

Sophrosyne,
I am not afraid of you.
– That is not my problem.
It's your job to make it *my* problem.

Preliminary question
Where did Nietzsche get his authority from?

In the end, everything goes black and we turn time into a stampede of blind wildebeests until we are trampled by the vanishing rhythm of their hoofs. In the end, we choke on the ecstasy of *having been*.

the effort we put into our writing is our entente with infinity

Chronos is our soul, the motor of beingness we cannot imagine for sale as

instead, invest your libidinal energy in grand postures at the ironing board
you may heat the air, but don't swallow it, and don't burp your dreams into my ear
be like the anemic rhesus monkey: oxygenate the space between your ribs and celebrate that you have
color vision

I have been old for too long. So we have to release this and deliver its maker who could have left a whacky pandemonium of orphaned beer bottles and cigarette stains, but didn't. His party was over ere it began. He's the prudent type, you see, muttering actuary tables in the pews. What is your constellation?


The city is a too tight checkered shirt worn by a tired earth. Thousand thin voices are shouting under the laundry lines. Do as your neighbours do, for they do as you do. Metal staircases strangle the luckier houses for they offer an imaginary escape into hollowness.

* * *

Death is the little man with the orange sticks sending us either way.

Welcome to the human double slit experiment – How long does that image survive?

The clouds have cleared. We want to put mass in these words. Density. We are losing linguistic gravity fast, since our universe is expanding. The outer shell consists of tweets. We are losing consistency. Birthing new stars. But even the stellar metaphor becomes old. We cannot break out.

 Refugees drown for the happiness we forgot we had. We ARE the ugly fish feeding on their corpses. Our morale is capsizing, the price we pay for decades of decadence. We rolled our love in blankets still smelling of laundry detergent and assumed it would never stink. But now the mould is poisoning us.

What did we have for lunch again?

**remember
you're only
as eloquent
as your
audience is
not**

Savages didn't exist before the civilized named them

“What is it my dear?”

“Life's a nauseating experience. Music is hard practice. I'll never be good. I'll never be anyone. I'll never be.”

“You practice and then you die. Your performance is an illusion. We are practising souls, becoming a Swiss chronometer too late to measure the times we might have lived.”

To see beauty is to heal. The fluttering will stay, we are that dancing plastic bag.

Straight-forward there lies your reward. **Immergeradeaus**. We have become a species of carrotstick masochists, competing with the ^{big other} who refuses to trip over. Best we put it safe behind glass, pull up the curtains, dim the light, barricade our mind. We have enough food in here.

The summer sun lulls us to sleep in the grass. Whinnowing mules graze the distance out of our part of now. Because we once glued feathers on the concierge's pants, it is him we in every limping duck.

Feel the storm coming we are are the blasphemous pilgrims of pussy the world is a token to manipulate in the end we feel token gratitude, and we salute, say *adieu* to skinny coy grandchildren wrapping themselves in a corner of our immaculate bed sheets. Anatomy of the hospital death – an investigation into the industrialization of life at its extreme end.

So we wrote such a book, with all the data to back up all the claims we wanted to make. We published it somewhere honorable, somewhere exclusive, and we are discussed in salons and saloons alike.

We did find the right posture. The stars are sleepy tonight. It burns in my groin but something's making a way to my heart.

It will get there. Accept.

Manage your adictions, and tell yourself that life itself is an addiction.

Wear your grandmother's stockings, flaunt them at the parade, tell your maid to feed the parakeet

We create images in our head. As i write this my eyes are closed. I perceive the glow of the computer screen in front of me, and the tension on my finger tips that are hitting the plastic keys. That is it: the sensory experience of these words.

I hear the ticking of the keyboard and the breathing of my baby daughter behind me. It is five thirty at night.

This is all we can share: images not of cats or plates of food, but *images of Images*. Every image is an allusion and as such infinite.

Run wild! Run wild! The kids want to run wild again. Viet Nam sounds like fatty fry and a cheap tourist destination since it has lost the smell of napalm and body bags. Everything smells of sterile transactions now. Sterile transactionism will kill everything.

Variations on an old theme. Of course, my muse, may I teach you this? The theme is old the blind poet

sang in the depth of history and he stood on the shoulders of forgotten titans.
Variation is the theme, of more precise: our theme is how we can bear variation
because it shows us so painfully clear that we cannot escape the theme.

