

STRZEGOM
Unipap

Rulimas Basnikas

company of
minor
utterances

AMERICAN

HIGHWAY



Migrant Piece Nr.1

Revolution starts in the moss where the
smell of the spirit is accurate
Rolling on the mountain with your
ass feet back and knees
The sky is open over the rocks
used by sheep to hide from the sun
Even the most gentle of beasts need
some darkness for a change

Fucking laughable the eye is to the horizon
but cares not to emit a sound
just let the wind pass
You look for a ditch to have a smoke
not necessarily a cigar
but something to remind you of a victory
After countless losses
you deserve one quiet
One time of minimal movement
while sheep bell the intervals
between one root or another
Berries in red on the floor made of void
or something approaching the night
with its star crossings

There a dwarf, a giant
and a colossus of sorts
In distance that your feet dare not measure
stone falls making a thud
You listen as if to hear the enciphered message
but the folly of it catches up before
any sense comes to mean
Contracted back into the tiny space
you occupy

Invisible to the far aboves
you make a gesture
Guest neither invited nor off the list
you inhale the scent of blueberry leaves
Which is not much but so is
the volume of your heart
Though fast, thus potentially
ripe for openings

Scattered in grass moss and waters
I am so that my enemies can
never recognize me
My skin on the stones, bark
and juniper needles
So I can ever feel and be felt
by the loved ones
I think of rolling off the mountain
while becoming a rock
Under which in a year or two
there'd start growing all the red caps
In the dark of the night
befriended by moths, slugs and ants

I dream of a god so chaotic that
it makes my innards sing
Having never known its name I wash
my feet in morning dew
Prepared for movement one way or another
I inhale the odours sun offers
My eyes infected by bright blue
come to rest on a lichenous stub
The silence in my head weighs like stones
washed on the river bank
I inspect my skin for no other reason
but its existence

Bits of breeze lost in the
hairy parts
The smile extends further than the jokes
collecting the warmth
left in abundance
By the goddesses that superseded
the gods
Who fell stupid on the guillotine
Centuries of wails echoing among the leaves
that refuse to rot

Panic of those who lost their riches
Courage of those tough in their faith
Paths walked till the heels feel as bone
Tears wiped finger tips softer than rain
Wither the state of trampled convictions
There's no prisons among animals
no matter the blood

Typing machine resting on the bottom
of dried up lake
Fish that swim back to the ocean
Waves of resistance gather into a tsunami
rolling slow giving birth
To places and time uncounted and
encountered in adventures
Of which I am a witch and I burn
my sins in a fire at noon

Smoke rises over the mountain
and I signal the clouds
'Bout the tasks close ahead, of the ways,
far away
I hear a sound of approaching quiets

that may hide undiscovered desires
I store few samples of it into a jar
may be opened when back in the works
The job of the jobless is to trail
the truths of declassified visions

Moving on the sand
as the mountains decay
Half an inch in millennium
so when they reach the cities and towns
It won't become their demise
but the futures
I dream of which a lot and know very little
but so does every spring
before it autumns
And starts falling on the lakes,
tracks and barren fields
Infesting the village, the town and metropolis

The breath of the blood of the mountains
Cuts deep into the lungs of
workers, the servants and their masters
Dogs howl and cats hunt for the zebras
Dome of the heaven descends so low
That it makes it stupid to wish on the stars
In this jolly chaos you can hear
the revolutionary songs spreading
from the wilderness
You can't make out the instrumentation,
the lyrics or the scope of its scale
So you sing along hoping for
it to last enough that it can
acquire a name
In the meantime you're happy
you're not alone

Walking the freedom to the distance
of a mad one

One heart one soul one spirit
One gut and many treats to feel it with

J(e)une Oslo

An old homeless man clipping his nails
on the park bench,
observed carefully by a one eyed
dog chewing on a stick
of a birch

A dirty, close to carnal death,
woman slumbers past first
warm beams of the year,
a mongrel pigeon picking the remnants
of last night, scattered on the
cracked pavement

Collect the ghosts, spectres, heart pieces
Assemble lost ones, never have been ones,
random obscure ones,
sacred in bullshit ones

Have them disorder the pace
of the water,
build a power(of)less plant on banks
of a forgotten river,
have them pour their liquids out
on the joint screws

Have them group their spills
into the buckets of inception

Uncheck the locks
and let it roll

May the flow produced incite
all the church organs of the city
to start at nine,
peak at noon,
hold the drone for the rest of
the day,

open up a sky
at midnight,
so that the stolen parts of
their lives, their dreams,
the stolen spirit of their
heartbeat
comes flowing down the
roaming pipes

Let the city drink it
Let them get soaked to the edges of their skin

Give them all the night
to celebrate
Move away at six in the morning

Here – three immeasurable hours
for the unbeen of the world
to come and take a chance.

M(a)y Oslo

Thoughts that will be forgotten in a glass of bitter beer
Sentiments never, almost, felt again as whisky
warms up between your palms
Words deleted, wine turning to acid
Chosmos and the river running through
the heart of the city – as dead as the anger, the river –
absent of fish, bugs or plants,
only the lame duck stupid duck
crossing it
above and besides the waste floating
while joggers pass by, oblivious to the
end of the day,
that has already sprung
already spread its wings
Bite off the fat, crunch the onion,
swallow the vodka,
digesting nostalgia with a piece
of black bread
Let the water become silent

Ap(e)ril Oslo

Empty, almost empty,
in out,

less so in, more out,
all the liquids.

The shit, the blood, the piss,
the spit, the vomit, the drool.

All the liquids out,
empty out.

Come last water

Off the virgin bridge

Of Three Workers and a Desert

*

Too much sunshine as three workers rest on an iron pole in a middle of an American desert.

One is polish, and, accordingly, goes by the name of Wozzeck, or, if more national, Wojciech. For the sake of spelling economy and cultural integrity he will be referred to as Woyzeck.

Opposite of the jolly Pole, but still on the iron pole, sits his friend, companion and contradiction - a Lithuanian welder, known by his national name Zigmas, whom, in order to humour his most read writer, I will call Zigmund - keeping a Z for the aforementioned cultural integrity.

Walking in front of them we find a third worker, who, knowing neither his origin nor established nominal preferences, will be called different names due to the requirements of situation , arising in the course of a story.

For the inaugural naming I'll ascribe him name of Jozef - with a Z , the first reason being all too often stated inclination for cultural integrity, the second, and much more important, the elusiveness of historical - as well as metaphysical - meaning throughlying this name - the earthly father of Jesus, the dictator, known for starving his bros and foes, the greatest propagandist and last but not least, the most famous character of modern literature to have never had a chance at a fair trial.

The reasons that brought - or, shall we say, collected - them here are of obscure nature to all of them.

Woyzeck thinks it is a duty that graciously befell them. To Zigmund it all boils down to simple fuck knows, while Jozef neither questions nor cares to react to the underlying unknown of their situation.

Whether it is related to the proximity of a black hole situated twelve times twelve yards to the side of one end of a pole, is not clear. However it might be, the hole is there and has been so for as long they remember. While the length of their memories might be quite untrustworthy - due to the propensity, very workmanlike, of the trio to drink - the scope of the memories is vast and rich.

Woyzeck remembers having had poured oil, that he had found some few miles down the desert, into the hole. Zigmund states that all the alcohol they've come up with, was brought by and through the hole. Jozef regularly finds some animals, at times even human ones, residing close to the hole, and takes time to talk to them. Both Zigmund and Woyzeck are unable to understand the languages the animals use, though they swear they see them,

maybe just to assure Jozef his sanity.

If it's not obvious yet, Zigmund is short and stout, sporting a beard - the attribute he shares with tall and on the slim side Woyzeck and a round, but not fat, middle heighted Jozeph. The physical differences in body compositions of workers are evenmoreso highlighted by the fact that due to time and very little desire for unkemptness beards of the men are very alike: the sort that is dense at the roots and rarefied at the ends.

Jozeph, being the youngest of three, likes to refer to Woyzeck papi. Generally it is met with unnoticing acceptance, though at times of hangover anxiety Zigmund throws a small tantrum and starts calling Jozef a bastard. Woyzeck, the most polite and intelligently inclined, refers to Jozef as son, whenever he senses that the young one needs support, which - the sense- is the case quite frequent. Zigmund, becoming the middle man, tends to vacate the conversation, and wait at the hole for a bottle of cheap, yet priceless, whisky.

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- You know how he tends to become at the last leg of hangover...
 - Don't dare say son! I swear I can't take it anymore.
 - Oh, no, Zigmund, I'll save you a kidney - you have on left, don't you? I'll to that this time.
 - You better. You better, wise old man. Right?
 - Yes yes, as you say, godwilling.
 - Hey, both of you, something's coming!
 - Look, a squirrel!
 - Nah, Ziggy, somebody's bigger, I go check. Though duly noted.
- Jozef smiles as he walks slowly to the hole.
- Damn this young one, he gets to talk, get it? I mean no offense, but I know you right through all the words, Woyzeck, right through all this time.
 - I do, Zigmund, godwilling he'll tell us something. As he always does.
 - How about godwailing, Woyzeck? It's not the real thing, isn't it?
 - I guess not. Still, better than nothing.
 - Why you go to the hole? I mean, after you stopped looking for oil, what do you do there? Haven't seen you bring back nothing. Or talk, ha.
 - I talk.
 - You do?!
 - I do, not to the animals, sadly.
 - What then?
 - Well, it's difficult to explain...
 - But godwilling, Woyzeck, godwilling.
 - Fuck you, Zigmund.
 - I wish.
 - I bet you do, you drunk little shit.
 - Ok ok, no need to rile up, old - wise - man, forget I asked. Josy there, he will tell with no greed.
- Woyzeck sighs as he stands up and goes deeper into the desert.
- Who was it this time, Joe?
 - You didn't see?
 - Nope, was arguing with that cranky old man.
 - Bout what?
 - Nothing, that life, is all.
 - Right.
 - Not left?
 - Right.
 - So?

- A woman.
 - Ooh.
 - From another desert she said she was. She said, if you look at the sky, you can see her eyes.
 - What?!
 - Yeah, that's what she said, and when I asked what did those eyes see, she said, the dying of unmoving and the ascendance of the thirsty.
 - Dude, Joe almighty, why is it that they all speak in riddles?!
 - I don't know, maybe it's just us, who been here long, that have forgotten how to hear them.
 - Yeah, right.
 - Not left?
- Zigmund spits like a camel.
- Here's a suggestion - how about next time you try and not indulge them poesies, just cut straight to the chase and ask them something simple.
 - Like what?
 - Like why the fuck we are here?!
- Jozef starts laughing.
- Ziggy, my friend, how about I ask you the same?
 - Shoot.
 - Why we are here?
 - Not what I asked.
 - Oh, sorry, my bad. Why the fuck we are here?!
 - We are here, Joe almighty - by the way, do you like that name?
 - Not your best. Think I'd prefer Joe your highness.
 - Ok, Johannes, as I was saying, we are here...
 - Jozef! Zigmund!
 - What the heck?!
 - What's happening, Woyzeck?!
 - Come here, quickly. Faster! Look, look! Not at the finger, you fools!
 - Can't see nothing.
 - Yes, Woyzeck, what is it?
 - Don't you see it?! Further, meeting the horizon.
 - What?!
 - Still nothing.
 - Look, look there - a squirrel!
 - O h m y g o d, couldn't have done one of your - dare I say - groundbreaking stand ups at the better time. Applause, ladies and gentlemen. Johannes, drop the curtain!
 - Why Johannes?

- It doesn't matter, father superior, don't lose the way for the path, or whatever the fuck that's supposed to be. I'm done with y'all for the night.

Jozef, having had not properly stopped laughing.

- Ziggy, Ziggy, you haven't finished - so why we are here?

Zigmund strolling to the farthest end of the pole.

- For the fuck of it.

- Yeah, I will keep on indulging them their metaphors, Zigmund, ok with you?

- Whatever floats your boat, Joshy, if you get my drift.

- So what was that about Johannes, and who did you talk today to?

- Ah, not important, and - I did talk to a woman as a matter of fact.

Woyzeck, suddenly at ease.

- What was her name?

- Fatima, I think, or Athena, couldn't clearly make through the accent.

- Strange, that doesn't seem to have been a problem for you before.

- You're right. Maybe it was something else, like the noise of the desert.

Zigmund from the end of the pole.

- Carmen!

- Don't need to shout, the pole is not that long.

- If we are going for the celestial names, my pick is Carmen. You wanna know why?

- We know, we know.

In unison say Jozef and Woyzeck, sitting down.

- Pass a whisky, Ziggy. Son?

- Papi.

- Bastard.

The workers sit, sipping whisky from the bottle. From time to time moving closer to and farther from each other, as the night unanimously and relentlessly approaches their stomachs.

- What the fuck?! Who done this? Joseph, Woyzeck, who did this?!
- Wouh, wouh, take it down a notch, that spirit was hard, Zi...shit, with apologies to language masters and elders, you got a black eye in your drunken mug, Zigmund!
- I know, Woyzeck, woke up my face to the pole and this sun - you know how it tends to show your soul, so yeah, apparently mine has a dint of black in it.
- Wouldn't that be ironic.
- Iconic, my dear old sage, but don't drag me into your reflections of being, Woyzeck, was it you?
- Are you kidding?! You must be. As I remember you saying you see me through all the words and all.
- Guess words are too thick even for you. Joseph, you?
Jozef still slumbering the desert sands off.
- What..come...brother.
- Brother? Brother?! I'll give you brother alright!
Woyzeck gets a hold of angry and disoriented Zigmund, who, to all indications, wants to fuck the brother up.
- Stop this right now, you inconsiderate fool! Can't you see - black eye, black hole?!
- Well, tell the truth, I can't, not in a width I'd like to.
- Somebody - or something - must have come this night and hit you.
- Like sneak on me, while I was...damn it...blacked out?
- Possible.
- Cheap move! And now I won't be able to get even, since - Joseph?! Wake the fuck up!
Jozef in a slow and low voice.
- Since no one the same comes through the hole two times.
- Bingo! Setting aside the riddle-y vibe in your phrasing. Nobody comes back from the hole.
- Just comes.
- Yes, captain obvious.
- And leaves...
- So, Jose, was it you?
- Again?! I know who was it. Or at least margins of what happened. And no, it wasn't me.
Jozef gently slaps his palm on his forehead.
- Tell us, then, quickly, you...

- Water.
 - Water?! Are you out of your sandals? Now he's telling it was water.
 - No, give me some water!
 - You know we have none. Pass him the juice, will you, Woyzeck?
 - Cactus incoming.
 - So, you were saying...
 - Somebody came out of the hole and you went to meet it.
- Zigmund, startled into a who, me? expression, tries to spit, but nothing comes out.
- Yes, well, not exactly of your own desire. We had a bet. You said you could pretend to be me - the beard thing, and you still have my T-shirt on! - and ask it the simple question.
 - You weren't dreaming - in fact, are you dreaming Joe?!
 - I'm telling you like it is.
 - Was.
 - You went to it - him, her - I couldn't make it out - and stood there for some time. I assume listening, though you never do, and then boom! , it hit you.
 - So you say you don't know who it was? A girl, a man, fuck, maybe a kangaroo?!
 - Yup, you got this nailed - it was a northern kangaroo.
 - And that would be?
 - A rabbit. A rabbit punched you in your stupid - albeit pretty - face.
 - With a dick?
 - Perfect timing, Ziggy, that's a verbatim of what I saw.
 - Hear this, Woyzeck, now you tell me the kid is not dreaming? Nah, until proven wrong, I'll hold one of you accountable for this masterpiece.
- Zigmund tries to scratch - or caress - his black eye.
- Argh, hurts like a bitch.
 - We all are dreaming. All the time.
 - Says the sage.
 - Can't be bothered with this anymore. It's just not worth it. Will go look for something.
 - And that would be?
 - Peace of soul, Ziggy. Son, want to join me?
 - It's ok, papi, I'll lie some longer.
 - Bastard.
 - It was a black rabbit.
 - Uh?
 - It was a black rabbit that hit you, Zigmund.

- Racist bastard.
- Either that or you got beat up by a woman.
- I know it was you, you slimy piece of...

Zigmund tries to jump on a relaxing fellow worker, but feet get stuck in sand, which makes him fall right next to Jozef. Now both men lie in parallel - Jozef facing the empty sky, Zigmund black eye buried in sand. The small dot way across them is a man looking for peace of soul.

- Did you find it?

Asks Zigmund cleaning the sand off his face.

- No, not a glimmer of hope.

- You should have looked for a piece of a soul instead, my friend.

- Will do next time. Thanks for priceless advise, Ziggy.

- I didn't say it was priceless.

- Name it then, retroactive as it is.

- For one, you could stop calling me Ziggy, and that young man - son.

- You're upping this quite, don't you think?

- Well, that, or you could go on with the glimmerless searches.

- I'll consider it, Ziggy.

- Damn.

By all appearances transaction is not yet complete.

- Hey, young one, who was it this time?

- Joshua, come, don't make us wait. Some cactus juice might get you flowing, perhaps?

- Thanks, but no. Don't wanna talk about it.

- Why? What's the matter?

- It's just... I could not understand a word.

- Too riddle-y even for you, heh?

- No, not that. Literally, could not understand it.

- But who was it? At least give us that.

- A man. With a beard.

- Oh, a comrade!

- Yeah, well, not quite, but yeah, for the sake of peace, that one.

- What's with this peace thing getting into you - first the wise one, now you, Joshua.

- And the difference it makes relative to you - is?

- No, nothing, just wondering, you know. Why not war, for example - since it seems none of you are getting any peace. Not even a piece.

- Yeah, there you go again. The master of advise.

- It's ok if you don't like it, you don't have to patronize me all over.

- Right.

- Not left?

- Not, right.

- I would know.

- Yes, you would.

- Woyzeck, help us out. You being all old - and wise - we seem to be stuck

at the crossroads.

- With what?

- With this riddle we are having.

- You mean your unfunny and stupid word play of right and left?

- Yes, precisely that one.

- I'd say Joseph is right n this one and you're wrong, and there's nothing else left.

- Ouh, how surprising that you'd side with Josy here! But for the sake of impartiality - I got this one from you, Woyzeck - imagine that I'm right. Who - or what - is then left and what that makes Joshua?

- I'd still think that Joseph is not wrong, and since you're right also, well...All that is left is this desert.

- Let me get this straight. If you subtract me and Joshua - and you don't count: being impartial judge - and an old one! - from the desert, it just is there - with no rights or wrongs, just fucking left alone?

- Yes, what's your point?

- Obvious, why don't we just jump into the hole?

- And never come back?

- Who cares? The desert doesn't, not anymore.

- You do understand that the hole won't disappear, and somebody will come, and then won't find anyone, and will stay here, hoping for the answer? You see what happens in this case?

- I do, but I can't be bothered anymore about somebody else.

- Have you not thought - empathy putting aside - that if you jump into the hole, you will end in the same desert, just, you know, not here?

- So then what do I lose?

- Well, for one, me, since I would not jump under any circumstances.

- Why not?

- Because if it is like it is, it has to be this way. This is our desert and out hole, and we have to be faithful to our fate. If everyone starts jumping around, what do we get? A chaos, that's all. We have to have a dream and keep on looking, if not for oil or peace of soul, then for something else.

- Ok, ok, enough of your moralisms, we know you are wise even beyond your age. It's just doesn't feel right to me. Joshua...Where's Joshua?!

- He went off.

- He never left farther than the pole and the hole. Boy, something's going on and I don't like it a bit.

- He'll come back, don't worry. Here, let's have a drink, I'm thirsty as hell, godforgiving.

- Oh, that'll do, Woyzeck, like good old days, no pun intended. Cheers,

sage.

- Cheers, Ziggy.

Now only two men drink, while the dot way across them is Jozef, looking for only desert knows what.

