

The Silly Cat And His Shadow

It's not as cool as an asteroid. Some improvise based on what is happening in the street, others based on the sound of lyrics. To grow weary of one's own ineptitude. Our eyes are so bloody and swollen when they try to see those pixels-draped children dead souls moving slowly? The intertidal zone is the landing strip for the swimmers of despair.

The prohibition against the flesh forbids them from receiving any transfusions. A guitar for a one-armed player! Drawing upon this nectar, the digital network parades its eccentrics; it looks like an insect scavenging in a sewer. A street hooker. That is what is my medius finger. Pick or not pick?

The one on my left hand is walking in stilettos across the palm of my amputated right hand. It isn't as sweet as an asteroid is. Street kiss. The stiletto heel is sometimes advantageously replaced by a plectrum. Face up and face down. When not used to disparage, the index serves to point out.

Who could forget that the courts branded you with infamy, and that medicine—obsessed with our wombs—defined the prevailing norms? The abortion of cells nourished by the blood. Sometimes, a sickly sun gives rise to the symptoms of a withered soul. The tongue stained with the remains of a beach fly. Is ashen the color of death?

Once the little finger, ring finger, and middle finger are tucked away, our hands are like crab claws and that is how we observe old Leonid meteor showers without wearing any masks or protective goggles; that we thrust the arms of our faces toward abysses of clarity, that from our palms unfold the leaves of an anatomy turned inside out.

It is then appropriate to snip off the tips of the solar crown's flesh, starting with the little finger. The intertidal zone is sometimes nothing more than a dynamic background on a phone making an emergency call. It is from there that the souls of dead children emerge, one by one, from our palms.

Hands playing an acoustic guitar. To castrate oneself of one's nothingness is to fill it; to grow weary of one's bonds is to knot them together. Pixel protocol: from his senescent fingers, exhausted souls emerge drop by drop. Some riff off the street. The index finger lightly touches the maternal nipple of sounds, while the thumb serves only to offer comfort.

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Our guitarists' fingers are rotting like a withered carnivorous flower. Between assimilation and refusal, between the similar and otherness, between display and devouring.

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Lyrics: Andy & Colleen Woolley.