

# When Axioms Fall

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# 1 prologue

## 1.1 naked

she sits, naked and alone; her shaped dimmed  
by the low light of memory  
my throat fills with a sob  
I can see the river swallowing her  
I am not that far, though I can't drive there  
the bridge has been destroyed  
the perpetrator has been found, found not guilty  
afterwards, she is still lost, even more since  
I crawled back into her life  
we slept together just before the sun set  
I told her to leave because she described my fears  
most accurately, now the phone is dead  
there is no use picking it up  
I am only learning to try  
to get a handle of the will to cling

I have lived a long time alone  
and compressed a few fresh moments of togetherness  
along the way, a crystallized kaleidoscope built  
for memories as long as they which means I, last

## 1.2 tell me

I used to think living is synonymous to thinking  
what an obvious mistake  
tell me your mommy issues  
I'll tell you mine  
the couch is littered with confettis & cat hair  
which I am allergic to, a mixed bag of a party if you ask me  
there are better ways to mask the ennui  
was it worth it If don't enjoy it  
anymore, the thirst the quest for more

### 1.3 allergies

the couch is comfortable, just enough  
on it, tyme sitting, with a cat on is lap  
he is allergic to them yet gently pets it  
gently he caresses the space between it's two ears  
he knows it will itch later but so be it  
the fabric is red velvet and carries the stains of time  
coffee, hair and semen are wovent together  
in imperious textures and patterns

the meaning eludes, so sings the flute  
arrogance is coming on a stranger's couch  
without blushing or bluffing indifference  
he sits idly, legs manspreaded for he is alone

## 2 at first

### 2.1 envy

at the party  
there weren't that many  
people; the young man could  
see what mattered; not himself  
he could tell you that much  
looking for softer mattresses  
until he came about and  
she had the eyes of his memory  
the lies of his own imagination  
bliss looked ever so distant

there was a table and six  
or seven chairs; just enough  
it wasn't raining yet  
but you could feel it coming  
with sparks and ozone holes  
drifting above; choosing the signs  
to follow seemed easy at first

but then again  
envy was a twisted word  
hair was messy and the grapes  
tasted good enough; his pulse ran  
deep, beneath randomness and  
artesian caves where the fish swim

## 2.2 aftermath

when they arrived at his parents house  
the door was locked  
so he had to force it  
softly; and yet it cracked  
it was cold outside afterall  
he was in some kind of rush  
there was no going back  
after she kissed him

he couldn't tell who had  
made the first move  
thinking comes later  
when you wish for the woman  
of your dreams and  
nightmares lose their meaning  
the first word he could utter  
was *fuck*; all the hair was soft  
even the close shaven one was golden  
and sweet; she slept with it and her  
underwear was near enough  
so as to forget the fault

because doors shouldn't  
crack, they should swivel  
and turn but he was in a rush  
to see how far life should go  
in those moments decisions  
aren't what they seem  
they crack  
ever so gently



### 2.3 cars

the waters are shallow  
don't you know  
you can't fly although  
the feeling only shows when loneliness  
seems deeper than a night without.—  
the insects stop buzzing our ears; ache  
the pools are not vast enough to get lost in  
your eyes, deeper than I could imagine  
still call at 3am — a dead phone  
all we ever needed was a car ride  
past midnight; when lights blur  
and rain could choose its own direction  
just another word for speed  
her quick witted smile could tame  
the wildest eyebrows

her beauty needs motion  
like delicate clocks I could see her face  
only by glimpsing across our  
rift of emptiness  
I wish I could promise  
the waters are as shallow  
as they sound but here  
they refract my loneliness  
in green grey shapes of tomorrow

The car is old the streets are filled  
untill we get to the place  
where streams lullaby us to sleep  
and where nothing matters really  
in the end peace was what  
we were striving for  
away from passion and envy  
and where words only mean  
what they meant

