

# When Axioms Fall

Frederic Boileau

August 18, 2022

## Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>prologue</b>	<b>4</b>
1.1	naked . . . . .	4
1.2	tell me . . . . .	5
1.3	allergies . . . . .	6
<b>2</b>	<b>at first</b>	<b>7</b>
2.1	envy . . . . .	7
2.2	aftermath . . . . .	8
2.3	cars . . . . .	9
<b>3</b>	<b>absence</b>	<b>10</b>
3.1	pills . . . . .	10
3.2	morning . . . . .	11
3.3	evening . . . . .	13
<b>4</b>	<b>also</b>	<b>14</b>
4.1	here . . . . .	14
4.2	guilt . . . . .	15
4.3	brunch . . . . .	16
<b>5</b>	<b>far</b>	<b>17</b>
5.1	how so . . . . .	17
5.2	enough . . . . .	19
5.3	waiting . . . . .	20
<b>6</b>	<b>nicotine</b>	<b>21</b>
6.1	the last one . . . . .	21
6.2	uncertainty . . . . .	22
6.3	sleep . . . . .	23
<b>7</b>	<b>moving</b>	<b>24</b>
7.1	somewhere . . . . .	24
7.2	horizon . . . . .	25
7.3	distance . . . . .	26
<b>8</b>	<b>choices</b>	<b>27</b>
8.1	beginnings . . . . .	27
8.2	textures . . . . .	28

8.3	magic . . . . .	29
<b>9</b>	<b>night</b>	<b>30</b>
9.1	the street . . . . .	30
9.2	trees . . . . .	31
9.3	wind . . . . .	32
<b>10</b>	<b>after</b>	<b>33</b>
10.1	endings . . . . .	33
10.2	loneliness . . . . .	34
10.3	hotels . . . . .	35
<b>11</b>	<b>bigger</b>	<b>36</b>
11.1	lies . . . . .	36
11.2	echoes . . . . .	37
11.3	lake . . . . .	38
<b>12</b>	<b>compassion</b>	<b>39</b>
12.1	stars . . . . .	39
12.2	balance . . . . .	40
<b>13</b>	<b>correspondance</b>	<b>41</b>
13.1	patterns . . . . .	42
13.2	sharpness . . . . .	43
13.3	the performance of hiding . . . . .	44
<b>14</b>	<b>the confrontation notebook</b>	<b>46</b>
14.1	the rhythm . . . . .	46
14.2	for its own sake . . . . .	47
14.3	lists . . . . .	48
<b>15</b>	<b>mechanisms</b>	<b>50</b>
15.1	mate . . . . .	50
15.2	systematic . . . . .	51
15.3	mindfulness . . . . .	52
<b>16</b>	<b>continuum</b>	<b>55</b>
16.1	important meeting . . . . .	55
16.2	reset . . . . .	58

# 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 woven 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  
the 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 and her  
underwear was near enough  
so as to not 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 just crack



### 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  
I 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 their face showed

### 3 absence

#### 3.1 pills

I'm in the corner of the room  
not sure how space works anymore  
I seem to hover, just a little,  
above the tiled floor

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,  
until much later, restoring some kind of faith

### 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

The older man, reasonable  
tried to talk some sense into  
this lost soul  
"can you rest a little at least, and slow down"  
"you need"  
"to slow–  
down"  
well yes but i cant promise  
I won't eventually yell into your ear until it bursts,  
I'm just trying to release  
the older tears which are still stuck  
or so experience tells me &  
Don't take me for a simple minded chump I  
can see through your blinded logical scaffoldings  
assembled for a building  
you'll never meet

"Okay Tym sure, just remember to breath ...  
I guess I just wish I knew why you  
are still looking for meaning  
where there is clearly none  
but hear this:  
after a while you'll find your way home  
or towards something that looks like it  
at the very least it will be inside &  
you look tired  
so very tired of the outdoors"

in the night it was still

the same old story untill  
an even older man asked tym  
“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 and I still look for her shadow  
I preferred 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  
"why can't you? you should be able to tell  
one day you'll know young man",  
well i know one thing  
I know it'll 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”  
and Tym hates rhyming couplets

actions are words sometimes; the  
walls close in & what else was tym left  
with then but words words and words  
he should have 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 colors  
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 looses 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 tym  
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



## 13 correspondance

For S

### 13.1 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

### 13.2 sharpness

I've eaten through my life  
greedy, never satisfied, never learning  
the value of the gift  
of a cold glass of water  
on a hot Friday afternoon  
My teeth are sharp you say  
well it doesn't feel that way to me  
I've been here before  
what you call sharpness  
I see as restlessness