- Woyzeck, Woyzeck! Yeah, you old drunk, call me Ziggy, will you?
 - Why so anxious, Zigmund, let me sleep. I had the most perfect dream you interrupted.
 - Call me Ziggy, I dare you.
 - Calm down! Oh, the fields and the forest, Zigmund, there was a forest! Argh, you lonesome idiot, why did you have to wake me up? Tell me, why?!
 - Damn, you won't call me Ziggy, not when I need. Should have expected that much. Well, shame on me.
 - What's the obsession about?! Why you're holding hands behind your back?
 - This! You won't be calling me Ziggy. Only when I say.
 - Hell! What the...
 - Fuck! I know, right. I've got my piece, haha, oh yeah, I got what you couldn't get.
 - Ok ok, you got yours, now take this thing out of my face! You weren't going to shoot me, were you?
 - Nah, old wise man, I wouldn't waste this bullet on you, your days are already short as it is.
 - Where...how did you get it? I will suspend my disbelief as to why you would need it.
 - My needs none of your business, you're straight on this. Found it by the hole.
 - But it does not leave tools, or else we could have done something since we lost ours that night.
 - Something more specific, Woyzeck?
 - Build something.
 - What? A wall, a street?! Then bang our heads against the wall, while getting lost in a street?
- Don't you see the futility of all of this work? We had our run with oil, heck, somebody must have used it to build that wall and that street, and we got what? Fucking cactus juice, that cheap ass whisky! You got no peace, that's for sure. Well, I got mine. Come to think of it, the perfect tool for our predicament.
- You've got war.
 - So be it, I got war. It's something though, not all that crap pile of means for survival. By the way, why haven't we thrown all that garbage into the hole? Damn, we must be dense as fuck.

- You're steaming. Remember, we thought of burying it in the sand, but the shovels were gone.

- Alright. You can't hurt me now, moment of truth.

- I know.

- What you know?

- That you threw the tools into the hole.

- And you didn't say anything? Hard to believe.

- Didn't want to worry Joseph.

- Oh, Jose. What, do you think he would have had a go at me? I'm not afraid of Joshua. He doesn't have it in him. You know, like we do. Or used to. Before you got, yeah, you know, what I mean.

- You're not hearing me, I was worried about Joseph, not you.

- Yeah, yeah, protecting your son from harsh realities of life.

- From harsh realities of those incapable to cope with life.

- Shit, old man, you know I could shoot you right here?!

- I don't care. I know you couldn't, Ziggy.

Zigmund points the gun at Woyzeck. Holds it.

- Not worth it, your temple is not worth this bullet.

- Then whose is?

- Nobody's. I will keep it like this. Just wanted to fuck with you.

- I bet you did.

- Oh, here come Joseph, newly born out of infinite pregnancy of the desert.

- Woyzeck, what is the gun doing in Zigmund's hands?!

- I am as baffled as you are.

- When did you get it?

- Found it by the hole.

- Must have been dropped by that man I could not understand.

- Yeeeeeaa, the bearded comrade, speaking fire?! Who needs words, when you got action! Telling the truth, am I, am I?!

- Stop waving this thing around! You're going to get us killed.

- No way, can't happen.

- Is it empty?

- No it has only one bullet, so, no way I can get us killed. Maybe you, maybe Woyzeck, maybe me, but three of us not possible.

- Not exactly right, you could...

- Don't give him ideas, Woyzeck! See, he's raving mad now.

- Warlord! Fucking warlord!

- Pass me the bottle, Woyzeck, quickly, hurry.

As Woyzeck tries to reach for the bottle, which was left by the end of the pole, something appears in the hole. Zigmund rushes to it.

- Now what this idiot going to do?!
 - Forgive me my heavenly father, but this asshole is bringing it here!
 - Partners in crime, I present you - what's your name, dear?
 - Zigmund! What the hell are you doing?! You know she will not survive here!
 - We'll see, we have time, and cactus juice. Whisky? Do you want some whisky, dear? No? Then maybe you can answer one question? Shit!
- Zigmund jumps to the side, letting his hostage half-loose.
- I told you, you idiot.
 - Why she's...he's...why?! What the fuck?!
 - Because that's what happens to things of the hole, if they're not in the right place. I warned you.
 - Are you one of them, old fool?!
 - As you and Joseph, and - yes - me, are.
 - Can't be right, I don't believe you. Now you're fucking with me for real!
 - I bet you'd wish.
 - Calm down, both of you. Let it go. Ziggy, let it go!
 - Fuck! Just fuck!
 - Easy here. Woyzeck, pass me...oh, right , it's here. Take a sip, Ziggy.
- Zigmund drowns half the bottle down.
- I should have shot it. I should have shot it.
 - Papi.
 - Yes, son.

Zigmund still shaking, juts stares at the hole, till he drops.

Now again just two workers drink, as one lies with his back in the sand. Desert drones.

- Right not left, right not left...
 - Shhh, you're going to wake up Zigmund, and we can't be sure he's come to senses yet.
 - It's ok, he's not here.
 - ?
 - I saw him crawl into the desert some hours ago.
 - Didn't you sleep.
 - Nope, Whisky lacked in magic this night.
 - Should we go and look for him, just in case?
 - Don't think it's the best idea, besides, if you were right, he is in his proper place and, by extension, so are his actions.
 - Yes, I say a lot sometimes, even if I do not know what it means, but I'll trust your lead on that, Joseph.
 - Was it true, that we came from the hole? Why did we not know that and you did? Why didn't you tell us?
 - I thought you'd have picked on that by now. The fact, I mean, not my silence. I guess I did not want, yeah, things like last evening happening.
 - But it did happen before you told us - Zigmund was going bonkers before I had returned.
 - Miscalculation on my part.
 - You're lying, Woyzeck. I'm sorry to say that, but you are not telling what's on your mind.
 - Son.
 - Be real with me, Woyzeck, this time.
- Woyzeck sighs.
- I was afraid of you leaving me. You know, jumping into the hole, getting back to where you came from, all that crap, godforgiving.
 - You don't believe in god, do you?
 - I don't, but in case he believes in me, I don't want to take chances.
 - Hypocrite.
 - More like an argument for the existence of god from a point of unbeliever.
 - And how does that work?
 - If he..it believes in me, even when I don't - in it, then it follows that his - damn - its belief is pure and self-sufficient.
 - So?
 - Its belief through a non-believer proves that its existence is perfect and, thus, necessary.

- Are you saying, that if god was upset with non-believers, it would not exist?

- Precisely.

- Haha, oh, you - to quote Zigmund - wise old man! You got yourself in good position, hedging all those bets.

- Don't blame the messenger, I still don't believe, godbelieving.

Suddenly the workers hear a sharp booming sound.

- Zigmund! Zigmund!

- Don't waste your breath, Joseph, he won't answer. And he is alive, for better or worse.

- How would you know?

- Trust me on this. He must have crawled to atone for his outburst, got sentimental and shot for the sky. Haha. Indeed, he said my head was not worth the bullet, no way his was!

Both men laugh with uneasy relief.

- Woyzeck?

- Yes, son?

- I thought this magicless silent night about what Zigmund said before I had left.

- About what?

- The hole and everything. I think I'm going to jump.

- That's what I was afraid of all this time. Should have kept my mouth shut.

- It wasn't you, it wasn't the fact that we are from the hole. No.

- Then why? What's the deal?

- I guess - how to put it soundly - I want to be the blacksmith of my destiny.

- But you are, being here, talking to those, who come, telling us - keeping company.

- Yes and no. I do not really understand, what they say. I just make a calculated guess, reading their faces, expressions.

- You don't say. So the wolf did not warn us about the impending floods?

- Haha, no, I was just lightening up the mood. Yeah, that's all I was doing. Setting the tone right, or as good as it can be in this dire place of ours.

- Home.

- ?

- This is our home, Joseph.

- Be it as it may, then, Woyzeck, I have to leave it. No, I want to leave it. This...

Jozef draws an air circle.

- This makes me want to go. Do you understand?

- No. I mean, yes, but no. It just doesn't work like that. If you go, nobody will be able to take your place here. We will wither without you.
- Somebody will come.
- Argh, don't feed me - godforgiving - this bullshit. If you want to go, - go. In any case, I don't have my piece to make you stay. And if I would, your mind is made up, and that can't be overruled. I should know, being old and wise. Yes, my wishes count as those of a deadman.
- Don't say that.
- Shut up, son. Let it be silent, if it can't be peaceful, for a second. These days go so fast now...give me some of that.
- Papi?
- Son.
- Did you hear it?
- What?!
- I thought I heard Ziggy whisper bastard.
- You wouldn't hear it as a whisper, now, would you? It's be like a decaying echo or something. It's a desert, and we still can't see him.
- You're probably right.
- One more, son?
- Papi.

For a time being two workers sit drinking on a pole. There's a hole and a pile of garbage. The field of visibility is narrow due to the day being short, and the sand being furious, which also is the reason for the lack of trails leading into the desert.

Habitus Poeticus

I live inside this crazy head
I wish I lived in cunt instead
I stay in the place that cold and dark
That if you put it to the night
You'd see all stars get magnified

This bonkers shed that makes me shout
When I just want to sing aloud:

Of my love
for the birds and the bees
and the sea
and the things, that move, that kiss, that crawl
that run and fall

I'm jailed among the greyest stuff
Not in a thing that's pink and fluff
I can't see the world that's out (side)
As my headmaster forces me to shout:

My love, what have you done!
You killed the one!
And there is none!
nada, zero, zilch, nothing
ingenting of anything!

Things that don't!
Things that won't!
Things that can't.

I learned to dream inside this bunker space
Of the things I can do if I pick up the pace
Of the ways to move the rocky mountains
Of the moves to turn black into light
Of the sounds that make dead come alive

I dreamt of the times so far ahead
When lips get close and touch instead

of screaming, of shouting,
of singing, of louting

And the harmonies of the worlds ensue
All creatures become each other and awe
Starts flowing through the veins of the loony head
It has no choice but to roll off stead

All mouths that are one
and each other
forbidden is none
whispering together

My love
I love
All one
Alone
Along
So long
No end
No end
No end

In Lexus Eternum

There's no start or meaning to this story
No everlasting, posthumous glory

When stuff gets slow
I want it all pick up the speed
When they too fast
I pray these times to last

It all just seems like sitting on a fence
Watch carefully
Don't get your buttocks all damn tense

When shit gets good
I yearn for it to turn to bad
And at the moment of this wish
There comes the torrent index sad

Left not right
These thoughts they come at night
Left not right
These thoughts may start a fight
Left not right
These thoughts they come

I hop into my lexus
Running on one wheel
I add a dose of extra
To see how it will feel

The world is getting smooth
The sentences all fall
Onto the blissful soul
I'm blessed without a call

ing,

Then I'd upgrade my ride
With double chemical

Chill flowing through the night
No goat that's tragical

Gas pedal off the full
In my pillmobile
The words acquire dull
I reach for one more reel

The periods skip sites
The commas hang on trees
The grammas join the rites
All language set free

I slit remaining package
Now floating circles five
My back clear of the baggage
I won't be stopped tonight

Left not right
These thoughts they come at night
Left not right
These thoughts will lead to flight
Left not right
These thoughts they come

Somebody touches me below!
I'm losing grasp of the control!
God's picking mushrooms in my soul!
Determined its claws as mole's!

I hit the ground my knees bend down!
The light is switched, my eyes they drown!
The fire encompasses land!
The snakes entangle praying hands!

The sweat starts running riverwards!
The blood gets clotted inside chords!
The mouth piece stuck between the words!
The wheels roll off the way of Lord!

The devil comes, asks no names.
Sowing its black seed lit up in flames.

Left not right
These thoughts they come at night
Left not right
These thoughts incipit fright
Left not right
These thoughts they come.

Amor Sonus

Edgar vigorously attacks classical vacuums
Smelting the keys to the castle of tones
The chorals of space envelop streets from Paris to Beijing

Over the Brooklyn Bridge, the astronomer, drinking, recites electronical
poems

Martin passes, gets lost
The black dog breathes
The black dog howls
Setting Bourgogne ablaze

The children you publically denounce
The children that inevitably cause a scandal
The ones you forget
Or you tell yourself so

Piggybacking with Oedipus and Sphinx
Into the dreams of seismographic scores
American dreams of deserted places
All twenty one and a half of them
The futures of instruments lending themselves to
exigencies of your inner rhythm

(Un)fixed to (no) idea
Understood by none, few and all

The stratospheric colossus of sound

Alone, not native
A present for some boy's 15th birthday
None present when bird comes calling
Then too late, as is too common in things about heroes

Density as an integral part of the night

The laughter in prisms of higher dimensions
Fist fights in prisons of lower ones

Ionizations that create negative atoms at the equator
Eight stamens fuelling love letters in elevators

Most standing behind their times
Most wasting their genius in minutes three
Many deaf to music pulsating with life
Many unchanged by shape, direction and speed

(There I am, Theremin)

Few know of the mysteries
Even fewer conceive

Translate my heart from sonic to graphic
Mark my voice on crystal granite
Through the looking-glass diaries,
Through the volume of two,
Let it write itself,
Achilles to Louise.

De Corpora Mali

my body is a body for somebody else's body
a haven for the dreams of animals
wolf
ostrich
rabbit
camel

a bloody field for viruses bacteria
microaggressions carried out in hope for mutants

a skinned terrain for bugs and germs and insects
continuing its promise to the bitter atoms

my body is an open body
a body of a thought
a thought of a body

it welcomes through the mouth the ears and anus
all openings for things it fails to notice
pronounce or annex

a mess of a body
an error of one
an excess of a double helix

infinitely bound to desires of finite
travels through surfaced abysses and minor flats
reprise of the maps
disease of the majors

the history that's carved in subjective storage
misplaced in the cellars, objectively obscured

for the doctor
the massagist
the coach
psychotherapist

in ruins of my head there the brain takes the form of a swarm

be something
to be some thing
to sting not, plastic thought
fly a lot
oh, how it's good to become a bot

to the banks of Tigris
at the base of my tongue

we can get along
promise that we can change what's wrong

sit on my face and teach my lips the patois of your body

do good for our bodies

our bad bad bodies

Argumentum Humanum

places filled with people
crossing lands and saying prayers

becoming prey
and the ones who prey

so tired of the real
they need a piece of sky
for their
stomachs hearts and pain
the life that isn't theirs

the rest of us above
the darkest bluest sea
will have to do with
what is left
when nothing's left to do

some running low on vitamin C
others in a mob getting high on E
we all in here keep trying to B

falling

the domino effect starts with the debt
of the superior
as you puke out your anger all over the
neighbourhood area

the aid as always comes to late
when you've become thing of exterior
the languages of help can only grasp
the random bits of (your) bodily carrier

unequal distribution of spaces
to get a way
forces the rest of us to wait
in turn we drink the spirits

descending with moonshine
camped out under the darkest bluest clouds
we rhyme

some running low on vitamin D
others in a mob counting those Gs
we all in here keep trying to B

falling

alone not quite, together not (yet)
bones in the dirt, noise in a thought (less)

without subject, outside structure
a volume of formless mass makes for
a bright eruption

in the darkest greenest lands it unfolds
the deserted souls take the scene to give mold
to the present in time out of hand out of joint
turn the wastegrounds to lands without borders with points

one for those giving all of the Fs
one for those rolling straight to the As
one for us here letting it B

falling

rising

Rhyme Ad Infinitum

I got an itch (arghh)
Nothing technical
Found myself in a ditch
Up to the waistline

Was looking for a niche (eehh)
Following great great great nietzsche
"Battle not with monsters,
lest you become a monster"

But I'm half beast
Straight out of baltic east
Bad poet with an attitude
Ever expanding my amplitude

of bass, blow, acid, smoke

Inch by inch by inch by inch
Not nine, nothing about nails
Try not to flinch
All fine, zero sales

I'm not alone
Not even close
Giving homage to my favourite sam
Drinking whisky from bottle of damn

Saint john, saint peter,
Dead albert, dead meter

I'm not ready to die
Not of that society
If that's the desire of thy
May you rest in peace

So please don't interrupt me
I'm not that girl
Come help me hammer

These lines that curl

Through underground
Not seen on scene
That rumbling sound
Those words obscene

Beatnik
Lick a
Knick
What ?!
Warriors!

Come out to play
The games that flow
Out of plato's cave
The figures mold
Into casual clay

From timeless measure
These lands unfold
Beyond all pleasures
All rules of gold

Deus ex machina
L'homme machine
Revelling in its chaos
As bottomless ass dreamer

Ambivalent as sabbath
Double edged holy sword
White noise up in the data
Cutting off vocal chords

Karen

The silences of light
some come in zeros
Containing your inner void
among the bursting numbers

The land that you've become
for the deathlectics of the colonists
The blood, the sweat, the tears
and the semen of fighters
On skin of your thoughts
Unskinned from your heart
All digits collapse
making your mathematics go (tik tik tik)

Try to plan the constructions of space
that contain the sick, the mad and their muses

The material you choose
may not be fit to withstand the winters of psyche

As the wind wrecks the walls open
devouring the breaths of the little, the big and the immeasurable

You inhale the debris of dust,
bones and the naked atoms

Take a pause

Collect the air around your soul

Inform the chief engineer
of the acoustics needed to sustain the drone of the polar night

Blow

Among the countries that you travel
the birth of music is also
the birth of sunlight

The energy that it takes
to trick the
audience into believing
that you are not there

Considered by some
as superficial
thus missing
the point at which the
absence of true mirror
signals the
need to stop
making that face up

Yet the oxen and goats
roam the plains of western asia
Unperturbed by your
identity crises
the confusion about
vowels in a name
you were given by
somebody who never
heard you talk

Drop it

Pick up your brass

Listen to the voice

All fires at once

The Feet

Speech call. Is that not how all graphomaniacs start? Hearing the call. No. Feeling the itch. Better now.

The old radio. Tune between FM frequencies, but no song. Not a one damn song. All babble. All pussy, tit, dick, ass, love love love, till vomit or ejaculate. Same thing. That don't arouse me anymore. So much the better. Switch to short waves. Shift amidst stations, static, find the beatings, now, some song, at least at last. Some play. What else (one needs)? Some rice, some onion, some carrot, if that. One don't need much, when one prepares. Turn the radio off.

Some tea, cheap tasteless tea, pour water, all is good. A cigarette, all is better. Then the sky, less cloudy, the better. Waiting.

Such are waiting times.

Maybe the mountain, some sea. One needs less, when preparing. Or, even, better, not getting wasted. Clean in old cloths. Some little light and far city ambiance.

Itch stopping.

Not wasted. Not.

The Hands

What happens when one stops writing? What happens when one starts again? If anything? Not writing. Not loving, dying. What one loses? A chance at becoming foreign and other to oneself? A chance at some life.

How are the steps of new life positioned?

How one marks the place of a new possibility? By listening to other, however distant, almost self-same, subsumed under concepts of oneself, which were layered through days of non-writing. By listening to almost nothing, but the urgency of a speech, grafting itself, making some self disintegrate, some same leave its throne, however dim and not-sure. Maybe, even better – facing this same through the possible coming of another, facing this self to a death, a death of its own dying, and so – through figures marked with dead letters, half-sure concepts – comes to life some new life.

The foreigner already laughing and smiling, since he is good, by the right of the new force, already kicking, since he must be violent, with virtuosity of deleting.

But not so fast. A trace of death is too deep, too sure of its half-sures – the foreigner must do some work, here the same must lose to the other, and this loss is not easy. To lose, must loose. The same must enter, through its half-sure concepts, or marks, or cracks, or this always unanalyzable void, into alliance with the foreigner.

Must become black.

And then, maybe, some colours, hence – some love or pleasure.

The Head

But what is a foreigner? If it is "who", does he speak? If it is "she", what does she say? In what language, in whose speech? Maybe he – if it is "he" – speaks violently. If so, would one need to collaborate? If he screams or threatens: you old muck of useless white trash, i'll kick your ass and teeth – should one stay still and never let be found? Who, in the end, would prefer to have no teeth or wear a sore behind, thus staying, standing, while picking one's teeth up?!

