

*Gibberish on the Slippery*

Somewhat in the middle of marsh  
 and banana blood-shed comes a  
 draft of extreme relentlessness.

## Perching on a cloud

means  
 overthrowing

gravity by the centre of  
 weighing gold against *silk*.

You halt.

You get caught.

When 1 on 2 never 3 finds 4...

When Tower A thinks 18 floors are red and 56 floors are blue and cool...

When nothing happens in the morning and none searching for none becomes the only norm of negativity – negativity productivity no way.

Fond of me or fond of naught

Fond of nothing but my own thought

Could	it	be	thyme	in	heart	when
<i>La-da-</i>	<i>di</i>	<i>La-</i>	<i>da-di</i>	<i>ba- ha-</i>	<i>ha-ha</i>	<i>ha-taa-</i>
						<i>taaaa- ta</i>

Space-time	pocketed	with naked	truth --	-hhhh of	kinds
<i>whatever</i>	<i>no matter</i>	<i>however</i>	<i>whenever</i>	<i>ha-ha-ha</i>	<i>voila-</i>

La-da-di la-da-di ba-ha-ha-ha

Birds fly but snakes slide in the mood for

LUST

Without

dust

Into

a thrust of **volcanic energies**

**Files and miles and miles of piles in the wild long sand spit of tiles**

adding up

to a statement of purpose

Without purpose I may not die!!

## Stratum one and stratum two

in no one's land reminds one of  
every single smile that had burst  
into the nitrogen nightmare of  
precipitation over and over again  
on trendy porches DOXY. MEAD.  
GONER. DUCKS AND DRAKES.  
START. VINIFICATION. POPLIN  
DRESS. INSIDIOUS. KJLIVE.N]  
LKNPFNA LVJV;ENAL; kdjopale  
Khokelljiopanreblok; 9akg kjfk;dk

See no more

But say to yourself it is not what you want

It is not what it is when it is not what you want it to be what it is not.

Somehow **S**omewhere in the dark remembrance

**swims up like a school of cod**

Devilishly devouring all that can be drunk

A black hole with **anti-gravitational** sucking madness

Assuming the power of a tyrant screaming into the air of dust

Of dusk and dawn

Matters of earnestness plagued by divinity of a fourth kind

You sing he pants she hisses I lust.

Whatever will be will be is not *que sera sera*

*Lo que pase pasará*

Whatever happens will happen

Bid you well.

A pool of GREEN water and a patch of YELLOW trees  
Hunting within the environmentally sound scoop in order to  
Save a handful of pebbles.

Marvels not at the glittering sand of honour  
For every grain is a trap  
A trap to yield open  
A trap of denial  
A trap of love  
A trap of whatever will be will be will be will be

Slot.

Diva.

**Mammoth**

Salon.

*Rain water* and umbrella.

GREEN boat with a BLUE WHITE shirt.

Manet.

*No more say no more*

*At the end of the day of April 9, 2003, 9:40pm at home at 10 Robinson Road, apt. 21B  
of the X block.*

*Spatialization on May-Fourth 2003 2:16pm of the same.*