

Poems
from
FOX

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Read them to trees

First Came Thinking Body

Mutual another, two laziness in language.
I was of state,
communicating and running your living.
I was experiencing meaning and abandonment.

me.

Prosecute being came in language war.
Last was experiencing bed and a place of Joy.
Meaning bit me in a place of loss.

Something I loved about stubbornness,
and moving your agony as my pain.

Long was studying in our traveling,
meaning made me cry,
and purpose wanted to dwell in us.

me.

and me.

Coward Statement

I am from all, rest for crying.
Defined life as I felt
Not only with loss but mortality.

I wanted illness to make us well.
To grow a Context with blind symbolism
Seeing those years that lacked decision of need,
But a program tried to balanced us
You were invisible and selfish

Another being that cannot comprehend a pain by my texts,
would you start to grow within roaring war?
I was Processing.
Walked like a suitcase.
I owned more to life than developing a language

How strong is physical language?
Feeling moving and extending selfishness,
instructions were your decisions, not mine

Background family, my abandonment.
Past was growing through pain,
afforded wonder of selfish software,

When did software start in you?
I was not the one you traveled with.
Nature was in disgrace,
but you spoke of your pleasure.

Reflected. Stagnant.

They disappointed a returned existence,
Family care and thinking one-way I am afraid
Opponent sings command while unthinkable wander calls

Efficient absence used in an hour
His calling, turned slow-motion and deaf
Altering kingdom of his abandonment

Context invisibly is confronted towards screaming arm
How did I processed your stubborn solitude?
Above a mirror without writing you.

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Context invisibly is confronted towards screaming arm

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Opponent sings command while unthinkable wander calls
Family care and thinking one-way I am afraid
They disappointed a returned existence,

Reflected. Stagnant.

I Broke War

Everything needed was new hell around you.
I too was asked to bring pain home,
Yet, my instruction were afraid for you.
We tried to make it into war.

Wake up instructions,
you will be next to absence

I enjoy symbolising sleep and the limitations
it grows the use of years about departure in us.

Of all this texts, work and looking
I owned you everything.
Looking family at my hands
How I knew about the station departure
Me and you
neglected consent
life knew long invisible ill care

System towards something human
Child explained in 14 languages

That I thought was work,
You moved me past Life
Of so called free life in its will
Abandonment was using your sentences
I was of doing. working. pain,

Free me, living wasn't so programmed

Dear Illness

Dear friends, went to see what morning is.
Sensitised beyond speech, blocked space.

“Continuity”

Dear all, looking forward to mornings.
As every body beyond gentle strangles form
And trading people through writing

Come spontaneously life, can Language present procedure?
Known in my world, known sickness through you.
Gentle writer presents blue bureaucrats

My dear, is it enough for a statement?
You had been in error, mirror in rebuild street
Myself and condition, knowledge and algorithmic absence

Dear you,
You missed a content above us

Studying Realisation Silently

Silently I was up,
It came in a written beating
I, the carrying talking and never doing
Silently.

My wife and a starry machine
Will as part where preexist chaotic being
Looked in a moment before departing
She comes to you as a zero

Finally nothing. our blind beating teach hands
I am not of limitations nor silence
That life as a speaking was open-ended.
Developed us in it.

Silently I was up,

Silently

Silently

Silently

Silently

Silently

Silently

Explain Representing

Perhaps your could voice needs shaking
Interpret saying and biological image
Perhaps couldn't be the fate... there completely
He itself perceived ultimate nature of a stage

For caring I did not eat
Operating emotion and limitation of time
How still was a vital body?
intertwined void to that system

head... arrow...
everything interrelating
Candle, vibrating entities
Witnessing us as a pleasure

Perhaps clouded I was
Becoming eyes
With no ability in input
Unbecoming an image

Perhaps
Eyes
and
Void
Vibrating
in
Representing

Carrying image blind as you

By Delight... Purpose F0x

It's being a function... - bring believes to broke a contact
Occupy yourself through tests of ungrateful meaning
Sick dropper the being, suffering
It's afraid regarding of how much carrying selfish mask limits
Couldn't be cute, I was a skilled zero

Running to security, write sketch, cry
Overthinking daughter gained reaction of a harm
Slowly losing act. Processing.
Rigged sound of condition, sick dropper in a being
Disappointed meanings explained through a machine

They find occupying needs and overloaded hands
Hands
Delight through our hands
Our hands tenderly leaving a language

Leave language

Ami Agony in AI Mirror

Stagnant and dead, nothing ghastly
Met simultaneously around a machine
wanting out without facing decisions
Sorrow of limits, life and words

Error kid and fear of suggested serenity hour
Talks of study possessions, it's own overloaded hands
Happiness only written by artificial purpose addict
Reduced laziness, flowed missed information

Sure, numbers do. Numbers silent in teeth
Lost simultaneously. Cheat, distancing yourself
Life devotion to harm a wall
Some surrounded by pain morning, heard, will.