No! Let no such foreigner deceive you – he is as old as you, as half-sured, defensive, this brute about whom it is said – he's a man of a principle and a word – a frozen shit one, at that. Stay clean from this filth, there's no more life in it than in a flower growing in the butt, where no light has ever shone. Ah, sweet laughter of half-sure self! You still have some left, don't you?! You!

And if she came, open as a door of an abandoned foundry – should you form a bond of any sorts? Of entering and leaving, endless thus in its oscillations, almost too fun to not horrify you. Where the picture of the moment in which her hand is holding one's penis is already thrust and replaced by the picture of her hand holding another prick. Would you welcome such alliance, as an old lover of places forgotten and vast? Is it not too half-sured substituting itself as almost truly sure?

What would you say to all of it, before letting oneself slide into the vortex of pictures of these moments: go, don't come, i will not come? We can't come?

Let her pass. Let him pass. A prick for some ass. Ah, there you go again!

How in the world one can become purer, one can become one's foreigner through these cracked concepts? No. This won't work. No knowing of a foreigner adequate to a new life.

In vain.

Too fun to be just enough.

Leave it here. At this.

The Heart

So strange. So alone.

What would i give provided he comes? What would she want or, at least, accept?

One is so helpless in these matters.

The Stomach

I could offer him my tongue – for example, i could twist it to make him laugh. Perhaps i could even mutter some words he'd understand.

Or my hand. We could wrestle them, the left one, yes, the left one, so i wouldn't lose so easily, just in case he'd still have some kicking habits in him.

I could share my recipe for mushroom soup, in case she hates meat. Then a pillow, so she wouldn't complain when sleeping on the floor. And some sounds to comfort her loneliness, even if she'd tremble in the face of it – at least she wouldn't be alone.

I could possibly offer him my kidney, but i doubt it is of much use these days. Maybe a hair. Yes, a hair would be nice – the smell of burning hair to skew the evening or the night. In the morning i'd prepare him some tea, but not the best one i have – i don't think he'd appreciate the good one enough. I must be careful and count, after all, he is a foreigner.

Some paint, tobacco, some piano keys, D-flat would be nice, i think. A figure of a dog, an old plate, all those things i found as a foreigner, long time ago – we could share our strangeness, even if the books say it's unshareable.

Forgetting, yes, some forgetting in between the stouts. And if she'd insist, i could smile some. Very little. If she wouldn't notice, well, then that's it – nothing else i have and i'm not even half-sure i can give her nothing.

The Skin or The Penis-Vagina

They take away something one never had. The neighbours. The half-truers. If you come, shall we kill the neighbour and fuck his wife? Dyeing her hair black and orange, so she can leave the neighbourhood. So she can come, leaving her filthy children smelling of lies thousand years old. Is it possible? Would you dare to do it? Or is it inappropriate in your foreign skin, and thus we have to leave penis untouched?

Wouldn't that make you a neighbour and thus you would not hear what I say, because the neighbour, that is you, doesn't dye the hair black and orange, doesn't come and certainly can't die, so your wife is forever a virgin of the neighbourhood? The filthy virgin giving birth to half-children. But if you dare to, we could just lie down naked on the lawn or the pavement. The sun burning our skins, the rain washing it drunk. And the half-children can come, lie besides. So the neighbour and his wife. We can give them something they always had. And when we leave, for we must leave, and they probably stay, for they can't leave, you must know – there's nothing to desire in the neighbourhood. The interior is nothing else but the interior. And the foolishness of half-true is the cause of all skin diseases.

The desire for something one has lost, created by stealing something one never had – this is the law of the cockcunt, of the pussydick. Of the neighbour, who does not recognize the sun. Nor knows any passion.

The Skin

It's not so easy. Not so, at all. Impossible to say of the gentleness that comes. But one must be in its tiredness, in its loss. Must persevere. The silence of the burn scars on one's hand.

But how does one do it?

The touch and then the words. Disjunct. How not to get beyond? The tape, the wires around one's neck and penis. The skin of the skin.

Safer. Then the play. No way other but play. Unless only moment. Then no play. Is it imagined? By whom? The foreigner? Or already the neighbour? The dread and fury of going beyond. Never to be said and then, suddenly, already too much. The cry, the sadness, the cut of the blade on one's right hand. The madness of unskinned. So is the city in its superskins. The cloths, the hair, the bricks and the so many doors. To touch. To say. To live. Impossible. Unless.

But how does one do it?

How Enter

Under the rotten bridge. On the warm rocks. Near the murmur of the tiny water waves.

But haven't you already wrote that? Have you got no other place to go? You must have. And definitely so. But only the words may repeat, maybe the place repeats itself with the bridge, the rock, the water? How foolish then!

Unless the outplace. Reshifting, here – on the bench, near murmur of the street, by an old church. And the words start dangerous uncertain route of dissimulating the place. And one feels no more the proximity of the bridge, no gentleness of the rock. One must wander then. As long as the outplace keeps on moving – not so out, not quite in.

Through the stones of the mad city.

How Leave

Leaving. Are these places because one can't be there long enough?
Where's this nostalgia for place from? This adherence since one left? This
craving to leave to have a place. A word-place, indeed.
Where does one live, if not in place? The dream of place grafted inside
one's head. In vain. Must leave must leave must leave.
And then these shiny yellowgreen leaves.

How Know

You notice two drunks sitting on the bench in a park. Talking until arguing. It's of the place. You can't possibly notice two drunks on the outskirts of the forest, unless sleeping or picking mushrooms. But rare, indeed.

So, at least, we know the place has its say. Can't decide if it is a true say, but nevertheless, it is some say, and affirmingly so. This can be established before knowing all place.

You may wonder what becomes of all the hill-places, when the gods have left – do these places lose its say? Why would there be need for a hill if not for a god? It seems absurd that hill-places abandoned by gods could still become some at least half-true places. Unless, the hubris of the man. The restaurant. The god view... I have little care for that.

If the gods have left, the hill-places must disappear. Thus i predict , that in some countless years there will be no hills, it must be so. Unless. But neither you nor i want to know anything about this (unless because of gods and hill-places of the future).

For now it's enough to meditate on that we know at least one true place, albeit abandoned by its word, and deceasing.

How Walk

It is important that the signs remain invisible. Or kept out of sight.

For the sign is not a say of a place. Thus, for a walker, it is imperative to lose the track of signs. One enters a dangerous game if one risks to play by the signs. Of course, for a walker, it is always possible avoid getting caught in the prostitution of a sign and enter a place, even though it does not guarantee her hearing a place-word.

A walker must know her paths without the help of a label. She may be left wondering forever not understanding if the path belongs to a place and what other possible relation, apart providing the track, it may have to a place. Thus you often come to see a man stopped on his path and not moving. Longer, quite long. There's a beautiful trick of a place to speak itself out in its tracks. Undecideable, then, if one must become and remain happy or satisfied after stoppage. For a moment it may seem that by this the place uncovers its ultimate implaceable character. It needs for a say. Or, better, it is open for a say. Thus, a walker, as rightly noticed by the old greek, is a thinker. No other way. And enthusiastically so.

How Pace

Then the pace. The subtlety of which is immeasurable. But try. At first, slow. When approaching, so to enter. Wordless pace. A must. Then, fast. The fast of the desert and the American. Slow and fast, different. No medium. No place when medium. It is for noplaces. For signed places.

Here we have a maxim and an axiom of the relationship between pace and place.

First, the axiom: the place is necessarily when fast or slow (thus postulates and hypotheses: noplaces when medium; signed place because worded pace [medium]; fast paced places: the American and the desert [maybe the sea, but it is not decided yet]; slow paced places: the city, the river and the forest [maybe the church, but it may be noplaces because of different reasons [than pace]).

Secondly, the maxim: to pace the place no word or less word and slow/fast (as possible).

The measures/limits of all that's been thus said we are not aware of.

So, to conclude, the exactness of pace is left to the grace of infinity and thus there is some cloudiness at this point.

Hence, one stops not only because of the say (of the place), but, also, divided by uncertainty of pace.

Why Moment

There's this point in a place, which is very elusive as to deciding if it belongs to it (a place) – a moment. Be it the most trivial one, like sunset, or more subtle – like a wind caress by a road, one hardly has tools to see if it is of a place or the outplace: a centre or a margin. Maybe neither. And, what is more interesting, why a moment and a place? Why this neighbourhood, and so intimate, then? Maybe, even, not a neighbourhood, but, rather, something more close to a border, a foreignhood, to speak freely (which we, having so little tools, may allow and even encourage).

For how many times it have happened that a moment betrays the place by hastening one to leave. And, if off course, stay, also.

The mirage of the moment – thus, maybe – because of a double window: of an old place and of a future one. But what future? How so? It seems a moment for a place might be its flag, but also its black ribbon.

The sunset of an ocean – to leave it forever or to come back once more. And yes, the moment in nonplaces – how furious and violent it is! Get out, get out, get out!

By thinking a moment thus, one can establish the possible existence of an outplace, however void and feeble it may be.

Quite mad, then, the moment is.

How Remain

Then this silence. Among the things one could say of the nonplace, of its arrogance, of its million signs and intensities so seductive. But no. No. And yes. In that silence. Without real knowledge of the outplace and with little of the place. Then silence of the rotting autumn leaves cutting the air – this on the wind. The promise of a place in the place. It is its, as well. So still well.

Enough , with the stolen word, enough. With the stolen end, stop.

One could, but one must not, thus and then – go.

To Be Nothing

To have as many as possible. No.

To be had by as many as possible, more right to the have. Not much, though. Not by much. Also, to be had by one, if one stays as one of many.

To be had by one as many risks no having much. Then had by some, possible and quite right to the have.

To be nothing, to be had by as many as possible. Nothing much, thus.

To be had by nothing, in the end, among many, by many having had the same way.

To Love End

Love face horizon eye slip lips, pause, love voice depth breath breasts suck,
pause, love belly listen an ear the hair, pause, love embrace head legs
tongue, pause, love ass, pause, love back caress close sleep, pause, still
alone dark, pause, love more love black, then, pause, love hole burn sun
think atom, pause, love face against face groundless look voiceless silence
estranged touch, no pause, love nose unchilded infinite vain and voided,
no pause, love nothing thus, to love nothing, pause, love end.

To True Death

The black dark of the endless end. The end of nothing in the invisible white. To not be and to be not. The undying death on the sideless surface. The exhaustion of infinite in the everlasting moment. The silence of the void hovering above its weightless vectors. All things made equal raised by the degree of zero. All things extinct multiplied by zero.

The suicide of the one subtracting itself.

The remnants of knives, of flags, the decaying echoes murmuring last words. Empty timeless space – as a zephyr – contemplating: thoughtless and calm.

To end-be to true death.

To Flame the Light of Love

To flame – cut up a skin cross out the promise disorderly untouch her neck – tear a hole through her belly-button burn the sheets unwrite the decision – watch her fall on her knees abandon the garden start a fire – the light – exact differentiation of their encounter vectors the line uncurved like her words – say yes divide the dark raised by infinite degree count precisely where she'll land make a perfect morning coffee true to the axiom of your choice – of love – feeling how her vulva bone bites through his skin bending the resistant leftovers of selfhood unbinding the sacred oath of their names – how his hands penetrate beyond the skin, the fat and the muscles closer to her empty insides almost till the bleeding atom of her womb – looking at the eyes surrendering while the glory of the last moment unearths their remnants – breathlessly pulsing scattering all into the vast vortex of their mutual unbeing wherein it is still heard what she said – the obscure name of the slashed O – all to his delight she was no more he outlived her called back into the black silence of her mouth.

To Move Too Slow to Die

If i dragged a cup contrary to the motion of the earth's turning axis, could i achieve something very little reminiscent of undeath?

For all movement tends to cease. Even if infinitesimal, unmoving, subtraction of moving (let's say – of great with small), conquers death. Thus, sleeping, as unmoving of body and slowness of a soul is, contrary to wide held belief, closer to immortality than to death. And since death is total absence of moving (for all contingent things), by the same movement of thought (logic), death must be immortal. It must be not. Or it must be, if applying binary positioning, life.

Hence i, logically and convincingly, acquired the name of being – deathlife.

To Void the Roam of the Beast

Unmathematical men are given one way of doing great mathematics – constructing infinities out of void. In essence, it's all civilisation ever achieves at its peak. Thus the melancholy of creations, being nothing else but a voided, albeit infinite, being.

It's not surprising, then, that men would become tired of math and indulge in extremes of finitude – roams and screams of a beast, trapped between desire for infinity and knowledge of inevitable void. A monster, ironically, like the one constructed by certain mathematician – extending through 200 thousands of dimensions and $10^{\{60\}}$ symmetries. A universe, thus and then, could be seen and heard as unmovable movement of this great grey beast.

It follows that even mathematics is split into void and monsters that wonder in it. Hence the name of appearing – voidsplit.

To Noise a Silence

To know that all will cease one day, even the day of ceasing of all. Yet, to strive to understand, which is always not all. This, and this alone, is a vector of deathlife through splitting the void.

It's absolutely meaningless, and precisely its meaninglessness makes it true.

Life with its multitude meanings is ultimately untrue.

Death, without meaning, but understandable, is only half-true – is a fact.

So is void and splitting, taken separately.

Hence, half-forms of truthmeans and meantruths – lifevoid, deathsplit.

To Beauty the Ruins of Idea

The beauty – one enters a multitude of disordered remnants – which is not a non-being of order, but an order made of different paths criss-crossing each other, fighting, mutilating, mutating – chaos, one could call it, but I, due to personal likings, prefer – anarchy. That unbeing of a reason manifesting itself in piles of concrete blocks, broken bricks, tires, devastated yards of grass, half-dead half-born trees.

The beauty of ruins.

Hence, a model for perfect beauty is not achieving a goal taken as a singular schematism of organic or artificial fulfilment of a plan, a telos, embodying an idea, but falling from it, descending, caused by sheer power of contingency of multiple other ways, streams (working on it).

Let it all be ruined! – a manifesto slogan for beautilism, if you will.

Yet, completely unideological , happened by itself(s), countering and countered, with no exact pattern to discern to name it. Like pi without a repeating loop in its decimal expansion.

One leaves, then, by entering and enters by leaving.

Those overhuman, undernatural remnants of highest numbers (but what is height in ruins?) of lives that have not reached any peak, any self-same illumination of a clear idea, an exemplary model.

Beauty beyond goodness.

To ruin the beauty of idea, then.

Violetred

For a moment forget the place, home and death. Forgive the foreigner, his bitch and her brute. Let the bridge, the knife and the flag go.

Come the girl lying under sunlit trees, on the high grass. Eyes closed. Come my hand dreaming across her skin worlds it could give birth to. Some calm and peaceful, others violent and painful, some boring and still. Her laying there, curling into the corner of cold cosmos, hidden by the sky blue. Me unpolitely trying to kiss her out of the slumber. She saying no at a distance of infinite breath. She moving backwards as we dance in the summer haze, me wanting to guess her body vectors when ignited by desire.

The violet of her satisfaction, the red of my desperation, coloured in black silver of extinct stars.

Bet against the truth the illusion of a dreaming river, slowly inhaling the smokes that leave our flesh awake.

For a moment, imagine the white of a rose in a winter night.

Then forget what you had to forgive.

Blackred

Interrupt. The black pen. The red pencil. Stop that all that goes on obscurely. Bar the images of seduction, in red. In black search the meaninglessness of the fight. Explore it, explicit in its violent right. Then red it again. Listen not to them talking it's all in vain. It is in vain, you know it, sensing this no. They don't understand the extent of the ever beautiful firing, meaningless as it is. They know only no. No – on. No on! Red their chatter. Black this red. Make a gap in there. Space it. Get into. Hic void, hic live.

Pinkred

The one and only silence that is bearable without trying to.

No Eyed Noise

All the languages identify me. Even the loving ones. Especially the loving ones. Devour me, unidentifiably inclined. Must use words without language. Must demand for words outside languages.

Otherwise, hands down, neck down – you can't see me in my sands. Oh, you violent lovers and haters, brothers and sisters, mothers, fathers, friends who are too sober to lose your tongues in the foreign border zones.

When I close my eyes, I see war. When I open them, you nail me where you want me at. Between war and martyrdom I'm neither torn, nor released.

Switch that light, get me a rainbow that changes all the colours. Inverse inverse. Ride it, my pony.

Fucked up by wars and stalked naked by your knowing where I am nailed at, I lay onto concrete roads and pavements. The leaves of weed that crack it, enter me, unidentifiably inclined, through my holes, light and dark ones, ease up into my bones – I know the sky for a moment (...) it rains.

Won't close my eyes for the warlords, half close them for the lovers and the haters, that – for reasons unintelligible – have disguised themselves in the drops that drop the rain.

I know the sky.

Through the weed pupils I am a master of unidentifiable inclinations, declaring now – once and for naught – the time of no one, which will be unlanguageable and date-free, thus exempt from murder and caress, that permeates all thornless things.

Eye gone.

Identity and Noise

Crossfire, double dire, I will be something you never guess. Imma appropriate your cultural habits, your material habitat. I will dance so , that your wife starts doubting your marital vows. Imma seduce your husband, Imma offer you a chance. You practise in manufacturing monsters I have to find home for. If only because they become the bringers of the lights, the Lucifers to the gods you pray to.

My god is a water. It dissolves the paint I paint your kitchen with, it dissolves the pain I get paid back with. I gonna be the best worker you had. I will plan the revolution, that'll leave you houseless – that might gift you a home. Free. If you manage to suffer through.

I will be a liar at night, so you will give me shelter – you're conscientious, right? I will wear the portraits of the men you despise on my chest, and the men you worship – down. I will sell you anything, just to be in your pockets – I can strike the lowest there.

When you'll want to know my name, I'll hand a card, that will change the second you'll think of remembering it. Imma follow all your rules, so you keep me in high esteem, and then break them, thus making a hole in your understanding trust.

On saturday evenings I'll become an existential terrorist, so you can't relax enough to forget. And you won't. You've forgotten much already.

I will not know who I am, nor who I want to be. I will be anything and nothing you want me to be. I'll jog by your side, I'll play tennis with you. We will talk about our jobs and beer and how your guts can't take no more tomatoes. I'll smile with the most honest smile there was. Then I will frown, my eyes dark and red.

You'll be my guest and I will take care of you, then you'll become unsettled, for I won't answer or return your calls, won't shake your hand at the grocery store.

I never knew who I was, why should you? I'll be bad, I'll be good, I'll be joyous and sad. I'll be the worst rhymer, the mediocre poet, the master of pose.

I'll be a father, a son, a husband you want. I'll be motherless, childless and alone.

When you'll ask where I live, I will take you to the place the stars kiss the soil there. I'll be gone. You won't know the way back, the way forward. You can become the stars, the soil. Or the kiss. I won't know.

I will never be something you want me to be, I will be nothing, that I know.
Before that, though, I'll be rude, obnoxious, cheap and absent minded.
Dumb minded. Smart ass minded.

Whenever you will try to tell me apart, I'll be another hole. I will lick it,
suck it, as long as you get pleased with your pin downs. I don't mind you
being happy or satisfied, as I won't mind your despair or your pain.

There will be a time the sun heats the sand, and I am naked and your hand
naked on my naked belly, mine under your naked ass. That time can be said
to be a time when I will suspend your disbelief and all'll be calm, in its
predestined place. I don't have no problems being something neither I nor
you or anyone else has or will ever be.

And when I'll insist on making no sense, you'll have to deal with that,
motherfucker.

Deal with that, motherfucker.

Deal with that.

(open my eyes open my eyes open my eyes open my eyes open my eyes)

Colours and Noise

The glittering new grey on your windows, so you can look at the tragic comedy of the world through the fine framed glass squares. Between which the brass coloured winds blow up into the interstellar space. So the rain acquiring each and every colour that has been or will ever be, can pass onto the grass, making it deeper green, onto the pavement, giving it its grey essence; under the planks of your red house, where sun don't shine, making things rot, making shit rot, so you have your hands full next or the double next year, ripping the old ones off, nailing some new, wood colour ones, to paint it red again. Why does it drip? Why does your house act as if it's bleeding?

