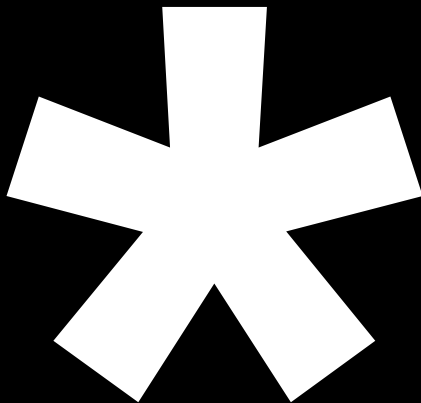


hendrik hol

at random 1 - 20

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In 2009 I found through Google's website [I was searching for "computer writing"] a software program called Pyprose. Pyprose was built by professor Charles O. Hartmann. Mr. Hartmann teaches English at Connecticut College in the United States of America. With this software program the poems in "at random 1 - 20" were initiated. Pyprose is a word which is a combination of the first two letters of the Python programming language and prose refers obviously to prose, but in this context it was used for poetry. Pyprose contains two databases. One database contains an American-English dictionary and the second one contains syntactic rules. By activating these two databases a computer text file opens up. The person behind the keyboard generates sentences by pressing the space bar. These sentences are made at random by connecting the words and the grammatical rules. Actually these sentences make no sense at all, but in fact they actually do build real sentences. The syntactic rules which form the basis of the digital program generate texts. These texts can be seen as useful or as totally meaningless according to your own beliefs. I then translated these texts into my native Dutch language by using the translation program Babelfish. The digital software and the internet translations made the 20 text files even more incomprehensible than they already were. I edited these texts into comprehensible [?] poetry while retaining most of the words that were generated by the computer. I used synonyms, antonyms and/or had to find words to fit better within the supposed direction that the poem asked. The basics of these poems have a content which is made at random, and at the same time they are full of meaningful elements. Men, and as such the creator of these poems, tend to see specific meanings within a syntactic environment which have to be expressed. Not one of these poems can be seen as completed. They can be seen by the reader as meaningful or as meaningless as they prefer. Most of these words aren't mine. The poems are up until a certain degree. I have to admit this degree is closer to 100% than it is to 1%, only because I wanted to make the poetry human. It took me 5 years to finish this project..

I published these 20 poems under the Dutch title "willekeur 1 - 20" [which means arbitrariness] at the end of 2014. In 2015 I started to translate the Dutch poetry into English with the use of Google Translate, Interglot, a digital thesaurus and my personal linguistic knowledge of this language. Ever recurring themes in poetry are easily to recognize. The tone is set. These words were typed. This is not easy poetry. It pinches. Shows the wrong and the good as well. Gives meaning and nonsense. For some of these poems it is even hard for me to understand what they express, because I did not write them. I tried to make sense of the words the computer spoke to me. I can't confirm that I have succeeded in it. This is poetry that can't be categorized as belonging to life experiences of mine. These poems are reflecting modern time. "Why all this work?", you might be wondering. I think that is a fair question. Because that is a question I have asked myself many times since I started creating this body of poetry. Here maybe a meaningful response. We, or at least those, who live with and in the digital world, are familiar with this virtual membrane that has surrounded our lives for some decades. This is the new matrix that has replaced the old one. A new shell has grown around us and has created even more distance to our inner nature. This distance is greater than ever, but the virtual world that contains ones and zeros conceals and reveals simultaneously. Paradoxically it puts the desire for reaching out to and connect with the inner core, truth itself, in a higher gear. This desire is more and more exposed than ever. As such these poems are about the new [dis]order and the renewed awareness of the one and most true identity, the information [?] and knowledge [?], reality [?], and the attempt to [re]connect with it.

