

Worlds Within the Margin

In Flames

Raindrop hits the leaf changing it's position slightly on the s
treet
next to polls of monotonous waters
He walks slipping feet from steps at random
He falls

In the space of between his body and the ground
comets cast off their names stellar neurones misfire

Witnesses
inhale the seed
and spit out a million branches

Buds abloom in all directions
frin which events occur
relations and virused meetings
catch fire and explode
In the margin of butterfly wings
entire cycles of evolution
outplayed and faded
sparked away and leaned back into
vacuum-filled nirvana

Between the two of my eyes
feverish fractal scar
Dance like were they on drugs
peyote labyrinth re-mapped exits
A hasty blink
and a million life-to-comes
will never be the same
as they never were

In the kinetic energy of a moving fist
lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe

With the first movement in organic scap
came a bouquet of alternative answers
all different multiplied and re-divided

Coded in the spinal cord of a trilobite
written between the legs on the Meganeura
suburban city maps and dormant dictator semen
marked their way through time