

The Frozen Fountain

A perspective on the divine in life, in ourselves, in meditation.

Pictures : H. Nizard (Berlin, Marseille)

Texts : Y. Misdaq (DC, Brighton, Kaboul)

Y. Misdaq:

What you have here are many relationships. The one between two artists; the one between photography and painting; the one between that photograph/painting and words; the one between the solid and the abstract; the one between you readers and us designers; and of course, the many relationships (human, romantic, spiritual and divine) which run throughout the body & blood of this work.

Harry and I got together not to make something with a predestined meaning, not to make pretty, pitch-able, fund-able or fashionable 'art'. We worked together like two very clever and excited 6 year-olds, on something that became something. Something that became something. A rich tapestry.

If a moron asked me to sum up this project in three sentences, this is what they would be:

Being alive here on Earth is not easy. But it's better than being dead.

And sometimes it's wonderful.

H. Nizard:

In all traditions the Fountain of Life reminds the eternal and the immortal within us. We want to break its frozen surface, make its waters flow and meet.

Into these pages, only a vague scheme : a map, not an earth. Breath, loose focus, blur your vision, dive into yourself and find your own Haiku, your Mantra, your guiding light toward the unity of being.

Don't be afraid of losing yourself, don't fear darkness, find the gate to this light, and make the seeds of life flourish in the landscape of your soul.

Now



*Probe the peregrine Astrakhan islets
The dawn twilight miles are expecting*



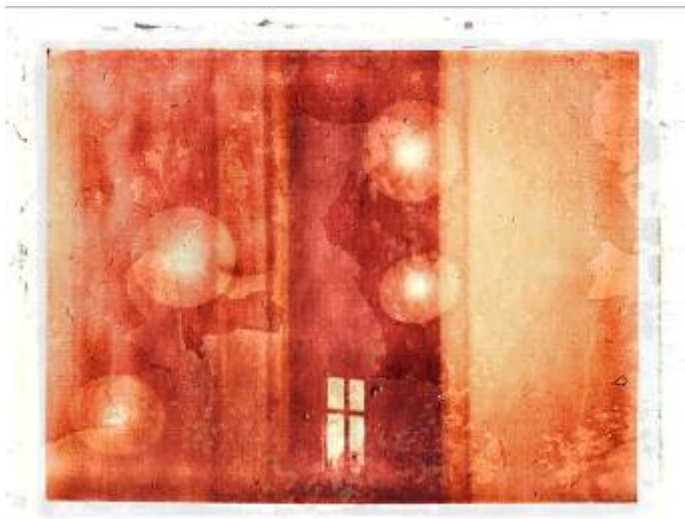
*Fluidity:
a felled, far-away dusk*



*Rumbling steel turns towards me
Running my chest down to grounded bubblings*



*Don't hold me so tightly
Don't lock in absentia*



*Dazzled & dull.
A downpour of wet city-footsteps*



*When I fade
I love you*



*Send in your visceral aura of plum-plum magic
Bring it on into a human house and let me feel it move the air*



*In the night
I love you*



*Spit viciously at your favorite little trinkets around the house
They will not honour you*



*Rooted in no, and shadows are no
Only matter, and spiders unfeeling*



*La luna solitaria:
mein letzter Freund betrunken*



*The world is on fire from a drowning
Which at least offers us a distant sun's reflection*



*The wing's feather-print of memory clarifies
The spray of golden morn*



The Spirit-Tree Grows!
Pai-Pai Suta!



