

Day Body Night Corpse

Nowhere am I closer
than in the Day Body

The Night Corpse is my exploration
in squint & mirrors,
my Laplandic Linneaus journey,
my C. G. Jung-glance's borderlands
between myself
and an LP record from Terry Riley's '70s

but Day Body lives luxury-insufficiency;
insufficiency-luxury per se,
pain on trial or by agreement;
contract ill,
lies stretched on trial,
a sample of life,
a kind of expulsion, ahead,
always ahead,
unappetizingly unreliable, contained, timed,
brokenly grown, particular;

a technical grab at evolutionary chance

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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