### 3 absence

#### 3.1 pills

Now you're laying asleep, content  
with tamed eyes, absent from me  
sheltered from me  
they caressed your Hair  
slipped the pill under your tongue  
and whispered soft "it's okay's"  
here the windows are blurry with rain  
glossing out construction cranes  
-refracting the dying lights

The chairs were almost comfortable  
and within their mutual angle  
you only had to roll your eyes to  
spray a distant stare  
We used to have warm ashtrays  
hot coffee,  
cold feet; torn out socks  
Scrambled eggs and "fuck you weddings"  
they caressed your hair  
Slipped the pill under your tongue  
and whispered their soft it's okay's

You should wake up and forget  
but you slept remembering  
they wear white coats  
and indulgent airs  
I will wear guilt and satisfaction  
when you woke up and remembered  
I went for a long walk and you never came?

### 3.2 morning

in the morning they found a naked  
young man yelling atop its breath  
“i didnt want to i swear i swear”  
what are you rambling about –  
said the older man  
“does it matter, i swear I didn’t,  
want to”, then why did you; tym ?  
precisely what I’m trying to  
figure out; at last, he cried in the dark

can we talk at least, but less  
well yes but i cant promise  
I won’t yell it into your ear until it bursts,  
a young man is just trying to release  
the older waters which are still stuck  
experience tells me \  
one can see through your blinded logical scaffolding’s  
I guess I just wish I knew why you  
are still looking for meaning  
where there is clearly none  
but hear this:  
at the very least it will be inside \

you look tired of outdoors  
in the night it was still  
the same old story untill  
an even older man asked the even younger man  
“why are you naked in the streets old sport”  
I’m just looking for a mirror to spit into  
and what do I look like says you  
not a mirror I can tell you that much  
and thus history repeated itself

but where else am I supposed to look, —  
we used to drive into sunsets holding hands and now  
the sun rises on me but its lonely  
I preferred to to shine with her  
why aren’t you with her then  
but old man why don’t you get

it is precisely what I'm trying to figure out  
I still cry to marc ribot's guitar you see?  
why can't you? you should be able to tell  
one day youll know young man,  
well i know one thing  
I know itll be too late

### 3.3 evening

it is hard to say why  
evenings hit the hardest  
tym forgets, despite himself, at what time  
the same old sun sets.  
it slips by, eclipsed by the moon's signs  
He just sits there, waits for a shadow  
a silhouette of himself which is less shallow  
muttering to himself; as for a prayer  
“you were there when it mattered  
something must have shattered”

actions are words sometimes; the  
walls close in \ what else was tym left  
with then but words words and words  
he should heave learned: closed doors don't have to hurt  
when you fold your clothes; \ the day  
has been well spent

when it mattered I was chasing  
instead of waiting, imitating —  
the tail never caught on to the trick  
and now tym forgets the names of trees

## 4 also

### 4.1 here

here we can see; the winds  
carry nothing into grey bliss  
pale blue is not the color  
we had chosen but it is ours  
before we can hear our cries  
the post man delivers  
the cats get lost in alleyways  
as soon as doors open  
they come back to lick  
their paws  
gently  
because whoever was in a rush  
was gravely mistaken

the winds are hollow  
we had chosen others and;  
they carry nothing but empty smiles  
of old varnish, where are the pinkcolors  
are they too old to be told?  
pale blue wasn't supposed to  
be the one ... at least it is cozy up there when  
we can see the skies drifting

after we can see the limits  
the employees punch in with weary eyes  
discontent of their own desired cycles  
and when they close doors  
they don't double check the locks  
because who would care  
if one were to disappear  
vanishing with hope

## 4.2 guilt

as the postman came back  
guilty of forgetting the sweetest package  
an old man was looking for photographed  
operands; right behind closed curtains  
he should have looked under the couch  
where our dreams used to live  
they haven't died they simply  
chose new names such as  
lotion cream and neons; flashing  
and the sweetest apathy brings it back  
whatever it was

we have to look for them  
they hide well  
beneath guilt they haven't died  
they chose incense and flowers  
we chose vodka and unskimmed milk  
as the postman licked his paws  
I lectured him on hygiene  
national geographic would  
have done it better for  
it is objective

the new names sometimes  
seem rather obtuse or strange  
do not be alarmed by that fact  
young man one day yellow will be blue  
purple will be pink and an old order will be  
restored; so to speak

