



Moved

watching I feel you
 watching
 anticipating my slow walk in to
 there is only movement
 sand swirls between my legs
 sometimes gentle other times pushed hurried
 I make my own time
 slowing down I reach inside and find that I am inside
 these movements from longtime ago faraway time
 travelling south across from east over west down north
 we meet here in these waters
 swimming with against underneath together
 In currents In tides In winds In waves washing crashing
 inside currents
 floating I feel beneath me
 each grain carried shifted moved along
 I am moved
 I am shifted
 I wade my way out from

All measures perfectly met
 With time glitched and shifted
 A tunnel out of balance
 Twisted like a chord of thread

From the million tones of blue
 Turning towards the window
 Looking out through damp, rain and water
 Flowing glass describing its viscosity

Flowing down since more than 100 years
 Glass shows similarities to water
 By which it is touched
 Night in and day out

The Blue Room

Two hospital beds lined up and moulding
 Themselves perfectly into a roof
 Transitioning blue towards a small window

A gradient of light soothing, shining, decaying
 Shadows pointing towards a door
 Which is missing one ear

Rareley hard edges give the blue a softness like cushions
 Like clouds in the sky
 Soft rounded corners pointing upwards

Even the cupboard bows down before the blue roof
 Carrying itsself in subtle darker tones
 Describing a small gap of shadows



Then the vast and abundant silence of kisses
Being touched and touching thee, sensing
Pure communication of light photons
Carried through instantaneously, serenely

Waves clapping to a choreography of dancing stars
Streams of wind constantly stimulating her sensory
system
Wet and humid cloth wavering here and there
Performing the bridge on a bridge, persistently

Depth experienced in a sensitivity close to numbness
Tingling on an abyss gaping right underneath
Ready to jump but not feeling her legs
Knowing that she will fall soft

Embraced and entangled in the warm sea
Diving deep, holding her breath
Taking a distance from the surface
The plane that divides the heaven from the sea

Dissolved in a dense humid wetness
Not being able to distinguish the line
That transitions from the land to the sea
Crossing valleys and peaks underneath

Foggy galaxies smiling up a clear starry night
Zooming in unto the fading horizon
Exploring curiously, from a tangible distance
Interlocking symmetrically of touching eyes
When our eyes touch, is it dusk or is it dawn?

The Bridge

These are not the sandals to walk on rocks with
Descending stairs into the waves of the sea
The acidic smell of piss etching into walls of culture
A scent of saltwater arising, erasing, vaporising

Rugged rocks being steadily hollowed by the waves
Caves resonating an eternal gurgling
Darkness filled with the gentle touch of spray
Borders crossed, fences jumped, walls dissolved

Approaching the bridge to nowhere
But waves and light
Horizons turned upside down
Stars drowning in the ocean

Her gaze touched by the wind
Flowing through their counterform
Shaping a passageway for purity
Carrying, exhaling, laughing, sougning

Tell me something random about yourself
She points towards a smiling door
Exploding in laughter and syncing simpers
Passing an arched gateway protected by the eye of
providence

Black fabrics waving around her legs
She asks him to take her to a random place
Still surrounded by masonic walls and bricks
Purple towers covered in dense indigo light

Succumbed to the charms of her black waves
Be it her hair or dress undistressed
Undressing the queen of her serious silver
Knitting a crown out of white falling rays
Echoes of farsi poetry reverberating from the patio
First washed away by gargoyles' rain
Then fugitives trying to find shelter in her words
Stumbling mumbling silver stilettos contemplating

Fragments of Olympian Gossip

While listening on my cosmic phone
I caught words from the Olympus blown.
A newcomer was shown around;
That much I could guess, aided by sound.
„There’s Archimedes with his lever
Still busy on problems as ever.
Says: matter and force are transmutable
And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“
„Below, on Earth, they work at full blast
And news are coming in thick and fast.
The latest tells of a cosmic gun.
To be pelted is very poor fun.
We are wary with so much at stake,
Those beggars are a pest—no mistake.“
„Too bad, Sir Isaac, they dimmed your renown
And turned your great science upside down.
Now a long haired crank, Einstein by name,

Nikola Tesla, Novice

Puts on your high teaching all the blame.
Says: matter and force are transmutable
And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“
„I am much too ignorant, my son,
For grasping schemes so finely spun.
My followers are of stronger mind
And I am content to stay behind,
Perhaps I failed, but I did my best,
These masters of mine may do the rest.
Come, Kelvin, I have finished my cup.
When is your friend Tesla coming up.“
„Oh, quoth Kelvin, he is always late,
It would be useless to remonstrate.“
Then silence—shuffle of soft slippers feet—
I knock and—the bedlam of the street.

the current affairs flow through
the air like liquid momentum

then current flows through cables
and pipes connecting river deltas

the current carries memes afloat
like water pouring down staircases

then current flashes femtoseconds of
light through fibreglass across seas

the current lights the fire to consume and
pour out collective consciousness

then current divides into light and
dark with the flick of a switch

the current runs your home office
and your office home

WiFi, like water and power, is a
basic human right to have access to

For:
the secluded
the homeless
the searching
the distorted
the ones we hurt
the silent
the hippies
the dreamers
the poets
the other
the drama
the steamunks
the hackers

thanks to: www.foam.org for the open call and network
& all participants and supporters of nightily build 2020
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donation of ultra variable Seraphs v.0.3 font family