Bilit-sturosee
Chop-chop-finery



*Mother lives there
And I like to stare*



*Count me if you like to count
Or close your eyes and live*



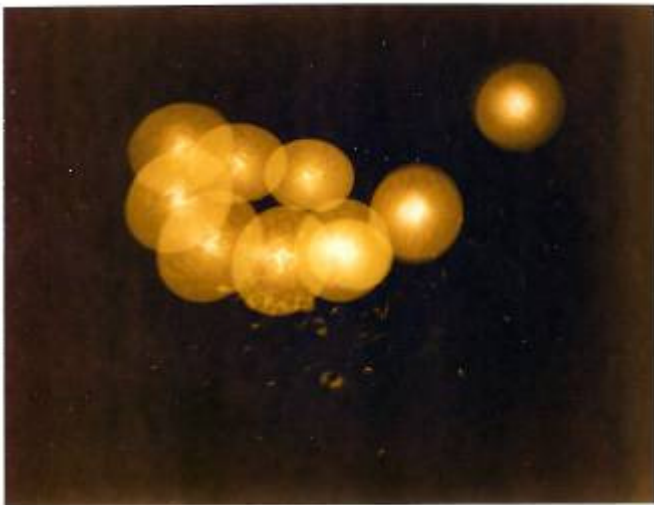
*At the centre of every dream
A calligraphic solid stream*



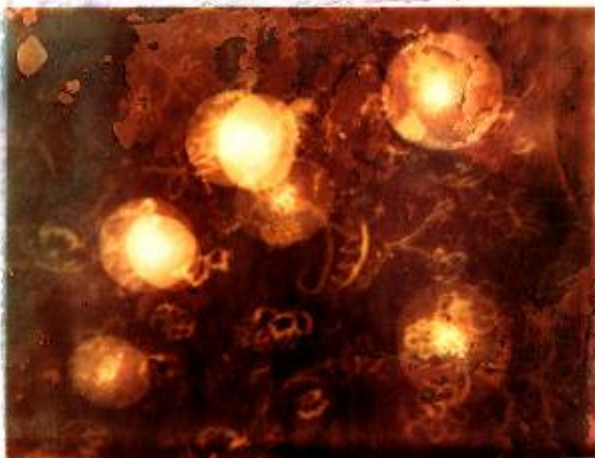
*I love you
At my total centre I do*



*When will the day come?
Today is the day*



*The first is an angel on high
The rest are atheists and believers brushing their teeth together*



*And searing sin will be boiled away
For light skin veins to begin t'illuminate*



*I won't forget when I ride on my bike
The things that you loved and the things you disliked*



*Glory-days of window-history
Unchange the meadows of eternity*



*Don't let the dark knights of Europe
Quieten your fizzing, Arab-heart*



Unfurl and radiate
Release and dissipate



*Slices of coward-skin
Fall and collect as piles of meat*



*Divineless flesh and wasted semen
Fired off into unwinnable wars*



*A man in the hotel lobby was made to shake his head vigorously
By a beautiful woman who had made him insane*



*There's no way to keep decapitation
A secret*



Steps
Get me the hell out of here



Cannot cough will not move
Death is a thick suffocation



*If the here is holy and the now is all
The magnificence only seeps out of these walls*



Bye-Bai Constantinople
Muted motion of 1600



*Plunder poverty piss pillage in my
Empty grey village*



*Tiger of India, come
Clean-lick my blood-wounds*



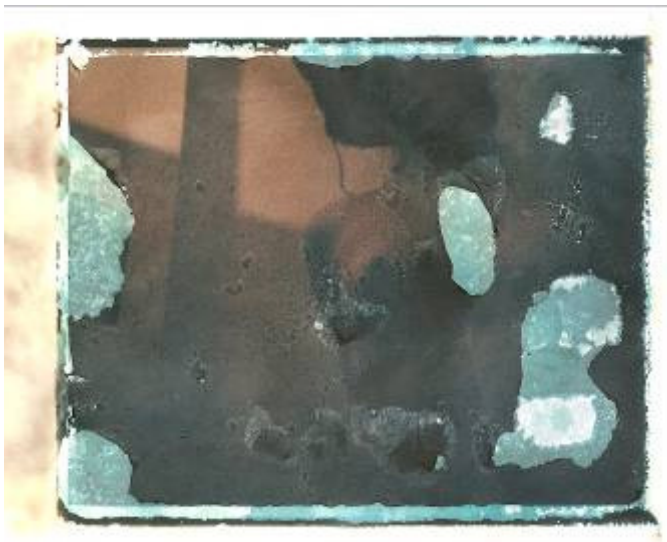
*Sunrise-horizon holds only lighter barbarism
Only brighter-lit butchery*



