

twist

the edges to dry asphalt
fade to circles i said
this is my mind on this street

i said this pavement this kerbside
this kerbstone this edge of the narrow
this surface i said
this is my tongue it's twisted
i don't want to lie anymore

you said here you are dripping
that scratch on your surface
it's a hole the circle
behind your ear it's a leak
you are dripping
it's your image
it's not glued in the right way
it's worthless
and i will seal it with my mouth

you drink you swallow you spit
and meanwhile
dry asphalt is itching my thoughts i said

my head was dry my brain was itching
you pointed on my tongue
you said you're twisted
look your tongue
it's twisted your teeth are splitting
your lips are bleeding
are twitching

my fingers i gasped
you be quiet my head
i said you heard me the first time
oh you
i said you hurt me
the first time

i said my fingers
they ran across the street
they ran across my mind
they said it's sharp but
it's twisted
we can determine the knot
it's here
it's a hole the
circle
on dry asphalt
it's some narrow piece next to
the surface of the edge of
the kerbside they said
this is my mind on this street i said

you said look at yourself
you pointed on my eyes you said
they're transparent i can see their side
through the kerbstone
just yesterday there was opacity
i said yesterday
i said they are restless

you said they are reverse
your lenses are distorting
are blurring
are twitching

you said here is my hand
look at my fingers
they are twisted in your eyes

i said the word you are looking for is
transcendence
your fingers are transcending my sight
my sharp mind i said
i feel your fingers in my brain

just yesterday you said i dreamed
you disappeared
on my inner surface the edges transformed
i was reflexive
was disenchanted
was body-less

i said transcendence
is the word you dreamed about
it's the corner to alienation
next to the narrow
mind fragment

this surface you said
this is my mind on this street i said
the edge of my sight is itching
my twisted knot inside my head
since yesterday

you said here is a piece of embedding
realise yourself they said be sharp
it's freedom i said
in a
hole

it's a leak in my image
come glue my tongue
seal my inner sight
next to the dry asphalt and
fade to circles

this edge of the leaking word you said
this street this narrow
kerbstone next to this pavement
i said i don't want to lie anymore
i don't want to realise myself anymore i said
i don't want to transcend myself anymore
you said this is self-inflicted compulsion
i said this is a single

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look at yourself i said this is a single
tongue-mouth-narrowness
this is a single finger-hand-fragmentation
this is a single mind-street-realisation