Yes it is true  
I can tear into people  
but it is rage that you will feel  
when exhausted I retreat into my mind  
container of mysteries, I do not wish to explore  
yet here I am, with my miner's headlamp  
crawling into the crevices, looking for a sharp end

Life is a game and I play the role of man  
therefore I don't believe in stars  
or the moon, only the sun  
has stories to me  
and I'm tired and looking for shade  
Call me a genius and I'll come running  
Call me a madman and I'll come running  
Call me a lover and I'll go running  
to the sea, to wash my memories in the cold flows  
of a mind  
well contained

F

### 13.3 the performance of hiding

I must confess a couple things  
but first I wonder what can the stars  
possibly say  
to comfort the raw nerves where so much happens  
silence is not the disease  
in any case; inner chatter makes for much worse symptoms  
that I can guarantee  
I hear your voice modulating and I'm still  
peaking at hidden meanings when I shouldn't  
I must emphasize  
prophets are the loneliest people you could find  
looking for themselves they fall into the mirror  
and call it god, think themselves musicians  
of the world's noise which doesn't need  
our interpretations, just listening should suffice

I must confess I do not enjoy  
seeing my name on the page,  
even the digital one  
I have a weak sense of self  
or so someone with a degree on the wall told me  
rather I'd like to hide beneath layers of performances  
Escher's dilemmas reduced to a simple conclusion  
simply; I am not here.  
Once I met a cultured man  
soon to be husband of a woman who  
still warms my heart by embracing me, loudly, before him.  
We were at a mutual friend's wedding  
and while they were doing some  
quick bumps in the parking lot  
commenting on love I told him  
"as a learned man you must surely know  
romanticism is a death cult", he smiled and agreed,  
her embrace still warms my heart

I must confess I can still hear the stars sometimes  
and feel them pulling me into the night sky  
asking me to speak on their behalf

now I know where that road leads  
I'd rather walk the silent path  
where I can still hear the echoes  
of the love that pulled me back

## 14 the confrontation notebook

### 14.1 the rhythm

don't you believe in *the eternal*  
I believe in hate fucks, expanding tacitly  
the universe at its center  
Lobsters & ash blond tips  
& People with an  
acquired taste for dirty martinis  
they all  
mirror my dreams of antecedents  
to deficient conceptions of the self  
although can't you hear the sound of sand co-  
arsening through your veins, head throbbing  
yes and his name was Louis  
he admired Artault but most importantly  
the plump bosoms of the nurses hovering around himself  
Further from home, at their periphery, he makes sense  
"Pass me the salt", "Hey asshole can't you hear me"  
"PASS ME THE SALT WILL YA"  
"can't you hear me thinking, lifting above your frankly  
let's be honest here, philistine sensibilities, your  
unvarnished silly need for attention"  
o so do I wish they could hear  
the waves that gently roll with thunder  
in Recife or on the shore of some small town  
invaded by loners, in southern Portugal  
*I should take up surfing*

## 14.2 for its own sake

Idiomatic french is about  
clarity, brevity, conciseness  
(cons (cons (cons '((lambda () (Fuck-this'))))))  
Don't you dare say me name in this tone  
I speak the sacred tongue of white people with dreads  
Listen to me I'm Following Mister F Stanford's bullet,  
right through the heart, gnawing at life  
vegan shoe leather is for amateurs  
I need to watch Amacord  
A tender morning rain on a picture window, with  
a soft jelly-like blowjob  
slightly burnt toast to go with it  
the musky scent of new beginnings  
cycling on the gyroscopes' path  
I can do the butterfly  
                    but only when I'm drowning  
Me violent? No But I do  
enjoy a good hate fuck  
the consensus is that I'm not deranged but employ a  
poor choice of words, also, ideas of reference  
circle around of me  
But I mean (hands gesturing in the air ala George)  
What 28 yr old fella <insert my description> in his  
right mind wouldn't want to  
Yeezy his life a little  
"No, not for me thanks, I'm allergic to lobster, so I guess I'll take  
the Bisque"  
                                    " and put in on the tab!"

### 14.3 lists

A preliminary list of potential names  
for the cat

- the cat
- the mainframe
- the lullaby who never sleeps
- an empty paradox of darkness
- Mother
- Wichita
- Wisconsin-VA
- "I told you I needed to be alone"
- Let me just pull my pants up
- Don't touch me
- Miaw
- Pomegranate
- Trouble
- An easy way to project your fears related to your weak sense  
of self on a broken lightshade
- the absence of curtains
- ROger
- Dorothy
- Anne Sexton
- The newly assembled workstation with 6 GPUs for CUDA na-  
tive acceleration
- ——— Guilt
- the black brick
- a best friend too busy to answer the phone
- A rain of [sharded] glass ceilings
- The noise when you sleep
- The noise when I sleep
- Woody
- Buzz-light-it-up-year
- crevisse
- trap (fish.gif)
- goldfish
- ——— guilt
- the departed
- Titanic
- Someday the lines of an aural manifestation of unaldurated