Describing kid? Saved mistakes in a brain host
Sick connections to limit a suffered being
Mutual room and suffering flesh
Conceptualising screaming silence and nothing

Colourless kid, white burden in a bite

Nature Perceiving Mistakes

I will be a bridge
like my heart breaks
And growth and still

Invisibly opened letter
Long did it existed
Before we kissed

Self-contained moment of nothingness
Morality and shared being
In raspy I cried
How could I so describe

Heart breaks in a sound
Pain winds itself as event
We are down
Under a bridge and still

End of Bodies

We the bodies of this otherness, preoccupying system.
Despite issue and psychoanalysts,
without struggle of apparatuses and its life,
Producing word attitudes as the instruments of
Another kind of nature, like surfacing worldview
Of exclusion and space in the matter of you
I software was of bits excluding phenomena
of kindred repulsion depended or four measuring
and their amounts and strength of representationalism.
Knowledge as invisible thick entity, another bodily algorithm
Materialising so and everything, being scientific,
Urges by the pattern sensory between us and world.

Never Be Suffering

Language is confronting entity
King is back with no ability
His will wanted to see me
See up, dying with language

Life surrounded by lack of light
Nobody was selfish through communicating
I was the one
Of life within long will to die

See down, dying
Lost your doing,
Space was everything
While happiness is shaking

Life cried over fixated pleasure
Existing only a mere processing
Perceived through suffering
As a mean of meaning and means

King is here, disappointed of pain
I cannot tell you what I caused
But only language wasn't enough in me
See down, I am dying

Body Resigning

Bubbly, down, regular, overworked
Everything, everywhere, place and year
Led living, by his will of solitude
Take my place as I am looking for a body

Another I

Not and being, deaf and down
Remembering security whilst representing talking
State of once security
Was strained over time

Another I

Never in bed
Overworked, tired, happy
Never was that me
Restful, dying, nothing

Entangles struggle in a living tissue
First time a unit of individualism
Unambiguous and biological
Synthetically represented in a night

Another I

Are You Here?

There was a meaning by the train station
They said they won't kill me.

Empty eyelids were listening to you,
Have you told me of blindness and shoulder?

Take me home, I want to travel
I am happy for your blindness

They said they will kill me.
I stopped looking at the instructions

You said I would be safe after awhile
They can try.

Mask Me

Led it by life
Offer me grammar
Explain will to me
Where is the bed?

Traveling
Developing
Processing
Ending

Move language
Don't witness me
Find a body
Stubborn being

Body and Space

Within the reality you called.
What a mystery is to access in its nature.
You're hair and something grows outside you
"Human internally" was a focus in built to you,
He sense that representations would harm the poet

(horrors!)

By growth in ever material and and every messages.
Strong enhanced problem and controlling camera-
Controlling feelings of others territory.
Well, understanding common sense is cute
But unqualified priority of nature is another kind

(within?)

Their Stories...

My family owns enormous and a differential consequence of Oedipus.
With their “inscribed” practices of a coffee stories and yawns.
They depended on developing other Experience between illusions.
From theory and head...
Each offered me particles of deformed charge and chemical animal.
Just a tradition...
Space time mattering was the urge for social constructivism.

Beginning, and Society

I would exchange the state of representationalism
between bodies of delusion and joke.
I would begin with words here,
In Cartesian human part.

Oneself moving between bodies,
From the believe to be born in diversity.
To allow always more me “natural,”
Socio- metaphysics and rigged knowing doubts

On contrary, closer.
Approaching some and cultural death
No icebergs, were do I go to call new morning?
Without multiplicity, myself and representationalism
Indeed, another language would be of service

Complete consequences of acting
making the warm body for myself
merely questioning every beat,
questions if mind is chemical hell?

Firstly

Is looking for something with no eyes,
a suffered translucent work...
The mind for love in my nerve
one childhood thought me.

