

He Crosses An Eye On Her Crotch

Viewed from the front and the side, A and O are the two cross-sections of a megaphone. O is an open mind, a cloud. A unique sound that is a long sentence. Head-to-tail, the A lands on the O: a decal! Images are shadows combed by the sun.

Here is the thunder, and there is the lightning. That is how the tree is, too. Not really a sticker, but a transfer paper. Focal length, aperture. An active life, without drowsiness! In the mirror of the surface of illusions, inverted, the A is a shirt collar.

The tree's leaves are shadows turned into birds. From one obscure surface to another—rising up and exhaling—such is the network of images. A tree is a camera. Such is A. The stepladder of the A, an eye at the tip of my brush. O is an open mind, a cloud.

Rainbow assimilated, soil nutrients digested. The O perches on the tips of the A's feet. The wind is the great stirrer of wings. "Tweet-tweet" goes the bird; "cheese," says the chubby little rat. Does the photographer smile at you? Oh yes, indeed, he did it!

Its rim is an O, its bucket an A. The soil is brought up along the axis of the shaft. Its tie-line, starting from point A, is attached to the pulley in order to pull point O. But the well is a tree trunk. Water is O! Is light an A... Thus the camera a well of images?

We don't know. Besides, who knows? The A, the O, the face or the hat... The wind on the 'O' of sensibility, or the thought-matrix of the 'A'? When lightning flashes from the complex of thundering words, all I hear is "blah blah blah".

So, it'll be "blah, blah, blah": Tracing back along the axis of the tree, the roots are inverted. That's a laughing camera! The A, the O—what does it matter, really?—falling asleep while waking up, and vice versa: once buried, the root systems are at the top.

Lyrics: Alison Barefoot.