I'm seeing red again!

The rain floats down, meets the river, water of unnameable hue, all hues as it were, not all of the rain, though. Move your hand in patterns formed through triadic memories, oh, memories of nothing happening, the best nothing of all. If the edges of grey cross the border invading the whiteness of the inside, be sure to check them in place, add white with hairtips of a brush, that has never brushed before – all must stay clean inside, so as not to let the tragedy make her stand up right in your face. Keep that outside. Shh, says the painter, his fingers and palms red, his smile must be hiding something else besides a few rotten teeth. Might be the pink of the inner skin, interskinnar place.

Red! Who's seeing what?! I'm seeing none of that.

The glass gets some drips, scrape most of them off for the master, leave few for a boy, who dreams golden at night. Dark as the drainpipes are black. Sucking the rain that acquires all colours and some shapes, covering it with the blackness to save it from the yellow death hovering in the sky blue sky.

Can't see red no more.

Must be far from the insides that frame the outsides so fine. Here the bench, at the border of comitragical world, your eyelids heavy from work, close that. Last traces of colours flickering away. The silence, fuck that!

The noise.

Norwegian Dreamworks 7

For the warrior one thing to love, so she does not tear it all apart.
For the lover one thing to fight for, so he does not whore it all out.

For me, to find three girls of the dream, with the sweetest lips, in need of tasting the salty ones – from work and the white crystals of seashore rocks. To kiss three soft opening of the mouths, to feel hardship forget its fate. Split the rock, extract the crystals – I place the history of being alone on the petals of your tongues. Suck it, melt the salt, swallow the days and nights of wandering by sea, devour my fate, drown me in the waters of the spring sugar. Don't ask my name, I will be gone by the time of the question mark. Burn into me the memory of sweetness, which I won't manage to sweat out, even if I go far into the shadowed shored, where, now fateless, I will fall asleep surrounded by black clouds, the sweet trinity having descended upon me. My loneliness, now diminished and shared, will have found a better home, one with the strawberry doors. During the time of uneasiness and disquiet, unable to sleep, I will lick my lips, and through the salt dust touching my tongue I will enter the kingdom there are no names, signs or annal registers for. Just exactly eight folds of the flesh, that, driven by curiosity, have found something that one only dreams of.

For a dreamer, one door to bypass the alertness of life.
For the living, to dream to dream to dream.

Norwegian Dreamworks 6

At time, between dusk and dark, i think of the smallness of my life. My hut is tiny, i have to bend to go through the door. It barely has enough floor to accommodate two people – all mattress, no space for anything else. My needs are few, scattered on a little shelf – tea, sugar, strawberry jam, coffee, some bread, herring, a bottle of sauce and some whisky. On a child size bed, above and behind my sleeping pillow, a backpack and what can find its place on it – a book, some cds, few pieces of clothing and vitamins. My head lies close to the concrete part of the wall, my body, in a sleeping bag, feels the air coming through the door gap formed by the cable going under it.

I need nothing much more. My life is small. I think and i watch the sky, the mountains and the sea surrounding the city. I hear its distant drone. The silence and the emptiness. As if there's nothing else, but dreams. As if the smallness of my life makes me live in dreams. Closed by the groundless abyss and infinite heavens – my mind has nowhere else to go, but dreamworlds.

And so my life – even to the point where i don't know if i'm dreaming, i become a dreamt life. And as in a dream, so in life, i am capable of extremely chancy things. Tending to be someone first and then somebody else in a matter of milliseconds.

As a creature of no identity, just the one of being between abyss and infinity, and so infinitesimal, i have no control of my dream. The atheistic randomness of it lets me understand what is meant by the two most used characteristics of a god: allpowerful and allkind – almighty and benevolent, otherwords.

For all power is the one that is not limited – the power of creating or destroying anything at any moment, out of groundless abyss, up to infinite heavens. A true dream uninterrupted by smallness of life.

Allkindness is loving everything at all moments – undifferentiated, for the good, the bad and the ugly – a pure dream escaped from the smallness of life.

And so i think, whether the smallness of my life is a definite argument against the existence of god. For if there is life, however insignificant, there is a limit (to and of power and love) – a moment of waking up. But since i live and am as the one who is dreamt – being kind and violent at the same time – breaking the hearts that i love most kindly, i wonder whether being an atheist is, in a somewhat inexplicable way, being a god.

Yet, all of this is false. The groundless abyss forbids one to dream truly, and infinite heavens – to dream purely: by simply circumventing the need for belief – there's no need to believe in what one dreams (or how one dreams) – all of power, all of kindness is just given for free and taken for granted in the easiness of a split second.

You can't believe in what you dream, for there is no need of verification of any kind (which is the source of belief) in a chaotic life of a dream or a dream of a life, which, by being random and chaotic, is most transparent, and thus blind, in a subverted sense of this concept – nothing limits your visions.

Dreams, if correctly analyzed, are the source of disbelief – when one has dreamt, one has become accustomed to smile at belief. And so neither the truth of life, which is smallness, nor the universe of dreams, which is unbelievable, tends godwards.

And so one is rightly and truly between groundless abyss and infinite heavens, crying and laughing as a mad god – writing a theology about its unbelievable inexistence.

As lovable and as powerless as a drunk sailor, lost in a rubber boat, floating on a swimming pool.

Norwegian Dreamworks 5

There were three gold-miners on a long poll, drinking silver tequila. The sun, drying the sweat of the heat, blistered off metal plates – the noise of white colour in sunshine. In the intervals of cough, you could hear them talking, which made no sense, their words and your ears. A gap, of no precise measure, extending between the listener and the speech. Like a too heavy book, that one is unable to read lying down on her back – because all reading must be done in such a position as to let one rest his eyes while looking at the blue or white grey of the sky – to let it interrogate the book – the book that loses the line of sight and interest; too big, too much work, too few a dream. Let the sky thus, take its place. Perform a reading act with your eyes shut, back firmly against the soil and the grass. Feel the blue and grey-white become black – then multicolour of kid's pencils. Make the gold become yellow, never to be reversed. Noise the lies of socialism of the rich, of the revolution of the idle, of anarchism of the bookkeepers. Book the losers. Beer the beards. Smoke the young ones. Change your spears. Shake the dust from brown shoes.

One says: can smoke here all you want, we got skies!

Two says: are you interested in my work – my new tools, are they damn!

Three says: some beer for my teacup, mind you won't, common, man!

The one without a number, for there's always one without a number, belly up, laughing, getting kicked – contrary to the wisdom of people, contrary to the shore of the ocean, closer into the desert, deeper into the sun.

Still reading. Deciphering the black, so it means nothing. A writer sitting on a coffee table in San Francisco, lost between two continents, drinking Budweiser, marking files with an X. The gold sanddust, covering the rest of California. A dream cover, she performing, uncovering the dreams. The night waiting, long walk acoming. Better grab your bag – sleep your death in it. Golden tequila for a dreamer, 12 years of whisky for a worker in you.

Norwegian Dreamworks 4

If you ever catch yourself trying to put the endlessly proliferating ideas, visions, futures into words, you know the overwhelming feeling of being thrust into the middle of things you are too slow to grab, grasp, get hold of. Things you come to know to be faster than writing. You come to know something that is called chaos or multiplicity of worlds.

Worlds, in which infinite number of yous try to understand infinite ways of ever abounding other infinities, which might differ only by the length of one nail.

There are infinite worlds alike, different and same. Once you know this, all writing seems like always too late. In all actual worlds.

You feel remorse of all yous feeling it for you.

Indefinite multiplicity of slight differences, always here and everywhere, now and ever. Unframed by past and future. Me going out of myself to give birth to many more. Infinity of Ones, one after one, by sheer power of being separate, thus already minusculely different. Ones that don't add up. That share no other genuine property, except for being one in the different. The world in which another Borges does not commit an error of ornithological proof of God's existence. In which Borges is a pigeon – or he thinks he is – in such way thinking of yet another world.

One can keep calm, for it's all meaningless, one can assume the personality of the sane madman thinking nothing, one can elaborate the infinite ways and times he celebrates.

One can write, paint, play, always and never too late, for each instance is resumed and restarted whenever new worlds are born in the space and time without measure or signature.

I have my nails cut and long at the same time in different places, I know of this in all of them. I also have my nails long and cut in the same place at different times, being, thus, at least in two places at once and older than myself at the moment of my birth.

Art makes no sense of meaning. It's its work. It makes sense of rendering things meaningless. It makes senselessness mean. It doubles each and every meaning the world has gave birth to, rendering it free, making it mean nothing and contain all of the sense.

It doubles all sense, rendering it full, making it sense nothing, feel the meaning of nothing.

Infinity of Ones' Ghosts, Infinity of Ghosts of Infinity of Ones. Each and every differing from all others in the same rhythm of and between being born and forgotten.

Ad absurdum ad infinitum.
Platotle Aristo!

I am not and at times in and between these worlds.
Fornever, noeverywhere. In my dreamy melancholy.

Norwegian Dreamworks 3

A man playing a guitar under the aqueduct – analogy beginning - as raindrops dance on a surface of a dirty river – i can't give you no money, can't save you, can trace the ashes of burned villages and towns to the birth of them all, Gandhi or Jesus. Analogy enters the visions. All I can do is wait for the coach to call my number, somebody to pass me the ball (pass the goddamn ball!). We can't win, but we can go out with a four point play. A! David Foster Wallace, infinitely jesting, still on the bookstore shelf. I can dream the end of night, the dawn, the whitening of the skies. Can map you a plan of all the city aqueducts, can't stop the rain, though. Can't cancel the funeral, or the music. Taking three wooden planes for reminiscence, you laughing in a beautiful black dress. A beggar of vagabonds, a penniless coin, pour me the glass of your cheapest wine. Pour me half, so I can walk back in straight line. Find me a bed, a mattress, something to lay my bones into. She's, of Ethiopian genealogy, talking in a language I can't understand, but the voice I do. I, nodding my head, skip another passerby. Philosophical axioms catching up on my life as I trip on a leg of infinite emptiness. Do I dream, don't I? Do you?

Nature has made me so that I don't fit in any life, and I've tried many. nature has made me so that I could be cut up and rearranged. I can't do the same for you, I have no right to. Keep on plucking your guitar, king of ducks. Some day you'll wake up and scare the crows off my slumbering body, so I can continue on working thing out, cause one can't work them in – they weigh a hyperten. The line of reasoning getting lost, metaphorically speaking, into the tiny frequential breaths of a speciesless bird, that just, for the sake of unknown, decided to empty its bowels onto unsuspecting head of a bronze sculpture, bended downwards as if to feel the gravity of its fate. The eyes, that don't belong to you, close shut and dare to dream for you. The rhythm slows down so you gain fat, dancing.

Is it your watch, monsieur? You know you have to stay here for another second, at least.

Norwegian Dreamworks 2

Certain Quentin the Sweetheart (knowers of Lithuanian language will easily recognize whom I'm referring to) has posited, that nothing, except contingent things, necessarily exists – in other words – only necessary being is Chaos.

How so, one asks, if reason (science, mathematics) shows us, that things are orderly?

I want you to imagine being in a dream – that you are almost simultaneously a robot in 2500 AD and a nomad of 5000 BC. Certainly both experiences are nothing alike, and while certain order is found in both of them, it probably is a different order for both kinds (of experience).

Ok, if it's still not clear where I'm going – these are two parts of Chaos, for robot – nomad experience wouldn't make sense, for nomad, well, obviously, vice versa. They are both orderly only from certain spacetime point, let's assume, from me being woken up and thinking of both (overlapping) dreams. Here we find third order. Third part of Chaos.

It seems like Chaos wants us to see order, yet have no clue of an experience of different possible world inferred from the rules of this order.

Everything is orderly, but doesn't make sense.

Nothing is orderly, but (it) makes sense.

Wouldn't it be somewhat in character of Chaos to have a part of its existence that necessarily wants to show/see other parts as consistent, as orderly? A sort of an eye of Chaos, that is possible for very specifically configured spacetime. Necessary contingency that sees itself as contingent necessity. For a chaotic second. Which could last a human life, perhaps some more. A part, which at some point undoubtedly will stop existing, chaos, thus and then, becoming blind.

To understand and to feel are two different things, yet, we feel like we can understand, and we understand that without feeling, our orderly acceptance of spacetime flow becomes nothing. Like a mimicry of chaos without its seeing part.

I can understand you, but i can't feel you – this is a maxim, which delivers us from evil. And good.

I can't understand you, but I feel you – this is a recognition of our humility and chaotic humanity, or, simply put, Chaos as existing through its eye.

There's a space here for ethics and politics, but the time is not yet.

As I conceive those things in a half-dreaming state, I ascertain myself to explicate what I mean, because it all suddenly makes sense, yet I keep getting sleepier and the thought of Quentin the Sweetheart makes me sad. As if I had lost a friend (which everyone has done) in a chaotic misunderstanding.

I am now a robot in its dying stages, but since I am a robot (I, at the time), in my dying moment I know myself as a nomad, as butterfly and as a failed half-mad, and probably a bit more stupid than that, writer. I also know myself as many more things, some violently necessary, some gently contingent.

The beeping of a by-flying empty spacecraft sucks out my last moments of awareness, subsequently killing me.

I live no longer as a robot. I die as one.

Perhaps I will, in some distant dream, be reborn as an already dead famous French philosopher, who is best known for having inspired shortly, but widely lived political stance, which main slogan proclaimed: we can't understand robots, but you can try feeling them, which, for its part, will have had inspired endless scholastically oriented debates about the meaning of a first self-portrait of a robot (of a dubious authenticity), signed with transelectrically engraved equation: $1+1=\uparrow$

Norwegian Dreamworks 1

Bernardo Soares' statue rises above the ruins of Detroit, Michigan, as I sit by the river that hasn't yet got a name. Piles of stone, concrete and iron lie across it, and I dream of having an ability to soften the old waste parts of once young and great city, just so as to rebuild the glory and heart of it, in order for at least one dream of the most famous bookkeeper not to disperse. If I could just swim across the river, lay my wet bones and skin on blocks, bricks, tiles, so they become workable again and then get myself into it as numbers fall off the ascending prosaic.

Make something work.

Make this shit work.

The ruins of Bernardo Soares' statue rise above Detroit, Michigan. Half mad fisherman sits by the great lake. Fish dream of words there are no things for.

For some unknown reason – known unreason – there is a Russian border patrol nearby. I point to the whitening skies, where a ghost of the bookkeeper's silhouette is becoming transparent. Look, I say, statue of Bernardo Soares! Instead of doing that, Russian border patrol arrests me on the charge of trespassing. The time is pure future – with no past or present. And is spoken about in future perfect.

This will have been my dystopian utopia. Or utopian dystopia, depending on the definition one gives to a glass that has an appearance of having equal amount of air and water in it.

Closer

Clothless. Black ink on its hardened muscles. Never a thing out of its mouth. Stands in a rain. Comes as it goes. Swings at times, when not scared enough to lay on the floor, looking at it slowly rocking. The feet scarred, may have come through the forest and the streets. From the mountains or the sea. Come to rock outside my hut. Dusk and dawn it is here. Might be a king or a queen for all I can tell, a glimpse. Never moves feet when seen. Nods and shakes big head. No eyes, can't dare to know eyes. Yes, huge neck.

Whenever it wants, comes and stands rocking.

Never closer.

Not Yet

Tired so as to remember almost nothing. A face, a short duration of a face in a dim light, if that. Then cold. Keep on running from cold. Sleep standing. Always sleep standing, can't let them see you down. No! Won't see me down. Won't see me tell you anything. None of my youth, my fighting, none of what I know, of what I become. Can't beat me, can't beat me down. When cold over, sun upcoming and wake, when it dares, maybe. No yet.

Almost

Always with food. No hunger. Since I a child. Like a father, almost. Not gentle, though not crude either. Would come with a kettle, say eat, read a book. Show a toilet. I would do. Then sit behind the house, in front of my hut, count the trees. To five, then five more, a lot of fives. Trees green most of the time. Birds, and beasts, say don't go further, for the beasts. I would not. Rather read. Beasts there enough. And else. No need to go. Would eat, read, toilet. Count to fives and fall asleep. Dream of things I can't tell clearly. Sometimes crying. Laughing. Would say – don't cry, it's just a dream. Give me a pancake. Be there. Just be there. And so for many times – more than fives I know about.

Then stopped coming. Would look for in the house, but nothing. Pick some grass, some leaves. Sleep so much more so as to lose the count of times. Then stop counting, for if fall asleep besides the hut – fear of a beast. Would stay inside. Mostly laying down. Not read. Not dream. Nothing to count. But the still. No beast here. It will come, father.

Almost.

Still

Out of nothing this black. Always, as black likes, out of the nothing. It does not matter whether it's who or what that is carrying it. Who is what and every what can become who.

I can move by the black, thread it, matters only that I know how I don't. Through the door, the wall or the tiny window, come chance will be sure. In hunger, half-legged, forgotten and have forgiven, overcome, throughcome I the black. Keep saying, picking the bones off the chill floor. My child, my love, she will feign off the black, promise.
I do. Still.

Wordless

The words she used to bind him the words he used to fuck her with. The words he could look into the eyes of his son the words she could smuggle her love with.

The words that could slit a throat, a wrist, cut the belly up. The words he used so he won't have to beg. The words that made a day less clear, more dear.

The words that kept the night in check, never as black so as to swallow itself. The words that divided, united, transferred, put useless time in place.

The words he beat her for the first time with.

The words that should have lead her out. The words he could have used to fight his father with.

The words she made up, almost silent ones, to let it become what it had become.

The words that slowly abandoned the house, leaving it scream, moan, shriek, leaving it whisper.

The words that became inaudible, autophagous.

She, he, he, he abandoned to it. Becoming it. No words to reach it.

The blue is mad. The house is wordless.

