

'To feel the colour of darkness
Caressed by this freezing breeze... Nooo!'

No reflections from a waterpool
Will feed allucinations

Art is left to burn on the stake
To bestow life into the highest form

Experience
When meaning is no more possible

A different form, it is needed
The higher level of perception:
The unspeakable!

To be dead in an empty page
ANTICLIMAX
The negative utopia

No metaphor will heal
The crisis of words

Which makes the mind ask for more
When words repeat themselves.

...to eternity
And meaning is no more possible

A different form, it is needed
The higher level of perception:
The unspeakable!

To be DEATH in an empty page
ANTICLIMAX
The negative utopia of art.

Still to be written