My eyes are still closed (during the draft of these lines, not during editing, which I do *now* and it
feels good to tamper

The shopping mall is a floor plan filled with air that gently circulate. The raising of that ground plan is
trivial, the neon lights, the typography, the glazed donut effigies

a palace of air

The baby's still breathing, her eyes are still closed.

But now we dance

write in braille the name of your name
write it in braille on my back and bury me in the wet earth
it is a message for the maker

frolick in the park like a thousand children

ostrich runs endless miles and oh! when he hatches. Oh! Oh! There we go.

is a global pathogen. We are all

ONE

you may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I'm not the only gentle plagiarist. We need to be
gentle. A gentle teaches us we can always tie the hand to the thief or in the case of adultery to
his junk.

A text is a label. Something that is present when it is *ON* a product.

The product that justifies this text's existence is **YOU**

Somewhere below is a barcode too that you can scan.
You can use the code to become my fan.

POLITICS

I'm entertaining the idea to limit the free market...

– What you are suggesting is the gulag!

WE might need to limit... gulag!

Because individualism can also... gulag!

Cooperating instead of... gulag!

Maybe we should work together... gulag!

gulag, traitor, gulag, trottoir, gulag, step,

step,

step

history post twentieth century is the slow and painful deconstruction of 'never again'

Don't let the bed bugs respite. The climate is a-changing: A reverse vacuum cleaner is a blower. **But not a vacuum blower.**

IMITATION

my cells are doing it. I am doing it. These lines
are doing it, too

INCANTATION

rhythm is all there is the rhythm is the all the eurhythmic riddle whizz amiss licky licky lickedy boom

A meadow full of peaceful grazing cannons. Their iron legs gently folded and bent towards the ground. These are not factory farmed canons. These are not fed canon fodder but real grass. The scene is so peaceful. Barrels bend and tear small tufts of grass. Culverins lick and swag the annoying flies away. The golden sun lengthens their shadow and they will go to sleep soon. Farewell arms, farewell, cannons. All is possible if we use our imagination.

BE CONCRETE

to your audience. Remember the text is a product label and you are the product.

Ingredients:

be serene
recluse
there is no life left
no muse
in bref: bereft.

For blessed are the wicked, as they sin in ignorance.
(Psalm 1:1, improved)

The truth is without the embed in your story your dick doesn't stand out it just doesn't.
We die out in a century and the last centenarian will remember he couldn't get it up because he had lost the story to embed himself in.

Underneath the mango tree
Fruit is falling, it's falling on me

// we need to talk = something about money

```
<class poetic justice extends justice {  
  construct __ :: wait for the beauty {  
    re-iterate; }  
} end class>
```

We are not going now. We stay. Stay.

AS A GUEST IN THE LANGUAGE WE SHIT IN ALL OF ITS CORNERS

and then.....
and then.....
and then.....

Lick up the that horny expressions like a rogue cop a line of cocain.

Sunglasses. We have a lead, guys.

We need to be calm. Sit at the ocean more. Less throughput is our goal.

We conduct a double blind study to discover the existential beauty in yawns.

I am a busy man: I invent one truth and reconciliation commision after the other to sooth the pain of our inner apartheid.

There's no harm done yet. We are just getting started.

Freedom is just another way to look at it. When your nephew asks you for a macaroon you tell him everything about essential oils and how it cures his puppy's cancer, creating great consternation and icy

frowns. Family is the bulwark of our blood demons, and their defense against you is limitless.

Can you read this? Don't forget to scan the code and claim your prize.



The era of the heliocentric world view had its merits it spawned rock star astronomers that trashed it.

Coffee stains, autumn leaves, and shit piles can be beautiful, they can be called a *project all we need to do is call the things around us, call each other project. Thus we create* projection of everything but our fear. A project is a projection of what we lack onto the canvas of the *Others*. It creates the illusion that the lack is theirs. On the mantelpiece you don't have a turquoise bunny with a sense of torque in his eyes. He is a project. You lack it, I have it. Come and get it.

Sweep the floor. The king of diamonds suffers from coronation anxiety. A papilloma of words, letter-spacing:3px. High serifs, low ascendants, ample kerning. All to fit the frame. All to keep on going.

