

III.

Power

Falling

Death

Stillness

Animals

Ruins



<p>The bulk of the architecture of my bones will pass, eventually. Next on to weakness and inconsistency.</p>	
<p>Before sleep I counted the maximum amount of baby beds this building could contain. No room for air.</p>	
	<p>You drift, and suddenly after a fatal year the wall I ignored between us becomes opaque, palpable, forgotten floor plan.</p>
	<p>This is the easiest counterculture you can build on your balcony: when are we going to die?</p>
	<p>Not the point within the circle, but the point under every conscious thought, the grimy mouth of every conceived canal.</p>

*“SO EVERYTHING SEEPS
INTO VITALITY*

*BY REARRANGING
ALL ALIGNMENTS
DISSOLVING
THE INK
OF EVERY LINE*

	Born the same day as Zeno, every year my breath takes infinite time to reach the candleflame.
	Something so erotic about sleepwalkers, the muscles out of clock-time, it is their dream too.
	The lightbulb in the kitchen insists on being out of tune with the chill coming from the staircase.
	The steps of the Danse Macabre follow a glacial drift, each foot forward a year within the year. You bend. You're older.





	What ends, nothing ends, nothing ever dies. The master folds the paper and one of us emerges.
The thousand-eyed monster lies dead between the floorboards. From now on I can choose potent words.	
The existence of history in our minds traces the circle out of which I forbid any one of you to walk or crawl.	Weaving the incandescent thought of you through my labyrinthine loom, my hands disappear inside the pattern.
When all the street lights crane their neck and congregate I remain left out, how many of them for how many of us?	
	On the chessboard, we both project the rise and fall of our inner towers.
This flat is clockless, all I need to tell the time is the slow accumulation of squamous sheddings.	Eyes closed and sitting upright for fifteen minutes. I want to cover everything with my resistance to silence.

*IN THE BOTANIST'S NOTEBOOK,
SO EVERYTHING*

*PERISHES AFTER BUILDING
 PRECARIOUS BEAUTIFUL
 TREMBLING EDIFICES
 LIKE PENCILLED LINES
 ANIMATED*

	Poe's narrator in "The Pit and the Pendulum" is the true initiate. The first cut an open clue.
	One single eye passed around the wet slate table, and us with it, trapped in the glistening of the well.
	I have found the deep truth – every switch is a kill switch, two-sided. There is no innocent push and no reactable pull.
The wide rings of Saturn creak, their iron feather machinery a deliberate cliché. One must go on, on foot.	Over the bowl's surface no dot yet. My brish dripping with purple ink holds its breath - but transgression is inevitable.





	I am old enough to remember the future that hung over the nineties like a heavy drape, the comic-book gutter, quiet, faded.
At the end of the dystopian novel the war cannot end, the fascist state clings to it like the most insecure lover.	From this inextricable path delusion has wrestled itself into my ears. Head back I will let it pour from my nostrils.
	<i>Mektoub</i> – it is written – where does the chisel fall? Who can give me the smooth plane of the cut slab?
I heard the news, the pylon which fell on the railway tracks at night – I thought what about this building?	
The letters fall, out one by one of our journals, articles, one night there will be enough on the floor to swim in them.	

BY THE WIND TUNNELING

IN GAPS CRACKS AND TRENCHES.”

I used old code online to summon Agrippa. We talked of bees and witch hunters. Best to leave this alone.	
I look at the illusion looking at me, I must be a strange item bought from a forgotten and foreclosed museum.	
What Dürer did with Jerome’s room illuminates all thought – nervous geometry of proportionate planets.	
I must have been a child when I last heard a branch fall and the mute reverence it agitated in the park at dusk.	Good buskers in the metro tonight. Three women, all Chrome covers: “My Time To Live”, “Electric Chair”, others.



