



I stand in the darkness with my feet wet.
The cold never feels the same when there is no light. It is humbled by the tempting darkness.
The wind is blowing somewhere else.
I am blinded by the flash
the striking light appearing in my sight in an organic sequence

again
again
again



The birds are frightened by my slipping steps screeching loudly trying to drive me away
my smoke thicker than the fog
I realized
I am one of the suspicious hermits in the dark people are afraid to bump into
who is she

what is she doing in the dark
the darkness has transformed their benign curiosity into horror
my only worry is that I will loose some of my equipment here



The cedar don't give a damn
light or darkness

his scent has not muted for winter
the molecules in the air guide me in the path covered in melting ice

I dream of spending the night with him
his seducing molecules
whirling in the air as I pass



here theories, structures, thoughts, neurosis, bad smelling fingers, hatred

seem vain

in the darkness the universe laughs
giggles

in the dark
we seem mad laughing together