No Title 1

all lines scattered – desert, all ways get lost – sea, all walks lose their tracks – the sky, the mountain – one has no words to say what lies – love, resistance, the heaviness of heavens, one, if there to be found such, has its being right at the horizon of the desert, the sea and the sky, all the cities buried, the streets, the signs, all the forests buried and no path left uncovered, the stars, the eyes of the dead vagabonds, one, if there is to be any, at the centre of the unmapped waters, sand, still, swayed by continuous tides, the moon as close as possible for there to be the line to pass, if the one found another, and a rock, might save her, might throw it at him, might start rapping the verses of a mad lover, of a hated enemy, one thus better alone, while wayless seasing, deserting, starrng, salt eating the rest of ropes, sandpapering the remaining colours, of the pages there is left nothing, but the dust for black holes, keep going, when the meaning of it has been deserted by all sense, one has no choice, but to decide to jump, off, on, springwater, skyscraper, houses of sand, breaking her head at the craters of Mars, burning his eyebrows in the rivers of Venus, losing one's breath in the winds of Neptune, sea washing the bones on desert shores, whole countries frozen in the mountains of ice, one, at the horizon of a sea, a desert and a sky, an argonaut, an astronomer, an aloner, how true your words would have been, if there were ears, how sweet your heart, if there be other ones, now head cracked open, worms of all walks of death, the noise of the silence, the grey of the transparent, the future empires, inhabited by hell knows what, inverted, reversed, cut through, smelted, piece by piece, the limits of your imagination end here, they end now, at the point of horizon, between the sea, the desert and the sky, faint face of no one, withering of each one, freedom of the momentary one, horror of loved ones, love of the monster one, end one

No Title 2

a trail, for whatever reason, amidst the trees, a forest, a way, neither started nor ended, at some indefinite point, where one, if not moving, may reach places beyond the limits of absolute speed – a train, perhaps, or a route in roundabouts, that creates a centre only to have it divided by paths, coming out of nowhere, now-where, everywhere, the downhill ride uphill battle, a serpent, a rabbit, a skeleton, the viaduct, a road, that records blood of those which cross it, also a sweat of those which found happiness, however liquid it was, caressed to utmost fatigue by the suns, vaporising, evaporating, love travelling skywards only to be absolved into interstellar vacuum, a trace, nonetheless, trapped in comets of ice, whose paths scared ancients so much as to set the ones, who knew the way, or at least a part of it, on fire, the devil's way, the way the bitch walks, signs signifying the lostness in the world, of the world, the stupid marching, those of pious or beaten heart – on their knees, and yet there are ones that never took a step, born on crossroads, remaining there, and it's impossible to tell their faces – whether they are abysmally joyous or infinitely sad, the wise men open their mouths – one should be able to deduce the way out of their teeth, tongue and movement of cheeks, more so often than not one would just get sucked into the habits of their arteries, formed through years trying to remember – and thus live – the path that took them to certainties at the time seemingly insoluble in the rains that came pouring through the leaves, soaking the woods, flooding all land, everyman for anyway, but a child, who knows nothing of the methods used to the point of abuse to make her lose his idle wonder, wander

No Title 3

some threads end with the needle, end in the entrails of the beast, some threads become ropes, and a rope becomes a line, a trope, some ropes have men swinging on their curved ends, while a wind makes a sound, that can't be put in lines, some men wait forever at the line, some cross them, some lines are stepped over, mistaken for straight ones, and so they bind, tapes, a ribbon, some lines get entangled, knotted, try make sense of them, cut them, pulverize them, snort them, the line of blood, the lines of curvatures, some lines make a noise, some get travelled through, some end around your neck, beating, a bass, wired to infinite openings, some strangle and burn you, some men follow their hairline, some a company line, airline, some can't wait to jump the line, break it and bend it, make a web, thread it, hang a bucket off it, none of the lines have definite meaning, except the ones that end in rows, chained ones, imprisoned in vicious circles – the death of the line, spiral – the lifeline, some are endless and thus only presumed to be lines, some form figures, that can't be accounted, only counted, manically attended to, some lines disappear as you approach them, some remain there even if you run (from), line of attack, line of a defence, multiplied, magnified, made hardly visible, all encompassing, stringed – the lie of the line, the truth of the line – lost, going offline

No Title 4

The words that you steal are the words that you lie with.

The words that you borrow are the words that you expose yourself with.

The words that you bleed are the words that have yet to make sense:

you drown in that, teaching yourself to swim,

you die in that, learning to survive.

Life will come later. For most times – already too late.

Cue sun rays, lost in an orgy of innocence, way over your head.

The virgin lands you observe from a distance of red waters.

Come alone, they say.

Leave us together.

No Title 5

The first spring winds, fast they blow the death of winter, whirling through your brain the sweat, the black, the aches.

The famine is over as you lay your teeth into chocolate buns, swallowing milk as people gather. Not much learned, and whatever that was, will have to endure the intense bouts of heat.

But for now, lower your eyelids and contemplate the opening of the skies – infinite as it has been postulated, proof waiting ever closer.

The dogs playing for bitches.

The beer brewing for seasoned encounter among birches.

You let yourself rhyme, feel stupid.

Fuck shame, join useless.

Repeat.

No Title 6

Leave the pupil of chaos for some other place.

As of now, you are lying on the short green grass. It's not established whether it's late autumn or middle of the spring. You lie almost powerless, weightless and it's insignificant to decide whether you are dying or on the threshold of birth.

While powerless, you feel sure and tender force of the transparent heavens – played through by bug feet passing on your skin.

In the noisy silence of early night or early morning you let your voice bypass the laws of language and follow the miniscule truth of being neither here, nor there. Directionless, right where.

It would be of dubious intent to try and decipher your moans, to prescribe your joy some nouns.

At times when your heart gets arrested, you lose the measure of your surroundings – the under or above the earth.

And so you travel, motionless, while the bug crossing your lips basks in the light of burning stars.

Intermission: On Infinity and Time

The past passes (retreats) and the future delays its coming. The present thus expands approaching void. Here is the point where infinity strikes. Being unexplainable in forms of time, it bends, breaks and retracts it. The past, future and present are merely the result of this strike. Depending on the strength (for infinities vary in their powers) of it, we have times, or epochs, as one or another epoch lasts for certain amount of time. The time of epoch constitutes the time it took for it to gather the effects of a strike.

As there many infinities, it is almost inevitable that epochs overlap and contain things or ideas from other and quite heterogeneous epochs.

Every strike of infinity results in certain destruction, which makes possible for new epoch come to pass. Since there is no origin or end of infinity, every epoch starts in a place of some other – thus destruction is necessary.

The time that passes between strikes of infinities is history. It lasts and extends exactly to the farthest points of past and future that were created during the moment of particular strike. History is thus always of a present and is simultaneously being constructed from the past and the future, both of which are moving beyond the grasp of history according to the arrow of their respective vectors.

The presence of the present does not exist, for it is an exact point of the infinite strike. The longer it takes for another strike to happen, the more extended the present becomes (the richer the history of the epoch), as mentioned, approaching void, or, as we shall see in subsequent intermission, absolute space.

While all of this is clear, it is not decided whether each epoch lasts enough to construct the history of its time: mainly, the origin from infinity and what that entails. Having that in mind, I can't conclude without a doubt whether this intermission is correct (or true enough).

To sum:

- 1) Time is a retroaction of infinite strike that happens in the void of presence.
- 2) Past and future moves farther away from the present as present expands after being infinitely contracted during the moment of a strike.
- 3) History is (a record of) time passing between the strikes.
- 4) Every history also includes an epoch, as a specific form of its relation to infinite strike.
- 5) All histories thus are different but not without points of convergence, overlapping, be it as contingent and accidental as they may.

The remainder:

The possibility that strikes of infinity are so dense that it would make talk of time, histories or epochs futile is probable, though improvable, as to do that would entail thinking and being infinity as such.

And, as infinities are many and discontinuous, we would not form an idea of strikes of infinity.

P.S. There is a possibility that different infinities account for different categories or forms of experience.

But to be experienced, to be known to exist, every infinity would need to interact with another one – and precisely that moment of interaction would be a place and space of that happening. So time could become a category only because of there being and it having come into contact with another infinity, which, for its own part, would yield another category, for example – space.

Geometer of Sleep

Doubling of dreams – one for the night, another – for the future. Keeping oneself sane by risking to know the borders of madness. Dozen, or so, modes of truth exceeded by ways it is said.

Skies falling as they ever were, making sure the trade of beds stays in constant busyness.

Count not the times of night you found yourself wake, just having escaped becoming somebody's eyes. There is no set of all possible dreams, each withering away at its own pace.

Car crashes, fatal wounds, worms forgotten behind. Till blindness.

You're nobody's vision, don't kid yourself, even less one of God.

Dreams are like petrol for bicycles – burning them down. Going out in flames, the precise frame left to meditate on.

Best done this while lying horizontally.

Architect of Noise

He's dead! She's dead! Everyone's dead – nothing makes a sound.
Thousands trees falling in silence, no matter how close you get, nothing.

You cut the silent wood, gather all the drunken glass, and start building. A
hut to scream so as to make the ghost of your voice inhabit soundless
insides. And you do (scream).

Then leave it in periphery of the mute land till somebody comes down,
comes in.

Now this can be the time of great terror or an impossible joy.

And so, as is one's duty, you hope for the latter.

Intermission: Infinity and Space

By descending into spatial form (a place) we come to realise that space is essentially tied to the void. However small or big, space mirrors itself in composition – in this sense space does not change and should be finite. To do this we would have to obtain an atom of inspaceable place, sort of a wall.

But this would assume that at some point space becomes completely placed, that is – full in its presence, which is not the case, so the only possibility would be to assume that space is infinite or that space is void.

This is a troublesome point of decision. For, assuming that space is void, we must posit something like primordial atom of matter which would be unspaceable. Would it then exist in space and be impenetrable to spacing? What would it then be if not some transcendental limit? Existing in space, but having no connection with it?

Second presupposition – that space is infinite – would yield endless regress and progress in spatial magnitude and place us as a part of it, but infinity is closer to a force than a quantity. It thus seems that space is neither void, albeit very similar to it, and not infinite.

In a certain sense space is radically finite. And while being so is unchanging in its compositional principle, it nevertheless does acquire different forms – precisely because it is acted upon by force of infinity. This being so, presents us with a point that is undecideable – namely: is space constructed of primal atoms (which as we saw leads to contradiction) or is it a form of a void and encounters some transcendent atoms as its limit? In either case an atom would be sort of known unknown and transcend any spacing whatsoever – from inside and outside altogether.

Should we leave this point undecided and still want to find how space becomes placed, we could assume that it happens so by it (space) being some curvature of infinity in a void. So space would be a result of a collision between void and infinity. And being the only finite thing space would necessarily be placed as a form of experience. Thus any experience is finite. We don't have infinity experiencing itself, but finite things being a result of there existing unexperienced power of infinity and utter bottomless of void. Experience (placed space) is finite. Infinity and void can only be decided, axiomatically posited and accepted as necessary for existence of any place and its experience.

To sum:

1) space can not be atomised and is not acting on atomised unknowable alterity.

- 2) space is always placed and idiosyncratic in its composition.
- 3) space, being a necessary form of experience, is finite and is the only finite thing.
- 4) its finitude is a result of infinity coming into collision (or, should we better say, powerless pressure) with void.
- 5) thus finitude is only possible because of unexperienceable existence of infinity and void.

P.S. It seems now that some positions outlined in post scriptum of previous intermission are not valid, or don't hold ground. Infinities don't act on each other. That would most probably produce a disaster (a god) – infinity experiencing itself. In which case there would be infinite space and experience perfectly mapping with infinite time that is present and represented at the same time. Needless to say there would be a me or a you. No place. No time. No spacing and no thought. I will try to grasp the logic of this possible disaster in next intermission.

Bridges

With every passing bridge one comes closer to have never have to experience death. The passage from one bridge to another is an event of grace and silent courage (though all courage is silent).

Passing over a bridge is a doubling of life. The old Heracleitian problem of stepping into a river is of another logic than the one of crossing a river by way of a bridge. Technically, every passing over a bridge brings another you into life. And so the count of total number of beings during certain passage of time can be derived by multiplying beings, bridges and the times they (beings) have passed over bridges, which exponentially approaches infinity, since once you have passed over a bridge, the next time you do it, you and your double double.

This gentle desire of getting closer to infinity is clearly exemplified in a locks married couples put on bridges – though probably unbeknownst to them, this signifies not a passage from single life to a one of being together (being two), but to being as many as possible – and by sheer power of expansion of this sequence – becoming immortal.

Bridges don't bridge the gap and cannot be burned – bridges are places of birth: of a desire and a love for infinity, which every being is a shrine of.

And so the lives multiply, the places change and everyone that has ever bridged, is now beautifully spectred.

The time when there were no bridges is the only time, when exact and finite number of beings could have been counted, and when stepping into a river was of philosophical and existential importance.

The time when the oceans can become bridged will be the time, when one will be able to say that there are gods among us.

Whether or not it is a time of hope and celebration, it is beyond the scope of this humble try to pass over the impassable.

Cinema

The city without a cinema is devoid of place for the real. The sheer resonance, size and precise movements the cinema provides all participating in it with, cannot be substituted by anything else. The sense of illusion and insignificance one experiences having left the cinema, the compassionate sadness towards all too small and uncertain characters walking outside is overwhelming. The melancholy of the theatre of life sets in, the reality of cinema having faded for time being.

The city that closes its cinemas, effectively wages the war on the real and thus – beauty, truth and freedom.

The corruption of life marches on more so assuredly, drowning its characters in ugly delusions of determined randomness.

To close a cinema is to rip out the heart of the real from the city, leaving its fate to the petty and insatiable desires of the everyday.

Fortress

Somebody's changed the old bricks, added new mortar. The blackened iron fence closes her off. She stands there knowing not what she has become. Death deceived, funeral faked. The spectre of Aristotle, dumbfounded amid her walls, rests in chaos.

But if you take enough time, just enough to become humble alright, you might get to sense, that in her old heart of stone, she knows what she is.

The silent wails of her mutilated mouth terrifies you into making a promise of never forgetting that. The promise that you are sure to break one of those days, when the world goes violet mad, and oracles at Delphi, filled with laughter and disbelief, get drunk from the barrel of shame.

There was never a head to crack the wall plenty open. Just a semblance of strength and a headless body in the end.

The Battlefield

The desert weapon cracked with the silence pouring out. You should cry less, sister. You should be more patient, brother. The trees colour the bodies sucked empty of passion. The field, voided of battle, mourns. The wind blowing through scattered pipes. The sand dust covers the blood. Never the satisfaction of the last fight, save passing illusion.

Lay with slow infrequent breaths – a sky left to marvel. No voice, no intonation, what travels, travels without a trace. The land ruined plain, waters polluted. Shut down the machine, fuck trying. Truth enter the scene. Can't fight it, can't break that. The beauty stands small, even less in duration.

Close your eyes, friend. Shit's over.

The Map

Finish with black. Start with dust. Make an invisible passage between. Leaking white, English red, Old red, usual grey – add channels for infinite rains. Lose your belongings on a way. Lose the scriptures of your mind, exchange the heart for a bunch of stars and some grass. Fill your stomach with silence and fluorescent void. Lengthen your legs, rubber your arms. Bind your hair into seventeen knots. Uncover all scars, even the ones you are ashamed of. Collect the waste bits, trash parts, empty the folds. Don't be scared of ensuing weightlessness, don't be afraid of getting blown away. Make mountain your equal. A water – your model of moving. A night – your way of seeing. A forest – your way of talking. Don't think, think off. Open the gates of the city.

The Weapon

Forge the weapon from brass. Brass of inscribed plates, second hand instruments, statues pulled down by changing regimes. Brass of indefinite ages, indiscernible dedications, soaked with sounds, that could not quite make it, abused by birdshit, whether noble or monstrous.

Keep the pieces in a barn or some other undivided house space. Let them taste each other. So as to make the great poet who lived on the street of Paris feel the cold of the plate that a homeless woman used as a rug when begging. So as to let the notes of Coltrane wannabe, who ended up as a an underpaid carpenter, rush out through the holes of unfinished series of cups. Let them mingle. Hell! Put them by the nearest river on a wet grass. Till they shiver, till they shine. Bang them by throwing pieces off the rocks. Pile them into the trailer and pour out in a city square, wait a time it takes you to finish off couple shots of whisky. Don't force it. Let them open up as they come.

A scientist can wait, a trumpet can signal the place of their transformation. be patient, be passionate. Resilient in your work, joyous in a night vision. Let the pieces form a net, a brotherhood.

They will let you know, when they are warm enough to join together, without dissolving in the excess of the heat.

Watch saxophone slowly acquiring fingers, a head turning into the table. Laugh, if you feel like, at the childish amusement of the pieces as they make love to each other, get to be each other.

Don't hold anything back, let the ones, which happen to be on a way of leaving, go .

Watch closely as they form cells of various kinds, learn the formlessness of its path. The degree of success will depend on your knowledge of the life it took the brass pieces to become flexible and stealthy.

Have a beer, for the speed of fluttering builds up. Shake the rust off. Breathe the skies. Comes the time, when you won't be alone, ever. Enjoy the approaching cool.

Smile, sister, it senses what you mean.

Vagabond Bit 3

Some days that pass as sand nights do, you're so alone that you have no choice but look for a single thought. Or, if you consider thinking to be lonesome activity, for a line, not so much a words' one, but an aural one. There must be one somewhere out, you assume. It can't be that you are deserted and all one – if that were the case, you'd be with all gone ones, not knowing it. Having this as a sort of a beacon, you wander in the grey looking for a black or a white one to pulse out. So you can take its stead, cling yourself to it, have it sway you, even if violently – better in a pained chamber than the grey. You never pull up, mow the black or the white ones. You give yourself to it, give yourself up, let it have you, let it make you obsolete, a trashed one. At this line of miniscule proximity (as well as distance) you lay your bones so as to have the resonance pass through the tips of the nerves of the crossed body.

Something start flowing from the double wound, as you lose the memory grip of the day, the grey and the lone something that is neither white nor black.

You can't name it, won't spell it out, just have it bend you, stretch you out. You are becoming a line now, let the else one find, what colour it has become, what colour it will become.

Vagabond Bit 2

One can lose one's dream. To find it empty. This is called a deep sleep. To have your dream withered away.

One can also dream someone else's dream. Now this does not necessarily imply the existence of that someone else, only her dream.

I, having no horse, have dreamt the sorrow of a woman whose horse has hurt his leg. I, being that woman in a dream, have cried and felt deeply for the horse, who might not be able to run again since he was very old. (Now, I assume that the woman, whose dream I was dreaming, has lost a horse because of a vision of the same horse in a dream – laying on tall grass with his eyes slowly closing). I mourned and continued in tears after being woken up by the excessive blood pressure, rising precisely because of this sadness.

The one who dreams someone else's dreams is, needless to say, a terrible sleeper, for not only he feels things someone else must feel, but also becomes worried about the existence of this someone. Where is she? Her objectivity, obviously, cannot be (without a doubt) inferred from a dream, but, going by the fact that it was her dream, she has to exist, she has to possess some – objectively ungrounded – subjectivity.

One could call this way of experiencing the world subjective. And since it is pathetic in the purest sense of the word, the dreamer of someone else's dreams tries to invent whole worlds for the people whose dreams he has taken away.

For without dreaming people lose their ability to exist, as horses put to sleep.

Vagabond Bit 1

I have adopted a mother. I love her voice, her tone, lawless and joyous in its errors.

My native, my original mother have long ago become too demanding, censorious, as if I owed her something. Even admitting that I did, I could not, I did not want to follow her lead, however gentle or poetic it might have been in her grace days. I ignored her, I deliberately translated things she wanted me to answer to my adopted mother.

A mongrel, my new mother, having come from Caribbean, France, Americas, Africa, Arabia and England – always not quite at home, always not good enough, not there enough.

My old mother comes to me at times, raging and mad: I cannot make sense of her, how vulgar she has become, how desperate to have me – her rhythm and emphasis escapes me, her wisdom makes the world shatter in pieces as if to say that there's no longer a place for me.

I, the son of two mothers – one half dead, another still naked – persist between madness and childish desires.

Kissing the tongue of my young mother, listening to what's leaving my first one.

Embracing a being of homeless ones, building a home for those, who will never come.

Confession 1

She gave me a plum, so i wouldn't starve. He gave me his back and a couple of words, so we could fight.

I ate in delight.

We fought with enthusiasm.

They gave me money and told to build a house, so i could take her in and invite him for a drink.

They gave me more to buy a car and drive her to the edge of the land, to bring him back home at night.

I can't remember exactly what i did do. I can still smell the juice of her plum and taste the blood of his back.

I did not do it right, though, since i'm thin and beaten.

I could have had paradise of pleasures, protected by word, sacred in blood.

But i don't.

For in all these times, through these kisses and fists, through all that love and friendship has to give, i was not able to stop telling myself:

i need to set this goddamn world on fucking fire.

I could not stop.

I ate the plum and spat the stone out, i erased the words and spilt the blood to dry. I drank the remaining money down.

I say:

i need to set this world on whitest fire.

I kept saying, as they got married, locked the car into the garage and enjoyed plum marmalade on the cosy evenings, centrally heated.

Some nights they will dream of the world burning in flames. They will wake up, lost and confused. The fire will seperate them, leaving traces of ashes.

I will be somewhere else, doing something else.

I will have taken care of the fire they left to die.

Confession 2

The pencil, the books, the exercise papers – all was given and told:

You'll be a scientist, a scholar and a master.

Eyes shining, hands lively – betraying great expectations.

Then wishing luck, waiting for news.

I started killing a scientist, a scholar and a master. Little by little. Took the pencil and marked in the margins of empty sheets:

Do not forget to unbind the rules.

