

## Ephemeris 1679

Lunarsea

for those who will read this logbook, smelling an incense ink  
during the trip  
for those who will reflect about this logbook, while a red stel  
lar  
lantern runs fast  
for those who appreciate the day before  
to strip the great gray-clad axioms  
for those who believe to know all, about the numbers and detail  
s  
of the pantheism,

while I admire over me, behold an icicle,  
locked to write a legacy, that melts in the tide  
act of contrition, the plated casing holds  
locked to write a legacy, a man never tamed  
act of contrition

form, a misleading form, connecting the dots  
updating the log, carry on...

negative sine into diagram, geometrical designs comparing

flyers revolve in the plastic mind as a comets storm strike  
distorted substrates grow just now, an aisle for salvation  
fortuitous crash inhibits the script, odd casualty cheap  
futureless, while I admire over me

behold an icicle, locked to write a legacy, that melts in the t  
ide  
act of contrition, the plated casing holds  
locked to write a legacy, a man never tamed  
act of contrition

whizzing lights, a dart to the end, strolling and writing about  
me  
first breathing time, a membrane evaporates

one million words to say half, one symbol to hide it for ever  
for those who will reflect about this logbook, for those who be  
lieve to know all...  
for those who believe to know all...