The years are stuck in my jeans pocket. Thin dyed filaments I sometimes inadvertently pull when I take a coin out of that pocket. You can measure the years by winding the threads around your finger: they never go by. They never mean any harm.

That was the reflection of one distracted fruit fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*) sticking in the honeycomb of what you call reality. We call it bullshit.

the rhizome was a dream

but we can always decide for ourselves HOW we present these selves to the world.
(thanks for reminding me)

*I am the wicker monkey
it's all in my fantasy
I want to play it funky
come on and play with me*

Creeping out of the crevice like thick blood is a goal in life, provided we make a crack in everything.

Darling he says you have insect eyes
don't close them on me when you orgasm
can you transmit to me please your tremors
can you defibrillate the air between our chambers?

You have insect eyes don't close them on me
darling he says see me from all your angles
stroke my ellipsis
for you I make my world a precipice
because sliding down is such a bliss

Behold.

D E S I G N

what is it all worth?

So this goes on. Poetry doesn't ever stop because it never had a proper beginning. The first uttering already related to itself. It is all *public relations*.

Your tumor cells under a microscope have a spectacular hue, just like a modernist painting.

WHO can suffer like this:

You see, we didn't discontinue our habits, the sparrows shit on the breakfast table, spoons rinkle, napkins fold in the wind the dog digs his paws in the lawn once the sun is up. One unusual association can make my day. The parasol puts its shadow down like a worn bedsheet on which the toy bicycles make melancholic love. That made my day.

Leaves soak up the light that sticks to their translucent sheets.

We are an aberration holding up the light.

Compress the known universe into the density of your conce(i)pt, the French surrealist painter in his escape vélo – KARMA runs a program. Mental health is everything. Speaking 18 languages the genius, the disciplinary, the madhouse, the iwanteverything, the selfcastigating, the letssmokesomeweeds we could be rappers to a broken beat, inventing lyrics all wonderful and gracious, rapacious, audacious, we pound our chests like brazenly outrageous, apes, waiting for wartime patronage -

Everything should be rendered on the canvas of collective delusion, made real by the Machine, stamped with the SEAL of the approving Other.

I am the big Other and I approve of this message

.....

Feel the vibrato in your arm, it's an ancient instrument, or hear the remnants of the melody echoing in your carnal cloak. The Universe started *Mit dem Paukenschlag* and we live in the expanding belly of its laughter.

Scarabees. Compose the scene; ground red peppercorns, a tingling feeling. We are shoddy rag dolls of nervous tissue thrown upon a great plain. A toddler playing didjareedoo like he never did anything else, the deep reverberation of mature toddler's thought.

There is a guilty looking man with narrow shoulders chuckling in the corner of your eyes. You ask the warden if it's alright and walk up to him.

“Why?”

“He sodomized the messenger of bad news” the warden says.

“Probably because his conception was bad news” you mumble.

“No. He always does that. He is the hootchie cootchie man.”

The average attention>for people living in the digital era has been researched by several leading acedemic researchers, who have all come to the conclu<

I like the dogness of that image.



We need to turn the whole world into a rap, nothing but a rap my anecdote is
the antidote, my rhyme hails from a region of the mind so remote, you need
an oxygen mask to deal with its elevation, I run thoughts immune to inflation,
I'm showing y'all the way without self-congratulation I'm talkin' the real thing
'coz your lyrical prolificacy is mere masturbation, a long passed station, look:
I'm the alfalfa male, driving with Dale in my red Alfa spider
I sparkle like I drink ginger ale, I'm going down like easy rider
You wish u never met me when I make your asshole wider
All ya fake rappers are self referential, you're dodging the essential
you're a quintessential lie like a faithful hottentot monogamy
I couldn't find your brains when I perform a lobotomy
see? You indulge in mundane mockery sitting on your porch
talking fuckery

we stumble carefree into our final ditch

and we feel we're fine, who needs a future full of insignias

The weather is good, I am working on this, allowing myself to mistake it for meaning while it is not
even nothingness.

Re-cognition is how you *know* you're just as silly as them.

We demand re-cognition of our traces, lest they wither like bleakening blotches of paint, dying echos of
sullen notes, fossilised words and grimaces or an unyielding reflectivity.