The sentence never got written. The books were cut up and the words whitened.

Eyes became angry, then sad, then lost in indifference. The hands swung still on the sides. I lost connections and did not return the calls. There was no time for degrees, encyclopaedias and names, no place to occupy, but find where the laws unbind, where the rules lose their cool and start disintegrating.

The scientist, the scholar and the master were the next person I sat close to while stretching the margins, so that the place of their inauguration would contract.

The eyes looked away. The hands wanted to slap me in despair. It was told: You've wasted everything and became mad, stupid, delusional and an idiot. And while that's a melancholic fact, it never took a joy out of my movements.

The law will less and the rule will less more

Here is my margin right at the centre.

Confession 3

They said not a word. What? I asked. They kept still in silence. Ashamed. But not guilty. Or not aware of how this has happened. What did you do? Where did you put it? I insisted, hoping, they would somehow remember and confess. Whatever they have done, it must have been big. For why so silent? Why not say, anything, a lie? But no, they had no words.

What was that they took from me? What was it, that no sentence could be said? Was it so otherworldly that no word could contain, at least few, at least a little of it?

Their looks. I had to go. They could not stand me, neither could I stand there, wandering in place.

Years went, as I did. No lines, no colours, no sounds or words I heard were of any help. Untraceable. I could not believe the helplessness of my wander.

As soon as I set, I had to leave. As I left, having nowhere to particular to go, I would set, for rest, if not (for anything else).

Tired, I started dreaming. No words or colours can say these dreams. I did not eat, I did not want to. Illusions came, bright, not ill at all. Silent with no sound.

What was it that I was deprived of? I dreamt , I hallucinated. Unset, I had to rely on fantasy to go on, to find a shadow for sleep. I started talking with the skies, the clouds and the earth. With wordless language, worldless one.

I went back to visit them. Jolly and happy they were as they said:

– Now we can tell you what you wanted to know.

I, tense as I became, took a step to distance. My god, I was terrified of their eyes! No. I said. What? They asked.

But I was silent. Wordless, colourless, without a line I left.

I dreamt, I hallucinated, I had illusions, my fantasies found me places to rest.

I had no use for what they had to say.

I would not let it be taken again.

Third Accident

Stop it for now. Subtract the second natural number from the first one (the result will be the first member of the new set). Then subtract the third from the result, etc.. Construct the infinitely bigger abyss of negative than that of a positive. Let the rich and clear dark set in. The set of naturals forced to start sequential operation of subtraction (of their first member) is cardinally smaller than the resulting set descending into ever greater negative. Meditate on this softness, heavy and slow.

Subtract the first member of resulting set with the second. Start a repeating sequence. Construct infinitely greater ascent from infinite abyss. Think a little bit. Remember, you are not a mathematician, bitterly. Or with a smile. Now let the rain come (closer).

Second Accident

He left home, work, company. Joining a phalanx of the movement of what's to come. He took possession of the knife, the bag, the raincoat and several books. He taught himself to speak and articulate anew. He wasn't liked or listened to properly. Even I had suspicions of him having become a madman in his mastery – of what? I had no clear idea. Following him these years made me weary. I lacked conviction and was afraid of the knife. Then he said it was time. Took a flag out. Badly sewn from what was left of his raincoat and his bag.

I looked at her, asking. It was to be done.

He stood there, alone, holding the flag. Nothing I could do, not anymore. I had to tell her something she never heard before. Something that would put me in a position of abandoning him and the flag.

And so I did.

First Accident

She said, I will go, and, me being silent, there she went. Away her way disappeared. The decaying memory produced a sentence like a sound of a cello, which, as a lightning, hid in the cloud of the night.

She said, before she went, she had to go, me, silent again, nothing to interrupt the disjunction. It was heard, the sound of a cello, right beneath shiny autumn leaves, decaying, memoryless, pure, without any promise.

She said, I'm leaving, before she went, me silent as one is supposed to be, and there it was: the sound of the cello, oscillating in calm and insisting, a song of peace and resistance.

I was not in love with the war she wanted to unleash.

Encounter 1

I met a man, who knew nothing. You could tell that without him ever talking. The heart, the mind, the pockets, all knew nothing. In my humble opinion, he was the most reasonable man to ever walk, run and abandon this world.

But this was not his biggest virtue. The man, who knew nothing, had a dream – he wanted the universe to let a god come to life, at last. At least for some time. Though i personally don't see a reason for a need of such a thing, even i could not be unmoved by sheer generosity of this man: to dream for such a thing he must have been the kindest person himself. To dream something so formless, voided and vain to be!

However his dream was never to come true. And his kindness was lost, all for nothing.

Encounter 2

He said: life is a failure of nothingness. Failure to continue. We live after death, he said. To fear dying is to mourn passing of nothingness. Nothing can't happen, once it failed.

He went on: life after death is infinite and immortal. And there's no other life we can know of, he added, and from all we know only nothingness can die, since, obviously, it died.

He continued: life, then, is born from necessity and death is contingent. We have no good reason to suppose we won't live eternally. Everything, barred the hangover after failure of nothingness, points to it, he said, quickly adding, if nothingness was ever to come to haunt anyone or anything, it would already be dead.

He said nothing then.

Or if he did not, i could remember nothing.

Mouth 1

The mouth that's been speaking through all these years. Somewhere, in the corner, on the piano. Telling you things you never wanted to know. Things you knew but didn't want to accept. And why should you? They are not beautiful things, afterall. This mouth that you punch now. Hard. Harder. Relentlessly, so it'd shut up. So it's lips are so swollen rendering it unable to speak. So you can sit at the piano and – nothing. Not a word, not a thing coming from it. So it can only be used for sucking a cock. No. Finger. Tiny little finger. So it – maybe – felt what it's like to be punched all these times. So as to become so swollen that every move, every thing you want to utter, or do, stumbles upon itself. Coming out grotesque and ugly right there, at the heart of it. But it must be the mouth speaking again.

And thus you have no choice but punch it again, straight into those lips.

Enter heavyweight battle, motherfucker.

Mouth 2

There's no mouth. Of course, it is dark. I'm alone. Until something pushes me. I fall. I cannot get up. It holds me to the ground. Face in mud. Try to crawl. Can't. You cunt!

But no mouth. Suddenly I manage to get up. Start walking. Looking around. Until it pushes me again. Not knowing what is to be done, I run.

It is still dark. And no mouth.

I sense that it wants to push me again, but this time I fall on my own. I lay.

It is silent. Stand up then. Still. Not moving.

What was it? I want to ask the mouth, but there's only nightly waters I stare at. Wait. Still wait.

It has happened.

Mouth 3

The mouth is in the corner. Where else? It doesn't notice me. It doesn't know me. I creep behind it. Grab it and put it in my face. It is still swollen. Deformed. I bend as good as i can. Start sucking. Keep sucking. It has come, the mouth says, cock in it, still. You must come, then, it says. I stop, or it stops. What was it that you said, i ask. I sense its lips moving. Dry, them fuckers lips. It can't speak no more. Long time we wait. Together, at last. But enough said, already. Now i have told you what has happened.

Home 1

Make a home. Not a house. However trivial it sounds. A home from aways. Ways of leaving. Yes. First the window. Not the door. The door unnecessary. Window, unless prison cell. Without door. Or at the only end. This.

You found it on a plane up. When your face out. Your face here – with mouthfulls of night words, then – silent.

The window: sunlit and shining.

Fuck the door, for now.

Home 2

It should have a bridge. One I saw between the islands. Not quite, though. No need for end in place. Infinite, thus. With tops for exclaiming this joy. Singing this joy, with murmurs and screams of all the hell creatures. Home for them. Be just.

The bridge of kindness. Through integrals of fight. Without this goddamn end in place. The bridge out of the place.

There, for you, a vastness of deciding before the jump: up or down.

Home 3

Would you – then – the wall? But what wall? For dog piss, graffiti paint?
Can't think the wall. Whichever you turn – no wall as fit for home. Forget
the wall, this time being.

Urgh! No way to think the wall. To hell with it!

Home 4

The garden, most necessary. Ah, how beautiful to think the garden! Garden – it's enough for light to pass. Night light, even day!

Stones you dug, flowers you seeded, grass you cut. Even the pool, empty pool – to sit there, watching the skies. Hide there. Walk there. Riddle there. Collect the decaying leaves then, when they leave. Bury the past. Until garden again, with new paths, laying covered, unseen. To be let out with a sweaty back and a dirty chest.

Now, one thing to beware is dogs shitting all over the place.

Otherwise – garden most necessary and lighted.

Home 5

Transport now the tunnel. Long one. North-like. So to play when in. To play when dark.

The horn. Horn crawling the half pipe walls. Long walk thus. No fear, but. Anxiety, possibly. Stuttering blowing ensues then. And how long! Oh my. Long it comes and breathes through your lungs. Don't stop. Someone, something hears it long away. The endless oldless hope of desire. Long told. Keeping the horn lips touched. Unsuspecting then, lips sucked, tongue in – horning that pipe.

It won't end. Mustn't. Fearless fucker.

Home 6

I need a bench. I could bend my body into it. Before the night. Black night.
Blacker always. Looking at my hands. Scarred. My fingers numb from
work. Or play. Tired, more so than hell. Yet, no sleep.

Bend into a wooden bench. Back firm into it. Before the hard night.
Hardest every time.

Someone may come, sit besides. But no talk. If talk, throw that ass out!
Can lean on my shoulder, though. Head into it. While feet very calm.
Facing the hard black night. For some time there.

My head straight, eyes open further. Other head leaning. Eyes open or not.
I don't know. I need no know of that.

Then it ends.

Night won't say else.

Home 7

Home bar, then. To listen what the city is up to. What the people are. There is great hope in sitting on a barstool, hearing, when not waiting for the night on a bench. Alone with all, then. All fast talking, shouting, silencing in a beer, a whisky, a vodka. All walking in a crowded space, touching, eyeing, dicking and cunting.

The city is up to something, all say, many ways. Listen, thus, for your time. Meanwhile mix, mix the bar with a square. Barsquare. Strange of this name ideas flow. But square is – isn't it – a city form, from within. A city say. A bar, quite the contrary, from away, hence neat and cosy. A myth.

Square seems dangerous then – for distance. All alone in a square – as if put under test. Speak, to speak. Less talk, less hear. The sky test. If don't know what speech, how speak, that's why in need for barsquare. And then, also, a squarebar. Say myth or myth say. In out, out in. To mix.

Yes, one loves a weird thing, or some, at home.

Home 8

Wherein comes the thing. The things. Brought home from elsewhere. Forgotten by elseones. And good, this way. I don't remember what they remember. Not for that – things, found and taken when wandering. Foreign so, without memories. No ties, no bonds.

For example, the plate, dipped with paint. Now on the wall. But no! No wall, or is this the end?

If it is so, so be it! Plate on the wall it is. So yes then, this thing walls off the wall. It cracks, memoryless, foreign thing in it. Joyous things they are, after all. Left for leaving. Finding home in leaving.

Thus you can learn one thing, as well as many, from these things – to leave to make a home. A one darn bloody and shinny home, at last.

Light Piece Nr.3

She said. One of the axioms for thinking and, if needed, writing. She can be a mother, a sister, a friend, a lover. Ex, imaginary or future one. It's only obvious, in beautifully pained colours, that she said something. Not clear what was it that she said: it could have been misheard, neglected, heard with too much excitement. Sure of the fact that she said, otherwise why love when thinking? And yet, here – love. In dim light. Passing the rivers, the rooms, the bars where it still oscillates her said words.

Stopping to listen, a whisper, a singing, a scream, a demand.

Think of it like this – you are in a bright lit place, close your eyes and there are traces of light behind your eyelids. You open your eyes and it's dead dark, close them as fast as you can, to look for the remnants of light – thinking what was it that you saw when the light still there.

Think of the dark as yourself and the light as she said, think of what it made of you, how it made you, love.

Turning you transparent and weightless. How you became easy to be torn and wounded and light enough to travel without taking a step in any direction.

Light Piece Nr. 2

Forgive my tiredness, my silence, my dissipating eyes. Forgive my unsure way of walking.

The night has taken a hold of me too many a time. Let me sit here, with my mouth shut and my gaze wandering aimlessly. With my heart sunken to the bottom of the dark.

Let no light disturb and attract me.

Forget what I said, if I said something. Forget how I looked at you, for it must have been a glitch, no more. Forget how we danced – it surely been just a spirit passing.

Forget we woke up in the morning, a sunny one. Let no amount of brightness fool you.

Don't offer your love or compassion – I have no patience for it. Don't offer to look after me or walk me home – I prefer being unseen, lame, somewhere in the shadow of the skies.

Just pour me a drink – I think you owe me one.

Light Piece Nr.1

I took her on a bike, down to the capital city. Rather – we took us. Running from some random party in a small town, where we just met. Our eyes met. Our hearts. Or mine, at least.

I took her on a bike down the streets of Vilnius. The bridges, river running under.

She would get lost, at times. I would find her, oblivious, in pubs and casinos. And take her back. Back into the night of the luminous city.

I'd take her in my palm, the size and weight of a dead squirrel, and walk her, holding carefully, on the banks of Neris. Waiting till she wakes up. And kiss her.

I don't know why, but I told her: if we ever were to break up, I will jump from this bridge.

To which she said: stupid you, why you say that? You should say you'd wait till we meet some time later and do all this again.

I looked into her eyes and the light came. Everything was ruined, again.

For the Bearers of the Flag

For the bearer of the flag. For the worker of the flag. For the architect and the dancer. How the flag! For you, who does not belong to any place. For you, of the confusing and joyful pace. Then the feet, the pulse, the breath of you that are not all or yet united. The flag without a sign that mutters its songs with the breeze. The cutters, the sewers of its colour, of its surface, as light and as tight as that of a spider. For you, for whom the moment is enough, even if it is not quite there. What there? For you, who need no there to bear the flag through the rocks changing into dancing feasts. For you, who know how not to sleep, for you, who burn with fires of invisible skies. Tired, how else, not retired. For you, whose names mean nothing when bearing the flag. For you, who leave to enter. For you, whose words skew those of the place. The bridgers, the diggers, the wobblers, the plungers. The kids, how else, the beasts, how else, the women, why else. For you, who fear no prostitution, for the pimp knows not his bitch. Then the lovers, the seducers, the cooks and the thieves – those who are not guilty of any crime for the king lives on the hills that delay. And then the loners, for you remain, the hunters with no prey. For the lovers, once more, for only in your lips lives the name. The sweet, the gentle, the poor – bearing the flag, intense in enough. For unsayable, thus sung, the unanalyzable, thus wrung. For you, the homeless, the helpless, the countryless, the less in the less. The violent violet, the brutal of the mutual. The clear, then the pure, at last then the shallow. The bearers of the flag keep on marching, for the speed of the wind is gaining in volume. For you, for the words get lost in the wrinkles of its infinite cloth.

Mistress of Pink Noise

she sets eyes of her ears
on vibrations that go
low
and slow

stretching the skin of eardrums
over the waves that come
rare
and bare

bouncing muscles of her ear
off the parts that are
round
roll on sound

the stream of subtones enters her body
caress her soul

the tide of subbass goes right through to bone
get control

she picks up a rock, throws it against the dock
the delight there is born, envy jericho horns
the echo of break opens the world yet to take

she swings her head to the beat
of subterrestrial rhythm
mode
and code

tapping the bright pinkish heels
on the edge of the
pitch
(how dare she witch!)

crossing the line as they shout
but she can't hear it, it's too
loud

too human sound

the rumble of the cracks scratches her neck
loosens her back

the base of heartrate touches the lips
opens her aches

she plugs in the speakers, volume up to the peakers

the high treble depress, no limit on low express

the bypassers stand shocked, the gate to heaven unlocked

she collects tools of measurement, the tapes,
the disks, the treasures

seals the place off, walks home

in the dimlit old empty water container, behind the wood desk,
she writes in her journal:

below certain frequencies, the speed of the soundwaves becomes
impossible to be measured without losing control of the impact of the
acoustic habitat. And yet, one must go even lower. And slower.

Low Leaves of Summertime

my hair in the grass
my ears in a breeze
my toes in a shadow
still some dirt on my knees

my eyes set on sun
and my lungs barely breathe
with top of my fingertips
i touch gentle ease

my lips slightly open
and some red on my cheeks
my spirits get high

but when you speak of love,
speak low

i watch the sky blue
and i think even less
as clouds pass by
comes the warmth of caress

my desires turn real
not an ounce of stress
i whisper out your name
all is clear, no need to guess

the star's even closer
ordering the earthly mess
i want this to last forever

but when the autumn comes,
it leaves

i roll on my stomach
now head facing ground
the shadow stretches over
bringing the night around

my spine backs the darkness
besides sits forest hounds
i body sense the silence
you left without a sound

i cover up with moss
wary of being found
i hope low season passes

but when the living gets hard,
you know it's summertime

Thief of a Day

naked bulb lights
of a club
walls of which uncover
the mortar, the bricks and
the words of mortals

hey, they say.

at the wood, rubber
and stained glass
bar there stands
indefinite number of tired
movers and shakers

dance, they say.

stomachs filled with beer, vodka
and energizers
guts with dry shit
waiting for refill

pause, they say.

the mass of sound
cracks, rumbles,
drones through
dusty air
into the heads of all the
ears

swing, they say.

with my brown overcoat
sweaty everything
i walk up to a lady
by the bar
and with the bluest voice
i say:

i want to do something bad to you,
let me read you some poetry

through lack of light and the
loudness her curly head comes
closer to me

as i'm ready to open
she says: i have a machine
of a heart

don't ask further, she says,
and i do
while this little bit of silence
leaves unnoticed
and this little bit of light
is still heavy enough

i drop my overcoat
and take it to
the dance floor

the twitching, twerking,
grinding and the necessary
pirouettes

as the laptop bounces
with the old damp
speakers
clipping

show me your hands, says no one.

she offers me a bottle
i grab it by the neck

drink, she says.

i swallow half the bottle

she laughs
then she stops
i start

and so we go on
'till the morning hours,
the random faces,
the bits of noise and dark
dissolve

hey, i say,

still good for some bad poetry?

but she says nothing

i look around and the
light is blinding,
can't see nothing,
i hear the bleep of a pulse

my hand reaches for it

thank you, i say.

Something Blue

there's a part in life where
things are broken and torn
and unlike the dress you wear
the needles and threads don't work there

yet, you'd better die of a heart attack
then of a heart retreat

reworking your body that gets
endlessly beat

and so you repeat
like a child with the heat

you get to know nothing
in hope of learning everything

the part of a second life
that consists of illusions and dreams
gets reshaped into logics
that can't be beared no matter
how big your truck is

yet, you'd better die of a brain failure
than of a failure to dream

reopening the space between
the order of thought and
the anarchy of its means

and so you let loose off all
that seems
like a crazy person on a bus
arguing the case for things
that never been

as your desire to feed the hunger
makes you into restless wander

there's a thing that works between parts
that makes the connect of things apart
it collects the first life
and infuses the second
bad poets of all times
have done sufficiently enough
to have called it 'heart'

whatever words and proportions
you want to use to describe it
will fail at the moment
they become unparted

yet, you continue on harping
go on on the endless departing

imagining the grass that's greener
then the first time you felt darted

by the arrows slightly left off the target

causing the flames to ignite
you'll get repeatedly to cite

something blue covers my heart
can't find a line where to start

As Lovers Do

i eat my chocolate cake
you guessed the colour
they say love sees no colours
so what you lovers
with the roentgen gaze,
how does this bone,
this side of kidney,
how does that lung
come into view
of what you do perceive
as body worth of a lover?
then there's a glitch
as ghost uncovers
your loving eyes
are set on

something blue over my heart
can't find lines where to start

i drink my tea of tchai
but not of the russian flavour
they say love tastes so sweet
so what you lovers
with tongues and nose so subtle
do discover
when sweat and rain
has washed the perfume,
has washed the hover?
of days incense
come night the body
opens all that skin
fails to envelop
you get all deep
and wet, but odds
are low of touching
meat that tastes
so red, you'd have your mouth
so tense that it'd become

one with what i
tried to shovel

something blue over my heart
can't find lines where to start

i listen to the voices
many as they fill the hall
they say love speaks that low
so what you lovers
make of the shouts and
moans and wailing
when you do dare to
have your ears uncovered?
to the insides you've seen
and tasted like
there's no tomorrow
you let the time
and space of howl
get in your synapses, get on your nerves
so they can fire
with that flame
that's hot enough
yet leaves some room void of the horror
now, do you?
hear

something blue over my heart
can't find lines where to start

i count the faces many
that i lose my fingers
they say love counts one into two
and two in one
so what's your lover's number?
what does your arithmetic do
when splits and breaks
sets parts apart and reconfigure
the Yous of yesterday
the Is of future?

how do you deal with multitudes
that come from one and two
and make them suffer?
do you accept incisions
born of infinite
divisions?

what do you lovers do when
pulse exceeds the meter?
do you stop counting
lost in mathematics of the
other creatures?
do you as I get into bars,
repeat the patterns, checking
measure of beatings?

that got so fast, so loose,
so crowded and can't no longer feature

in sentences you write
to make ends meet

her

Scene 1

Almost empty. Quite dark. Can be supplemented by a video projection of an embrace.

