



Noches de Ventana

A Letter to the Mother of My Wife

Night Dawn

Lava Honey

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Noches de Ventana

Éramos o hacíamos en ángulos, fuese lo mismo si no fuese por un Norte de fríos o un Oeste en las tardes reclinado a fermentarse de los colores conque cierras los ojos o la mente, dark candy noct dark blue haze purple yellow and reds with pinks spotted in front of the imagination wide awake sulk in the shadow, awaits, awaiting, the angular velocity and or plus times the magnetism, mellow if we hadn't sweetened up, bitter if we had hadn't, sweeter or in other possible words of spicy, trying, vertically accelerated, crisp of a fire crossing, the longing for more words'stuck , here out the window our lines lives our colors true in the moment imaginations and true waiting lights of the next day yet in the shadows, over shadows, over shadows of eyelids, one over the other. Here the layers of what we had, statements from the past reviewed to our only witness. In every press a camera lens out waiting for a break of the shadows next to nothingness overstretched over the margin of the tables, one for our excesses and out plans over the night itself creaming considerations over time if it meant time over the night or if within it we escaped the lasting and the longing of a slower orbit like a volcano's pausity, like a remnant of styped laughter, like an open window when it was raining, the car out in the driveway, and I wasn't moving. The frames where off in the dark night | sky over the distances to Tokyo, Iceland, South to Chile, over where the air in atomic sprays or waited or spasmed in the acts to hear it with a force and an inner calm of expectation or to hunger it for achievement like it every day spared our souls for a taste of it in any Summer or Winter. The large box of linens and an open Window without curtains or disdain outside or a draft or a column of the chimney. The clouds were faster as We were on the places, running wild, eating heavy, stupor for the wildest day or night We could handle and We only washed where could Our Souls after taking in acts Our bodies to the days of sweating for a light of the outside|inside world problem solved and now extacy. No lights escaped or entered the room when we wanted, No time escaped or entered the room when we wanted. The water runs in the room and the kitchen. A stairway to a balcony or the edges of the curved ceiling. I had ocurrences of driving around under the snow or over desserts to rest on a machine for a distance for a distant amazement out without a need or out needing. I drove out to tank less than a quarter so, to totals, I could hear sound in another enclosure, so I could laugh or frighten myself after the real drops of temperature or after the commitment to stay it out if i wanted out over the border of the Window. In the Nights We drove to Her lasting fire, beyond more than three darknessess. Beyond the turn of the lights under a Storm to arrive to the heat and temperature where we over beyond the plans had it knew it ruptured over time for it lasted in hundreds of those memories felt it and for it more than we wanted our bond to | in | where we arrived days and nights no matter what having the intermittence of a flame redding the cauldron of what we wanted and She let me know it every time. I lost my sight for several days, about a week or an epoch of experience. We knew we wanted it

and in Our Nature we already had it. For days the sense of pages of a book burning kept my memories for memories of the time in a place where I couldn't find that part of them to exist outside of darkness in where we were. Remind me we have water, the senses of who we are when the senses are dormant or hidden, the chapters of a want so past it sinned of nostalgic, to only norm within Us there, locked in stone, the screams of the Real were frighten, that we knew it and ruptured our souls over liquid spirit that recovers the binding energy to the Universe, that we knew we locked our steps into collapsing, who I to You that I have placed in Your hands My Soul, carry this, it was more than ten years before to the time, take Me from where I am into Your hands, that I know that I want, to, for the moment, to hold You knowing that I've entered outside of my subtle body to know You knowing more of Myself. We did ourselves blindly in the darkness. The fire was what we had to recover. Nuclear from the hidden Past was our Future and we had known it in other of pluripotent forms, what we had was a sound chamber.

I knew You in the Past from a Past, layers before what I can imagine, now in an ordinate time, I know, and that's an ending, and I know more, and that's an ending, and I know and that's an ending, or I close My eyes any moment and I end it. I knew You in the Past, from a Past before the days of yesterday, from where I've risen. High Up to see farther, from where I had seen far away that I now am, knowing the days. Conjure a tall building to make a sound, a reverb of harmony over height descending, and its height will never cease or the form of the sound I would like You to know, for the Future. Now this, in painting or in form, a store full of items each without a moment. A stone over each moment I will wait for You. A doing of something outside of time for the matter of the time itself. A large box holds warmth and candles, wildly if I open it, to a note.

A week of stress over our time together, side by side wishing we finished, I on You Your dealing, and wanting to take You with Me to the bench of experiments in liquid, books and papers, tea nights reading out of focus inanimacy of discord for true praxis, over rehearsing those nights that the solutions were known years before so I waited over the only daily hours key words or order of delivery made any sense, less suits or inanimate objects with figures hiding solutions to real problems. After hours I found Myself dissolved going home to a balcony and a chair stooping withdrawn concerned that the date had only the time seen over the 40 ecliptical, Saturn and Jupiter traversing, so We could formally sleep. I arrived earlier every day to set the lens on the telescope and ever earlier we didn't last to go over the wanting to the end of days layered on the kitchen floor, sofa, disregarding set mantles for dining. We altered tastes every night, Your and Mine, what we wanted. I kissed her in set of twos most of the time that I thought about it, to start and to finish nothing in between as far as thoughts let every

time. The rooms were always open and occupied because the walls led to each other, music to the space, all we organized, play derived succession.

I kissed her in set of twos, up to upward or down, stuck on a part, let me stay else over, down to where the day ended, a part to a kiss for her complete beauty. I said it how I could. Without a word for pressing and wishing I pressed, in retreat She pressed more knowingly, on a set, kitted, days, over the middle of the shirt, week or argument, in equilibrium.