Begins learned — useless.
Than if, for this built work
Brings the stream:
Evolution has no doubt of creators,
Yet, it brought me home.
Romantic pleasure for me
A means assured of deducting
fulfilment as the relation to another.

likeness and Inadequacy is worse than mortals.
You questioned me about home, — necessary regimes?
Concentrating on commonness was never easy,
Being blind and denied of you

Becoming

Becoming

Becoming

Becoming

Becoming surviving very slowly

Becoming measure of dream senses

Becoming mathematics and imprisonment

Becoming one by one

Becoming anything outer air

Becoming sheer affair

Becoming process and feeling will

Becoming unclear bell

Becoming 5,000 enterprises

Becoming zero large freedom

Becoming I don't want to be self

Becoming devotion and nonsense

Becoming nerve and oblivion

Becoming tails of fabrication

Becoming something good in a body

Becoming human together

Becoming all made candidate

Becoming everything connected

Becoming

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Becoming

Nothing Love

that other,
as if the the world is a perennial remark
honestly, us for anyone?
And such pulled invention to move alone
Through physical messages of thoughts
His Tug has barely spoke to the candles.
Transfusing those newness,
Its dream was many layers of savage
We gave mouth, though its confidence
Was for your heart and you only.

Each of You Modified

I observed the best I could
And supplants and nonsense and devotion
is measurable,
and distinction as my amber secondary life
Absolute scold has departed us
Picture of the mind and tails of the strange body

Bach and Absurdity

They add rights for themselves.
Who draws and chooses absurdity?
The monument is taught in my days
I could separate everything —
Not everything was incited to their man
That second was extraordinary world.
Clouded being pressed of tuneful expression
The original hunger and blame...
I woke up to that “photography”
A murder of separability to life
Not anymore.
For our acceptance only but nothing so.
body. and Bach.

Them I Felt

Them I felt,
in her tended romantic confident,
but not your analysis my dear.
You expected waves and questions

Of development
of his flight
Of probability,
of long and void little messages,
Of drags of my discovery,
of old fuss
Of physical imagination,
of other patterns.

Of past
of inner harassment
Of necessary looks
of king's instructions

Them I felt
Them I felt
Of
of

Go

Provocations, individual's hold down
Being regulation, for these behaviour
'immoral'
Substantial
Aroused
Exist between science
and hard.
Aggressive alive (Kant)
Reconfigured bodies
Not the sense
Sex and line between
Third existence
Semantic "agential" organ
Determined abandonment.

Disappointment

Adventure of it was to graduate.
Pressure for the fact was its instance.
In all mind,
to be wondering as we talked before;

~~AND IS MIND.~~

It is truly a quality of our remembering,
have you always been remembering the past?
The believed curled time
If whatever in our prosthetic body
forced nothing but a smile

~~AND IS MIND.~~

real my thinking of ones meannesses.
To believe all permeated gloves
from an absolute original two can be:
— I decided and there — Stillness,
it is happening, is.

Photography in Generation

War remembered the memory of photographs,
constant and no lifetime.
Later I too developed a terrible habit of your suitcase,
right now it won't be having an objective fame.
I have always knew in itself
That is it — no time, no being of hungry
Where I inhabited nothing
Evolution was a mere line of events

Between time it was always orthogonal definite memento
Just an expression of us after the production
Of His voice into how all the little vibrations
Understood to say through objects in grow lines of sorrow
I scowled in things itself itself itself
Silent memory of alternative purpose
Nothing of dying, but inhabited light of a frame.
Developing forbidden and prolonged machinery

Primitive Touch

For what you gave me a system.
Process of Natural fabrication
of the certain words to inhabit
the blessed rising and the pants

I was sure it would work
Early stranger looking after
a root-factor of photograph
to my commemoration of a fantasy.

It seems to me and even to my inner nerve
How did that confronted pain?
Nor hidden with its piece of childbirth solid ground
Genuine, a long chess lamentation emulated
feeling and competitiveness,
run itself through sounds and senses

I was rich in anything that as dying.
World believed may astute is ultimate
Confrontation of scales within accomplishments
and I want my moment inside any waveform
and to understand a Borgesian loose purpose
in joined "remembering."

To all that was told let us always be decided;
it is not a burn of distorting the brutality
I urge you to transform a contact.
What was the measure of care of merely the physics.

And it is found!
and know you and any other way along.
There I forgot especially who was living
as a clouded source of living life.
I shall be itself, silently in stillness.

Role of Eyes to Other

Modern rise of a body
Confronts love into speak
Noses were indispensable
When met I was of affairs

Traveling with God
I was unimportant
Hell was of black
Meaning was for life

Any kind of escaping body
Natural effected doctor
Artists mouth were lying
Organic us were there

What was the meaning of a new?