fixation  
- The cat,  
let's leave it at that

## 15 mechanisms

### 15.1 mate

I dream of  
    dry petals  
    yellow clouds  
            pine trees surrounding  
    *the* rusty lost bridge over the gr8t Ohio  
            pebbles on the shore, each  
    discussing mutual heartbreaks  
            clasped hands where did you go  
            water like concrete  
                I don't even drown  
    Disgusting as I am,  
        your polished toenails as sweets  
        [they ripple on the surface]  
            From the fly-fisher's attempt  
– we know time –  
    they are far enough though  
        so  
            won't you  
    sit besides . . . bury your head in the crest  
        of my shoulder  
            the lost great bridge over the  
Ohio  
            the water there it knows  
                how to cross

## 15.2 systematic

Now I must venture ahead  
    & propose that one hasn't  
    lived a full life  
    until the precise moment  
    he has fucked a cousin  
I do *not* mean to be unduly abrasive  
Life is comprised of simple  
self-evident  
truths  
were It might easier be to understand, hmm yes,  
for you and  
your feeble mind were you a gentleman  
of the russian dystopian solaristic persuasion  
the facts stand still as pillars and bad books  
the butterflies rise in my eyes  
& I must have the awareness  
to convey it plainly  
    You ought to fuck your cousin  
        preferably a germane one,  
            quite estranged from your family  
and  
    as tears go by  
        You'll remember deliciously  
the most sane act you'll have ever committed  
    to paper posterity  
    and family

### 15.3 mindfulness

poe:try is my meditation  
as for triggers, well it  
is a simple recipe  
    an honnest conversation plus  
    some ammmount of decent hard liquour  
        Be it whiskey or tequila  
        rhum, djinn's infernos or  
        the myth sand blasting reality of vodka  
    Leviathan hiding under  
    cold showers  
“ Grave of light“ is where you'll find me  
in its appreciation of the dilemmas  
of everyday relentless espitemic choice binding  
our soles – at the very least –  
a rope, loosely looped around a  
    dark dress shoe  
        can't you:see the man is  
        flying too close to the moone  
    where the battlefield of circardian rhythms, car  
    motion, whispers, I love/need you, come  
        back back,...  
    Never left never came hahaha SSRI's  
    YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN – drifters  
against morally upright upskirt peakers  
citizens, law abiding and upright, yes, to what end,  
    the end  
        the sun  
    Atonal drifts chromatically elevated  
to the level of burning tires  
screeching, screaming for help  
  
can't you see the rope  
    "don't hoist me down old sport"  
    "but never let me go" – either  
You Might Fly!, exactly  
    trust me  
        release need be conjunctive to  
    repose, peace, sinews pulsating

in awareness of both –  
Neon purples & bright white blinding stars

Numbers don't matter  
2 is overrated, so is the triad for that matter,  
& don't even get me started on  
four legs I'll beg  
only morphisms appeal  
to the transformations towards

an exact sequence  
we all know where it ends

– shouting above –  
- WELL I FUCKING DONT

Come back to bed she says  
In my room, my dream, my  
perfect ass  
in the limelight

NO! (finger pointing upwards)  
*the orifice is waiting*  
*important work*  
*india, china, continents, customers and scrip-*  
*tures*  
*timezones rollodexes indexed by ennui*

The rope is taunt  
the cat is near  
sphynx mutated hairlessness won't protect  
MY SINUSES  
coffee and pseudo ephedrine!  
books I've got ...  
what i need is crude  
& my feet  
are flat  
...

I don't want to fly  
Never let me go Klara  
- why?

You're the only one who exists  
- how do you know?  
It's simple  
you just must  
you bitch

## 16 continuum

### 16.1 important meeting

FACILITATOR

Thank you all for being, here  
there are some fresh pastries dispersed randomly,  
coffee percolators at the  
various exits  
"please take take 2 seconds to identify the one closest to you"  
& *fruit*, choose your lunch composition wisely you will  
be judged accordingly & please  
don't  
try to virtue signal  
the ~~comittee~~ of brimstone will notice now  
Jenny from HR and the sulphurous sulfites action pack (£AP)  
has kindly agreed to take notes, rotate them  
in precedents, compile the results and send  
the generated HTML later

EVERYONE

(banging coffee mugs on table, generating irrelevant multifaceted  
spill rhyzomes)  
Aye Aye Aye

FACILITATOR

this meeting, in the spirit of revelations,  
has been convened with the express purpose,  
as you all kow,  
of bringing to the attention of various parties,  
and coordinate and gather the results under examinations,  
the news of the recent apocalyptic developments  
there is an addendum to the packs distributed to you  
describing the various, combinations that might pertain  
to the number of the beast