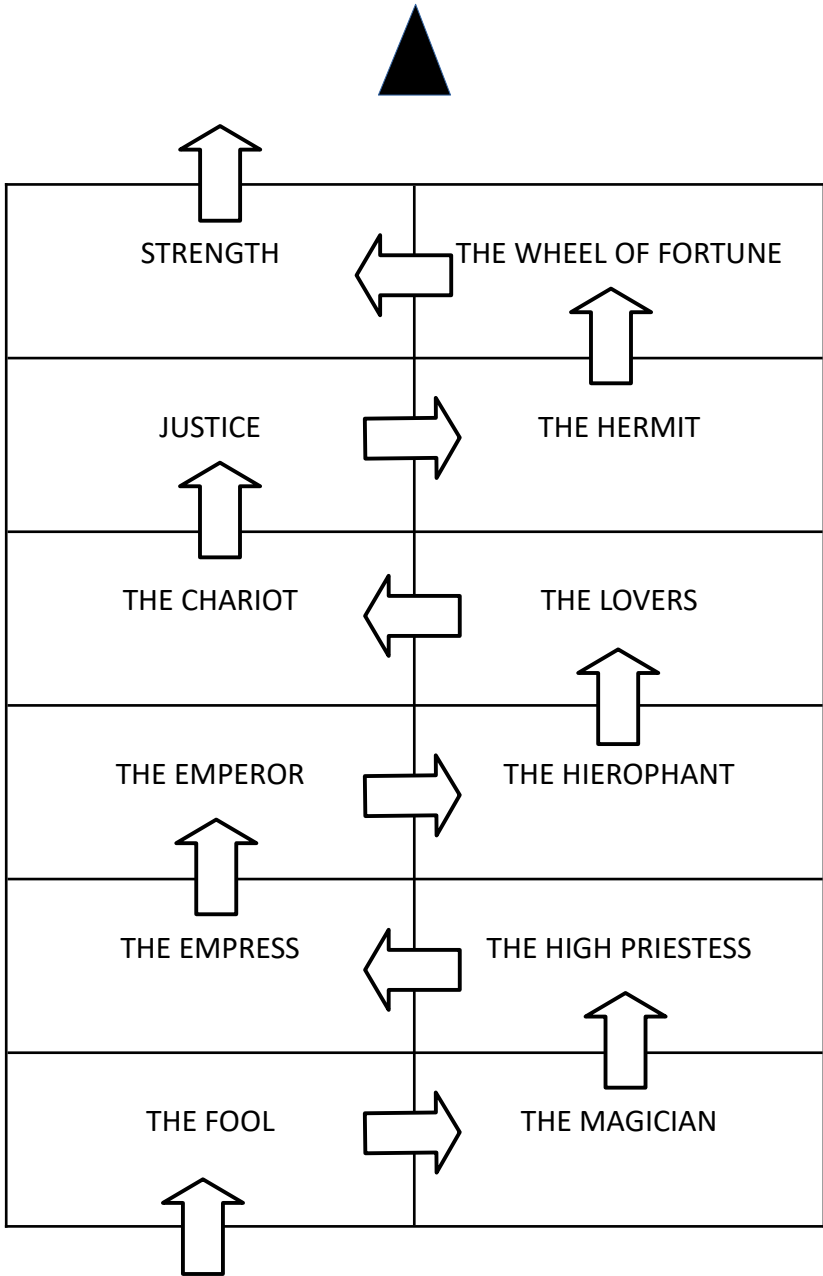
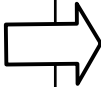
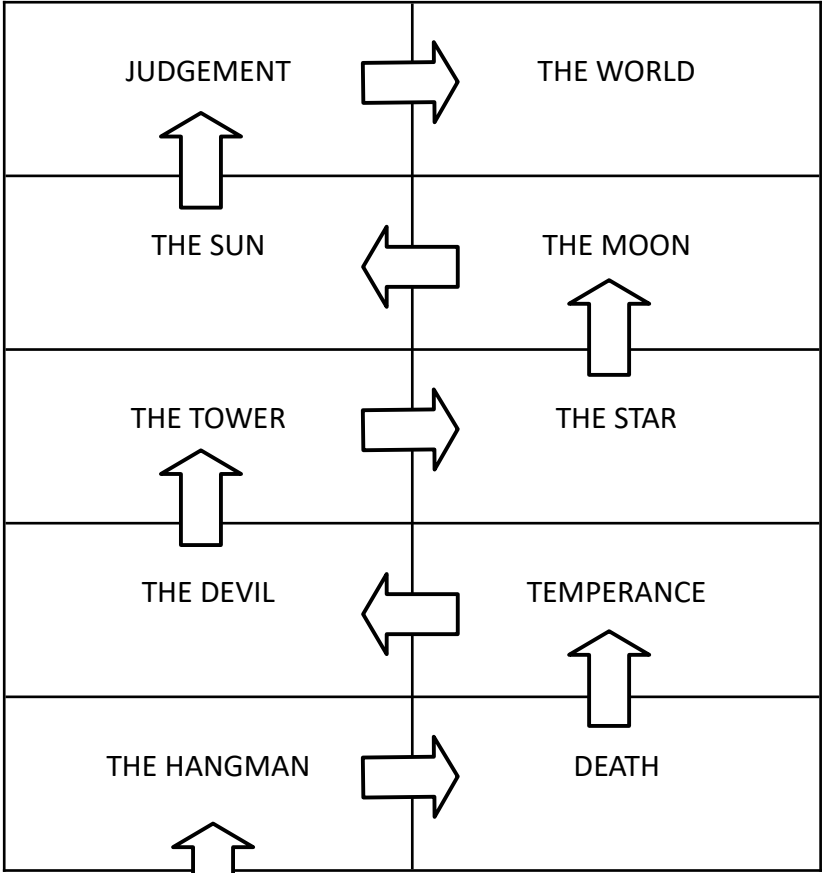


Fig.1: Tarot correspondences + basic path





MEGALOMANIA	ZEUSOMANIA
SILENTOMANIA	CHRONOMANIA
POLEMOMANIA	LABYRINTOMANIA
POLITICOMANIA	EROTETOMANIA
DENDROMANIA	SUBTEROMANIA
ATAXOMANIA	GRAPHOMANIA

Fig.2: Table of manias

THANATOMANIA	KINETOMANIA
HELIOMANIA	SELENOMANIA
ATEMANIA	AUGOMANIA
ZOOMANIA	EREMOMANIA
BASIMANIA	NECROMANIA