### 4.3 brunch

he had a passionate love  
and hate relationship with  
some kinds of avocados  
as If it were hard to  
disentangle the vegan  
ethics \ the many fruitful deaths  
from them? whoever they were  
brunches reeked of untainted privilege,  
when you pay for the fact you  
can eat before you are;  
being actually fully awoke

on a related note he  
dutifully (or so he thought?) preferred cold  
left over coffees and desk computations  
pre-urinal conversations; post coital  
refreshed purity in all its  
musky forms shapes and scents  
where else what else could you find  
in the internet days  
such man is but a relay  
and where else was he supposed to look for  
the misty rains of a better year

*but it has always been that way they yelled*  
his eyes could say no more than  
yes but even then: we had hope,  
in the trees in the birds in the sun glows  
now dissipated in the midst of blue fluocompact lights  
how should one choose his own  
lightbulb to read by  
lost psalms and poems of soft beautiful agony



## 5 far

### 5.1 how so

relativity is a strange word  
when far feels very much alive  
some people spend lives measuring  
osculating; spending thrift change  
to get neat answers like  
6 foot three and barry is an asshole  
but really who knows  
maybe he was a nice guy in the end  
we know dwelling on it doesn't do

because quite simply  
being sometimes is not enough  
I still crave for those answers,  
I could stop if  
the cat would stop getting inside  
but it always finds a crack a crevisse  
strangers who are without a room have a past  
and will always curl inwards searching for true memories  
unfucked with, the presence of the real  
behind the blossoms of gardens  
planted for the sake of time  
well spent

now tell me  
do you like my new haircut  
I told the barber  
to remind me of me  
I think he did a swell job  
untill someone asked me how was my acting career  
doing, well screw you and your pictures  
your well adjusted  
routines is what I told the chump  
now I'm left with bitterness  
of my own making and two birds\  
they won't stop shitting just  
just besides the cage

now can god make a good metaphor of that  
because I'm tired and it was a nice couch  
the winds are stronger than I thought

## 5.2 enough

as tym crossed the street  
he saw two cars of different  
shades pass by him  
he waltzed and gave a hard  
stare at the cat  
peering over closed curtains  
he couldn't choose  
which one

so he strolled passed  
to find some shade in  
the orchard where knowledge  
at least is not frowned upon  
he found a place where windows  
exist, however inside is still different  
outside is colder and gray  
inside is cozy and pale red  
you might catch a glimpse  
but for that you need to choose your  
waking hours

the difference is slim  
it might be a slight wind draught  
or the echo of a lover with broken arms  
are they still useful? why yes of course!

### 5.3 waiting

pale blue wasn't supposed  
to be our color; in the great  
beauty of it all I still catch it  
the myself looking at ceilings  
looking for company

someday she slept in like a tempest  
left no room for apathy  
which used to be sweet  
\ so it gave way to restlessness  
where writing is for publishers  
and tides only come in  
when the horoscopes tell them so

tym never travelled enough  
he preferred the confines of his own mind  
— peeking for lightness  
and as was foretold he found  
choosing your prison  
is simply a matter of semantics;  
rethorically speaking

## 6 nicotine

### 6.1 the last one

the last one can be hard to digest  
you will play with it and ignore  
the rest a little, tym but always  
let time work \ remember why you came here  
you had *reasons* and  
*objectives*

can you at least  
hum, tell me what they were  
because to me it felt quite simply  
like licking my paws  
and strolling through a different  
parallax; for it be to leveled

well first of all tym  
you need to stop  
hiding behind all those words  
they will bite — and hurt you back  
those games are not meant  
to be played by the score  
otherwise you will crack  
and the cats will come back

