

by neither with help from sun ra fiat nox
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the blatant approach had not worked to the extent of his expectations so he tried again
if he recalled well all things were slightly off to the palm a cold callous feeling sending
charges down the grid yet a resistance a seam not perfectly disappeared through handwork
or machine work what are the differences anyway and here he was in a space he'd too often
scene sound muffled where he felt finally open to his-self undistracted from his being and
for once embracing solitary ambitions his social life couldn't allow as one sleeps in a room
emptied vacuumed nested behind its eyelids behind a dream that has yet to start where one relates

only to himself self to self self to none none to self time on a hold until the day
starts again one night like all nights the night the only one a whisper feeding
on its reserves *qui dort dine mais qui dine ne dort pas* locked upon its darkness light
extracted surrounded by remnants of his room

skating swiftly on the shores of a jamiroquai music video set you know that one where he
passes from floor to wall to floor to wall to ceiling the remnants of domesticity surrounding
him moldings of another space scattered along the walls encountering at times
drawn out vignettes of precious withdrawn events

ars somni i'll sleep when i'm dead a translucent dream where rest is permanent
and a thud stops or starts yet start be none that anticipated its

action created its being emphasised its potential volume repeating the

asperities of his thoughts recalling their flatness to one's cerebellum in a nutshell a defined moment

where happens are few events forgot the displacement leads to misplacement

so be it images put on their jacket and reveal their dimensional aspect

none the other cold to the palm gentle to the eyes it is but an exhibition no worries

felt yet questions arise draw it out please stretch the meanings of your accomplishments

nah nah i'm good commercial instance respected window shoppers welcomed

cut it out you're on the other side of time now whose muffled reactions recall all so often
that space stays porous and shouldn't be divided when suddenly the room's reduction shrinks

the horizon to a line an idea more than a reality conceptualised through pressed and lidded eyes

what you see is what you draw lying and playing on wood slants

you can dress the part but can you be it

aaahhh he caught his breath attempting to find a way to reassess his certainties

he'd seen enough yet the images imprint the retina and reveal their own negative

blind sighted to the errors of art's exceptionality and back

he couldn't keep out the thought that nature had sculpted a nut whose insides mimic the human brain

et vice et versa how could an object look exactly like the muscle who needs its nutritional qualities

to develop sanely and how his grandfather showed him how to open one by crushing it against another

yet never knowing really which one would crack first and the surprise of its inside

that schrödinger nut effect he was coming back to the world out of this domestic shell of a room

this had been a haven was he ready to leave it he'd probably never know he inhaled

one last time and accepting to leave himself behind to become once again permanent two for

in relation to others once again he also remembered that in order to not die of the truth one has art

it was enough for him at the moment he felt grateful and opened his eyes