JERRY

theres one listed here just blank

NAT

that's clearly three zero-width-white-spaces jerry

MIKE  
fucking jerry

FACILITATOR  
all idiots aside  
the first item on the agenda is  
as to how to distinguish  
    elegant and innovative poets  
    from prophets, at first  
    and secondly how to make out the latter  
from paranoiac schizo neo-Q message board addicts

CEDRIC  
impossible

CECIL  
Add cedric to the list jenny

JENNY (pastry in mouth)  
type faster than you process words cecil

JERRY  
thats my gurlll

CECIL  
you fucking hetero normative moron

FACILITATOR  
well put cecil now shut your fucking mouth jerry  
I suggest we start be indentifying good poets  
who weren't properly <airquotes> prophets </airquotes>

CEDRIC  
(muttering)  
you won't find any, maybe if the relationship  
wasn't transitive, symmetric @and reflexive but that's not trivial  
at least not obviously to me and ...

JAMES



Who's in charge of tying him to his chair

JENNY

I am but only got two arms and a half

FACILITATOR

okay mike won't you tie cedric and administer the  
injections so we can proceed

CEDRIC

whatever I don't care, might as well nap  
...hate those meetings

JENNY

don't be rube cedric, your last book wasn't so good anyways

FACILITATOR

ugh, jenny don't tell me you've... <gasp> read it?

JENNY

someone has to sacrifice themselves <quote> rev:3.14 </quote>

EVERYONE

bravo

CEDRIC

i'm not a good poet when I'm angry

FACILITATOR

someone slap him again so he internalizes jeezus love

JERRY

I've been waiting boss

JENNY

not you jerry fucking idiot the cat has been assigned to this  
this millenium

THE<sub>CAT</sub>

(licking it's paws)  
fucking right

## 16.2 reset

I mean I do  
    know the difference between  
genius & madness I just  
    resent it,  
    peering through the  
        my reflection in polished rocks & smoothed out  
        shards of broken beer bottles  
This is not my language  
    she is  
    ...  
    the beach is wide and empty  
here –  
you do have to take a long walk  
to reach it, part of the process  
    the destination does matter  
    & eventhough pragmatism always ends  
    up swallowing my platonic romantic  
tendencies –  
    ( yes they do, conjunct equally  
        you parataxic leaches ) –  
the towel is dark, the color  
    of k-holes  
        she mediates the  
contrast w/ white sand through  
    tanned marble lazy statuesque poses  
  
    "You laugh at my fear of missing out on life  
        yet you do not sleep well unless  
        enough books have been read"  
& it's never enough  
    – for a time it was  
    did it lastlong enough?  
    ... probably not  
  
    clouds rain & stained mattresses  
    are my preferred  
        gestation grounds  
Doesn't everything start w/ a stain

twisted deviant as I am I like seeing  
it roll slowly over the crevisses of  
your spine, beneath your knee

dirty mascara stained cheeks  
is where shyness lies

Beyond the towel the body the air and the sea  
there is always a bird and I for one  
am comforted  
by its tendency to girate towards  
leftover french fries in an  
empty fastfood parking lot

Don't you want to be, happy?  
– that's not enough !  
"Is that healty"  
... probably not

I'll make jewels though  
ouf of polished  
smoothed out  
wine bottles shards

the kaleidoscope keeps turning  
jet lag is in the way  
Damn you sunne why must skin  
burn for your pulsating contentment

tell me where is this  
white sand:  
I haven't so thoroughly rejected  
purity, I just have a distrussful  
nature, hence the books &  
the shelves & the computers  
worthy (?) of trust,  
but no more!  
I'd join you, yes  
like a happy defanged canine  
any k-hole shaped waterfall you dive into

—  
should take a walk  
a real one, not just to the cigarette store,  
around the block  
but where dogs are walked like  
on the canal amongst  
‘dead tech post modern‘ condos  
... heat is round the corner  
30 seconds flat, just like that  
the end, we die  
the plane flies  
away

I’m doing well  
just wishing I still enjoyed  
the snow &  
sliding in and out of mountains  
  
after the ALPS they all seem so  
... small

Books are too heavy for planes  
asked if she wanted some  
"You're literally asking me to  
carry your burden"  
that's when I knew  
she was the one, the mirror  
I should get away from

Now my sinuses hurt, my hand trembles  
the difference  
is – simple I  
just resent it  
chewing on  
Loneliness of my own making

Fuck the snow if it's not  
approached through a properly  
curtained window & a  
stained

matt

ress

mas

cara

tainted

face

tears of joy

Love,  
Cedric

\*\*