I would manufacture all the objects of your imagination but my big hands are busy recreating the object
that keeps my soul from not eating itself.
I beg you pardon?

**Dance, demoiselles, rebel
time's too short in this
godforsaken world
and time's too long in hell**

I love the tourist who comes to a city just to kiss the asphalt and shatter the illusions he read in the
guidebook he forgot to bring. I want to be the personal broker of his happiness. I feed him the glazed
fragments of his illusions, I make him so drunk he will never have been in this city. I embrace him as
my saviour, for in Him the ugly tapestry of our death drive unravels.

What's the VAT on a brain in a vat?

dementia

All the birds have become pigeons
All colors are blue
All trees are oaks
Your pyjamas are soaked
Damn it, how much I long to lose you

Reading list

Everything relates to everything, the metaphysics of our incestuous universe, by Scarlet Pimpernel
The scandal of unchartered skies, by Christopher Columbus
The age of zero cost reproduction and the male apparatus, by Judith Servant
Raising a revolutionary, a guide to intergenerational redemption, by anonymous

Too complex. The abyss looks back in us. The abyss of knowing that all our thoughts will become unintelligible. Give it a few thousand years.

A chameleon adapts. If it can't adapt, it's dead. Everything we write can't adapt. The letter is born dead. Readers are necrophiles, macabre sujets sniffing the imaginary perfume of their dead letters.

Fill a book when you've lived, come back when you've lived a little more.

What is love? Tiny craters on her skin, a hundred places to live forever.

What is hate? The black cloud that doesn't allow you to die.

Improvisation. It was all an improvisation so it doesn't *exist*. The hasty producer laughed the profundity away, there is enough gold in his mouth to buy a Mercedes SL I look at his toothless mouth while I drive the car and say it doesn't exist either.

You can only sue-a-side you cannot sue Being as Such – Schopenhauer.

He is burying his lips in her vulva, he can't help it, it is like he wants to help her talking but make absolutely sure she can't say anything.

Your prize is a power drill. Your prize is a power drill. Your prize is a power drill.

Relationship:

Pulling hair 5x

Pulling penis 2x

Pulling shirt 4x

How do we perceive loss? After all, it is only a kind of memory. What is lost if no longer perceived. LOSS is entitlement memory. I lost my violin – oh how sweet the memories of playing on it.

Loss, anger, denial, acceptance, etc. hate love repeat.

Looking for closure? Some last words salivating from cold lips dripping on the vinyl floor? Or your ex-lover's coming-out as a different *orientation*?

The clock is ticking. Page ten has its coming. Capitalism works better than ever. It has prevented more wars than all other systems combined. And it can rage, the life unfolding a black mould thickening under your tongue. Picture yourself in six dimensions drinking cheap liquor from the recesses of her torso living in the landscape where you built a home for such a courageously brief instant. The shop windows have schanged, the logos have arcane contours now, the shutters are numb. Your world is gone the fresh mountain lakes with gentianes and tender moss on turtlestones is no more. Bruxism is the least of my worries. The world is chewing itself up Aesop — Raging in the cold flames that night because you knew you weren't going to leave any trails. Raging, howling to the stars that had gathered over your head. The moribund desertscape projected a fearless infinity inwards you tasted the honeycomb and battle now with halitosis. History is repeating this pattern, it could be studied. For you, man in the wire, it doesn't matter. You did your groceries this morning, broccoli, ginger, cashews and starch. Payment details approved. Happiness in a box, the exotic remainder exorcized —

Woosh, I wanted it all. Going crazy for a cause like sitting in the highest tree of a burning redwood forest loving Life as you know it fleeting underneath you, projecting yourself somewhere you matter because you fight for what matters. Before you were bitten, too. Before you turned yourself in for lack of matter on a razing planet with an entropic anomaly —

tempest ius foregat. Strike-through, Mike. We are on air.

Drive the stake further into your own heart, Anon. Turn it thrice. You seek'd refuge once from dying alone and now you protect your darling story against bolder stories. You seek'd refuge once from your own freedom and now you protect your own venom.

We want to leave a scratch on the surface of the pond. But our fingers are not made for that. We are a hoarding mammal a long way away from home.

Fill in exercise: Music is the
_____ that makes us
die so fucking comfortably.

Stay. Wrap yourself in the shrouds of bloody centuries but stay, prolong, perpetuate