## 6.2 uncertainty

but now tell me  
how long should I wait  
as long as it takes they say  
but that just adds to the smell  
of deja vu, which is good  
it also hurts though

it will hurt as long as  
you don't understand  
the point, and keep looking  
for the lines, the sharp ones  
the diagonals – ;  
they go too deep for your  
young heart you should, stick to parallel  
parking and learn it good,

hear me out; unlearn the smoke  
and the release in cycles  
for tomorrow is just the same  
what should you claim for it  
to be different? – now don't  
make me laugh, my back still hurts

### 6.3 sleep

tym went to his bed and looked for sleep  
where there is none  
as was foretold, but now think  
why should it be there when you look  
for the absence –  
he opened a book; and threw it out

then another one  
and the process went on  
turning over maybe towards some  
parallax of lost years  
which; was fidgeting with his memory  
when eyelids become the last  
frontier of beauty,  
rolling above restfulness  
and so he remembered tom's advice

you need to stop fidgeting tym  
it won't help no one  
sit still and un-arch your back  
focus on some task otherwise you know well;  
in old age it will come back to haunt you  
your posture I mean, lying down while the world wakes  
can be often a cowardly act

## 7 moving

### 7.1 somewhere

sieves are the hardest to knit  
you need patience and wit  
some of the musics loses magic  
when frontiers define the tragic  
blank verse is for cowards  
free is even worse, so shouted  
the post modern man

intrinsic to the goal are the river's shores  
you need synthetic clothings  
canoes and devices, the wind won't push you  
only if you let it fall,  
only then will space fill the fields  
acting on a distance is not how they work  
they're simply there, osculating the waves

when tym reached for another book,  
he opened it at random, or so he tried  
signs and patterns were still there  
for the first line told him of his own mistakes  
do not try to let it go to waste  
the land will not let signs unused  
in the shadow of the crane  
at each waking hour we can see each other  
getting built from small parts, bits at a time  
some cities are bigger than others  
getting lost is an art hard to practice  
you need highways and tall buildings  
tym preferred the comfort of knowing  
exactly and precisely the wrong things



## 7.2 horizon

here the winds are clear  
the flatness conjures something else  
which cannot be fathomed;  
the soft ripple of the stems  
caress the horizons

fuzzyness is hard to define  
yet you can feel it in empty mornings  
we flash and yearn yet are bored  
like Henry tym was lost between gripes  
yet looked onwards towards fields  
of yellow tranquil hills

do not go off chasing it  
it will only leave you panting  
tym needs to walk, resilience  
hard stares and empty air  
is where you'll find peace  
was said before sometimes

### 7.3 distance

the coffee was cold  
and so was the trail  
of some lost details; hidden  
perhaps, beneath all the rest  
which was laid bare to see

with binoculars for eyes  
weren't enough; they were hard angles  
and soft touches to find that night  
the young man glimpsed at what was left  
of his well sketched future

she was dancing and didn't care  
he was drinking for the courage  
it didn't come; why would it  
all the people were celebrating  
reasons and meanings, while tym  
rested his elbows, concentrating

## 8 choices

### 8.1 beginnings

do not go off chasing  
finding is easier when you let it  
waltz and dance at a distance  
moreover the touch is softer to those  
who, unlike tym, can wait to be blessed  
and are able to see the fuzzy winds  
piercing through some of the deeper analogies

they cannot be predicted  
and even if they could  
why would they come  
behind the bridge next to its shadow  
where the pebbles are dirty  
but the waters still flow, underanged

you can cast one if you feel like it  
the faster the better probably —  
let them spin, the axis is your choice  
tym felt a chore out of being amongst  
so many rocks, where should he sit?

