

I needed to rest. I sat on a wooden structure with a specific form,  
you can see it had been compiled quickly, but in the end it served its purpose.  
but this lack of affection (in the hastily way that different materials meet its destiny)  
result in gaps or different “stages” of emptiness.  
you don’t have to surge for it, ones noticed this phenomenon you’ll find it everywhere;  
like wholes in the ground, mute but oozing of methane gas.  
I like what this muteness does to me physically,  
multiplying emptiness, calling it “a sort of slumber”.

I often forget to write down important notes I need to remember,  
or the meaning of the ideas that come to my head at night.  
for instance (found this note under my carpet):

“solstice frisbee – my travel is the singularity”

don’t know what it all was about, but it reminded me of the time I tried to make a teapot out of clay –  
of course I failed, but still I’m hearing that hissing melody.

\*

slumber, insomnia, slumber:  
this devilish cocktail of not getting enough sleep made me losing control of my perception,  
of the four walls, the room that was surrounding me.  
to avoid sentimentality – I gave myself permission to be esoteric and complicated.  
trying to read the Tarots, but this idea was followed by a series of devastating events and setbacks.  
I returned to haiku, returned to the 15<sup>th</sup> string quartet by Beethoven.  
leading myself straight forward, started creating with nothing to prove:  
of course this is also romantic but Beethoven is one of the mavericks I enjoy. I returned to seek  
confidence in other outsiders with a hard life. I saw something honest in Beethoven’s way of living,  
never giving up his idea of concurring the norm.  
in the end he went insane by his deafness, of the hard work of making his own path to follow.

G R A S S

(what I called)

“the absolute” (will grow anywhere,  
over our cities etc.)

immediately,

you accused me of  
“dry” humour

and when it comes to haiku (meaning being organic within the frame)

straight edges do not fit the body

(thinking of bonsai-cats) straight edges leads to work-injuries.

and despite the intention (and – without doubt)

form is a virtuous idea: the domestication of the body,

making the body grow, foiled within the frame.

Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe: Zen-inspired design will carry man and his ideas

(one might say that we need it now, more than ever before)

\*

from Gulf to the Gulf to Gulf: years of shipping dialogue, years of distributing war

(the Greek tragedy likes this idea in particular)

it's a good description of the Western myth of regenerative violence,

it's also part of the infinite series of man.

but the story of evil – is not the story of the wickedness of man

it's the story of the incomplete anatomy,

the lacking of a good night's sleep or the anxiety, man's fear of passing.

and what is death?

is it not to be dead?

I close my eyes, on my way –

I opened them and I'm not

(t) h e r e ?

\*

the conclusion of my incomplete anatomy is sleeplessness. and the inability to perform the most basic function is indeed frustrating, I sleep sideways and need to have my other arm slightly lifted, also I need to have my other foot lifted. I use pillows to support my body, so my body and my mind can rest.

I use melatonin, chemicals and props

I use –

it helps me existing.

- but if you are here to find a metaphor for something else, or an analogue, even an answer – you'll find nothing. this is merely an explanation of perception and the act of perception during sleep-deprivation. It's also a test of the frankness in poetry, a rare poetic idea of truth-telling:

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

*Williams Carlos Williams*

\*

this is an imitation of an imitation of a story

it is also the objects imitation of a body  
what I think you need to read in order to exist:

1. a frame is shown on a map,  
and it's stationary

2. In the cartoon, the main characters mind expands –  
suddenly, the main character turns into a t o p h a t .

3. I'll play you a prank  
on melodious bottles  
with a semi-acoustic vowel  
a song about anti-romanticism

4. (because of sleeplessness)  
every night; he took the habit of staying on different porches  
watching the black garden on a wooden lounge wrapped in cardboard

5. the t o p h a t lay inside a wooden box for many years, totally forgotten. whoever found it I do not  
know, but they said it was still so shiny and reflective that one could easily mirror his/her own face on the  
black surface.

6. form accompanying a being – containers for bare existence

7. the person in front of the computer goes into lunar cycles; sees the year in pixel

8. my hand had fallen asleep – tingling; this hand was no longer mine

9. the silk-glove is naked and mute. the stranged hand touches you

10. at lunchtime, the man on the street was lying on his stomach to avoid hunger.  
no one noticed him. his face was not visible, but ten swords was protruding from his back,  
just like toothpicks in hors d'oeuvre.

the end

\*

dear reader, the end is something that's supposed to end with a dot. (but so far) this text lacks of any profane knowledge or wise conclusions. comprehending nothing: I skipped the dot. not sure, think "the end" is more of an "etc." anyways.

- on his deathbed, Bergman still believed in his own skeletal knight playing chess and riding horseback.  
to contain their "honour"(that is to say p o w e r ), the Greeks galloped on their self-made wooden structure with a grin – (you can imagine it was compiled quickly)  
but in the end – it served its purpose.

Jenny Kalliokulju