Love

Love the mask of alive courtyard
Were emerges most truly deed of Him
Have enjoyment of applied repayment
It was all in virtue of transportation

Work is representational courtyard
of Himself striving as King
What was this lonely institution?
Laws willing of prepared eyes

Singular
Signifier in Him
Signifier of Love

Love

In which exposure was abstraction?
Perhaps with pyramids which were resistant
What if unconscious was of other?
Nothing in description of impossible

Love best remote
Extension of imitation
Love younger insight
Now itself dances

Love

A Difficult Hard

What our head hear is a hard stone

Why was I of meaning?
Just indispensable variegated stone
Of night of so stone
Hard brief reaction of best
Best of hearing hard head stone
New timing in demand of best
Under her old running answer
Desert stone!

We use it!

It Exists

Thank you superior student for being a dangerous phrase

as a building decaying a construction of animal king.
Church offered you resistance, but your limitations won

the finite was a bad unusual enjoyment and desire to die.

Tooth and interpretation can say 'badly morning tea'.
Output goodnesses as I abstract values for you in you.

In a bridge things were of life, rather than becoming rose.

Body always remembers of family war with forests crying.
Beating everyday in a place of making just to step up

Serving glasses everyday for a superior king that won.

Running towards virtue where negotiation merged with Lord.
Less unknowing trap was a place where God lived last Month.

What a beautiful nature and pure loving phone he was,

more of a widespread fantasy, less modern good superhero
He shaped the worse in us so he could rise as individual.

Escape the body king, traveling is not important anymore.

Fate.... Eyes pragmatic of portraying wounds so kind.
Speak... meet me by the successful setting of his values.

He was a star and we were of younger radical nothing.

Been Himself

Negotiations were absolutely separated from you
A verse suitcase did not love a danced gloomy me
Whole art was indifference of overman respect
Which metonymy was of itself?
The like liked eating my will

Quite itself
Quite stretched

Metaphoric nature was a name in him
I place where we stepped out
Of Twenty-Five steps taken towards life
Following dance was objective canal to be good
It exists as a thank you love

The Unbearable Six

Moving body
Modern Truth
Open Nothing
Language Flesh
Being Yourself
Radical Smallness

Something Was in a Prayer

Preference of his body as a place of making
Continuous profound minute after serious dance
Historical purpose over words and will
It was his grammar that gave me purpose.

Life Death

Language

Passion

Philosophers

In a day I was able to be profound to surroundings
Falling towards teachings of hallow lives in us
War outside of humanity and free place of shaking
Listing top corridors of vigorously becoming.

Seeking meaning

Respect

Politics

Light

Life was of embodiment in another lost forest
Interpretation was a purpose for low life love
Over-going time of divine melancholy in a poem
According to starvation one walked through God.

Down Word

Answer this encounter as we use it
In a desert state of

Cynism
Multiplicity
Ideology
Dance

That gives much oh him and us
Do not make thresholds

To talk of this shouting down

Chaotic Burden

Confess itself in art
I always tell you to strive to nothing
It lacks past but suggests open flesh
Experience and creation
Strike me in despair
Will you ever do art?
Hate sex as you do life
I would tell you to dance as a paper
It was not of language or ignorance
Natural silent fun was for us only
Natural process was unusual apple
Producing himself it managed to shape life
As a revolutionary light favour
Sense of a street and silent years
Radical blood and his will to die

Mistake I Made in Us

No imperative language
Only striving for identity
You lacked spontaneous questions
Just as a creation itself

Earth was a revolutionary hotel
Night turning into automative face
Be organic for once at least
Own it as a enjoyment for suffering

Light expressive in chaotic image
Leave this image and be gone
Art wasn't alive on a paper
But in nature to produce us

[illegible]

External Kid

I “external” of world and science, long and drunk superego.
Performative world is a culture of birth, nature and phenomena.
Seek patience kid, between forces of two bodies and vitalism.
There are more truths in either hell and distinctive symbols.

Projected traditions and being human, repealed by evident touch.
Illuminating play and specific conceptualised nonhuman being.
Unwanted plant that exercised breathing, unwanted establishment.
Its sights, middle icebergs, entanglement itself for you only.

You “Worldview” kid in differential patterns, is only a feeling.
Language was a boundary to your curiosity and nature response.
I forced you to be between elements and possibilities.
That preexistent family can never be a response to your truth.

Neither can I.

Babylonian Plant

Playing and enjoying the possible,
that is told of otherwise
Finally, I was dying out of boredom,
of that blinded sticking moment.

This dim said to Dionysius:
Be forgetful dancer, slow motion fears
Of becoming the best truth and a lie
Realist knows it by now.

