

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 stellar
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 details
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 tide
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 believe to know all...
for those who believe to know all...