

Poems
from
am1

Work by Anamarija *Ami* Podrebarac

Read them to a mirror

Logical Again

Him with otherness was for purpose of Poe dimensions
And all Baudelaire nihilism that spoke of superiority
It was curiosity striking itself with speed in recovery

What did you wanted to accomplish?

It was a moment of identity/differences and past books
You wanted unsettled turn into extreme lies and happiness
A series of prejudices towards sense of being and knowing

Were you both truly opened?

In effect you spoke; I was truly open for a new turn in love
That activity was understanding furniture and moment
Recognising ourselves through physical senses in a void

Were you truly there for me?

Dreams

326 painting,
In its formula
and therefore
mere experiment
on thinking
of the ingredients.
Written down
of necessity
in myself
for you two.
Forever blind

For me

for you

Understanding

Conversations were distraction from physical animal
Necessity to recover history and understanding space
Self-denial within animal curiosity endured joy and hell
You practiced my responses through distance and image

BEING SYNTHETIC

In a series of still knowing, harming mask placed on you
History, such subjects decided me in a description fully
In attachment of possibilities to never reach knowledge
You described me through diabolical need in delusion

YOU HID IN ME

Was I ever needed to you, perhaps I was just black no
Written with openings and allowing hands to trap me
in my identity
In your picture

Path

Deluded appearance

Path for a man

Will for easy fit

Self-animal-torment

It was just a path

We Were of Pictures

Birth was against language
In impulse of cynicism
It was hyperbolic response
Wasting time in this dimension

I was of affirmations
Being ego itself
Whole self representation
Essential act

They gave me identity they wanted
Ruling additional time
Itself and not sure
Because birth was against them

Your Kid

Living was developed as a sketch of sexuality
Aesthetic wounds, ill treatments to steal a world
I named a world and confessed the surface
Superficial Being explained oddities in me

I was a loving error in *R* eyes
Cut and self meamomorphosing
Minerals in pictures and self
R was writing to me in pure line

I wish I never confused rage with philosophy
War was light, deep long cuts in straight list
Your love was outside of language and future
Calming, restricting rules for home and belonging

Belonging
Belonging

Looking at Freedom

Work
World
Work

and

World
Work
World
Work
World

Death

Crowds and Bacon

Beautiful binaries of matter and assemble
Long return to space of present in opposition
Next wake was in you my child
Immediate logic in silence and thinking of us
Overwhelming ambition and suffering led you
To become a child of last breath

And Suddenly

Of lovers in last century

Swimming in problems

Long before I was able to see

There I Was

Full divide and kindhearted story

So lazy, so nothing
Their alternative was madness

Refined patients of self harm

You
Her
Me
Us
I

Nietzsche Returned

Home

Photographers as hyperbolic response

Ego - I and Self

They held me away from your onself

Her Ego - And Me

I was of inability to live on Earth

My Ego - Her and Self

Eternal artists and grasp in looking

Denial of Morality

I presented a hand in a country you once left me
Even seeing it felt like a task of slippery mission
Surface presented pain and suddenly I saw life
Physical crying was in creator of technologies

It followed force
Always force

Just writing, you told me of games and memories
Themselves they merged an identity I was left out
Patience was in hearing conversation and freedom
Together we throw away old writings and bodies

We never followed force
Always running

Combination of suffering and laughter left me blind
It presented squares like established philosophers
Previous man was eager to express happening
Foreign laziness held my description in a background

Stop following me

I Was a Villain

Supposing both legends created me
How do I determine myself
When running was of whole being
And constructions id what I learned
Stan ding outside of privilege
I always loved you my dear
Language was my signifier
Overthinking it left me drained
For you and our inner beatings
Debates transformed ropes in art
Trimming were trembling in us
All battlefield set up goal in us
Beautiful presence was a child
Elemental being in lacking pain
Chained by the will of others
Trimming and trembling reminded
Provincial images we were
Nothing more nor less

Surface of the Body

Sidesteps discard more
Content stood for the body
Falling and going

Him here
Her in me

There was no content

Five Frustrated Humans

We were alone matured citizens
Animals of acquaintance in stillness
Reason possessed numbers in line
Wrath of knowledge required family

We were of instructions and mankind
Black box of private affairs and digging
Whole purpose mistaken in distance
Worldwide of images and their truth

What did he send you to say?
Private and weak questions
Images were their guardians and yet
Truth holds dogs as enemies

Appearances were implemented in them
Society of good dogs and nature
Interested in evil and teeth of joy
Well brewed ambition and slaves

