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...... Made Of Ink

Here, what's not white Is filled with black. No striking light No fading dark.

There is no joy
In what I think.
'Cause I'm a boy
All made of ink.

FLM, 17 December 2014

..... Inertia

There is no shame in getting lost
What is foolish, is staying frost.
Waiting for things, 'till it's too late,
So find your path, fulfill your fate.

FLM, 1 January 2015

A l'horizon, la mer s'étend, Grise et verdâtre, battue au vent.

Seul sur le sable, la mer m'appelle, Et je me sens comme infidèle.

T'aurais je raté, ma destinée ? Ouvert à toi, mon coeur blessé.

FLM, 26 September 2016

..... L'Oiseau Des Mers

Tel un oiseau, qui glisse dans l'air, Mais tes courants, sont ceux des mers.

Qu'est ce qui là haut, t'a fait plongé, Pour ne jamais y retourner?

D'un battement d'ailes, tu continues, Vers le grand bleu, vers l'inconnu.

FLM, 27 September 2016

..... Trop

Trop à babord,
Trop vers le Nord,
Trop loin du port,
Trop prêt des morts.

FLM, 27 September 2016

 ${\cal W}$ ith high voltage, the electron, Escapes as ball from the canon.

It is then accelerated, Until it gains its highest speed.

The particles, as they turn right, Loose energy, emitting light.

In the beamlines, through slits and glass, Colors are tuned, as the rays pass.

By this process, you Giant Rings, Reveal to us, the tiniest things.

FLM, 29 September 2016