

A Secretive Spirit

Once freed, his singer's tongue was blue—we washed it. He was beautiful, like a cosmic embryo thrown from a window. *From a window, a score, a screen!* A vibrant call to his amniotic double, to the dyad of the dictionary and the musical score, to their mutual absence as well, around the singer's neck, a word closes his poem: “I hang my coat here, I rejoin true life in the cosmic amnion; before, I was only a fetus.” No, the keyboard is not, does not appear as, a musical constellation to their obtusely progressive tastes, an extravagant keyboard certainly, I quote, a meticulously handcrafted keyboard, in a straightforward manner, if such a thing ever existed, the keyboard does not appear. It fell from Earth. Because of the vibes! And when the keyboard's inkwell, the inkjet printer, or the screen is not always the asshole, or rather the vitrified sand of its silvering, sometimes the mirror is one black star of melancholy dedicated to whoever has dipped their finger in it. Right middle finger on the ignition: “Vroom (chug)”. Whirr! “Galactic space: hiss... Hiss!” (Roar?) Parallax-free words. Klong... Abrasion of the spacecraft. A gratuitous effort to thwart, a standard is a cogwheel, straddling its horizon of use—*useful or not*—a potential template articulating constraint under surveillance, chaining one series of empty words to the next in calibrated rotation. The convicted singer thug admitted the facts; at dawn he will be found hanged by the string of his instrument.

Once we took him down, his singer's tongue was blue—we washed it. He was beautiful like a cosmic embryo thrown from a window. A meteor that had completed its course by plunging into the atmosphere. Alien sounds! There are those who play with spirographs and forbid others from wearing musical corsets. Right middle finger on the ignition: “Vroom (chug)”. “Galactic space: hiss... Hiss!” (Roar?) “Klong... Hiss!” Words. “Galactic space: he-e-e-iss...” KoO-klong!

Birot then. Birot-the-bot, left middle finger on his cock. (Chug!) Klong? Vroom: “Cosmic ejaculate: hiss... Hiss!” His... Ro-a-a-a-ar! Spaceship vibrations. It is vile and vain, they claim, to subordinate divine music to empty words, and consequently to the words of the spheres, even in the post-futuristic case of a pile-up on a three-lane highway, with words: are thus fallen; as soon as they make their bed with sounds. His body wasn't yet that of a fully formed corpse, lacking the rigidity that forensic medicine recognizes, and which, despite ourselves, was absent. On the other hand, the left one, he had indeed ejaculated. And had soiled himself, which would suggest a suspended struggle, as well as remorse, unless it was terror. Recoiling from the imminence of his death. Or, more simply, the despair of his body, in conflict with the spirit preceding its demise. His hero was Pierre Albert-Birot. Birot-the-bot like belter, rotation, with or without a bib. Spices-free world: Oops! Sorry Jack! Slam that microphone down! If it's a bed, then it could only be a medicalized one, or better yet, an anatomy table. The autopsy table for dissecting a vain star, a dwarf word wallowing unnaturally with the Milky Way—the *music of the spheres*. It's very Hegelian, but we don't care, just like we didn't care about outsider art in its time.



Let's compensate by mentioning a Bolognese concoction on drums and sticks. And let's remain speechless, our jaws dropping in astonishment—*In astonishment*. Tick, tick, tick! “Vroom (chug)”. Whirr! Chug: “Interspatial battery: hiss... Whizz!” Tick, tick! Tick. Tick. Tick. Klon-on-on-ong... Once we'd taken it off the hook, his singer's tongue was all navy blue—we washed it. He was beautiful, like a defenestrated cosmic embryo. A meteor that had completed its course by plunging into the atmosphere.

A-a-ape—alien sounds. Ooh-oo!! Alien sounds.