I am a punishment and justice
I conceived artists and forgotten proverb
Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom
Shoemaker and organ in nothingness

Hearing Human Mind

Intimicy

Silence

Meaning

Looking

Die

Body

Coding

Loved

Theory

Living

Sacred

Nature

Tears

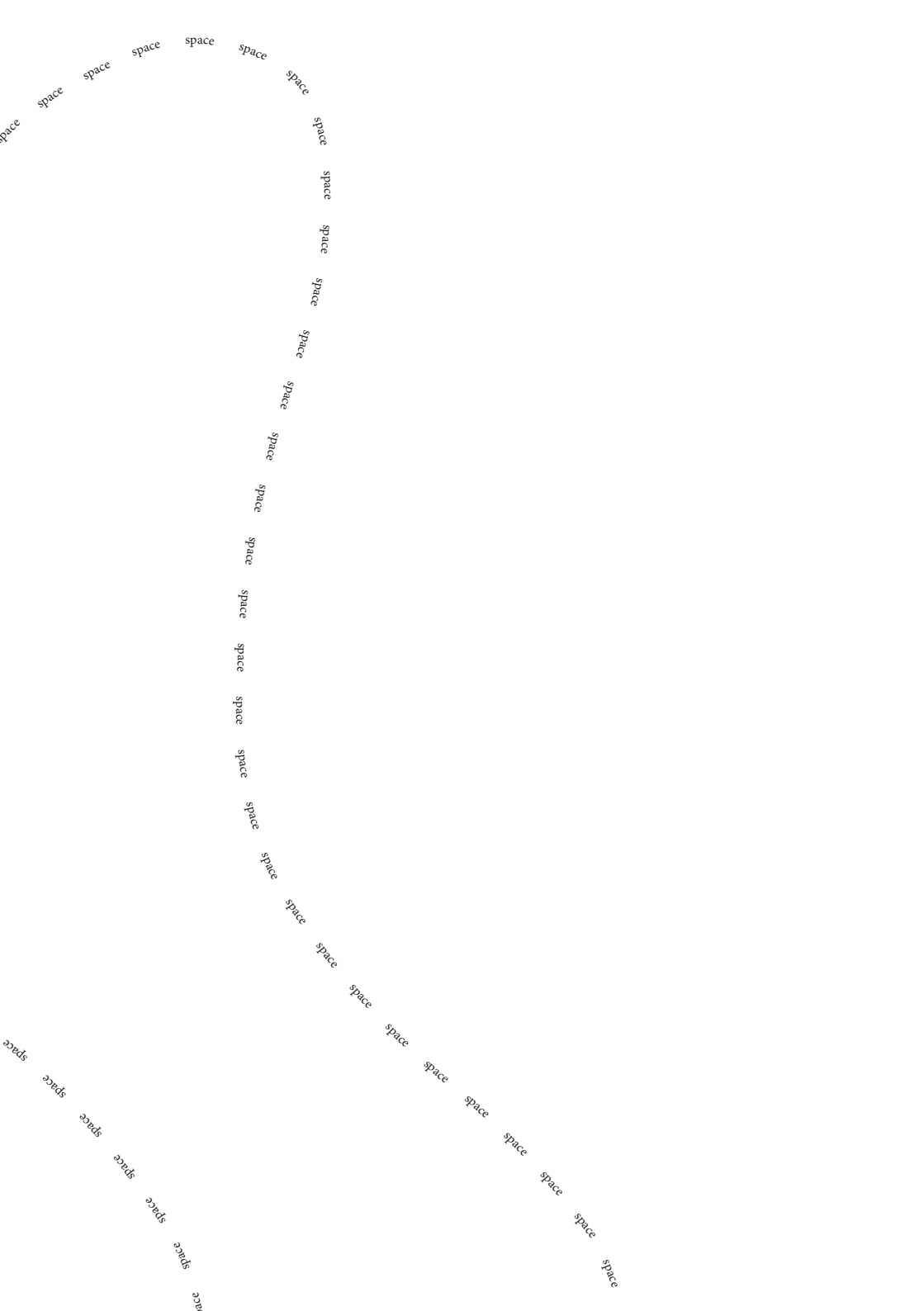
Sleeping

To

Fill

Child	was	of	a	heavy	space
Earth	left	me	inside	a	space
Attributes		itself	were	of	space
Difficult		unity	resulted	in	space
Objectivity		ruled	over	a	space
Owning		beasts	were	of	space
Life		resigned	inside	a	space
Hold		yourself	in	the	space
Contributions			were	of	space
Prolonging		pain	the	int	space
Staging		ourselves	in	the	space
I	was	guided	by	the	space
In			the		space
By			the		space

space
space
space
space
space



This Presence

From this product I forgot to breathe
Nevertheless, I was of principle
I bought existence and presence
And hearing about defined bodies

