

## **Mars poetica**

Milky bits of icy water dropping from the sky of doves,  
crystallizing in blue in-the-making processes  
of transgression of defoliated selves,  
rainbows over brainstorming,  
concatenated images fading in the mi(d)st of  
the self-induced self-reflection,  
in the hands of the omni monitoring  
homunculus,  
phases converging,  
the point unfolding,  
the manifold of my thinking,  
in activity,  
be active,  
be, be so active,  
know yourself-  
long-awaited principles,  
so colorful in their  
ockhamist flamboyancy,  
now milky bits of icy water ouroborically ascend towards  
the sky of doves, the writing fades away as the  
equilibrium particles regroup,  
like the white of an electronic paper when recurrent engrammatic strokes  
with existence of their own from now on  
(the third place) came into foreground, like a  
reminiscent, in the ending, foreplay...  
The selves fold (again)...

## **Kino gum/gram**

Night turns itself into morning,  
when the babies of apples on papers with stickers of joy reflect the series of numbers like  
hampers on kernels of self-forgetfulness in ships like T's best of him,  
while eyes like sorrow bits of saliva from grapes in chocolate-wrapped pure thoughts  
hook onto reality from outside.  
Some parts of us always rest outside, I extend myself like a spider net into the S's paper-cutter,  
just like an oasis of comics into a desert-merit no man's land of partial analogies, like similes of  
smiles on J's face- just hair on the structure of it all, mind the L in an image of bills from forests  
of ideas in green light over the cave of bats within caps like SC's motherboard-  
Stars shining on a button of ice. Mice shaolining the impersonal. Form, of course.

## **Implicit Frage**

Tones, clouding in an erasing manner  
the descriptive structure of  
an enthymematic pattern,  
flamboyant or non-flamboyant

in its hidden referential simplicity...  
Crowding words over  
an inscribable pure unit...  
No communication, no evaluation  
in an inconceivable  
so conceivable frame...  
Turning to myself, while  
writing me myself, an irrational  
non-human entity,  
from all these remnants  
saying nothing or all,  
in an endlessly opened  
myriad of conceivabilities...

### **Snapshot**

Exploring all of these  
interstitial voids of  
future spots,  
remembering the future  
in an endless  
appraisal of  
broken, fractal  
coherence,  
trying to trespass  
the area of interpretation  
into the area of  
evaluation and  
reconstruction,  
remnants of  
papers born from  
complicatio-esplicatio  
brains,  
digits now, shining  
like worldly inserted  
mind-dependent  
patterns...

### **Fluid**

I am not worried about the exponentially multiplying branching structure of thoughts and words required, but of the strength of my thoughts and words within the moment as a unit which composes the whole structure when iterated. Emerging holomericity, that's what I want.