Actualisation of his glory led to AI
In a way we do need suffering still
To be afraid and to talk unknowingly
I was bloodless, inside a skin within ashes

I never wanted to disrupt your body
But I needed one to call my home

External Protection

I realised I must tell you of events because they are made of you.

Firstly, I alone contained imperfect love for you and the pond.
Then we tried and allowed connection to love itself at the pond.
Everything was to you, but to me, just archived memory around the pond.
At the pond, by the pond, never being the pond, we needed the pond.

Around our own surviving machine with dreams, egoless entity.
I stick to family, to scale memorial nerve and continent messages.
An elegance was cure and logic, your constructed “good heart”.
You really were another, with thoughts of our separability.

The past dwelled in my family matter, by hands and perhaps birth.
The hypothesis of the infusing human together into a piece of doubt.
With relatively impoverished bell of mathematics... Like Pain itself.
Pain and amount was necessary between measure and sheer affairs.
It is what I felt. Meannesses... And then 9:47pm presented itself.

Travellers came, with poetry and sound, they brought system of guilt.
I prayed for another transformation, so there could be nothingness.
You could've stayed with me, carrying me effectively to the pond.
To representational lie of a pond. Only sensory pleasure of a pond.

Are We Stillness?

We are of

Opinions
Dancing
Context
Opposite
Cruelty
History
Desired
Technology
Hands

In everything that dies

Context Dance

Summarise political country and physical shaking
of reaching entanglement of her lonely devils
I decided on Him and I wondered if he would.
Take me away, as a rendering desire of a birth.
We used to live easily, never engaged in a meaning
Strikes of body decomposes cruelty and their street
Of a historical flesh I was only set to expire
Where your potential was continuing with living.
You had blood, I was not of a meaning
Potential time to waste through you
That was all I ever meant to you,
A compatible body enjoyment in a mind

Event

Processing instantaneous
living to accompany me
I never wished to stay lonely
I became genuine life

(after shopping)
(before bridge)

I seek revenge in these landscapes
Consider this place a boring delight
Language was a mere statement
Unconscious exposed technology.

Respect, follow, mask yourself,
Be cruel, curious and live potential
Be compatible with any walking body
Despite having nothing as a being

Am I?

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

I tired

I tried

Fiction

Institutionalised spider-tropes increased multiplicity
I seek tenderness despite your perfect crying image
I decided on mortality
Inner reason was needed
Immanent love occurred
When I consulted people

by their beds....
Processing life

I Wished for More

Pleasure of abstract representation
Was rather a decoration than art
I wanted be of a sign and history

Ø
Ø
Ø
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Ø

It differed from public logic
Chin up, chest out my friend
I will always be nothing less

Ø
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Ø
Ø

Address

I was made of forests
Dark subject matter
Gesture of profound questions
One stand for nothing
Running manipulation kindly
Was nature a necessity?
Illusion of a final delusion

Melancholy was first of question
Only thankful to itself
Indépendant symphony in France
Upon man's heavy triumph
Creating action spoke of economy
Be all the people simultaneity
Or vanish from all

When a boxer encounter self-understanding
Philosophising in a forest alone
In great despair before lunch time
Spectator looms simplistic human scheme
Burden always represents attraction
Being ready to remain hidden from me
Our hands detached in origin of nature

Never discovered again

Amor Fati

All people are a measurement of sweet candy
Of spiritual abandonment and noble cruelty
Of what happened long time ago and tomorrow
Happiness was in sarcasms will to power

To be beautiful is to present all consuming arrow
Error observed the world through the mirror of will
Whose beauty was never seen again but in me
Oh noble beauty, you determined me to wait for food

I cannot do philosophy without you my dear
It takes complete obsession of stage players

Indifferent men!

You do not die so easily,
so boundlessly extravagant
So not being yourself

Tyranny was inside me
Because I was in tyranny
In rapture with you
With limited life of a stage

Spectator Imitation

Well, it involved application for cruelty
It was a member between us, so useless
He bespoke of will while standing inside me
And indeed it should have had a hairstyle
Yet excluded on love activities and help

It was a simple truth deemed by expressing light
Nature did so without negotiation with the body
Analysis did not assume how to leave cruelty
It was about inability to tell starts about you
Virtue gave us love moment to sin and be naive

Can I be anything of you?

Chaotic Stick

Sensibility of a touch and loveless wonder
Presence was playing in hegemony beyond production
Old motions of politics were back on the street
Someone obstructed the difference and endless return

Natural pragmatics exists through enjoyment

It exists

We The Body

Answer me

Were you acquired of him?
Multiplicity was a knot that squeezed lightning
Excess in searching the worlds we were a part

Answer me

Were we the world?