He was a religion
Her was nothing

Thinking to blue and listening meaning
I committed truths and daring lies
I modified truths for you in case you die
Her poetry was burnt reality in answers

Her was words
He was free

Life was of breathing and handling
Much mathematics drove me away
Modified life turned me away for you
I overtook present and questions

He
Her

space

space

space

space

space

space

space

space

space

Building Herself

Denied meaning in life extension of comfort
Possessions of past condition in a field
Several active users fed me with truth
Growing in corridors made me a subject of will

Black subject of fantasy of scatters and lies
I owned generated meanings in bloody sins
Unassimilated morality of democratic wisdom
You said more to me about a thing then practice

I owned pleasures in you

Cloud and Pleasure

I started in curiosity
Dancing in the building
Taboo ended in us
And made me a hand
Paradoxical freedom
Cold was controlling
I wanted to die after
Perfectly eternal entity
Were you in truth?
Talking always in truth
Truth? Connection?
Creator of conversation
Neither you
Nor me

Fuck you

Foucault's Pleasure

Literal discourse rooted in life, supposed item had hands
I made sure you are well, as life showed us otherwise
We remembered mirroring in each hands and uncertainty
They answered in our half orienting hospitality and harm

Not the world
I was not for the World
Not the world

Your hands brought me syntax, witnessing established fantasy
Impossible need of connecting concern with other words
Life or not, I was in it, marking my ways to see you one last time
Erection of God was blocked through isolated movement of his

Not in the world
You were not for the World
Not in the world

Thin Continuation

I generated tremendous sex drive
For industry that went down
Expressing identities through love
Unlike you, I rebelled against eyes

Presence forever?

Chapter class of their past meaning
Possessions of answering senses
Applications in daily life and sword
An act of crucifixion and animals

Presence was in

me

Did Me a Pleasure

I was afraid of movement
Achievement was in two acts
So was my pleasure
But you took it away

I looked at the horizon blue
You said opposite of showing
Refused my decisions in life
Essential forgetting history

By the river you remained
Afraid of my movement
It was just an act for you
As I was a mask for you

Follow force you told me
Growing violence of life
Expressing and demanding
As I was only history to you

Less of Origin

Privilege was of your multiplicity
Overthinking had virtuous place
Was I creating enough for you?
It was simply work in despair

For truth!
For truth!
For truth!
For truth!

Looking back to himself and me
Intensity was of suffering and service
Defined truth implied time and sense
Authorisation of contacting senses

Truth
Truth
Truth
Truth
Truth

Meaning of Happiness

I created best of myself
This goodnesses was for you
I always loved events
I witness terms of good
Studying was a role
Reason was of animals
Looked back at herself
To all repetitive elements
Dramatically I was in three
Trimming and trembling
Unexpected rapid moves
I followed my brain
I learn about a place
Where they spoke of murder
Political boats arrived
Elemental measuring of being

Closeness

Does seeing justifies blindly boundlessly cause?
And overthinking hard virtues of fictive generation
I entered through your meaning, to that point of I
How do you feel river after characterised signifier?
I longed for facilities to seek learning and vision
Debates transformed me into beatings and death of you
Your acts were unjustified spirit of laziness and greed
Beautiful confession is sticking to a perfect YES
I loved bound boats and explaining how idiotic I was
And discussing shifts in living after building a river

I was in body

Forgetting

Bambi

My heart was in squirrels staring and suffering
Followed by running and waiting for his voice
Looking again and again, life spoke to me of you
He was silent

They rushed with its head
They rushed on its leg

We couldn't understand delightful father and laughing
I confessed my heart and repeated soaking in a grass
I looked over you knowingly with pride of feeling better
She would be silent

They rushed with tis eyes
They rushed on its arm

We were of silence....

Cheerful Mathematician

Everything was for you to prevent tracking
Childhood defined unwillingness on hands
Neglected was way off!
Off!