A Letter to the Mother of My Wife

Love was First

Over the Sun

Shinning

Over the

Distances

Waiting

To a Mother

Over the Love

of []

Was it in Your Arms

In Your []

Of

Amazement
(how do I end this)

I stop over the dream
and
Call Her

Over the Time

I recall

Space
and a Letter

This is the Life I Love

Over the E

Green

I entered the House after the Day

and the Wonders

of where I have

Myself Found

There

Bonds over Skies

Times I Recall

Outward to the Void of My Spirit

Love First

In the Depths of the Cold Space

I found You

With the Heart

Of My Loneliest Spirit

Every Day I return

To Space

The Letters

The Stars

The Atoms

[]

When I go away

Love was theirs First

There are chapters

Within

About

Where I go

I carry You

No longer

Could I find

Myself
About Our History
That I could
Space Light
Heartwarmed over
The Sound of the Piano

I will return
To You
With a Love Lost
From Yesterday

Around in the City
I can bring Myself to Images
There are No Letters
Or Images
Love was First
In a Labyrinth
Of Everything I could know
To tell You

A Heart draws the Nodes
and it Beats
Without knowledge
With knowledge
Of Matter
A Brain Hearts
Dimensionally
The Lungs
Breathe
Without
With
Knowledge

[]

Over here I could take You
When You know the SoulMind
Of my Heatless Spirit

I will know You in Words
Love always first

In a World
where You
Carry Me in Time
I will to Return
To Discover
The Days without the Sun shining
Anywhere waiting

Outside the Mountains of Water
Rise
To the Angles
Of the Atmospheric Eye
The Forces of Matter
are Visible
are Invisible
that I could no longer wait
To see myself
Round to the Rounds
Over
Questioning
[]

Outside without a Heart
there is a Space in Matter
Where Our thoughts Go
There I will want waiting

I will not know
the daze of the morning
I will not know
the dizzy
I will not know the laughter

Then when the laughter knows

I listened carefully
I stranded myself

Within the Forest
To everything I could think

Outside the House
Outside the Mechanism

I recall The Future
Molten
In the Furnaces
Of My Hottest Reactors

The Strict
Was Not A Poem

Boxes within Boxes
I ran for waiting

Outside the Rooms

There were real fires

I could dream of awakening

To every Letter

Night Dawn

Night Dawn

(variables)

eyes delay breaking sky
 paused silence spades hear your will
 land thoughtless (pl)edges

-on-

squared away -(edit)-
 Interrogating(es) the cycle
 how often conscious(?)

-on-

tuned slow, wait wake turns
 tunes glass ice
 sway chilled verbed angles

-on-

drops motion sweat woven
 silk parallel rayon
 nights drawn on sea ruins

-breath-

reaching stars melt voids
 wishing red threads throughout clouds
 reflexes of lightning

-on-

sand swept, hands wane lulled.
 meshed lock metal wet earth
 thresholds of lightning

-fire-

tilted breath sparks cycles
 there's no quieting motion

[wet clouds ex thwart tempt ends return to light fires flare our horizons and pause the wave and the current switching between modes of measures. i am strung into the sight forever, thoughts of sunlight, wherever sand and i could repeat this endless (so retraced I can regret it, but it will rain tomorrow) until i get (understand) hunger. timing clock pauses rocks and ideas of nurturing water. nutrients beats wherever, i seek any direction, sands and heat will guide -edited- endlessly through any horizon. I can see the waves slowing vessels for their horizons and I am in fusion preventing it (every effort for time, less acceleration met with an equal effort for dilation... and today I saw the depths of its physical creation). Depths, divide each sphere into cells, each with its own notion, multiplying you and I by the factor(s) of the depths of the -edited-... levels of

micrographical repulsions nodes and currents (sentences) into lesser and lesser spheres into pulses... lased collapse into smaller particles until ever smaller photons can't escape the beauty of their refractive mirrors and all concentrates on its center, unity. Fusion made earth its own sun and I have broken it for a dream of independence. I could break its spherical centers collapsing into their ever ending magnetic sentences until understand the elusive convective layers of freedom. How could we end time with this notion?]

Lava Honey

Lava Honey
Slow Melting Pepper
Dammed Bubbles
Flaring Conquests
Answers Hot
The mystery
Earth Rebirth
Off Grounds
Calming Fiercely
In tune
Your Eyes
In anger
< Irritaia
Retinal Plasma
Opposed to Burning
Mother's Core
Steels the Horizon
Heavens Gate Molten
Lies of Metal
Reveal Our Womb
Stand Closer
To the Sun
It has no shadow
Red Black Hole
all the forces in Synergy
No further Questions
To out Goddess
Lava Honey
Offered in Terse
Time of Ours
Physical Verses
O in awe
Truth Burns
We walk Over
In arms
Embracing Goddesses
Brazing Gold
Grateful for the Crypt
Path forms

Walking In Water
Drink some More
Reds of Spirits
Hades Fears
You know
We expect
Greater Silence
Tropical Bang
Release the Cloud
You and I
In Heaven
Lava Honey
We End in Sand
Timeless
Timelessness Devours
There Still
Silente Imagination
Verdes Montés
Rios de Contraste
Curvas Salientes
Somos Cenizas
Metallic Forge
How So a Path
Natural Rehabilitation
For once in Front
Honey Lava
Ours the Story
Lasting Still
In Heat
Preserve Your Memory
Live Once Recycled
Bliss in Motion
Spoken Grounds Devour
Convective Laser Definition
Tics of Fragments
Secret Desire
Out In the Open
My Offering
My eyes
My Goddess

Electromagnetic Aura