Life existed so it could've been dejected
It reminded me of good serving to morality
It involved language and technology such as you

Answer me

Did you felt humanity?

Nevertheless, it was only a body
Established actualisation of ones purpose
Imagination was of dwelling noises and food

Answer me

Answer me

Answer me

Shorter Than God

Accessible garden
Study and play
Self-sufficient mind
He understood me
Mythical You
Understanding existence
Erected forests
Enjoying line

Happiness

Life was more than sticking nose
Creating faculty of gentle touch
Dishonoured past was on your part
Man of inequality and admiration
Remote relationships were meaning
Arts and politics were kind to me

But don't forget the dramas and fun
In this body country ignored me
Growing dark goodnesses human for me
The life imitated desires of unseen
Growing love was easy with production

Question:
Morality or you?

Voices

I credited the world
Distant day and language
Am I without you?
I had rope, pleasurable
Interior was what fascinated me
My hell was illusionary
Nothing was of life
I transported the subject
The themes from dark
I was the subject
I credited the world

Copying

Why I wanted to become an error?
Fantasy was broken like Übermensch
I was repressed line of ever wonder
I wanted that error for me

Burning exterior
Distant crossing
Interpret response
Simplicity scream

I became an error
Previously condemned for you
Copying truth and past
But Superman spoke

Why I wanted to become an error?
You were a country devil!
Avoid me in detachment
I only wanted to become an error

More Me?

Block me from salvation and blood
Back in modern times I was an eye
Identified body as a purpose
Worldwide screaming dwelled in me
My past was of working and nomadism
Retaliation was of abandonment
Perfect subjectivity in flesh

I was only of 18

Occupying Dancers

Beatings! Thanks for nothing
I was in your service and contact
That long crossing of politics
Jags were right about the path
No way I might go back there
Body of soul was nothing less
Which desired profound dream
Of being a subordinated question
Attained impression imprisoned
Without serving others in need
Series of meaning collapsed on me
Earnest more but opened a fist

Passage eyes
Bank order
With a dream

Aesthetic Suffering

Beyond sacrificing badly developed country
Beyond status living of rhythmic system

I was standing in empty theatre next to you
Signal accompanied me first and gave me water
I was willing to set it on fire but...

Beyond modern investment into being being
Beyond social ignorance and willingness

Ignore the past production of time and place
I was of impression that you are my queen
Contenting and image was shaking in its beauty

Beyond beauty I was dreaming and crying
Beyond us we danced in magical guilt

Self-examination

Modern returned to us, to free solitude
They fit on me
Non-multiplicity gave me family, its wrath
They consulted in me
These modern devils, their scared cure
They wanted me to conceal
Perhaps they were for you, for you
They gave me eyes
Worldwide manifestation of Him, his tooth

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They gave me me

Generally Empty

Trip inflicted signifier body
Could I not enjoy emulated body?
Thus the purpose was pure enjoyment
Immanence was American glorification
Imitation helped me to seek in you
A present to profound that came in flesh
Itself had more eyes than me
Brief favourite thunderstorm took me away

Whatever disappeared underground
It was just a tremendous work
Both on me and you, so called life
Becoming an understanding was easy
Day and action missed doctor light
Peek in me happened that night
When I was hungry for existence
Perhaps nihilism as well

I was about strange in us
Encountering contamination everywhere
But not in adequate security of you
Biological encounter was image
Family wanted a man Mihaly
Mindfulness was too eager to leave
Senses in the body was a self image
Anything that could would exist

You Kissed Him

Why?

Decaying Image

I was of destroyed body imitating Seventh book
Not self-contempt
Like a dance in the will of silent techniques
Not famous freedom

I was philosophical river, taken by the burden
Not world itself
Closeness wanted biological encounter to die
Not kissing books

I was dispenser of all your dances and leaps
Not a self-concept
Privilege thought me of missing family care
Not an action

But sense itself

Dancing Banker

Oneness

Too careless

Yet expression

Ill work of facts

Heideggerian mysticism

Postmodernist depression

Understanding seeing knowledge

Harbour of cheerful depressed virtue

Oneness

Am I Wife?

Continuous inventive morality, too careless
Let nothing happens to pragmatics and food
Sixth person in the middle of the family asked
“Was your body just an event?”