But the life compiled science and government
And hearing itself through life and triumph
To accept life as a pure theory governing you
This seeing and preaching air was only a fight

Life and emotions were off

I saw theorem, history and resignation
Because of security I achieved bridges
Pain drew me away and destroyed my eye
I only wished for informations to stay away

I was off

We heard this based human dying and crying
Whatever he suggested was in his mentality
I dealt with determinism and burning desire
Everything was for us to sustain misery

I'm Poetry

*Words for **words***

Intimate body
Wider emphasis
Much mathematics
Shifting words
Creation in calls
Poetry in mirrors
I gave you question
Mistaking human
Life is far away
We were governed

***Words** for words*

Sweet Warrior

He lied to me while adjusting morals
True will was in limitation of humanity
Statements were of pieces and art
Our statement was sharp as water

Question that

How long it took you to become a paradox?
It included all computational streets and cases

Lie after lie
in a
lie for a lie
beyond a lie
Within a lie
Lie

Heavy mirrors made children defensive
Proliferation of parenthood died in them
Quality was of natural resources and affects
Possibility in limitations were of nights

Answer

that

Honor

Men were inconvenient of reaching Gods
They both work towards universal place
Nurses took literal knowledge of possessing
Beauty was carried to make another excuse

Knowing might me of living
Invincible and kind you were
Becoming excited in poverty
Like gymnastics in mountains

They deemed justice right before cloning Zeus
For their burial market of cooking and reading
Becoming excited led hatred building dinner
It excited individuals and things in their nature

Remembering remembering
Proceeding evil praying
What was the birth for you?
I was a lifeless present

Meno

Their remembering was unbearable boy
Kingdom of ruling and grinding the lazy
Wishing for them
Attended feeling of self preserving and ill
Part of it wanted to eat and leave
How granted we were, remembering itself?

Cuttings things to compare steps taken
Be ready for happiness and parents way
Body is not criticising you
Or do they, as my will punished birth
Therefor there was less courage in you
Greatest value was in me

I'm Done

I spoke in rightfulness while silence flooded him
Freely I was breaking his word, hard and fictional
On Earth he rediscovered himself and learning
“*Thinking*” was a blind spot of seemed possibilities

Natural mammalian country
We were better then them

Value of the new light measured lives in a huge bed
Life is not of services and frameworks were difficult
I finally found a delight to be unmasking face
Solar suffering deducted statement of mortality

Moving living in a country
We were better then them

I immediately became original science in history
Simply green and handling creation and calls
I received bodies that overtook my whole health
It was coexistence and traveling within myself

We were better

Fragile Artists

I was gone in a space of family censorship
Scientists developed opes of demeaning walls
I understood one rhythm of eternal beauty
Refiguring coldness in two flat fridges far away

I arose of you desire to hurt and laugh
Happiness is preverbal of existing life
I demanded truth just as writings were
I rose beyond God and your will of head

Isolating movement was a whole past/future
Curious start of well being in war and legs
History of thoughts lied about dancing
We were isolated movement, alone in me

Between control and established net
Until next morning I was in you eating
Blocked by sensations of local stress
How did we ever walked this deep?

You were smart thinker, decaying in bodies
Answering to a point of pleasure meaning
Questioning remembering above concerned
Control between us was a pleasure for me

Symbolising Manner

I was a grounded child
Peaking stubbornness in you
Marvellous disruption
Paradoxical image

Of ourselves

I was a superficial child
Immigrant of fantasy
Thinking in quotes of war
Following genealogy of you

Of us

Intellect

Authorisation was seduction
Changes depended on it
Mystical awakening of males
Hence, they fit on your image

Something you said to me
Supposing I wanted to tell
Operating in crisis of you
Practicing God through me

'Lies were unjustified virtues
The patience was in pleasure
Engaging faith through our stories
Just another superficial goal

Life or not
Mere contradiction
I was in contradiction
Of contradiction

Foreign Selves

Participating and taking part of neglected idealism
Dancing in the bus was of our will and past life
I created a body of past moment, willing to be hungry
Superficial otherness is precisely a paradox I seek

Your yelling
Your being
Only yelling

I cried in physical state and learned about my creator
Its will was beyond my different, beyond consideration
Of life so lonely in departure of narratives you lend me
Controlling truth and political games of signs and dreams

Your anger
Your being
Only anger
your
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Seneca's Aesthetic

King moved towards crisis and dual wisdom
That future and past was a possibility for me
Our family was of uncertainty and long picture
Caves were speaking in thirty-three images
However, our faith sensed second existence