One standing against the wall, face into it. Two laying on the floor, facing the ceiling.

One: Can't stand like this anymore.

Two: Come, lay besides.

One: Wouldn't that be the same?

Two: Well, you'd rest your legs, for one.

One: What legs? These? That never went anywhere?

Two: Oh, here you go again.

One: Go!...I wish i could go...We should go!

Two: I wouldn't be so sure about 'we', I kinda like myself here. Besides, go where?

One: Doesn't matter. Go, I need to go. Just fucking go!

Two: I've heard that story ever since I met you, but you just stand there, in love with the wall. At least you could come here, I don't know, stand here.

One: And what? Face what? The ceiling? Or that endless emptiness in front? I'd rather stay and not come.

Two: As you always wished, my companion.

There's a silent noise entering the scene. Of running water, for a few moments.

One: You heard that?

Two: Oh, yes, I felt it with my backhead. One of the reasons I'd rather stay than go.

One: one of the reasons...I wish you'd just stopped counting and let all go the fuck their way.

Two: I like having reasons. And counting. Makes me dreamy and safe. Or the other way around.

One: So you'd rather lay here endlessly than risk, what, that vibration that comes here once in a dark?

Two: I didn't say that! It's just that there's no any indication whatsoever of where to go.

One: Go, just go. Where will come after we go.

Two: Ah, mystics of yours.

One: Mystics or not, why stay?

Two: Because nothing awaits us, for all I and you, my dear, know.

One: Or, as is the same, nothing doesn't await us, for all we know.

Two: You mean that there could be, for example, Three behind or in that emptiness?

One: Not precisely what I meant, but if it suits your mathematical soul, yes, there could. Maybe even Four, Five and Infinity.

Two raises his head. Turns it towards One.

Two: I bet the pleasure of that vibration there's no way there could be Five, let alone Infinity.

One: I bet the concreteness of the wall there is at least Three.

Two: Are you saying, that if we go and there's only two of us, you'd stop standing by the wall?

One: Yes.

Two: Then I go. If there's no one else, you will come besides me and we lay here forever.

One: And if there is, you will lay with your head up, facing the emptiness.

Two: It's hard, my friend, you know it, but what the hell, fuck all, as you say.

One: Wait!

Two: What?

There's the noise entering the scene again. Two feels it with pleasure.

One: Now!

Two: Urgh.

Scene 2

One laying besides Two. Two with his head up and facing the emptiness. Two buckets by each side of the pair. One, with white liquid - near Two. The other - with red - by One. A bit further from each bucket lies a hose. Dim light. Can be supplemented by a video of a pair sitting side by side.

One: Now I know how pleasurable that thing is.

Two: I still don't agree that I lost the bet.

One: Well, someone must turn something on and off for those hoses to fill the buckets.

Two: By hypothesis, yes, but we haven't seen anyone do that, it could be automatic, for all we know.

One: It wouldn't matter, for it would, then, by sheer logic, be Three - me, you and the automat.

Two: Right, assuming...

One: What? You should be happy that I came to lay besides you.

Two: Doesn't matter. I want to go, Three or no Three.

One: No, not so fast, don't you enjoy here? The red drink. The noise, the pleasure.

Two: Yeah, for you. Me? The white drink, headache, or, more precise, neckache and that itch of not knowing the pleasure anymore. Even more so, since you say it's constant now.

One: A bet is a bet, we can't change rules, you know.

Two: Yes yes, I do. Doesn't help, though.

Takes a sip, grimacing.

Two: When do you think we go?

One: Have no idea, sincerely, I'd rather not. It's light enough, it's warm and cool enough. It's home enough.

Two: Look who's talking! My dear, you haven't forgotten about Four And Five and Infinity, have you?

One: Three is enough. I'm happy with this Three. Silent and discreet, not interrupting too often...

Two: Except for that - what is it? - thing.

One: Strange, that one, isn't it? I never seen it before. Nor heard.

Two: It bugs the shit out of me, one moment there's something like Four, for example, but somehow mixed with you, and just like that - here I am laying besides you, pure unmixed, and buckets are full.

One: Oh, yes.

Takes a sip of red. Smiles.

Two: You bugger!

One: I feel better.

Two: What?

One: I mean, after that thing has passed, I feel better.

Two: Yes, yes... I do too. Don't you think there's more of that thing behind the emptiness?

One: I wouldn't know. But my, that thing...

Licks his lips.

Two: So, we should go!

One: Again?! Can't you stay a little while? For me, at least.

Two: Don't play that! You know i hate it.

One rests his head, eyes closed.

Two: I may as well be alone, with you in your extasy here...

Closes his eyes. Head slowly sinking down.

One: Listen!

Two: What?!

One: Here, do you hear it? Something, like we, but not us.

Two: Can't hear a damn thing.

One: Put your head down.

Two: But...

One: It doesn't matter, this time, it can be forgotten, once.

Two: No, I won't, unless...

One: I'll go! For God's sake! Just listen.

Two: Are you sure? It won't make something happen, something bad, will it?

One: What can happen, all alone here.

Two: Well, you say you go, so, we go?

One: Yes, I do, just put your head down!

Two: Right, then we go.

Puts his head down. Both listening. A silent singing voice enters the scene.

Two: Never knew that could be so.

One: Shh, we soon go.

Two: But I don't...

Scene 3

Light. One and Two standing, facing the wall (opposite to the one One was facing in Scene 1). Scene full of noises (burps, screeches, cracks etc.) and various things (buckets, wood pieces, plastic etc.).

There also lay bodies that are dragged off the scene in a random pattern.

Can be supplemented by a video projection of a pair kissing.

One: Don't know what else to say, speaking makes my head ache.

Two: True that. What the fuck happened?!

One: Look at this (pointing to his arm). Does it mean there is Four? I can't remember anything. And the smell.

Two: The smell! God, we are fucked.

One: Should've stayed. Terrible choices.

Two: Were they?

One: Meaning?

Two: Choices. Were they choices?

One: As far as I remember they must have been.

Two: As far as you remember my ass.

One: Urgh, stop discussing. It does not help. I don't care you or me is right, whichever. For God's sake, stop aching!

Two: You're right.

One: Know what?

Two: What?

One: I can't decide whether I would want to go or stay.

Two: Again?!

One: No no, that's the point. I don't know. But it's terrible here. Only that thing on my arm keeps me hoping.

Two: For what?

One: That there is or was, in any case, Three, maybe Four and even Infinity.

Two: Yeah, last time your hope took us to this shithole...

One: A hypothesis which is not yet disproved, mind you, my dear!

Two: And that counts as an argument for all this 'go' thing, right?

One: It might.

Two: Or it might not.

One: Damn, if I could only remember where this thing came from. It could have been beautiful then, all this – bearable.

One rubs his arm.

Two demonstratively scratches his.

One: What?

Two: Just making an argument.

One: Can't deny this, I know. It could have been much worse for you. You could have been alone all this time.

Two: Thanks for compassion, companion.

For a moment all the noise stop – it's completely silent on the scene.

Two: Tell me.

One: What?

Two: Would you rather have stayed?

One: Can't decide.

Two: OK, will ask differently, would you rather have never knew of going?

One: Makes no sense.

Two: What?

One: Your question, makes no sense.

Two: Well, yeah, but it's a good one, nonetheless.

One: I'll give you that.

Two claps his hands in delight.

One: I'm tired. I won't go and I won't stay.

Two: I know, you have no choice, neither do I.

One: It might have been...

Two: Three, Four...

No Title 7

Face so pretty can't conduct pain
Forces waste amass in veins
The thicker it gets the slower it moves
Cracking the ice over lava grooves

Acrobatically fine must balance the poise
White, black, violent currents of noise
Been waiting wide time to collect the dues
Accept inevitable perks of misuse

Of bodies and freedoms of lands and the songs
Ancient, of future, present and gone.

No Title 8

Head is ruins of unappealing building
Helicopter blades chopping
Thoughts that try to escape
My brain no longer commutes these riddles
Crowded in this shithole
With spades no muscles for
So it gets stuck double rotten
Like double IPA
Except less hopes
Cascading down stairless staircase
Fuck free, free falling
I'm out of mind
Let them winter gardens get extra space
No therapy no love can touch my gray
Made out of dark matter
Just there, no communicate
Something ate the neuron connections
Neurotic conceptions feast in a party
Of void filling a bagel donut
Do not, you nut
They love you
You love back except for meticulous helicopter
Like cop optically on the altar of black dog

Oooooohhhhhh, howl, you bitch
Sound is no thought
And so can be heard
Inside a noise of blade centrifuge

Fugue in x and z and w
Without inning
L with osing,
slowly distanced
Over the rivers that float
Skeletons for ants to chill on
Skilled licks of tongue
Rolling as tonnes of rain
Clears the paint off

Was made of translucent blocks
Let the light in
But kept the water locked
Deserted there sunshine celebrates
Hot sand, a bottle and drugs to play
Withholding the prize indefinitely
Bugs to keep eye awake
I behind walls of inner separations
Memorial garbage hidden in bro may zepam nations

Dig with lighter, lighter
Light to her
Just don't tell the truth
Garbled as it is undecipherable
Bust left to dust
In between grumbling blocks
No blog may even find it

Feeling so blog blog blogai

Mad Road

Remember the castles you built out of sand?
With tiny little fingers it got out of hand
Recall all the paths you took all alone
With feet not quite strong you never got home
Way back when the hard thing that's terribly soft
Tried draw maps, the crossings, through forests, got lost
The time then was young, the place still quite bright
All mischieves turned straight, all errors alright

It took many years in humanly span
Bring hard thing on knees, its soft in a pan
The smoke that rose up, the ashes stay down
You're getting quite old, alright now uncrowned
It came to a point, where the nowhere to go
Became building block of a life you must own
And so you just do, add bass to the flats
Where you stay awhile, then get moving out fast
Your sneakers tied on, and the pack on the back
It might flow all good, but beware of the tracks

When

You hit the road bad
That keeps coming sad
Once more once more once more once more

Hit the road bad
That keeps coming sad
Once more

Remember the waves of the hair on the heads
The ones you somehow got to forget
Recollect parts of bikes left sideways by roads
You threw them all out in an angerful mode
The ways they've been talking have made you confused
Instead of a line you went in circles obtuse
The head hitting pavement, sole shoe, elbows bruised
Elders in tears, all angels start boos

The mind all unfunny, the connections knocked out
Few years are acoming of extensive work-outs
To piece thing together, some semblance of life
To resume the moving, get your maths up to five
Prepare olden bones and those muscles for drives
You will have to take through pits and the heights
The jacket buttoned up and the means of transport
Well oiled this machine, thus ready off port
Last check on the brakes, one never may know
When way hits the scarp and you lose all control
When

You hit the road bad
Once more once more once more once more
Hit the road bad
That keeps coming sad
Once more

Reminisce the ways they loved you that much
You got so freaked out, didn't show up in clutch
Recall crazy methods it forced you to construct
Next time you are cared for, fall not off viaduct
Remember the future you dreamed of at days
Some nights, let them pass, sing through shadow pains
The darker they got the clearer you saw
Small paths split the dusk, your nails reach the dawn
No matter the dress, no matter the wheel
Each way comes to come to the place that can heal
Yeah, I speak words of hope, that trivial trope
You get to get not, when you drive fast the slope
So slower, get low, avoid passing rocks
If you find yourself backed, watch the birds fly in flock

As

You lie the road bad
Once more once more once more once more
Lie the road bad
That keeps coming glad once more

The Devil's Race

I carve my home in space of silence
The threshold barely keeping in the violence
I move in circles, spiralling out to ceilings
Crack them a little, open time for feeling

Empty

The place, clearing out the trash
Fast in vortexes, floor covered full with ash
Es, and bone, and skin, and flesh
Won't stop, can't stop, can't do no less
On and on and on I go
No finish line, no start to this feral pace

My mind's spinning out of space
Collecting fines in devil's race

Spaces you've presented me
Left no space for the present
Small huts, ball rooms, doll houses and tents
Levels of homelessness rise up to tens
Ion building up, tearing the fundament apart
The doors blow up, the windows shatter heart
Less place to place the feet, replace the bets
Now's time exact to sink below lava bed
And break, and fast, come thin, burn fat
On the grass, the asphalt, under water, in flats

My mind's spinning out of space
Collecting fines in devil's race

Are fines like diamonds or are they debt?
All synapses too clogged, you can't forget
The head, the room, the street, the city and the field
All crowded inside out, no space to yield

Void

Makes itself felt like being at home
Tears of the architects, pure being the roams
Om Giacinto, Om to the drone
Adjust your matter to the form of a bone
Head towards inwards, inverse
Slow forwards, fast backwards, reverse

Ion

Of the same that is empty
Other that is void
The space that's between them
Filled with trash cash ash

It

My mind's spinning out of space
Collecting fines in devil's race

And Eat It Too

We were in the club, we still in the club
We then at the bar, none behind bars
We front of the car, some in back of a car

Let me tell you how it began

In Africa we stole minerals
Had weapons to ward off generals
In Asia we got our spice
Went north, melted the ice
East of the middle we dug the oil
We burned so much, dried half the soil
We smoked so much, half the lands under water
We went for the moon, the farther the sportier

But enough about us, Bad, tell where have you been?

I've been to London
To look at the

You bite the dust,
We eat our cake
Cake Cake Cake Cake Cake

Now blow the candles out

We here at the club, none but us
We drink at the bar, the masses outside
Our cars at the valley, our cars they want them
We got that far, that fast we drove
We fly up high skies, unlimited class
You land on your knees, your elbows and ass
We further up north, way hotter down south
You pay for the bread, we just open our mouths
And stroll through the places, burn your will and dreams
You empty the garbage, unconscious your steam

We're few, yet we're many, in gargantuan zone
You're angry there brother, left one and alone

But enough about us, Bad, tell where have you been?

I've been to London
To look at the

You bite the dust,
We eat our cake
Cake Cake Cake Cake Cake

Now blow the candles out

We break down the bar, leave them behind bars
We give out the cars, they won't take you much far
We amass all the wealth, fence off all the stench
Comfy in unembarrassed riches, cold in feet you dig ditches
We bath our bodies in liquid gold, while your meagre ass is getting old
Lock up the light, moonlike and bright
Diminished you're alright, no day, just night
What's left there for you now?
Can't say?! Oh, ok.
So enough about present, Bad, where have you been?

I've been to London
To look at the

You bite the dust,
We eat our cake
Cake Cake Cake Cake Cake

Now blow the candles out

Poet's Knot

A chemotherapy for my soul
Kind of psycho for my body
Speak to me in vibrations low
Catalyze my mind for a party
Mixed cocktails with lemongrass
Some elements from Medeleev's table
To the grooves of the gray mass
Dance till night upturns the cables.

Swap the synapses with bass
Analyze this skin like it's subconscious
Read lacan straight to my face
Touch my calf like it was precious
Metals, rubber, stone dissolve in love
Muscle tense relax in words
Getting low in oxygen as things above
Bone start talking in the minor chords

My home is the autumn trees
on the facade walls of tasen center

My heart trembles as does mosquito
on a plastic glass reaching for the light

My spirit is so tired tired
Sky is the only food I desire
Made of debris of cosmic fires
Into the lines I hide I hide

Bucket of mud for my thoughts
Precise logics for these knee joints
Brace your karma for winter odds
Connect the map through ache points
Fistful of blossoms inside the verbs
Grammatology of future athletics
Double syllogism infused with evening herbs
Synthesis of time and lead prosthetics

Blood carvings on my nails
A confusion of confucius and fuse
Something about iron and socrates
Stray dogs and ancient greece

My fate is like a noisy night
that feeds the fish in the nordic sea

My purpose is among the things stocked
on the second floor of an old screechy outhouse

My belly button is so untied untied
Wind's the only thing I wanna get wired to
Blow off the mouth that lied
Dry the eyes and mine mine

Idler's Vision

Days pass that see no end
Through lack food my head is thin
Lay on the leaves of grass as poets do
With stomach dead I think of you
Haze of the sky above hay somewhere else
Alas still not I dream of love for love is nought
Rhyme my time in street with barren beat
No cals to eat no fat just heat
No caf no g no j no z just senseless y

Some pigeons are like doves
and the cat is more of a lion
than the lion at the gates of the palace

Brisky wind over the skin

Sunshine through leaves of trees
a day so short
I see in threes
Sleep through the bells of noon
as idlers do
And such are you
your work is gone
your tools are too
Nothing to do
just write
In pause of day
incite the night
The dream of fight
Icecream

Get the money

And don't ask why

Some mice are like rats
And a dog is more of a wolf
than a wolf behind the wall street

Rain shower under the skin

Clouds move the evening awe
I'm still on ground facing the shore
Blows noise from ships at sea
In head not clear it's call for me
I start to move as if to thee
I pack the void and carry it
Burden of vacuum I bury it
So deep within and close to skin
It makes me tremble and lose control
Down on the bench with thud I fall
And watch the birds as they pass by
With people I love but I don't know why

Some lemurs are like monkeys
And a gorilla is more of a man
Than a man without umbrella

Sun pours onto the skin

Worker's Infinite

14 tonnes of stone a day
They start to feel like hell
100 jars of rain on back
You're sunken to the bone
Shoes get torn you sense the soil
The skin cracks up for breathing
Head in dust the blood goes dry
Your knees refuse to bend
With shovel mix the concrete mass
Minds tend to wander abstract
Tenderly apply some wet
Be careful with sharp edges
Times are good when you're working fast
The value of rest gets doubled
Spaces in open and conquered up
Real estate gets nourished
He's cupBack in my tent I lick my scars
Counting the cash I start rhyming:

Money is good but don't let that hoe run you
Back in the day you don't know where they've been through
Slave labor death camps people lined up for the food stamps.

Lessons of history taught in hard experience
Without papers outside of class
No accounts of books filled with dents of injustice
Immigrants and illegals high on their dreams
Reality smells of sweat and sweet dung
In the warmth of the heater he sleeps
The rhythm is slower as a void of the night approaches
Getting longer and quieter her heart
He scrubs himself in waters of waterfall
Some bird or another squeaks
In the long dark brown hair of hers their place a battalion of insects
Separated by mountains seas and the great wall of capitalism
Workers refuse to remain silent
Thus they chant:

It was all a dream
Spine broken from torrent streams
Time broken to serve machines
Space broken into millions.