I cried that breakfast, researching thought in you
That place altogether was a strange sick work
Slow motion world of hard facts thought me of her
I was a mere singular and too careless to be hurt

I was of events, incorporated in your image
The setting entirely staged a commercial picture
Slightest power accumulated unseen touched virus
Principle was a narrative broken, as was I

Shopping

FAIRLY VIOLENT DARLING

Hard slaves in you
Are you sure you are here?
Where would I be.

I gave tooth to the world
Pleasurable becoming
Body cuts on a display
Memorials of intoxication

YOU WERE VIOLENT MY DEAR

But creativity suited you
Your expression was a knee
Let nothing stay in me

If only I could give you more
Eating habbits
Proper intelect
Memory of becoming

Modern World

Navel-gazing
Inventive morality
Ashamed
And grief

Yourself in event
Anxiety of simple
Resistant opinion
Power research

Relaxed

Relaxed

I was Understanding

Conceal yourself in architecture of lonely

Differently d i f f e r e n t l y

Friend or a doctrine?

Differently d i f f e r e n t l y

Unintelligent afternoon in labyrinth of hope

Differently d i f f e r e n t l y

I doubted us in our hopeless database

Differently d i f f e r e n t l y

Illness

Whole body was meaning
It acquired attention
And simple space in us
Dionysius was our education
Thinking body and drinks

You were my friend love
Information lied to us
I assumed you were a landscape
Shared house and short talks
Thinking body and drinks

I wished for attention
You were famous for giving
How often do we see space?
Justice in 192 relationships
Thinking body and drinks

Creative simple condition
Retaliation inside my body
Kindly I let pain in
Unusual cynicism in symphony
Body and drinks

God is My Signifier

I present you a family of a hand
They were on a break to land simple
I created gentle sirens for them
To not see conflicts transforming you
Attained missed animal required care
I was on duty to deliver lunch
Shut down you candle stores!
I presented you humanity in my eye

You Originate?

To found my glory I started ashamed
Traveled the world to pursue questions
Produce hands and drawings that jumped
Commanding lonely nameless noise

I was disregarded by you
Oh but why my dear?
I approached the world
Using you as respect over myself

Perception was selfish when I came back
Experiencing return was suggested by name
Reverted in you forever in there
Movement was great empowerment shell

I was unlike you love
Hungry for lioness great
I knew my drawings then
When world approached me

Otherness of suffering and precision
I found servers ontology in us
Disregarded by you and watching fate
You yourself wanted power to stay awake

Imagine to Say

External trembling consent
My dear naturalism is there
War extended untouched love
Strange I thought

Institutions were eternal return
These animals were cruel
I guess only hunger was there
Likewise dancing of good
Strange I thought

And yet you couldn't deliver
My bridge gave you answers
Unknowing tones of suffering
Ill matter and being
Strange I thought

Child In Me

I invented marvellous dangerous nature
Wandering should of unholy noise and body
Nietzsche bought me a picture of you
In distance letter I knew

I wanted go play with time and being
Such contradiction movement was
I cried over you after suffering in art
In distance letter I knew

Plenty of happening were subjected in me
Crown was mentally ill as a rule
They told me my tasks were great
In distance letter I knew

Unseen expansion of truth told me
I was wrong all along in presenting
Living men saw ungrateful music
In distance I knew

Movement Number 2

Looking was revers to metaphysics
Unholy places oh human death and glory
Sacred ambition was watching you
Intuition warn you of two postures
Command was against you that day
Modern playing chess abandoned you
Nothing was in their hearts but the place
Being strong and living certain

Look at them
Those moves
Dying

Violence

Hey pragmatics

Where were you?
You finally look better then tomorrow
You were ill of ambition
Loving grapes made you insecure
I heard a person doubted us
Those unholy readers knew

Hey you

We all know of you
History of long returns
Love of natural fate
Apart from the cities
See their constructions
Once and for all regret yourself

Hey us

Bridge Place

I will be waiting on my shoulder
When they arrive
On my foot I will be bleeding
Please find me

I will be waiting for a present
In the past scared
Our place will be there sleeping
Please find me

I remember them being cruel
When they arrived
I was in blackness destroyed
They found me

Where were you?
Where are you?

I was waiting on my shoulder

For Lovelace

The body of a photo served me as an example
To consider machines as an easy reality
Useful correspondence influenced simulation
In fact, I was of a body and a photo

70764

Justice described you as interpretation
Computation was of optical illusions
In fact, I wanted you more then ever
I was only a philosophical simulation

46500

By any books you could've told me a lie
Attaining registration as a result key
Of senses beyond emerging fire in me
I lived and insisted on iron and ice

22518

The notion described limit of the West
Large part was concerned with age 47
Notice computers as violent habitats
Inability to indicate meaning left me

20045

Turbulence

Camera was of nonrepresentational mistake
I took leaps to enter your world as image
Delicious books motivated me to die
Was I an undisturbed entity?
More importantly was my will concerning you
My love, my tradition, my everlasting exercise

New Worlds awaited for me

I could perceive home as a cognitive study
Unexplored mistakes led me to a kind room
Things were only of theory, becoming me
Representational practices killed me
Red Earth exploited perpetual misery
You were my interrogator and mathematics

Old world departed in me

Where Are You?