## 8.2 textures

this day the air is porous  
and I can feel the sun  
sliding down across the  
reaches of your skin  
I've never known why we were  
looking across the same  
pale landscapes;  
but I couldn't reach your hand  
and chain our memories  
to anchors of distant bliss

the ice cream cone  
reflected your yesterdays —;  
joy, untamed yet in your eyes  
I let the clouds gently slide  
caressing what was left of  
my palms

you were there, behind the tree  
I could not walk in the same tracks  
so I drifted, downwards to the same  
old circles of me where sense ends  
and new beginnings were there to find

### 8.3 magic

from the other side of the street  
where the trees crack at nights  
is where you'll find it  
the magic; splitting ever –  
in corals and roots  
and wonder why are you still looking so far  
when what is harboured is also  
always within reach for the delicate hand

you can let it fall  
or try to grasp at the stems  
catch you breath however  
going fast makes no distinction  
in the great beauty of it all  
speed is simply one of those details

stopping has many synonyms  
like loving for an instant  
so tym — please don't go off running like that  
it is here; all around you  
tom why the hell do you think ? \  
thus this is precisely why I keep going  
in circles of restlessness, I would ve thought  
and educated man such as yourself  
would comprehend such things

## 9 night

### 9.1 the street

sitting on brick made stairs  
the street was empty apart  
from a couple parked cars  
and the ruffle in the leaves  
while lets not forget the light

buzzing from high ways  
lampposts could hide the sky  
teeming up with refreshed trees  
tym wondered where they all went

however it didn't matter  
his location was enough  
and well found amongst  
other urbanites looking for  
some peace, elsewhere; maybe  
of fresh quiet in the humid air  
yesterday it was

## 9.2 trees

they split everso  
and try to reach, higher  
than where we led them  
trees are the balance, arborescence  
we were looking for before growing up  
now they simply hang, content of their  
own rustlin in the wind

tym stretched his legs  
laid back in the chair, admiring  
there was finally no point in moving  
the leaves were doing it for him  
epiphanies are too fast  
he needs slow pulses of dancing

around his mind, a haircut maybe  
but not today, he prefers the rustle  
and the breeze that precedes it  
something one cannot predict

### 9.3 wind

it can be hard to adjust  
to the speed at which it travels  
choosing an angle to deflect  
the hard winds of plains and mountains  
they travel without warning

so he sat in diagonals to it  
\ and he never saw the instinct  
to move, restlessness is in the small moments  
where why can he not  
let it go let it be

it needs to be bottled first  
and filtered, like sparkly springs  
he flirts with apathy once again  
only it has no movement  
its water is murky  
speed is essential, eventhough  
we all know it to be relative

\*



## 10 after

### 10.1 endings

when axioms fall, let them sit tyme  
open them up in new spheres where beginnings  
and endings stop in the wonder  
apathy needs room to grow  
– \ blossom into new presents

spaces are chained to the times  
where life meant more than the words  
they tend to get lost in the details  
into the featherly rustle which can wait  
it will try to escape

the futures of yesterday are long gone  
and remember them after they pass  
the links are soft to those who  
have the touch, delicate and effervescent

## 10.2 loneliness

you need to be able to bear the loneliness of the nights  
to find peace in the winds and waves of your own mind  
even and maybe especially if it makes your soul shriek  
it won't crack, in the deep there is no one but yourself

landing is easy as long as intoxication doesn't go too far  
there will be silence in the great apathy of stillness  
those are lands to be explored, and left, uncharted  
sometimes I fail and I wish there was another way  
to drift and let the pieces fall together without intent

but the night is everywhere; \ so are you  
I could never dislodge you from there  
and never wanted to; I head your voice in  
the distant echo of lost cars  
and even more so in the one of those who have finally found their  
way  
across the city there are so many of them, they chant your voice,  
quietly, the rustle won't stop, why would it?

