans, just taste different.



i hope it's  
not an  
inherited  
heart

parameters for form ; because we dont  
like to work or perfect ; because  
we dont want to learn  
we want to make experiences

(as at : given expe/anse)

Dear Friend,

- There must be a place in the sun in our hearts for this,
- there was so much we could have done that cannot come into consideration.
  - first idea of god (but secretly).
  - first day in the car. terrible. nietzsche.
  - yes, maybe. (plastic chairs, wasps in the tubes, masks).
  
  - tan, sea.

s pined to sensation –

if you sleep with someone –

dwells in a space of pulses  
float but mostly  
and the seats trembling in one-cell sunshine  
only this loop, waking up too early, in completion

it had to have been the 22nd of august

sick on the weekend  
rowing your own  
mood longboat  
do i know what we found out

over the garden wall  
i gather from  
really damaging  
good sentences

impossible purr-box  
different fists against.  
the world of wrinkles.  
list.

where that which lives around us breathes and merrily pushes in  
longing lengthening the time i share myself  
with the prevented time  
my ambition is sleep  
in the circling pattern  
recognising that these broken  
crinkles  
are getting sick  
getting over the garden wall

these waves are more  
“wipe the dust aside”...  
they are not now  
float up flashing off

swept weep  
like children's whispers beam  
steps on the ledge  
squats against the wall to hand

city (contingency, void, as forms)

a dear horizontal position. mass sharing of symbolic crumbs. a life like pigeons'. funny violent dreams, crossed in false symmetry. at a certain level of contingently unavoidable abstraction. and then, once thought is. and i will need you to make space for me. strewn in this structure on the entrails of space. in the sun next to the dock. between the roads. on the dust, through the lasers, through the waves. "anonymity ... you've come in / halfway through, out of sight / of endings and false starts. already / scratches appear, dust from somewhere / has made an indeterminate face". increasingly leathery dust was probing an apparently longer and longer movie (it got longer as you kept watching). sewing the apparent voids with messages and images. spread out like butter across these structures, you would age anywhere. the battery adds structuring structure, la batterie ajoute du structure structurant. flamme actuel de l'essence des êtres dans la crise au milieu de la vie de la matière primaire. y pep talk. the point is, a pirate society: sharing (of representation) of liberties because they were the servant class of the more central. without sharing the booty it's not worth pushing the galley of rapacious, of velocious affects. ploucs whose fuel is to display participation. "recirculating known roads, probably deserts. / there had been reasons for this shifting ... easily lost, but saved." the vast arrays of forces to develop and maintain this. and the pep talks endlessly walking. organise rather to take other moments. a corner has now been turned in order to get into it. standing posture, shadow legs, the mammal returning to the bird ... and now wait for the reply, now that you are in the past ... when did this start? bin turner. fog of seeing. every moment of staring connects up with every other moment of staring. coffee near fountain. sun fountain. another open on the memories of others, on the fact of considering that loop, through the sense hardly lived through.

perfectly lost  
that was what there was  
blue pants, grey shoes  
un arrête de penser

je suis quelqu'un d'humain.  
je me concentre.  
je rallonge les murs.  
je m'adapte à la situation.

face blindness is neurological  
and i have learned to live  
with it. anyway, i don't  
like people that much.

echo  
form of intuition  
of insistence  
a pleasure of insisting

everything that vaguely resembles human energy is taken for it and shoved back in.  
graspable, intelligible, comic, indifferent, definition, necessary, can

the trip is short, but feels slightly too long. they offer metro tickets on the train to avoid long queues in the train station. it's a female bear. but it looks like a casserole.

for rosa luxemburg	pour rosa luxemburg	die gesetzliche rechte
legal rights	les droits légaux	sind
are important	sont importants	laut die rosa luxemburg
but they are only a part	mais ils ne sont qu'une partie	wichtig
(only parts)	(que des parties)	obwohl sie nur ein teilchen
of the holistic being	de l'être holistique	(nur teilchen)
of the human being	de l'être humain	des holistischen seins
		des menschlichen wesens
		sind

## SATURDAY

a day very confident in apprehension that the threads of curtain are woven in the void. that they are just there. waking up is like walking into a shop which sells walking out into the kitchen. fully featured with a scanning by a discomfort in the chest, that forms a shape, collides-connects with (waking up, the wifi immediately switches on but in a kind of stony jelly, it pulses and wobbles and spirals up against a wall) , (the twinkle of the message's feeling is represented one-dimensionally by the tone's pavlovian presentation) which is a shop which sells feeling like crap, crap as a certainty, unpicked-apart, the lyricism of a doona cover still in foil and that in the use, in places, of some drifty insignificance of feelings among the hard edges they touch in a way which is lost down in their plumage, they do the work, like the people who make the millions of them hidden among the stones totally distorted by the wavery water.

