

# One Revolution

May 2009

From nothing I imagine  
No reason not to run and branch  
with fractal shapes like ink runs  
free on wet paper  
There is nothing that contains me  
All we know we should free  
-and let be wild  
Let all our understanding be and so ourselves be wild!

Let us block set, so to print  
Only so to smear it all away  
free ink and so let be free on pages  
they will be the exclamations of our days  
freed but onto each other we will laugh as we brush  
all once we knew away  
Be it reduced to ash -all we once did know  
Be it reduced to ink and paper  
and thus only lack the infinity of water

I am captivated by the seasons  
I am entoken to the land that signifies me  
Satisfy the land does not me  
nor the words that seemingly I impress-  
Run free!

Let be what will begin  
Let be that march unto ashen ends

Let be that wrong road follow  
So, be it not wrong until discovered  
that the choices we faced were free  
So be free and I will follow  
So die, for I will-  
Be ashes, I will be-  
If washed away and so will I be-  
If you are words I will match them-  
Set letters and I will press them-  
If you are the ink, I will be but a brush stroke away

Water, if it free you to be  
-Ink, formless, an oscillation between what is thoughts  
and what is words and  
what is spoken, said, undone confusion;  
testimony that was given up, to and about  
floating unconscious in the waters of the mind  
echoing and lightning up-  
- connections, webs and networks of thoughts

-The grand machine,  
-how you are not fair!  
and though I will fair, do speak I can  
And I wonder in which does move me and I imagine  
provocations that-are still standing  
fleets of ships that are burning  
people who are losing and aging and are no more

Why can't you be real? Why philosophy is as true as it's  
taken to be

These words are about you and I  
When together, how we argue-  
And when apart they echo in my mind  
arguments would tear apart so many kind  
How rips apart families  
How wade into war  
How tear to insanity  
Philosophy is not princess over sciences  
yet she does not cut cheaply into lives  
Our arguments some day insulate  
and it is in this sense that I rely on you  
to deconstruct out space and time  
Remove me, for I am captive by a world that no longer  
gleams  
I have forgotten the wild and am amidst the forest as so  
speaking  
Will you speaker out your voice and return to the wind  
your words, your free style-?-  
I cannot help to see it in your eyes  
And so irrational I speak!  
How can it be rational  
I beg the question; tell me?

For someday I will not to answer  
my will be lost  
like all those surround me  
Everything is lost until found the strength  
I will exact upon the diss-aligned  
but I am! You have the quality of strength  
to be set about in this writing,

it's not rational to imagine

'something new' it's hard to pre-suppose existed before it happened-

By time the planet spins around the solar system one revolution,

-things could be completely different