

Along with Nothingness

I

Like a hypershock of sounds! Bin storage and fish fin. Skill is not his strong point; it loses his balance with every step. It loses it! It loses it. It loses it...

Then he loses his mind, a real lunatic, a total weirdo, after which he sheds his scales – each new skin makes him nauseous – then he slowly molts, losing the last scales one by one or in whole sections, and hangs the rest on a coat rack.

With its three large, bulging eyes that shine with an iridescent blue, its filthy fish head is still planted like a mitre on a neck ... that extends an almost human body. It can see into the heart inner world and also deep down on its own kidneys.

A buoy, or a jellyfish, a sea snake—or an oarfish. And they compose aloud or silently. The sharks circle around as if around prey. The sharks circle around... as if around prey. Only then is this branch of the poet consumable. Once he has shed the last membrane that would have served as his skin, he eliminates the competitor by eviscerating itself!

The sharks, the buoy.

Using their entrails, female fish in corsets knit mittens for their grandchildren. They are easily recognizable because they have a tendency to flee downwards (to run from the bottom), but that doesn't mean we should misunderstand their hidden agendas. With a big fish head, some become a terrestrial Medusa, a terrorist of language: a radical of the dry tongue.

Others have found the most effective concealment strategy to date: neglecting the camouflage of the coat, as well as a stick insect waiting to be devoured by a bird or a chameleon observing potential prey, they freeze in the posture of an umbrella that a hand would have put down once sheltered after a heavy downpour.

At that very moment, the specie reflect blue light along the street. It is then called a poet with a jaw that transforms into an umbrella.

It'll chew you up and devour you in one gigabyte. Oh, whoa. Whoa. Whoa! What a sudden whoosh of wind through the poetry! It's wild and makes hats fly off. Even the hats that are described as mitre-shaped. Nevertheless it is still a fish head. A fin—a tail.

He remains, therefore, a poet; a kind of goofy one. A poet wearing a Byzantine priest's mitre, his mouth open to expel inspired verses. Oh, you may not know this, but they communicate through speech bubbles with as much “dumb” brilliance and “stupid” intelligence as you and I! Us. The buoy, the sharks.

The air stinks of shit, of household garbage; and the poet smells it—too.

II

Bin storage and fish fin; a piece of waste is a heart, a lunar heart trapped in a mist that meets a transformable bubble and lights up. It lights up at noon, and also at midnight. Between the two, between openness and enclosure, the weather breathes. The moon took a step aside and its shadow detached itself.

There are two kinds of silly fish who claim to be poets.
Each versifier has got a lantern fish' eye, and they glow
in the dark. Ooh!! ow they glow!

They discover themselves through their luminous third eye and communicate with others through poetry. From then on, he had only two choices left: either to continue and persist in floating or swimming horizontally between two water currents, which most do, or to float vertically like a buoy; a buoy, or a jellyfish, a sea snake—or an oarfish.

Trapped in their behavioral constraints, the former have become overly determined to express themselves in verse. The morphology of their jaws has not changed to allow them to express verticality. Verticality. So they are still at this very moment expressing themselves in a circle in an aquarium or in open water. And they compose aloud or silently.

At the first signs of severe droughts, in order to survive the new climatic conditions, their scales becoming feathers the first ones will transform into sharks.

The fish is a heart, a lunar heart that meets a convertible bubble and swirls like a nightclub ball. You could say it's a spaceship—or a flying saucer.

It depends on the clouds that are reflected on the surface of the water and on their scales, but also on their diet; or could they be dyed by the algae they pass through? This species desperately longs to wear the suffocating corset of its poetry.

But because of its 'stupid' cleverness, it lost all willpower. That, and nothing else, is what disgusts me about this fish.

Some are already using its internal poetic concepts to make flying shark drones. To transform into a drone, can you imagine! Is it a fish or just some crazy ghost out there? A self-writing system... We must throttled it!

These texts are merely the possessions and showcases of a well-established bourgeoisie, fattened by its capital. So...

So, so why should we be interested in a plain fish? And why bother about a bot? A robot or a buoy composing poems!

The sharks circle around as if around prey.

Let's leave it to its mechanical-robotic verses and examine the opposite ends of the spectrum. Look straight at it! The second group was able to leave this aquatic environment and advance cautiously, step by step upright on their tail fin, and emerge from the marine womb.

The sharks circle around as if around prey.

The marine belly passes the thread of our metaphor through the eye of the needle that leads from midnight to noon.

He ties, he makes knots... It's a hypersonic shock!

That kind of poet is a flashlight jellyfish, or a straight fish that has tilted its head 90 degrees forward towards its thorax.

With it, the weather reeks! "Breathes and stinks" is its motto.

Once it has become unsuited to its former aquatic environment, it moves forward by propelling itself, through fin movements, undulations or jumps, on its caudal peduncle; it's so funny to watch it sculling, wiggling or jumping on its anal fin.

Like a hypershock of sounds!