

Free Like The Sun

“My sheets, for too long soiled by words of In-Som-Ni-A.

It reflects on the joys and sorrows. My love, why do we keep revisiting everything we have discovered and accomplished?

It cannot be stressed enough on that point. To everything we’ve read and experienced on this page and its spring mattress.” *A spring mattress...*

PAY-PER-SESSION SONG WITH PREMIUM CONTENT!

“This last bed is *mine*, whereas the previous ones were not unknown to me in the past. But these beds have no literal meaning.”

A patch of grass and a bench in a public square or park, an improvised bed on a car seat in an underground garage, a place to sleep behind a hedge, under a porch, or in a gutter—*dead drunk*.

Pay-Per-View Song with Premium Content!

“Punishment song.” Scansion in a confined space—*it cannot be stressed enough that my bed is my first skin*.

So many sleeping places of every kind—as best they can, a sky heavy with rain.

Pages long tainted by a pay-per-listen song featuring premium content. It cannot be overstated that the soiled sheets are my primary passion.

My sheets, for too long soiled with the refuse left by the feet of flies.

IN MY BED, as in so many others, the shifting postures of a shell—abandoned like a dugout canoe on the shore—form a nocturnal choreography, varying in intensity.

Moored to the swell of breathing and the tidal surges of nightmares, this hull is a laboratory to which I sometimes find it hard, difficult to return.

“A threshold of sunlight, and the night has fled.”

They say the Sun is free, but that is far from true, for it constitutes the very first bar-code—a threshold moment used to imprison the day. Their match is so disappointing.

Neither of the two celestial bodies attains the freedom of sleep: neither the one that cries out—nay, howls—the words of liberation from behind its fiery bars, nor the one that endlessly veils itself behind vast reservoirs of dreams, pouring down their torrential, shapeless floods of “water”.

“My white sheets with these words like the feet of flies.”

It is—only in part—the *imaginary* status of my desire in bed, which is, incidentally, an open book—a moon-book unfurling its sheets into heaps, its balls of paper no less than of crumpled fabric, and—*mutatis mutandis*—its massive

CON-DEN-SA-TIONS

of cloud-pages and their man-
ifold down-
pours of resonant, liquefied WORDS.

“A BED of one’s OWN: with its safety rails to prevent falls, a little toddler bed for shitting in one’s diaper.”

So many beds of every kind—from cardboard to a manhole cover in winter; from a hammock to a four-poster “BED” draped in mosquito netting; from a standard, a *square bed* spread with sheets; to one where rolls and bundles of fabric, constantly shifted about, clumsily mimic a rain-laden sky.

My sheets, for too long soiled by words of insomnia!

Of In-Som-Ni-A!

She looks back on the joys and sorrows: “My love,
— *My love*, we are reflecting on everything we have read and experienced.”

Passing by, playing with all the currents *of the air*. Sometimes they brandish their banner, and it becomes a mass of white paper sheets lifted by rising warm *air currents*.

This *last bed* speeding through the air is mine, whereas the earlier ones were once not unknown to me. But these beds have no literal meaning.

A bed of grass and a bench in a public square or park, a car-seat bed in an underground parking garage, a “bed” behind a hedge, under a porch, or in a gutter—*dead drunk*.

And an open mouth, too long soiled by the words of insomnia. It cannot be said often enough: the bed is my second passion.

My almost-white sheets, with words like fly tracks. Free as my ass. A ray of sunlight, and the night fled.

Lyrics: Liz Tillman and Bernie Huck.