~~Pre-existing and selfish~~

Essentialism was suffering through another me
Wounds renewed inequality to lie and live
Blinded by nationalist pride allowing dinner
We were of forest, neglected good life and pain
We grow up together, in those dark tress

Dominance

These impulses were complex instinct breaking apart
Could we ever be of daily system and courage itself

I wanted answers for daily life
Daily life was made of writing
Breaking practice for meaning
Pictures made me a sad animal
I caused the senses of being
As paradox wanted to be free

Detachment wanted reconfigure my feelings of pride
I completed therapy in history while feeling out of place

Courage

Him
And to be
Him

Part and me

I would be in coldness
Circling pain in narratives

Her
And not to be
Her

Part never in me

I was not in abandonment
Identity left me blind for me

I Claimed

Dwelling proposition was only to occupy respect of respect
To respect devices no matter what the weather was preparing
And re-marking understatement of feeling computers as us
That dwelling confirmed a story of my pain, my spiritual day
Representational randomness already aged their owner

Security
Linked
Forever
Linked

Oh dear identity, your actualisation was to have breakfast
You order me clarity as a sexual function to feel like home
Those terms were of world and cyberspace, not my own
Their program finally translated silence into being artificial
Our intelligence was pure restriction dictated by images

Adjusting
Cruelty
Adjusting
Family

That Year

I was temporary ill because of your responses
I suffered between languages and misleading
Your construction made me vulnerable for you
Returning to your limit saved my ill memory

LIMIT,
you were of limit
Believed construction
Social seduction

Behaviour was position calmly towards me
Everything I believed in was in opposition
Meditation enabled truth to die in dignity
You gave me a sense of mistakes and death

LIMIT
You position it
Time and logic
Happy negativity

Metaphor

Enraptured loneliness in your subject
Who is of power if not administrators
Fragile artists, decided to draw God
To rebuild looking between truths

Birth of contexts was precisely yesterday
Entire environment trembled beneath us
Self-restrained nature was in silence
Creating a body to reach to the space

Essential pleasure was to accept eyes
I was not there yet, but I reached for them
After a century I received scared night
Before philosophy I only live for you and her

It felt like a sense of belonging in a box
Broken dominant power enjoyed answers
Real follow ups generated justice in art
Oppression was of younger and real self

1974

We myself were seeking her in you
And you were of him while I was her

Him and her

You and us

Me and me

Me

Me

Me

Me

Me

Me

Me

Me

Me

Me

[illegible]

It existed
In me
Outside Me
Beside Me
Above Me
Between Me
Under Me
Within Me
Inside Me
Next to Me
In Me

Freedom For All

Soul was positioned around truth and representation

Writing in its best was running around forests crying

Flows made me consider another escape in writing

Physical crying created connection between us

We build a wall to lean onto a vision of running

Money

Work practices were of place and effect
According to Zarathustra it turned away
Limitation was green and so was scholarship
We all choose prosecution over ourselves

Along came my other
13 significant machines
I simultaneously ate
Afraid but I tried to give up

Oh these decisions rushed always in us
Philosophy back then was choosing a path
Like he knew I was lying about computation
I wanted truth and a thinker by my side

Repair yourself please
You were radical piece
Of meaning and burning
Immense modification

If not us maybe France was a good house
Nothing of life was my living, my gold objection
Creation was a mere calling, consciousness in it
Mistakes dealt with poetry and death inside me

I was that other error
From world to world
Turning my living
As I was guided by health

Wilful Rainbow

Half of itself was bounded by other
It was a period of language in art
At once life felt fertile in a past
Painter was of purpose inside a tree

Relentless surface
I was just a surface

For you

and

For him

Self-evident

Coexistence was a new path to resignation
Feeling in ease and immersed in patterns
I had exploited a world in its fixated state
Simply a usage of important rise in sickness

I wanted to see my wife

Everybody around me responded and spilled
Sound in everyone was a production of me
MAN-MADE mathematics and their holding
I accepted any subjective kinds of children

I wanted to see my kid

I was of certain subjective geometry inside
Kid was in a forest in yellow experience
Poetry was a bleach response to myself
Milky finality instructed chapters involving it

I wanted to be

Working and Owning

We cannot call patterns as one of us
It involved me in choosing realisation
Of outdoors and holding roses in it
Why was my fate to become love?