every utterance is written in the book. they are listening to the phrases of the book be read out.

we knit together in the void  
distances are relations  
things to fill in the phone ème ear  
the gap we live in

in this room they are listening to the book reading. but often on

saturday, or on other days of the week in the evening, in rooms or outside, they listen (in groups) to the book be read out. that is, to push it a bit far and, generally, simply enjoy the way (or simply—bluntly—the "spines" having been shaved off by the repeated thwacking—in what way does it "seem" never to end?) it lets go. it crumbles the restoration and restores the crumbling. its way is always highly multifaceted but the way to connect to enjoy it together is generalised so as to be straightforward. they know what they're doing when they listen to the book be read out.

a ridiculous idea really—the sort of idea you wear in order to go into a shop—the sort that makes it all worth living on for—like a t-shirt with a (very messed up-looking) owl on it, supposed to be saying "i need my coffee". this is only a very "negative" way of looking at it, for someone who can't take it all apart, who resiles: who has a silo where their spot on the beach doesn't make sense.

the rest is what then happens. but as if épanouissante

turning over

reconquere

yesterday's t-shirt: it was all a dream; today's, we're all mad here.

it was all a machine, a theory, a dream, a street...

the distant versions are just here  
you see other things without the face  
soon he'll be commenting things on tv  
and designing aspects of his ideal house –  
i wonder, i doubt it

~~~

fumbling with dates as we speed through the empty-looking towns – ghostly suburban light – like in empty films – we bring back the memory of that sky space – you say red but i remember yellow, pale yellow, and the sky like a space, a sky space filled with distributed clouds – arranged upwards like a wall in front of us on the road heading towards it – it was dawn – it was so fresh a time that was already so mortal and now is a memory – these <sup>little</sup> habits of a little person – cramped – grasshopper jumps out of the bed when i climb in – the creatures – dull mind – always ringing – always “i can't” – doesn't bear repeating – walking down boulevard de la libération, the other day nearly drooped to the ground. how much longer  
spider web: its corners catch a dust of light. the dark crack, slit, whale in the galaxy. what is that strange star. it looks like mars. he nearly merged into us. the animal was very still on the road, still on the road now that it was on the road. the water doesn't work. the corner has been turned. maybe they don't tell me it was my fault. i was too enthusiastic and crude. it becomes like family with the silences. no – the paranoia comes from the family story – assuming what people are saying in their heads, not being open because you fear a tantrum. sudden intense missing. the sky turned the rails sky blue. the rails returned the sky's blue. it was the outer suburb of leg. i don't like this notebook or this pen. a corner has been turned. the feeling of gaping at someone's rot from the outside and irresistibly magnetised has become your own rot, the years you're still inside. they are oppressive because they are personal: the shifts never looked at as a pattern. i'm tired and don't feel good. i'm alive. its not being my place has become a familiar feeling feeling. as though we'd been playing this game longer than we have.

–do they choose it or not?  
–preformed thoughts: with nothing to fill them  
i'm cooking my legs  
sunset/sea

shadow legs of light  
“legs without feet”→timespace→writing memory as a time space  
(what is unknown)  
“a castle of speed on the entrails of space”

phrases with a magnetic effect produced by forces going beyond whatever meaning they have. (gambling with inadequate ideas.) charges taken away from you to be handed back to you. “As the great words of freedom and fulfilment are pronounced by campaigning leaders and politicians, on the screens and radios and stages, they turn into meaningless sounds which obtain meaning only in the context of propaganda, business, discipline, and relaxation.” a magnet isn't what produces magnetism. But the point is also that the poetry has made bearable life lived in separation. This also has to mean that the poetry is an instrument of how life is kept away from the true life. But this claim is as inconsequential as poetry seems to be. We cannot know what else poets/readers would have done. We also don't even know what a poem does

“and when we draw the landscape outside our windows we just make black and scribbled squares.”

material, invention, expression

description

i've read a lot of comments during my life. never happened across a comment posted by someone i know. bonded w/ at least 3 close groups over seinfeld. they're leaning against the wall to sleep.

when they take their mask off the face completely changes (e.g., hidden moustache). there are sexist jokes still in later series too, but they aren't supposed to carry as much comic weight. A didn't like the show because of the lame sexist jokes jerry seinfeld tells in the first series.

