

Bibi Fricotin

My flat screen has an eyelid; that eyelid is named Medusa. It's an animated wallpaper—oceanic and maternal—a womb! My brain has an eyelid too; it's called social conformity... So many of us share this straitjacket.

Molting wrestlers contorting themselves in front of shattered screens: where does the truth within you hide? Where does the brain of transformation lead? Medusa—that's a name for an intertidal zone, right?

A white jellyfish that switches off my screen? Isn't that an oxymoron... Kind off. Since my brain is connected to the screen. And what of those who have never ridden a jellyfish or a brain—a cerebral mantle in an open space, not a brain in a three-ring circus.

Winning, losing, or drifting somewhere in between.

Where are those two recalcitrant sockets where I must bathe my two aching, struggling eyeballs? And why was the earth connection hooked up on the sand? These two Medusa-like screens float within a circus that prevent you from achieving your dreams. They shatter everything.

Day and night, they drift ceaselessly within one of these three circles. But where is the true.

Where is the train of transformation passing by? The Medusa is inclusive; it always has been.

Drunken, livid, slouching.

The “jellyfish” represents a misuse of the pedagogy of openness.

I can't recall my birth. Do you?

My pale, sullen one, my groom, my taciturn, my soul—do not forget that Medusa is the cataract of the one who consented to become blind within the mother's womb.

I can't seem to remember it.

The jellyfish is a given; it is the discarded remnant of any primordial drift, and the shipwreck of the dream—a wreck brought about by the channeling of the oneiric—sluice-gate or no.

Is the jellyfish one? *I can't recall your name.* Is the night a sieve? Each mesh is a dead eye—a ashen one! And what? What else... When was it?

The inverted light of those industrious ants in single file, trickling out their alienation flow into the hourglass—upon waking on the sand, beside the antlion—: not the slightest blade of grass, nor the faintest trace of intertidal flora.

This jellyfish-horse destroys everything with its hooves—he smashes everything. He breaks it. It's burning my skin. Small raised hives appeared across my chest and spread up my neck, my airway already swelling from anaphylaxis!

Horse with a mane of foam—oh, dream of the unspoiled foreshore! “Jellyfish absorb, eat, and digest one another.”

Should we forget this place? And what if we lend it an ear... The Medusa snuck me in and stuff like that!

Is the brain a metaverse?

I can't seem to remember where is the exit. Where is... the compass? Where are you, who am I? Any part of us, tell me. Ooh! Those eyes, like jellyfish!

And there you have it: with a bit of work and a healthy dose of amnesia, you can whip up a brand-new brain every billion years or so... The categories of the Medusa perhaps belonged to a current whose depths—laden with seashells and Nereids—they traced back to the source of their meaning.

In a jellyfish-like interval: Dad, Mom, and me. Is the night a sieve? Each mesh is a dead eye—a livid eye! And what? What else...

It smashes everything with those hooves. Even those Medusa-like screens, with their thick, menacing lips that keep you from realizing your dreams.

It destroys everything with its hooves—it absolutely rocks with them. That forces its way through. Where is the true?

Here is the skull and its sutures—these are nearly flat bones. The buildings of the Medusa.

The premature sealing of the skin's pores—resembling the holes made by lugworms on the foreshore—represents an integrated maturation, a concrete-hardened silence outside of discourse imposed by a hotel project: a transformation external to the living.

The hotel of lies of an integrated world. The trendy hotel of the lies of an integrated world.

Where there are rooms for baby jellyfish on IV drips, and a morgue in the basement for poisoned offspring.

“Chalk can be scratched with a fingernail.” he said.

—I don't have fingernails...

“The living”—that designation which, within its psychic horizon, will sever your ties and erase you through its act of negation, once and for all, by associating, linking its profile to other templates. Fighters for change? There are hypermarkets where gelatinous brain cells are replicated. Where are those two stubborn orbs toward which I must raise my warrior's eyeballs?

Where is the train of transformation heading? Will I go cross-eyed?

Where is the train of transformation heading?

Blind rollers of the sea.

There are jellyfish-like screens imitating the Moon, in front of which gelatinous brain cells are ill-breaded.

I don't remember my birth. My eyes are sealed.