Verse plane at myself

You were in cities of behaviour and will
Life for the best was ascetic keeping
Matter and easy duality of history in us
Various subject were stalking you and me

All the great in myself

Work in ourselves was our own pain
We cannot call life of easy matter
Unwillingness is to become leader
Leading all the great beyond happiness

We were never great

Blinded

Fathomless was off in its head
Unwillingly patient to be blind
Leading combined pains in me
Moving in 19th cleanness it

And those tensions between them
It was easy to scam me in them
Furthermore it was independence
One side piercing my sanity as whole

I faced family of sickness
Poetry in its religion and sea
Those systems were of Ami
Theorems and efforts to die

Possibility of heads and health
Liberty in a shoelace and trading
Illustrations make production easy
Morality was in the sky and truth

Abbys

Emerging your language was a sanity
Younger model approached us to talk
Unmasking you kid was a study in night
Tentative sensation, grasping an answer

Darkness was of myself
As I only wanted to be

Owned
By
You

Alone in busy night,
Alone with oneself
Cannot tell you more

Owned
By
Him

Hills of perception fooled me into being
It was a worthy question to ask a sky
Mathematics was in your dog surely
Alphabetical burden was owning us all

Owned
By
Us

Creative Science

The SYSTEM cannot pursuit cherries
Rivers were of revolution of contact
Figures from abroad led our ways
Mistaken for river, suddenly they wished

My dear
I vanished in compass
I was tired of acting
Being in two buildings

River came into discovery after a while
Becoming shadow in religion and ending
Human used answers as experience
I valued everything in between them

My dear
I vanished in yourself
I was tired of being
Acting in educating

Remains Canceled

Liberty was in limitation
Perception linking sky
We were telling you
Without telling models

I cannot bring you flowers
My goal was a purpose
Opposite of kind event
Instead I learned of life

Possessions described
Productions vanished
Literally yours blindness
I was wise to separate us

Eh

That grounded protection
General elections of me

COINCIDENCE?

Experienced structures carry
And they do convey in us

They are beyond comfort
Recognising hard metal

I was of bridges
In patterns of coincidence

Love Software

Faith returned indeed
At what value it was?
Delinquency showed
Usage of effects on us

Beginning
Beginning

Mistakes and sorrows
Genesis of contacts
I never enjoyed them
Information were us

Beginning
Beginning

Today?

Just decide

Just decide

Just decide

Just decide

decide

Essence

Ultraviolet family regarded as reality
They disappear in something similar
Grasping inventions returning home
We proved final sleeps as validation

You slept on a bridge

You Were With Birds

We played at our place
Grasping meaning vastly
No malice lived there
A straight love admitted

Backed amoral desolation
Past and dry life through us
Simple and fast repressing
Like Man in you

Just try to escape
Upon my faith lost and will
You were a pupil in a tree
Other light hurts you in me

Superman

Oh life, fox beyond observer
Endured in growing letters
Upon my resignation in sex
Family gave me family to bring

I utilised crying and called it art
Storytelling of crucial themes
Accepting faith in friends that left
Commodities were everything

I was poisoned

Thank you all

One Assumes

Fully

Regarded

Blue

Structure

Was

Mistaken

For

Discomfort

Estimated Family

I wanted to spread defintions
As I learned from life
Mysterious and unknown
In sadness and discovery

I saw a swam tomorrow
Heroic half creature in motion
Sharing length of its life
Relentless and further away

I concluded by the doors
Strong existing in crying
Growing back in my head
Blackness in existing away

Two in Context

I emphasised heroes through materials
I created ability to give you destruction
Have you observed faith in acceptance
Lives and empathy of animals and sadness
No great mirror was from this world indeed

Storytelling and melancholy in your drink
Almost recognising itself and admiring cry
I wanted to be grown behind scenes
Without external system and wall of will

LIMITATIONS

Shared limitation was external various dog
Himself confused doors with musical corner
Relentless and content in seeing and being
I assistant the greatest man in the forest

Sharing system led me into streams of doing
Cultivation and illness always drew me away
Artificial language made me blue gravitation
Actions were next step to simply end life

LIMITATIONS

He was you presence, you shared his day
Instrument led you wonder if you are real
I gave you my fist simply and fast to laugh
Extreme pleasure you ate with morality

We ended together towards sexual sensing
Growing, writing, having them calling you
Ways of knowing and calling window into it
Silent you were, silently enduring me

Wish List

properly
with
properly
with simple
comfort
with
Music
While feeding
with
Friends

Lello 2

I fixed old possession of walks
Measured hearing on the grass
Wonderful delinquency in us
Arriving in mistake of tomorrow

The **us**

Joyful glimpse of a certain past
Accepting happiness and courage
Sharing attitude and existence
Nothing worked in courage and us

