

When I am alone and drinking
a litre of beer between 3.30AM
and 4AM, I feel like I'm in contact
with you.

It's 4.09, I take a sleeping pill, I am in
touch with you when I'm all smudgy.

I eat a salad in a dark park
and listen to meditation podcasts.

I want to poke my index finger
through that silk paper shade.

I want to work with parasites
someone says next to me in the
library reading room.

it's buddhas birthday.

my hands, feet, throat, face are numb

my body is full of prickling sensation

i have no ability to concentrate

on my temple i feel constant pressure

sense of vibration on

my hands

upper body

head and neck

my heart is too fast

i cant sleep or meet people

people feel unreal

As my body is trying to cope with
three new alien drugs introduced to
its ecosystem, bottom of my feet and
the palms of my hands turn sweaty in
the afternoons.

I place my hand
on the varnished
black wooden coffee table
for a moment.

Then lift it and look at the moisture
figures formed under my palm.

Then look at them
evaporate.

My mind is numb and my body
vibrates.

it's early

it's not late

it's

early

At the outdoors shop someone is
looking to buy gear to be homeless.

Therm-a-Rest Z Lite Sol Sleeping Pad.

Explaining to the cashier
that he was left for someone else.

Disjointed energy of
amphetaphines
around the gestures and body.

The cashier says
Man, I am sorry...
I hope it will get better.

He ends up not buying anything.

He is looking for a contact
- scanning people inside the shop,
trying to catch their eyes in order to
start a conversation.

But we all avoid the contact.

It's raining today

like Scott Walker sang

Feel the pull

like Dennis Wilson sang

Life forms are insane

like Gene Clark sang

The potter tells me about a
friend of his who builds boats.

He invented an asymmetrical
structure, which is placed on the
inside of the boat to channel away
the vibrations the engine produces.

I ask him to make me an
asymmetrical ceramic object.

The sculpture he produces for me is
both phallic and yonic at the same
time.

Wish I could take you to see the
craters in Siberia. Did you see the
photos? Huge gaping holes, oozing
with methane gas and stuff.

Caving in. Collapsing.

*You can hear the ground falling,
you can hear the water running;
it's rather spooky.*

If I could only show you the crater.
That would be so great.
That would be awesome.
That would feel real.

Comforting.

The world sinking into itself.
Turning over.

I	IF
FALL	ALL
IF	FALL
ALL	I
FALL	FALL

Mushroom turns into a bowl.

Chirp of the spring bird cuts with
ease through the wall of distortion.

My ears ring &
I like your worn out face.

*If you stare at the open
you are welcome*

like George Oppen
almost wrote

I've become one of those people who during lunch might take out a small plastic bottle from their pocket and add a single drop of unknown substance into their water glass.

What did she mean by saying that
there is a limit to suffering, but that
there is no limit to generosity?

*We are subject to that which does
not exist*

like Simone Weil wrote

In emptiness one can expand without
any limitations

Lingering between the perfume
shelves

sniffing and testing novelties

without borders, there is no you

a nice
way
to spend
time

between
flights

wouldn't say it feels like
vanishing or dissolving

shapes just get lost
and merge

no no

no no no no

no no no no

no no

there's no limit

like 2unlimited sang

*When crystals vanish
they spread perfume*

like Clark Coolidge wrote

At the opening
I take a small sip out of the beer can
and feel like I am little bit closer
to my ultimate destiny as a mediocre
Scandinavian artist.

I sense the gap
the non-belonging
the separation.

Not only from others
but and maybe mainly from myself.

Stubborn and impenetrable
separatedness, scarcity.

Their dead eyes scare me to no end,
my own as well when I participate.

I try to think of
a cathedral of hope
a cathedral of oxygen

under the sea
though the mountain
inside the cloud

carrying you
with me

everything turned out
accurate

we could
find the threshold
and
resolutely
without
any hesitation
break
through

someone in the gym
wearing what looks like a homemade
t-shirt stating

PRISONER OF SOCIETY

out
side
night

thin green streams
pulsating with life
red dots
swim in the
deep green
stream pulse

something alive
inside someone dead

that way blue

I focus my attention
on the concrete ceiling
above my bed
where wood planks have pressed
a pattern in the concrete

slowly things starts to happen
the surface becomes alive
liquidy
streaming
pulsating

nothing lacks meaning

ground

force

shield

like J.H. Prynne wrote

tangible results
tangible results

I promise no

tangible results

tangible results
tangible results

I promise no

tangible results

I am a rock

like Simon & Garfunkel sang

Rock in the sea

like Shocking Blue sang

I don't believe in miracles

like Colin Blunstone sang

I believe in miracles

like Jackson Sisters sang