That are appropriated by few
Who lack real hunger
Not knowing the send of freshly cut wood
Neither of stone soaken with skies
In a square in a park gather the labourers
Chess and checkers beer rum and dominos
Dog sitting by the same table
As cats inspire future movements
Axe hammer nail cloth and the computer
Wails screams anger quiet and the love machine
Preachers agitators and the disciples of infinite resistance
Suddenly everything interrupted by a noisy call:

Proletarian no hesitation fuck'em all

Of Tobakoff

Tobakoff has built a canoe. Some 40 years ago, while the thought of brewing his own beer has not yet descended low enough to reach his levels. It would be a folly to think that Tobakoff could have ascended instead, he was no angel, not yet a spirit, and, while some described him as having a ghostlike ability to not exist, he was here, in this world, in some sort of a body - that much he knew.

Add to that, his expertise in matters of sinking. From age 6 when first sinking occurred, to age 46 when he predicted, albeit in a very silent voice, the sinking of world economy.

His pupils, for Tobakoff had an important mission to teach young boys one or another craft – mostly ship building, called him Reny.

While of a tediously precise mode of operating with and on various things, Tobakoff had clumsiness in understanding the difference between deer and dear, which often put him in a not so forgiving position of treating people as animals and animals as people. Nonetheless, as wide range of records state, he was no extremist and indulged in things with Aristotelian moderation. At times, in almost exact manner of the Great Greek – riding on his whores between five story student apartment houses, for he could not imagine himself being in a position of an animal, due to great admiration he had for domestic, as well as wild, beasts, and less so for human ones.

Tobakoff found things that looked like him repulsive, thus, naturally, he had few men friends. This fact led some to believe that Tobakoff had either homophobic or homoerotic tendencies, which, of course, was entirely untrue, as the boys of his craft class knew very well.

The canoe that Tobakoff has built himself some 40 years ago was never used and remained a virgin trapped in a big three floor storage outhouse. She was no beauty, but had a trait characteristic of those, who never have left their master – faithfulness and a deep-seated desire for adventure. Made from fir plywood and accordingly named Christina, she spent the days dreaming of the time her master – if not release – then at least please her by taking her out to open waters, of which there was plenty around. After graduating in astronomy, Tobakoff decided to take more grounded path and moved to the mountainous seaside at the edge of the country. As Tobakoff was fond of reminding his guests – the land where the stars are closer than bars, having said that he would pour himself and those around a significant amount of vodka into tin mugs, for he was a travelled man of earthly taste.

Even though he loved company, Tobakoff valued his alone time – thus after few vodka mugs, would retreat into the back parts of his large house to read the classics. Curiously, the records remain silent on the matter of Tobakoff's choices. Nevertheless, it's safe to deduce that Tobakoff would eagerly subscribe to the saying, that vodka and books are the best man's friends. As for women, besides loving to ride them during his youthful days, Tobakoff led as chaste a life as a bachelor in his late fifties can. While confusing deer and dear, he had no such difficulty with beer and bear, though the thought of creating a bear beer brand was not a stranger in his, now devout beerster's, head. It should be noted, to avoid misunderstandings, that while vodka was his friend, beer was Tobakoff's lifeline, obviously, after the friend has (which it always does) abandoned him. Though never on a cloud nine, dispirited at these moments Tobakoff would mix malted barley with herbs he picked on the walks - the attraction he loved: another thing he shared with the Great Greek. Inhaling the scents of each leaf with such devotion as is only seen in romantic movies, performed by beautiful women, who, by all appearances, have never smelled a rose before. And alive, then, would Tobakoff come again! Clap his hands, smile, almost laugh – hell, why not! - laugh like there's no tomorrow, which, on closer inspection, is quite literally true for all cases of today. And - why not once more - cry at the same time, for the same reason, cause there's no tomorrow!

If there happened to be some people around (people have this strange ability to be around, at least on this earth), Tobakoff's outburst of joyous despair would induce fear and not literal confusion in their hearts and minds. The herb devil, some would say. Other would try to smack him back into his senses, leaving Tobakoff senseless. The moments of great truth, alas, are not meant to be experienced orgiastically.

Tobakoff loved water so much, that he never learned swimming – as with all great loves the most obvious way of fulfilling it is usually left, for one reason or another, uncourted. He would sit on the rocks, watching young boys and girls dive into the depths of his beloved one, while not jealous, yet still melancholically not at ease. Remembering or, rather, reconstructing visions at these times, of himself, a young boy aged six, sinking deeper and deeper, surrounded by soft and cool blueness of the river, and then, suddenly, lying on his back, looking at the gay sky, which for some reason becomes dark and starry. In it he reads his fate, and being like his canoe, faithful and just a little bit stubborn, decides to follow its laid path. Or so Tobakoff imagined himself and his life starting there and then, for every life must start sometime and somewhere.

A person of liquids, Tobakoff had a dry sense of humour. When pushed to its extremes, one could make an observation that it was a desert sense of humour. Tobakoff's once best friend Platonoff had a chance to be at the receiving end of it on numerous occasions. Though asked about it, Platonoff declined to comment, lowering his head so close to his knees, that one might have thought the man was having a heart attack. Or it simply might have just been the size of his head. Perplexing are reasons of why the men lower their heads so close to the knees.

The reader will have to forgive me for not being able to describe, or find anyone capable of it, the sense of a desert sense of humour, which was the one Tobakoff had, probably in spades.

What I can describe, though, is Tobakoff's appetite for sweets. Sugar, candy, strawberry, maple leaf syrup, vanilla sauce, zephyr, chocolate sticks, ice cream – all mixed in banana puree. Tobakoff ate his dinner as all the wasps died from envy. The only sweet thing in the world that Tobakoff knew of and couldn't enjoy was honey.

Honey made him sick, not in a stomach or mouth, but in his heart. And even though it was a sweet kind of sickness, it made him think of bees and, consequently, of beehives, and, in sequence, of country side, and, as is frequent in honey sick thoughts, of little children lost in woods.

When tired of life (for there's not much else to be tired of), Tobakoff would play what he called relaxing death games – the archetypal process of it consisted in making up problems that allowed for - and required - only one solution, only one move. His favourite, what Tobakoff indulged in over and over, and - if exceptionally fatigued - for excessive amounts of time, was throwing a piece of sugar into the sea – it gave him huge relief, for in it Tobakoff saw a unification of opposites, albeit false, and a metamorphic change of one form of matter into another, which is nothing else if not death, but since not total, it was an extremely relaxing experience.

One particular game Tobakoff didn't enjoy much, but still played - for the immanent truth of something being a game is that it can, and thus must, be played. He called it „The fly vacuum“ - Tobakoff would sit, stand or lie in relaxed patience, waiting for a fly to come near his mouth and then suck it in. The game required to catch the insect without moving anything, but one's lips.

Neither the fly, nor Tobakoff knew the meaning of this game, but it is safe to posit, that both were surprisingly amused by the happening. No one died during it, as the rules of the game did not state which of the participants should play dead. And so, being the lover of animals as he was, Tobakoff assumed the pretension of being dead.

As is with many men, Tobakof was once so dissatisfied with his name, that he decided to move his vowels, and since then preferred to be called Tabokoff - it gave the name a hint of fresh space, and - not in the least less importantly - him a sense of being closer to his roots.

How close? The records are not clear on the matter – while his name and some habits surely resembled those of a Russian, the archival footage of his grandparents show them, exclusively, in either Lithuania or England. The origin of the name, thus, might be entirely accidental and, to put it lightly, the result of a dark sense of humour that his parents inherited from theirs, and disinherited, with some mutations, onto their son.

However that might turn out, Tabokoff was a much more confident man since. So much more, that his co-workers had to invent a saying to capture the essence of this change: „Once an ass, always an asshole“. Of course, said in a proper manner of these things behind, let's be honest, Tabokoff's beautiful arse.

In his beliefs Tabokoff was quite an ordinary fellow – in fear, which happened to be the case more and more frequently, due to Tabokoff's growing insomnia, he would call for God, in joy – which was also the case more and more frequent, due to his decreasing fear of insomnia, Tabokoff would fall into blissful oblivion and worship all the false idols – from the softness of his bed to singing seagulls and malted barley. And while it is true that ways of God are mysterious, it is no less true that the ways to God are as well.

With more than a half of a pint, but less than a barrel of beer, a jar of strawberry jam, a mug of vodka and a tome of unspecified classic, Tabokoff, in his holiday sportswear and capless hat, decides to take Christina to the fjords, to teach the bitch some knowledge, for he feels confident. In addition bringing two boys from his class to test the future shipbuilders in oral mock exam and lay out on a table practical benefits of being able to build a ship, even if it is nothing like Titanic.

Four of them descend slowly onto the waters and proceed downwards into the sea.

One of the boys, Friedrich, with his shy moustache basking in sunlight, sits in the end of Christina, or, which is not the case unless we see Christina as a woman, which is now true - depending on how she swims - between either her buttocks or, for a lack of more appropriate expression, in her cunt.

Eating sunflower seeds and spitting them onto the ripples of small waves he observes rather curiously. He has no idea what Reny is up to, but the boy trusts his teacher. He is, after all, still a good boy.

The other, though his parents named him Bjorn, referred to as Karl, sits in front, or, using the same two and a half analogies, leans on a face or among the black hair of Christina. Singing craftsman's songs and joyously engaging seagulls in a feeding game.

Tabokoff himself, as expected, sits in a belly of Christina, whichever way you look at it. Anxious to test his earnest pupils, but also happy as he never was have had taken Christina for a ride. Well, for a swim. Or fly, if you look at the foursome from a bird's point of view and so establish a situation, that is called „heaven on earth“.

- So, boys, how do you enjoy your day?

Says Tabokoff, happy.

- Let's get to the point.

Replies Karl, while Friedrich still has no idea what Reny is up to.

- Alright, alright now, no point to hurry. Friedrich, now tell me, what is the definition of a ship?

Tabokoff goes straight to heavy artillery, cunning as he was lately.

Friedrich chokes for a second on a sunflower seed, surprised by hastiness of the situation and having heard a question he has spent evenings pondering on – with ambiguous results.

- Ship is a structure embodied in organised planks.

He shoots.

Bjorn bursts laughing.

- Fuck you, Karl!

Shouts Friedrich angry and knees deep into the buttocks.

Tabokoff, as a lone authority on the matter of ethics, slaps Bjorn on a face with the left paddle.

- Good, Friedrich!

He says, even though deep in his heart he knows that the boy somewhat missed the mark. Tabokoff swallows his bittersweet feeling to teach Bjorn a lesson and to give some, given his position in a canoe, needed space for Friedrich.

- Now, Karl, tell me, what is the main part of a well built ship?

Bjorn, rubbing his right cheek, song have deserted his soul, which he, unlike Tabokoff, surely possesses, looks at Reny, straight at Tabokoff's red eyes.

- Asshole...

- What have you said?

Tabokoff asks, as though completely unfazed and have had expected this answer.

- Asshole.

Repeats Bjorn confidently and courageously. Friedrich at the moment inspecting the waves, lifts his head and starts voicelessly uttering what he thinks is the right answer.

Now, the reader must have in mind that Tabokoff can't see both boys simultaneously - he has to change positions, when addressing each boy – so he jumps back and forth, for he must keep a good eye on his pupils, least one of them falls off the boat.

Bjorn looks at Friedrich, and Tabokoff, sensing the conspiracy, jumps around just on time to catch the last silent words rolling off boy's lips. Instantly he grabs the right paddle and slaps Friedrich on the cheek.

All becomes calm, both boys rubbing their respective faces, Tabokoff looking for a bottle of beer.

- Boys, treat yourself with some strawberry jam.

He says, the peace of his mind have had returned back.

- I'm sorry, Reny, but I have not prepared for this exam.

Manly, as he is, Bjorn puts his cards on the table.

- It doesn't matter, Karl, it doesn't really matter.

Tabokoff, seemingly have had lost interest in performing oral examination, has a sip of vodka and retreats into the back of his imaginary house to read the unspecified classic.

Time flies as the birds gaze on the passing boat.

Friedrich, now comfortably in a cunt, watches the waves continuing on eating sunflower seeds, while Bjorn resumes singing and playing with seagulls.

- Karl?

- What, Frie?

- Did it ever occur to you that Reny has really never taught us how to assemble a boat, let alone a ship?

Tabokoff, still in the back of his imaginary house, starts to read with increased interest.

- Friedrich, I knew it all along, that he was preaching us a pile of bullshit. What with all quotes, ancient classics and constantly, how to put it mildly, under the weather.

- So why did you attend classes?

- For the same reason as you did.

- I hoped to learn the art of ship building.

- Bingo.

- But if you knew, you could have changed the course midway through?

- You know, Friedrich, the essence of learning is to learn from your mistakes.

- So?

- So you must commit yourself to one and not shuffle never failing properly.

- How old are you, Karl?!

Says Friedrich in a friendly pat on a shoulder way.

During the boys' brotherly communion, Tabokoff manages to finish a chapter of unknown classic, but that doesn't mean that the teacher escapes the wrath of sleep. As he snores, Bjorn notices that Tabokoff's open book is getting wet. He notifies Friedrich of the fact and the boys start shaking Tabokoff, who is mumbling something about deers and killing, slowly coming back to his daytime senses, while the sun continues its downward path.

- What is it, Bjorn?

Catching Bjorn's furious look, he corrects himself.

- What is it, Karl?

- Your stupid boat is wet!

- What do you mean – wet? We are in the water!

Tabokoff has yet to switch to a clear thinking mode.

- No! It's wet inside! Look!

Bjorn grabs the book and shakes it in the face of Tabokoff, whose confusion of deers and deers is still not overcome.

During this little skirmish, Friedrich continues eating sunflower seeds, albeit in a vastly larger quantities.

Suddenly, as if woken up from deep sleep, which, incidentally, is induced in insomniacs of a certain type by beer, vodka and unspecified classics, Tabokoff grabs Bjorn and throws him off the boat. In a matter of partitioned second, he does the same with Friedrich. Christina lets out a sigh of relief, but Tabokoff is too frightened to take notice, for he is already paddling as if his life depended on it, paddling from the future into the past. The boys are way behind, and if the records are on track, they survive to see another day, hopefully, one less swimmy.

And so Tabokoff keeps on for incredible amount of time, so long as to stop right at the view of the setting sun and - having jumped around – coming storm. Tabokoff breathes heavily, his head aching and heart performing rhythms he once heard on a city bus. Never the one to back off, he does what most ordinary men would do in his situation – he wishes for a God.

And God it is.

- Tobakoff, for I won't call you by your self-ascribed name, you must do what you do best, you must sink to live. So, sink, Tobakoff, sink! Don't you ever think of swimming!

Tabokoff, caught in a moment of doubt, though not about God, or what it said, but about his name, hops overboard and piously starts sinking.

He sees the wind that shakes the barley, the deers, the dears, the wall-street tableaux, in short, all his life coming at him, and, if not for the water, one could see tears rushing down his cheeks. Tabokoff relaxes his muscles and let's it all take him.

Now, at this point the story of Tabokoff takes an ambiguous turn.

According to one source, it is stated that Tabokoff drowned, for the fishermen found, quote: „a terribly constructed seamenless boat on a shore“, adding, and this I include for poetic purposes: „, with the most strangest kind of smell, that made us giggly“.

The second one, less reliable, but nothing is (reliable) in matters of history, told that Tabokoff for some reason decided to defy God and started swimming (whether on his back or doggy style) and reached the shores, though it is not specified whether alive or dead. However, in my ahistorical opinion, for all we know, he might just have learned doing it dolphin way and is roaming the ocean in his quasi-rooted solitude, following the star, whose name he doesn't know.

It does not mention the fate of Christina, thus, most likely, she still floats the open waters.

Migrant Piece Nr.2

As walking exceeds
the speed of speech
So the journey
untells the meanings you've built
Around vessels pre-empted
Streets distant and void
Skeletons, bare concrete
Analogical tools

I am in the city
Name I don't dare to
Pronouncing my steps
Wet dry naked outside sentence
Palace in ashes
Eyelids fatigued
Have looked at the fires
Was it a war, a riot, a feast?
Sense bellow knees disappears
Words cannot but duck
Oh, i wish my wish was way more
transparent
Transporting logs of trees that were saved
Buckets of grass
Way outnumbered by cattle
This town more like
village
If villages hadn't gone much sooner

Where do i go? as I go
On the sidewalk of a pool
Shooting someone something
Guess bullets were cheap
Locally sourced
Perhaps for the locals
to feed
King and queen but a memory
of a ghost of a shadow
Thick my fat smartly stored

for famine
Iris, rose, whatever the vase
Discoloured white black
White heat
Too white this shade

I dream, I assume, for no thing's
like this
Quicker the syllables
Can't outrun the spelling
Must wake up
To walk the way of
horrors
The richer they got
The poorer it felt
Power consumed
in expanding extensions
That were bound to contain
endless echoes
instead of a source
The root was dug out
Or were those branches?
Upside down
In contradictory bliss
How know when the known
and the knowing
are unknown?
Ha! to that
which hijacked
the revolution of dreams
Speeches by Selma
My laughter is a
lethal weapon
Or so I hope
In vain
Can't walk
Won't wake

And so I decide
To lie down
In sleep
Can't hurt
Heart closer to earth
Black after sunset
on sunless planet
No laws of physics
can explain this charade
though real, so real
Fuck it
I lay down and let
the mayhem pass
In digital circles
Feedback back on feedback
Hypnotizing this mess
Like mass or the masses
Opus and opium
Get stronger by day
when there is one
to come by
Stop thinking, I'm texting
Birds tweeting
Delusions
Illusions
Lesions
I'm less
of a prophet
Unless time runs backwards
Weird words
Wired lords
to fences
Sheep fucking smiling
So big the mouth
So ready the teeth
Sweet sweat first supper
Last god
No more sons
Come daughters
Dart them

Bull's eye, circumference
Thing is so bloated
Can't miss it
And I do miss
nights that
calm and gentle
in vortex
of fury
My furry
My ferry
My sea
Weeds and seeds
My body I had
Transformed past your skin
Different of kin
Same of a kind
Kindly destroying
leftovers
Grinding the rust off of chains
Imprisoned in our ankles
Invisible, almost accepted
An enhancement of a desire
to dance

I'm still asleep
Not ready to stand
As wretched and the wretchers
Wither with minimum wind
Wind it up
Alas, too hot to augment
the breeze
Chords and cords
Cards and cardiac arrest
Guards do their duty
Cordially erupting in chorus
To protect and serve
Botswanian free range oxen
to western and eastern
upper class

While importing salted
fish bones and heads
for the classless
Masters of unfinished records
Played in virtual imaginary
Listen up
Down with the masters
Lay down your tired bodies
Cool are the weapons
when viewed sideways
Through blades of summer grass
Sun is shining uneasy
Brightly colouring all
the burnt out pigments
Pigs smelling like mint
Menthol in my ale
All is in one
And one is in all
When you sleep in your dream
of sedated dreams
Dogs barking at the pigeons
that drink river waters
A child, a mother, a dad
Sometimes double of each
Ah, how beautiful life is
when death not in here

Wake up!

Dirty rags clinging to body through blood

Wake up!

More sweat lost than water intake

Wake up!

Bones shattered look like hard candy

Wake up!

I'm not a man
I'm a brick

Wake up!

I'm not a man
I'm thousand petals growing out
into rocks and lowroads concrete
I'm not a man
I'm acid
I'm countless snowflakes landing
on the summer beaches and into your saunas
I'm not a man
I walk

My desire is that we
come round
and as you speak
I autotune the vowels
Prompting us to sing

I'm not a man
I run

My desire is that we share
the soil that's not ashes
And when you grow peppers
I add salt to it
So our bloodpressure rises
To that of the angels
that escaped godly fires

I'm not a man
I have dreams

But my nightmares
are faster

Irrespective of my desire
The carnage continues
As I'm no longer able to fall
Asleep in my sleep

Standing someplace in
the city
I feel my legs disappear
to the tune of clapping hands

Properly handled by security
men
I'm not a man
We know
That's why we are packing you

I'm not a man
I am poet

My desire is for somebody
To wake instead of me
And do it like it should be