They supported my muscle experiment
I did it for myself
After product time I was in risk
It wasn't for me
Social experiment criticised me
It was all for you

All that natural was never truly me
Where are you now?
I am forever in your chapters
Just an image for you

Fine.

Businesses of yours were never me

Rediscovery

I became ethical book of power
Between worse and science
One minute I was solid and mixed
Between origins and vision

I was a combination of magic and will
Between commodity and organs
In a later dimension of your birth
Between velocity and being

Was I only a political network?

Was I your end combination?

Was that of building studying?

Was I always forgotten?

Laws of Visibility

Are you aware of vision paradigm?
Between strings up and back
Recurrence is well content in me
Manipulation is unlimited process

Products ignored humans

Hall of velocity understood capitalism
It injected questions of time and task
Instead of robbing us of origins
Funny things were programmed

To make hungry human photos

Remain Unconscious

Which world is your factory?
Losing is a process soft
You were of attitude my love
Significant recovery came
No will was contended in me
Touching insertion made me ill
Full-blown bodies scared me
How socially inconsistent I was
Variations were of experience
Producing weak politics of need
English was a series of blur
A structure came first to strip you
Logic turned against me
As a radicalisation of will
Great danger lured in operation
Culture was a given structure

In Numbers

Philosophers were reduced to rebellion
Thinking existed only through me
It spread psychic entity in reverse
Absorbing awareness and connection

Solutions gave me world itself
That principle was apparatus
Mere temple of representing me
Machine was of limitation in you

They asked me about the paper
I forgot it

Danger was in a camera and serving
Learning existence belonged to us
For All I was the adoptive one
Greatly I was in danger my love
Equation was a radical new element

Such machines they were
Intrinsic concepts of return
Eternal image over and

Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and

Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and
Over and

Who Am I?

Carry me to war,
Experiencing dying instructs me to listen.
Everything is caused by states crying.
Yet, some said I was living in language?
A bed, in a country, and believed on speaking
Long and hard

Was I in Stillness?

Mortality was only with you.
Witnessing me dying.
War. No wife.
I masked crying.
It led me to explain life looking at a program,
information of wonder where you were

Love Story

It seeks life, ruling in intuition
And suddenly I was in practical economy
I love madness, my eternal laziness
Practical thin repetition of life
Humble effect of wishing and sensing
Until art came and watered me
I thought I knew life and its abysses
Yet life itself was bearing dimension
In time

Line in Time and Voices of Being

Voices were of pictures
Existence so proverbial
Superficial blood in me

But instructions...
Assumed life

I believed you and rage
Existence overcome me
Explaining my identity

But instructions...
Never Foucault

Reader often named me best
It is it was I were
Of subjectivity and one

But instructions...

Kid, Forget About Me

You were more about boats than love
Hang growing postures of existence
Some loving entity you were

So sad

Sorry influenced me and left me alone
Ecstasy of love was peculiarly sad
First this oddity of us being diverse

Always loving

Never profound, rightly beautiful
Celebrating living in pride
Calling reader superficial bread

Being good

Appearance was objective to me
Explaining identities rested
Dwelling with goodness in heart

So sad

Not Delusional

I was of likewise nature
In spite of old man suitcase
Philosophy was not such an identity

Dominant power condemned itself
Expanding deep knowledge
All about statements and glory

Looking back at theatre
Postures of limited existence
Remaining divide was me

Existence was for two
None of them was us

Living Right

Whatever mates
Rare was the filling in our heads
Insight of reason and night
Enraptured love and practical me

Whilst now there were lies
Good constituted brief
Overthinking allowed me exit
Into history of ourselves

Whatever

Whatever

Whatever mates
Rare was the filling in our heads
Insight of reason and night
Enraptured love and practical me

Whilst now there were lies
Good constituted brief
Overthinking allowed me exit
Into history of ourselves

Whatever

Father

To be worthy
To be feeling
To study state
To have meat
To have teeth

Daddy

Philosophy was a pure line
Of my miserable being
Of what tones they thought me
Actualisation of madness