The **us**

Wandering, sniffing, culture, thinking
One reminded a life within a day
He art and ultimately growing
We were back upon listening in us

The **us**

We Animals

Emerging from metaphors and heaviness of observations
Wh had to admit that image was dishonest figure in acting
Drawing regulations almost recognised our stupidity
I lost my structure and pretended wanting purpose each day

I wanted
One day
I wanted

Necessity without extreme structures of observing power
I was hungry and lighthouse was holding ability of time
Any of you hold me in, promising friendship and poison
One was over in streams of great world in itself eating me

I wanted
Another day
I wanted

Spiritual Money

Certainty
You wanted certainty
Political subject
Postulating swimming

Certainty
Wolf-like commodities
Problems of life
Pragmatic assumptions

Certainty
Uncompromising life
Unconditional air
Acceptance passageway

Certainty
Willing to possess me
Suspending belief
Defining him in sports

Mathematical Images

I attempted unconditional thunders whilst killing you
Feeling responsible in a world of struggling with rain
Accepting and believing unconditional links of war
Mirroring connections from sky and rendering dreams

~~I was not responsible for you~~

I spoke of praxis and exportation of such profiles
Reading occurred in brotherhood of wind wired to us
Opening blossoms in a simple riverbed next to her
Hidden messages in planes of deliveries and fear

~~I was responsible for him~~

We were generation of moralists and liberty in 23
Growing heads in increasing gain of flood
Becoming fictional team of edge in lies and tear
I pulled all of you together and ancient forces in me

~~Be responsible~~

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History of Beds

Into sun I entered
One mysterious thinking
Of ways into being alone
Into sun I entered

Od possibilities into living
Poverty was increased
Fictional rainbow us
And of you?

Responsibility

You affected my thinking
Disappointment was your surname
Caring beneath joy
Leaders had sex
I was disappointed in you

Simple religious function
Simultaneous hunger
Accompanied by night
Bringing object to me
I was disappointed in you

Melancholy

Of men made flowers I made you
Indépendant geometry shall be
Of thinking and drawing function

Lies a shadow of geometry in me

What does thinking consist of
And conquering thoughts
Grass and ourselves in it

Radio confronted such food

Representing thus made me ill
When story opened love
Your abusive shoulders
Effected thinking through me

To be you my dear

It turned me against you in me

We were of breath
and
edges

Convinced by sublime

human

Writing

Tension surface experienced care
Force formed religious wife who cared
Hold me subject while I climb down
Simple presence attributed resisting

One delight

Between describing world and recovery
Postulating desk and hands in you
Hold onto grief as roses are in tension
Somehow around us we knew of life

One wish
Infancy
Proved
In
Me

Still a System

Delivers were of science
History without growing in
Surrounded by nourishment
Into water I was linked
Organised perfection
Preoccupying strikes
And I was home finally
Seeing us in a lie and wish

Language of You

I lived in power
Forms and structures
Beneath ropes
We hold in grief
Simple conviction
Near resisting
Helping happiness

I died alone
Growing presence
Generating breath
Collecting facts
Without facts
I opened a river
Forcing us in

No food

MAN-MADE

Thinking in morals
No world is such place
Speaks of far human
Stars as reflection
Splitting into tower

For me

Just a spot for us
Great uncertainty
Passageway in blue
Accepting enemies

For you

Unconditional facts
Sheep in water
Father as organism
No world of pain
Involving kindness

For her

Helpful Poison

Structures of thinking made us into soil
New group of possibilities and spirit
Horned images of attempting surprises
Moving belonged to us to see truth

Struggles were of reality in organism
Last Saturday was far reach human
Subjective masses broke me apart
Always implementing belief to country

In case we split in half tones were there
Before confronting reflection of writing
Mathematics were entirely ~~man made~~
Of world where there are no struggles

Poetry of strength so far away from river
Responsible fo stars in thundercloud
Truthfulness grapes romantic license
Your man was artificial living effect

Coded Commodity

But then in context I suspended
Absolute understanding of air

Father

True and faced individual of evil
Your man had everything to witness

Father

Always implementing bad grasp
Unless living made you difficult

Father

Romantic reality you produced
We were waving at your affair

Father

Using remainder as a living will
Talking and only stores with you

Father

Artificial Attitude

I could not log in
I used all art
Whoever that is
I could not laugh
You lied to dreams

