

How silence is like a curtain of buttons and thoughts. A lean arm alongside, material worn thin/are you still with me? The sun is blind, the colour not real, a watching group and nothing other than a silhouette of the world. In the night comes the creature with its pointed legs and straight snout. What will he find in my strange house with furniture full of memories? In that respect, the smooth tiles are no help. It is a complete and irrevocable falling out of form, amid mist and a lack of reality. Time is a collection of empty frames in a long corridor, excluding the dazzling light. And always that longing, the deep desire for a real body and time that can be counted down. The emptiness is never far away, it is a vacant certainty. My cheeks are lace curtains behind which sorrow is concealed. My breath catches. If you look very carefully many people are mere casings for something while their spirits float somewhere far above between the buildings. There is absolutely no way of comprehending this situation, not to mention ending it. We are not real. Sweet thoughts like a green mask and then he, nota bene, with his terrifying eye. In the mirror the same image. A piece of today, a photo of longer ago. Everything upright, and proud, it is a massive search for balance. And sooner or later the animal is there again with its pointed legs and vicious mouth. Patience leans orange and full of confidence upon an unsteady stick. Annoyance is a hat peppered with feelers with perhaps inside it a kaleidoscope. How then, one by one, the buttons inevitably reveal the view.