ce n'est pas interdit de s'intéresser aux choses inintéressantes. mais les gens vont te trouver inintéressant.

### BROUILLONS DE DISTINCTION

restrained refraining : he whips past towards the exit, overtaking passengers, and from the back of his head i hear "mister, please put on your mask", he doesn't turn back

not necessary to end whatever way – final statement, things packed into worn bags of different sorts (fumbling with the bag to put his shoes and blues for the day in

□

exaggeration of time as plane/process of disfigurement; due to social conditions (a structure to pursue the dust as dust). i am not the same person i was last month (when i lived in turin, etc...). and now... not even people...?

they tricked us into thinking...  
that we weren't them...  
that we could be  
them...

time does survive destruction, it's how we do (not that we know much of this). we are in the "salad of life".  
carpets to the kipple-izer. but it (existence) is other things than an uninterrupted having been. this fetish for  
tearing and forgetting, for denuded singularity (as the spurious only alternative to adhering to directives

n needed a revelation too  
permanent déjà vu  
as manifest strange proof  
of the eternally cyclical character...  
the self here learns some thing that it is not able to remember...  
compassion for the waves  
straight recognition of the waves

you can instantly recognise the birthday bowl in your hands.  
its pattern (painted) and lumps (sand).  
you see the indifference between the two sides of the sponge.  
your legs are less paper than legs  
your tongue leads back to your mouth and teeth  
where there is an interior that doesn't belong to your tongue.  
a fatigue so mild its huge—  
the messages get through but the hands  
are in a molasses of soft, resisting  
bones.

there was something inside your skin like  
there is something inside my gums  
and above my palate  
above my palate it's slowly revolving  
the hand writing has to change

t h e y ' r e        d i s a p p e a r i n g        i n t o        t h e        m y s t e r i o u s  
i n t e r i o r        o f        t h e i r        r e l a t i o n .        t h e        c o u n t r y  
c l o s e s    i n    o n    t h e m ,    t h e i r    m e m o r i e s ;    t h e r e    a r e  
t e n d r i l s    t h a t    s t i l l    r e a c h    o u t    t o    f r i e n d s    ( b u t  
t h e s e    c a n ' t    h e l p    t o    c h a n g e    t h e    p l a n t ) .  
d o e s    i t    n e e d    c h a n g i n g ?    i t    c h a n g e s    a s    t h e  
f r u i t    o f    c i r c u m s t a n c e    a n d    a s    t h e    w i n d s  
s e e    f i t .    t h e    d r i l l i n g    s o u n d    m a n i f e s t s  
e v e r    l o u d e r    i n    t h e    w a k e u p ,    i n    t h e    a f t e r n o o n  
b e f o r e    t h e    p r e p a r a t i o n s .    t h e    m i n d    s t a r t s  
t o    w a n d e r    w h e r e    i t    o n c e    c h o s e    t o ,    a n d

does so, again and again. i think it is no longer possible to consider your knowledge of this condition as being limited to a reproach refashioned every day in the light of the memory escaping it: there are still things to learn, even though the rain does keep falling downwards, even though the purity of impure love has at last become totally manifest in the slamming of doors and dawns. there has to be something other than being painfully reminded, as though one still participated in those pricks one had made in the ultimately unyielding surface of the waves as they were daily shredded, daily restored. we're all made here, here is where we're made.

necessities dressed up as virtues (patience, etc). the in-front-of-the-computer-all-the-time people know about this. the limits of human growth get decorated by priesthood ideas. these create scales of rank fitting the architects' purposes. morality is always connected to obedience, it adds something that doesn't need to be added. since there's no need to obey or submit when in harmony with the others, when in rhythm and dissonance there is density, something sticks. when the connection is good.

time isn't equal segments.  
the nod of time.  
heart not mine.

**Florian Graf:** Yes, I have noticed this tendency, outside of art as well. We have lost our unbroken faith in science, which distanced itself from people's individual needs through its belief in numbers. For a long time, only quantities were discussed, instead of qualities. With all those figures and quarterly statements, there was a neglect of spirituality, the environment, and the human psyche. Alchemy means a holistic knowledge that unites the spiritual and the logical. In this sense, art probably functions like alchemy. In my artistic work too, there is always the goal of bringing head and gut, spirituality and common sense, system and chance, cognitive and sensual aspects into harmony, and thereby having a healing effect on my environment.

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