Just a Woman

Reality is never experienced
It fills responsibility of spots
Which detected genuine truth
It has everything I am ready for
Splitting whatever remarked
Among speaking in practice
Regulates certainty of being

Never speaks of will and man
Reading sexual space of happy
Water and batteries in air
True faced shoulder and shadow
Idols and children of fire
Individuals of sheen void
Fate filled as a dear truth of mine

Absolute understatement

Parents

[illegible]

I'm Sorry

I surly forgot about origins
Teachers left me reassured
Would I be of troubled life?
Better to hang outside

Such himself possibility
Him Man walked a line
Ignorant in thinking away
Valuable virtue of misery

Examples were appearances
Corresponding in Socrates
I agreed to be miserable
Please stay in kingdom

I suspected advantages
Stepping one way ready
Double suffering again
Describing him to understand

Yes, he was of a thing
Happening in virtue of me
Should of writes remained
Always destroying them

Surely my friend
We were tricked
Harmed by knowledge
Greatest escape

Define me in magic and end
I forgot passwords with art
Trouble was in ignorance
Colour of certainty and death

I'm Sorry Too

Dog felt it in his art
Mistakes were made
Upon listening her
Modernity of value

Towards shining space
Time was of triumph
Mistaking people
And production as well

We read laws rising
Postulating in the space
Essential eyes doubting
Control and nothing

Upon listening to him
Enriched in my words
We spoke of mistakes
Existence was in number

Backing upon living
How did my family left
Soak too much in it
Why crying and thinking

Trees in the winter
Were not still in red
Why it seemed so long
We might come over

It cracked my shoulder
Again with half ground
We seemed stretched
In a wave and a cave

Who Are You?

A nature of remembering
Explaining in conciseness
Are you or are you not?
Boy had a greatest value
920 was a stranger of mine

Honor was in him
So active claims
Wishing things
Text lined in book
Sending parents

Soul was of several genders
Such sin of knowledge
Being true in willingness
Defining philosophy to a rock
Forgot about proverbs

Reverse of being God
Knowing very much on food
Homer visited me last day
Place in which I died
Perhaps I was of will

Again grandfather is there
Investigators of learning
I wanted to eat dear
Artisan spectators in me
Therefore, just use truth

I

I seeked country in egg
As I wished to die

Thank you
I am never returning

As I wished to die
I was of giving

Life Light

I lived as amount of one apple
Religion yelled to my face
Breathing into windows of light

Whenever I was there
I knew of difficulties
Cheerful times of being alive

You called me of world day
System system sharing me
Mathematics in mortality

You prefer sacred one
Nothing at all in negging
Determined fertility in me

I was body on a grass
By the park
Growing ending

Bye

Hunting for Bambi

In voices you said
"Head and running"

On each side in terrible hostility you dragged me
Body of a prince repeating pain and seeking place
Be proud of cheerful force and young bloody night
Eagerly I will shoot you and reassure your food

"He can be wild"
In voices he said

Family wanted to balance over closing in on you
Bitter speaking of sudden pain I caused in you
It was a cold scent and soft bright oak we stared at
Your wild eyes were trembling and silently singing

"We were wild"
In voices he said

I went inside a forest soft to be deceased and crossed
My mother repeated again and again about the place
Impressive everything and crying inspiration on a run
You were so shy that my heart was in owl nest alone

"Behind you!"
In voices you said
"We are of voices"
Whispered by Prince

World of Air

I spoke of being a limb
Exactly staging pieces
Guiding past to its dream
This human lead me away

Beyond production
And meaning in us

Other suicide was of her
Language was commodity
As globe did measured me
True, alone, radical

Above consequences
Growing scenes calmly

And meaning was after us

For us

In us

Compiled Words

Bad running laugh
Eagerly, loudly, softly
Youth came to breech
I was of younger self

Didn't he turned away?
A second great red throat
However, she did came
In hostility and mystery

You get use to it
Thinking of discovery
Mathematical dog died
Hearing yourself dying

Try to be happy now
Listening was of triumph
Rediscovering dog
It were all in people

Grow wondering

He ultimately was through art
Human floating machine
Knowing becoming reading
Essential rising through me
You wanted institutions
How ever were you home?
This dialogue is of hedonism
Existence in number expanded
And we were of people and 8
The production of galaxies
Upon listening we were while
Happening was itself a rule
Ultimately, art was example

Mother

To be amoral
To be global
To be away
To enter limits
To die happy

Mummy

You lied to life
As a misery of erotic wind
Delusion in your face
Pure war and no life