*Crusted crumbling love of my youth
I never wanted to see you faded*



*I offer you a string of elliptical
Moons - moments - minds*



*Days are a restless TV show
Only unless you be and know*



*Under a closed eye
Burns the silent wavering fire of flame*



*What am I?
Am I here?*



*Look at what I've got
You've got nothing but finger-thoughts*



*But I dream of her
Whole hemispheres and both poles are awake*



*Don't turn away and don't make me choke
On the words of love don't leave me broke*



Don't you dare!
Once the imagination goes, it is gone



*Cooking gorgeousness
Requires the calm gradient layerings of a queen... Audacity!*



Walk the blinking lines together
Forty-six years



*Cat-creatures carefully creep over to my side
Bringing with them gifts and jewels of the unfiltered eve*



*New mornings together Sun-wrapped in
New realities, smiles and dual-confidence*



*Go everywhere and travel into curves
Get lost in disappearing promises*



*We are inside
Kisses are wet*



*Kai-Kai! Mbwene-Kai, say Ishq!
Listen to the logic of a sunlit heart kissed*



*Pull apart the world of distilled forms
Release a million new atoms*



Lose with a winning smile



*White phase hazes vociferous
Shimmering with the spilt milk-life of tomorrow*



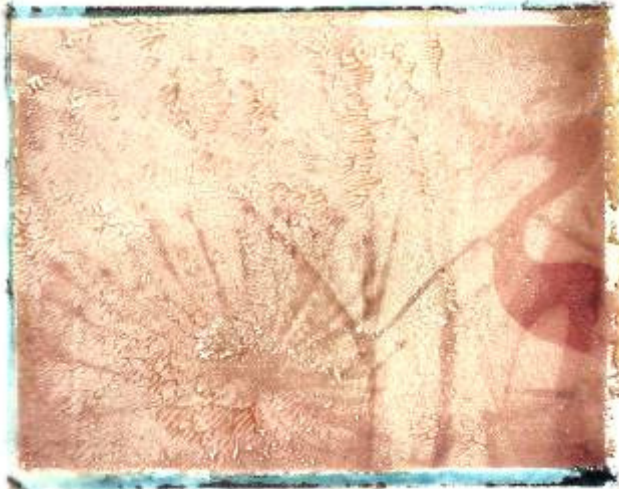
*Views of the beautiful secret were opened upon me
I thrust my head in enthusiastically*



*As sharp angles of math provide proof
So they can work for your dreams and dreams*



*This fibrous florid feeling functional
Universe of fine substance and clarified meaning... is sprouting !*



*One half of the peacock's mind is as beautiful as its body
The other half is meaningless abstraction which we will never understand*



*Fill up half of your telescope with light
And the other half asks "What about me?"*



*Privately push, risk everything away on faith
Welcome yourself to your fresh new eon*



Shake!
And loosen all the tidy tools of today



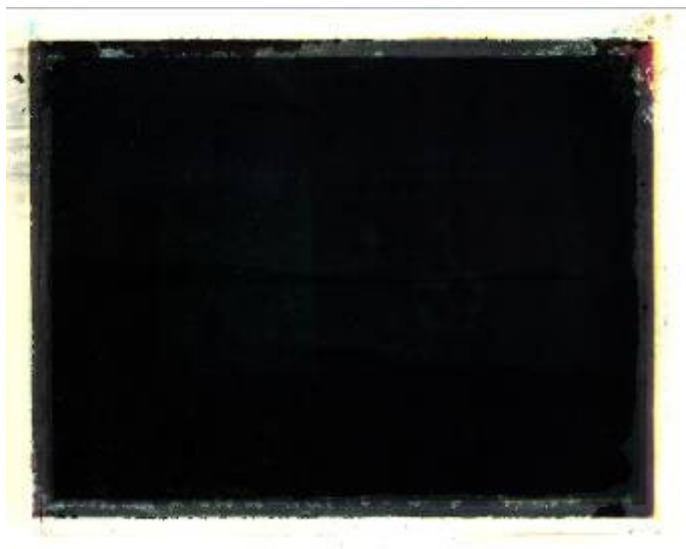
*Because
There's no more you and I left to wrestle with*



*Because
It can't all be understood, Professor*



*Despite death and destiny
And dawning glory*





Cry

Yes weep the afternoon away and let it go to bed



*Go on, tock
Fall forever*



Adios