

Strange coaming into
the unknown,

The delicate attempt
to lay worlds on top
of each other.

Walls breathing like whales
or we think so

dumping rocks into wells
before the sun comes up

flashing into other things
the white ~~at~~^{right} in the
pitchblack fire

there I was

Just a minute ago

Now I try to step
into the mirror

of a dream

The stick laying on my
shoulder

Funny times in strange city

my friend's face as he
muses into states

I don't know
But look playful

I want to play as
well

På en marelay morgen et
sted i det sydlige Øverige
fletter vi slynges ved
af røgens muld,

Hvor den hvide nat stod
stejlt i det røde lys
bliver spejlets tusindtalligt
Jeg træder en ærring
fra dit ansigts skønhed
til natten
Som dagen har åbnet
os ind i

I am thankful that these
fine human beings write.

I hope they are having
a positive, good, meaningful
experience, though unnerving.

~~I~~ The individual word
is not it. The individual
sentence is not it.

One experience of being
alive ~~&~~ communicating with
another. ~~It~~

Lampoles are standing
indoors and a little
man is peeing in the
pool and that was even
before things started
getting weird.

My poetic self is limid.

It is a sir.

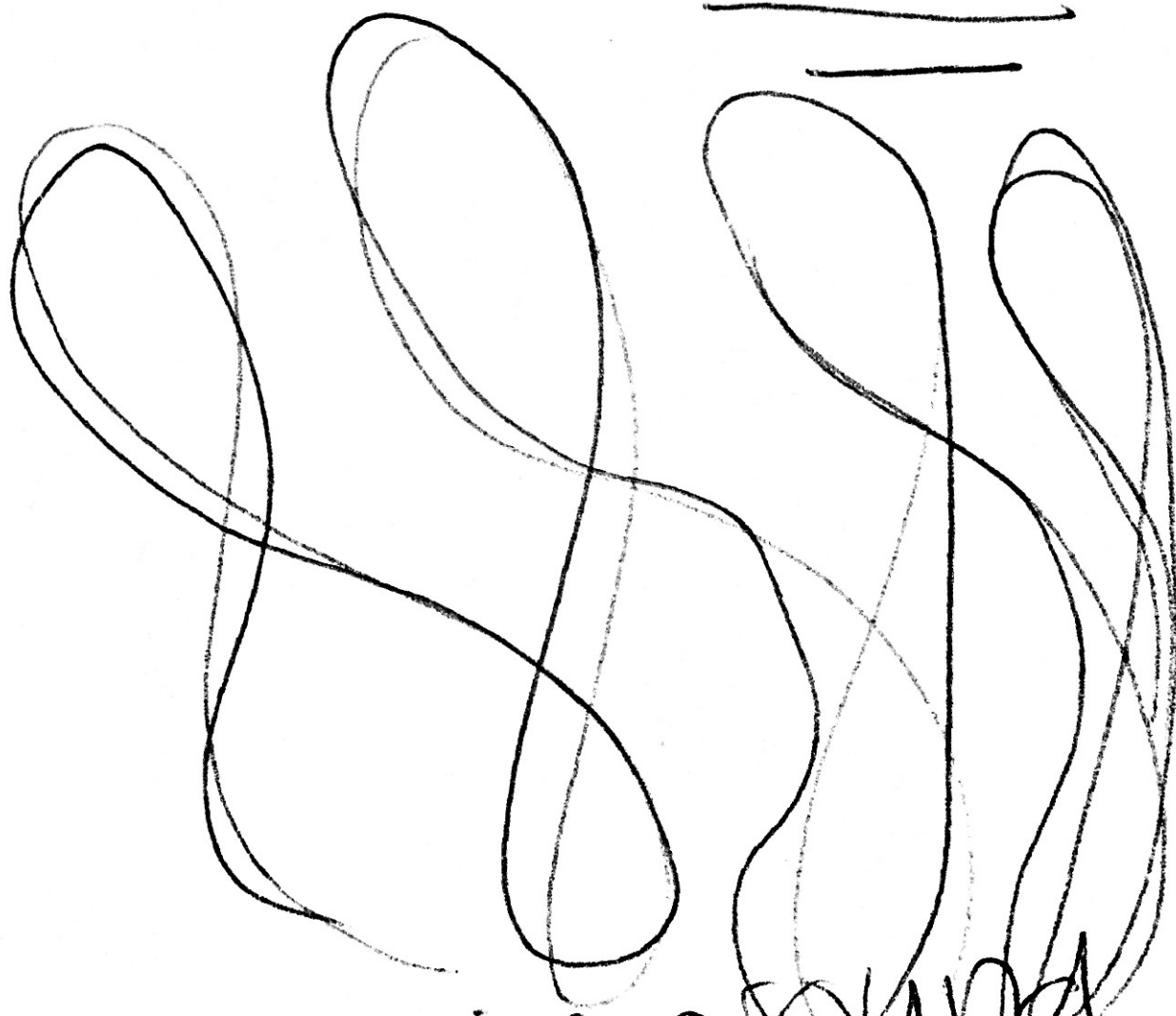
It is curious. It wants
things to be in motion.

It sees points of interest
in structures ~~holding~~
about to swirl.

It gets in there and
vibrates.

I hate mondays

I love ~~fridays~~
fridays



The music around
us is annoying and
weird

breathing, sore, dry, sand
paper, Stone paper
puls, heart, disrup

More to here.

Away in distance

*ighting to get.

Pubating Hot
around

1 ut

In your

could
continue or
drink water

I am lungs. Big, red
ones. I pull breath
out of air, I am air
I crunch in order
to connect rain with

air. Plunging beyond
myself I am the
people walking by

Now I disappear
into the darkness
way back into
the void.

Now I'm Bude.

Hallelujah
Pain entering crunched
arm moving in silence
Door cracking
in my lungs

An attempt in
hollow darkness

Inside Skin I listen
listen for myself
imagining two men in
red carpet
elephants

pumping & howl

my stomach
longer to be intimate
mother to be more

Flashing down
a field with a
pale yellow
bushy flowers

COFFEE - ~~the~~
~~low~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~
bitter - lead
of a tree at
a train in a
hills

on your window

i feel like

the centre

of the universe

of the universe
to the most and
beautiful

crowds

the flight to
aboard wings and

but I am
a roller coaster
higher
than I've ever
done before

dive dangerously

W close to
the ground
with
clap then
is my wings
spreading

my wings

are overlapping

I can fly now
higher than
any other bird

in my own direction

ee it

agent see
a wome flying

or is it a

women? over

London - she
was a satirist

It is long and

It goes over the

city

fingers

nails a geter

kuh

finger

- is the skin

the air have
smiles like
small round
balls

It goes

in and fills
my space the
sound see

U4

Ly

The ~~edges~~ are
old howe. the
gate the fire &
all the flowers
& run green

I hear music

the Beatles

I have a question

no answers
where are you going
why?

Summergreen

the gate

Becoming, transmuting,
creating from our dreams,
our imagination will be the
food for both body and
spirit. All elements of life
will be in there.