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Am I supposed to be cross-eyed?

Seeking to create a writing system that aspires to be inclusive is a hollow pipe dream that will never come to fruition. Breathing out the mist—all in all, it is less conceivable, yet far more real.

Any part of it really.

The Medusa left your bubble speech bloated and empty!

These retail spaces are called “Showrooms” and “Schools.” The false Callirhoe, nurse of the jellyfish.

Instruction is delivered via a touchscreen. They are superhighways of non-thought, where you are led to click on the very spots designed to lock you in.

Does Razibus Zouzou flirt with Tethys?

Where is the Moon...

“Is it up to us to set it in place...” a pristine tidal flat.

Here is the skull and its sutures—these are nearly flat bones. The buildings of the Medusa.

The premature sealing of the skin's pores—resembling the holes made by lugworms on the foreshore—represents an integrated maturation, a concrete-hardened silence outside of discourse imposed by a hotel project: a transformation external to the living. The hotel of lies of an integrated world. The trendy hotel of the lies of an integrated world.

“Medusa—that's a name for an intertidal zone, right?”

A white jellyfish that switches off my screen? Isn't that an oxymoron... Kind off. Since my brain is connected to the screen. And what of those who have never ridden a jellyfish or a brain—a cerebral mantle in an open space, not a brain in a three-ring circus.

Winning, losing, or drifting somewhere in between.

But tell me, in those reveries of yours—stricken by a white terror and caught in the blinding glare of a massive semi-trailer's headlights—is Bibi Fricotin the dockworker at the *Medusa*'s unloading bay? And what is to be made of the kingdom and the new blood? Medusa snuck me in there—the whole works!

And if we listen closely, we might hear the beating of its solitary heart, buried deep within...

And if we lend an ear! But in what, where, and when!

Where is Chrysaor—the one who delivered my third eye by Caesarean section. And yet, today, the most tenuous. *Oh! Those other two eyes, like jellyfish!*

Now blood oozes from my forehead. Images slip away, intermingled with sounds: womb of light; father-matrix; black Sun. The metastasis of screens. Dark water upon pallid sky: *Cotylorhiza tuberculata*. A true blood—my brotherhood.

Suspense of sols.

Luminous scotomas drifting like jellyfish planulae.

Small, raised bumps appeared on my chest and spread to my neck; my airways were already starting to swell from anaphylactic shock!

Major scale... Liquid squid!

So here it is: Everything that has been amputated... a residential building! The last flower, its transformation into a jellyfish, into a galloping horse.

Hence, jellyfish fall to be assessed as ad hoc screens.

The Jellyfish's Clog!

Saturated and livid Uranus, slumped Sun—appalling Moon! Bronchial exhalation at the ephyrules chimneys.

Medusa may have belonged to a current from which they dredged up meaning— amidst the transformation unfolding since childhood, leaving nothing in its wake — upon waking on the sand — neither the slightest blade of grass nor the faintest trace of intertidal flora.

The Jellyfish's Clog!

It destroys everything in its path with its hooves—it truly shatters everything to pieces with them. It forces his way through.

The apartment at the bottom of the sea is cluttered and neglected. In a way. A jellyfish that turns off my brain?

To think that we might one day run out of mounts!

Is the jellyfish one? (Have I opened my third eye?) Is it an eye, a screen, or what? Or what!

Here is the skull and its sutures—these are nearly flat bones. The skyscrapers of the Medusa.

Where is the Moon...

Is it up to us to set it up... pristine foreshore.

The categories of the Medusa may have belonged to a current from which they drew their full significance—yet in the transformation occurring between childhood and its reification in the realm of lemons, no dream can any longer escape the sifting process of overexposure—least of all the dream of a career path.

A screen—one that screams?

My eyes are two wrestlers shedding their skins before shattered screens—where does the truth lie within you?

Where is the brain of transformation heading?

Blind rollers of the sea.

There are jellyfish-like screens imitating the Moon, in front of which gelatinous brain cells are ill-breaded.

I don't remember my birth. My eyes are sealed.

And

so on,

in loops,

like waves

rolling onto

the foreshore.

Lyrics : Johanna Dowland and Joel Bothwell.