### 10.3 hotels

air conditionning and clean white tiled showerrooms  
are where tym finds himself, comforted by the white noise  
of strange places where there is no one to mirror his longings  
he needs stillness in the cold artificial air  
the flickerings reach the right frequencies  
60 hz is the number I think old man  
ah yes but you need to inhale deeper tym

let it reach its zenith before you scale down  
the mountain of lonely nights, I hope you know  
by now that going down is harder than climbing up  
and windows closed will teach you independence  
of nature and of self, cut yourself from your fins  
and reach for more more and more until less is undefined

I thought you were a sophisticated fellow  
who enjoys poems, walks in the woods and smokez the pipes  
now stop playing with cigarettes, you'll burn your fingers  
"no this is not how it *went*", I can almost guarantee

## 11 bigger

### 11.1 lies

I told them the greatest lie  
that we might as well be a little too crazy  
since the sun, and the moon, all will soon die  
in the books they told me it is so  
how I chase and yearn for more

the characters have poise meaning and directions  
in this stage with no director tym  
is still looking for more pages  
arcs to follow and loves to be betrayed  
meetings of young fellow of hearts and minds  
on dinner tables under scarce yellow light bulb  
at night, of course —

where smoke flows slowly with no urgency  
and scraps of paper are spreaded, unevenly  
poetry, waiting to be written, where friends  
assemble and the chitchatter reverberates  
creativity and such bore me now  
an outside is needed, to reveal what lies  
in the pages yet to be written

## 11.2 echoes

now i live in conditioned air territory  
it used to be that distant echoes of craving  
could nourish loneliness with some depth of feeling  
I had to put on my blue sweater  
and turn the machine on

it rumbles smoothly, trying to concoct a lullaby  
all I have are my memories of her's  
the disjuncted ex's, whom i mesh in a fabric to sleep with  
lay quietly under them, while the ill will whispers  
tonight reality read from books sounds more concrete  
more anchored, as if life prefers having some frame of reference  
to circumscribe our confused airs of loneliness

If only I learned of the difference between inside \ outside  
maybe, then, I could really lie next to you  
always I thought I needed but so little  
and here I am, wishing your presence, knowing I need it  
yet should not, there are other ways tym they said  
they are hard to find, I'll keep looking

### 11.3 lake

where the lake ends and the creek begins  
the silence was punctured by acoustic guitars  
and distant laughter, applying new layers to  
the sound of water clapping on the riverbank  
speeches are ignored, we preferred the crackling of the fire

best not meddle with inner peace maybe finally  
reached, here, no need to tell the hard beautiful truths  
they gleam, spark and dance around the ambers  
and the fat drips from the chicken to the fire  
through the blessed grill

meals are shared instinctively  
the nearest guitar plays blues which is alright  
until a pop tune can be recognized whence eyebrows are raised  
there is reefer, maybe too much of it, who can tell —  
in the night sky; what truths seem concealed from sane eyes  
we are lacking bourbon and  
here they simply ripple and glide slowly  
over the canvas of our half shared tents

## 12 compassion

### 12.1 stars

I would have killed myself for you  
wrap myself in a blanket of stars  
ditch the furniture of my life  
open my heart to the last light  
and convulse; stretch my muscles  
emboldened by mystical belonging  
the certainty of spirit was my mistress  
yet I come back to you, my eternal wife  
to sleep in the warm bed of tender laughter

and yes if you ask I'm  
still looking for the right emotion to wear  
fashions are hard to follow so I linger  
like PeterPan in the childhood of tomorrow  
I would have killed myself for you  
lost and afraid in the dark  
you were my blanket of stars

## 12.2 balance

I asked too much of you, that much I know  
alone in a hospital, in the ER on a bench  
waiting for you, I was ashamed yet  
did not know who else to call  
I couldn't find another thread to pull  
to hitch myself back in reality  
I ask too much of you, that much I know  
yet what can I do, now that it's obvious  
your eyes into mine meant solace when it mattered

Maybe I should walk away, leave no trace  
simply dissipate in some routine of modesty  
let you be the protagonist of your own story



### 12.3 patterns

Grow up before you lose your mind  
the birds sing for their own reasons  
which escape our thin grasp  
of things to come  
our bones are fragile  
our flesh can't repent  
our mind is just a collection  
of lost items  
be weary of grids, axes and rhizomes  
those items are just monads scattered  
in the ashes of an unknown past  
the stars don't talk they  
only slowly die for the benefit  
of our eyes