

On The Whole's Identityless Consciousness

I reside in a glass cube of undefined proportions,
enclosing a kind of randomized observability;
assumptions, expectations, and a reasonable duration,
clear in the immediacy of the close by & near,
more vague in the distant past of the farthest regions,
with a view backwards, to all that has occurred
and must be reassessed,
as well as up ahead, into the expected, feared or unforeseen,
as of today with an outer perimeter in the direction of danger,
someplace beyond New Year, within the month of January,
with all transitions materializing, clear or blurred
across the cube's sides, left & right;
imperfect & futurum undergoing diffuse intermediate phases,
their characters modular, interchangeable & insertable,
tumbling in an unclear future's emergence
and an etched past's false conviction of materiality,
constructed in reassessment,
where everything collapses & erodes,
soon to see its Phoenix Bird rise in New Uninhabited Thoughts

Various kind of voids jostle, growl, whisper
and somewhere I hear Lilian Wolf laughing sharply,
like Witch Mara

Images flicker across the glass cube's interior,
- akin to the anxiety-dampening Doris projections in empty space
that the Mima in Spaceship Aniara offered the lost refugees -
fleeting like hallucinatory trees & buildings,
bent away through the raging fait accompli
of a train's compartment window across the landscape;
vague transient acquaintances, series of one-night stands,
a face in a crowd, someone screaming in orgasm
or crying for a cat – and those who shouted or died long ago

We are shadows at the bottom of our thoughtfulness

The body throbs in compulsive becoming;
retrospectively cracked, cut down, disfigured, minced;

flushed down storm drains with Olof Palme's blood,
purified, de-identified, merged with the drift of the Earth
and sucked up
into the Identityless Consciousness of the Great Whole

Yes, there's a tug at the moorings of the body
when I think of the next second,
and then remember it
in a series of seconds drifting into the foresight,
the cube vibrating like Heisenberg's uncertainty
or a trembling crème brûlée,
enthroned atop a French kitchen table;
memory losses compensated with excess
and standard packaging

Myself, I'm here to assist the day and the glass cube
with body, anatomy, corpse, remains;
it's my task, my nature, my categorical imperative,
so obvious that I don't experience it

For something to be experienced, it needs to roughen a bit,
bounce, slip, brake, deviate, turn, tickle, caress,
touch, scratch, tear, grope

I lie stacked in attoseconds
in a conceived arc,
slanting outward like a rocket launch from Vostochny

No matter how often – theoretically, hypothetically – I layer myself,
I'm everytime, fundamentally, a bit different,
for "close" does not clone identity

The self is a series of momentary snapshots, barely;
each one – in dancing sequences of glass cubes -
almost identical to the double helixes of DNA

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