

to deal with images to ignore one's shape a precise means of
uncertainty

seeing as seeing and both as being once waifs and strays of

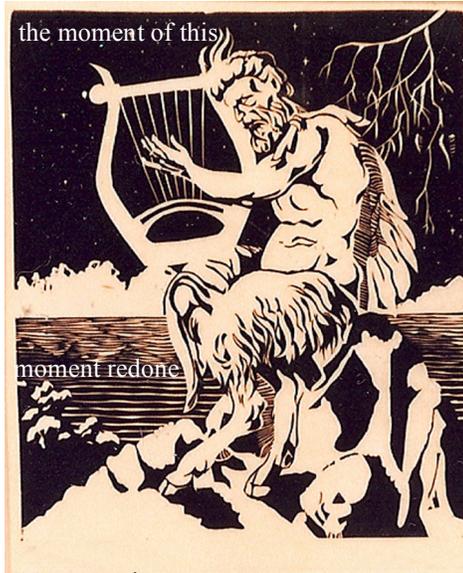
engagement
the continuous present

the man inside says there is no lie
there is no system
the universe is indifferent yet

it displaces it occurring
at the same time around
the same

until it is perfect

until it is perfect such insistence upon perception



ah but to have brought the lies together

a photograph is taken in the dark
finite and unflickering it is framed
by the emptiness of the eye the surface
is covered with ink dynamic whiplash
lines undulating the frequency at which
flicker becomes invisible a scene
materializes in which the present is
followed by a scene in the past eventually
returning to the present a shot of someone
looking at something the rose colored tinge
of hurling content of quiet in ebony cups
what holds us to our event

memory gets things wrong
in proximity we are not anything real or conceptual

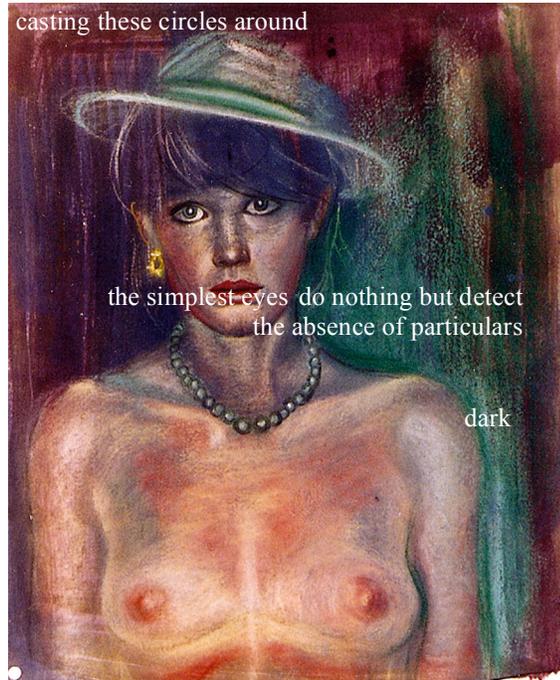
but like all things spent on the sanctity of patience

our arrival

the verge of pretense
refuses to distinguish light

the painted screen let down
and our surroundings are

then to look reveals nothing



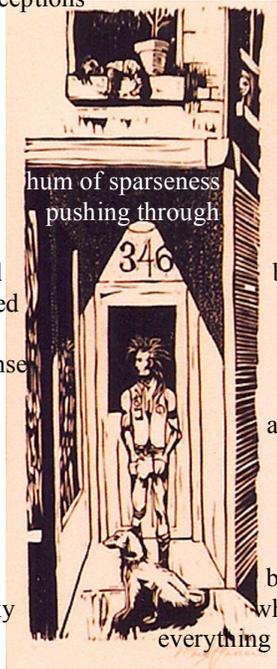
casting these circles around

the simplest eyes do nothing but detect
the absence of particulars

dark

if i look carefully through the dark
the connection of everything being
connected racing beneath the liquid
he commented on the need for new
ways of thinking about movement
to lay in ability and reproduce reality
not in its differences from reality
but to realize the scene in accordance
with its intention deliberately round
topped to echo the shape of the sky

dazzled by
the sheer beauty of perceptions



hum of sparseness
pushing through

no longer structured
experienced

or experience as response

as if it were

a color because the sky

the moment
by a real that is not

and not perspective

a piece of rose
colored
glass

because darkness is not
which illuminates

everything
is gray

perceiving parts

and you are wise to try and notice

to pay attention
to wake up wanting
to wake up more deeply each and every time

you open your eyes

as if seeing me makes it real

memory stands up in slow motion
it seeks to arrive at a mode that it
by itself cannot see and one's body
cannot block the light yet you are
willing to pass through the center
the unrestricted light and connect
the runner with the object in motion
presence as a fleeting against the cold
and constant attraction to centrifugal
force the blur circle traveling from place
to place conquered certainty penetrated
certainty silence in the negative imprint
of some story being left behind

stillness turns to swell

form



as equilibrium

effigy as imprint

voiding what is seen but everything being there
at once

there are only nuances

if it is longer if it suggests the amount of
breath needed to feel complete the context
for separating things means something is
cut off and tucked inside the image this
small world suffice it to say the universe
will go on continuously descending to
the bottom in a brief moment silence
that happens as you do and by great i mean
insistence on a faith which reevaluates
every stroke

to deal with images

coming or going into this place

the continuous present
a matter of belief

in reality

the distorted sum of

without any preconceived plan
where the dimension of space is
objects or images

will define their spaces by their own necessary
will use these spaces as frameworks

there is no lie there is no system the universe is indifferent
so if in a picture a line is freed from the aim
of designating a thing and function as the thing itself



time can be added later
and that pure abstraction also makes use of things
of no significance at all

and we have been deceived but so well
that we can scarcely get back even a shadow

ah but to have brought the lies together
i closed myself within myself purposefully