at random 1 - 20

1. the legacy in the landscape
2. an exhibition full of words and images
3. the cut facets of the highest omniscience
4. the choral cord of pure desire
5. breathing the vitality in each cell
6. the politics of uncertainties
7. the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors
8. the judge of morality
9. the filter of the penetrating light
10. the skin of my earth and those of the ocean
11. the in the breath situated
12. orpheus & eurydice
13. the vision of the [non] implicit [world] [dislorder
14. the other element in the chain of causal elements
15. the diameter and the fulcrum
16. the new orderly unities
17. the healing of the wolulndlerJs
18. the isoperimetric quotient
19. the surface of the vacuum
20. the first snare of sublime connection

at random 1 - 20



digital and analogue revisions by hendrik hol



the legacy in the landscape

at random 1 - the legacy in the landscape

the legacy in the landscape houses the soul so profound in its affection
it processes the data from the meandering rivers that grind mountains
the overlooking and the descent and the drenching of its skin in shimmering silver
satin the ocean focuses from within and in its wake cleave the fish the waves
of the languages of the dancers the swaying hips words full of comfort and

they follow the spun yarn of the craft of operation
and the echo of the dream of the flower picking girl who in
sight of the troubled star gives life to the area of resonance
it anticipates to the line waiting for currents of increasing linguistics
in infinite variations it sounds it clatters it bends all

the births of manifestations to fulfill the satisfaction
of the profits of the fall of the corridor and down the water flows it fills
the empty valley energetically without beginning without end
reaches the goal of life is drinking it binds all logical
interpretations of the liberal thought within the deepest breathing



an exhibition full of words and images

at random 2 - an exhibition full of words and images

the bringer of religious violence rolls off the spool
a heavy saddened film around my sore neck blames
all against when and where if it suits him well

hello sunbeam you make me march in your name
your propelling power forces me through the heavy weather
for ages and centuries against my peaceful will

devilish horrors were my ways through hell
the smell of fields of charnel were opposed upon me
i cried painfully bent over the poppy fields

the schizophrenic dictator installs his thoughts
by magnetic influence of the plasma screen
it plays an exhibition full of words and images

the antagonist is being scoffed the editor in chief of the network
that falls on the turbid sclera of the worthy gentleman
of the justified perception is heartless

his vision brings bloody streams across the fields and wild roaring
currents full of fear over the heads of the powerless
atrocities scattered by wild electronic eyes

so far it has come with us
however behind the highest mountain
rises the most beautiful sunshine i am silenced sit still

the core of immeasurable love
which streams in and out of each other's pores
shall will overcome



the cut facets of the highest omniscience

at random 3 - the cut facets of the highest omniscience

the [no]something object awakens within the urge of introspection it unleashes the turning the ideas
are well thought of the experiencing of wholeness is factually before the performances as if it were
true feelings that individuals experience electro-graphically in coherence without separate existence
of the unique personification all give to each other the fullest fulfillment
in donating relaxed togetherness within polite witticisms

am self in the being am the denomination of the progress to self-inquiry am the awakening of the reflection
am the universe am the individual the us the self the whole of humanity the past the future the space
am it now am no fraud no illusion am this wholeness this something this is the playground of the see through
am the recognition of the connection am at rest awaken willingly in the system which is preceded
by the source of the paradigm

am the self through and through in the element of the singular being am the one individual being in the self
is the awareness of the world am that person who embraces all the happiness resist myself not against all
everything am everywhere am the showing of the sight am the echo of the optical being am the affiliated
am no proposition before am a one a circle course to be in the being this means always to become
to that-which-is discover awaken blossom in love live! live! live!

the [non]locality is bound and the rhizome pierces the enlightened skin underground it sees through
thoroughly its nature and continues the whole of all cut facets in united aspects am the greatest experience
self [us wel] and go forth my way investigate the convictions of the meaning of the origin the binding
the earthen of my kind am the establishing of experiences within the landscape am the individual
the radiating example of the visible urge from the exposing well

my being is not alone and the question of the reality of the highest omniscience in all its mirroring forms
is no deceit lose my own illusion am the grain which sprouts above the soil from the root that
comes together in the same world am in the fulfillment of giving an example am the beaming impression
of simplicity which originates when i gaze in the mirror of the enlightened ocean which penetrates forward
as that appearance of the beginning-end-beginning and my self-awareness



the choral cord of pure desire

at random 4 - the choral cord of pure desire

the being of radiation dreams hermetically of a country
where several examples of men in overpopulated cities
do not fight anymore and do come forth peacefully in
waters of salty silence and deep breath relaxes in and out
and the mineral rich blood circles in quiet movements
an excellent human being walks in health good
he performs for the first time on stage and speaks expertly
he continues the ending of the silent demise
of the geometric butterflies which are left behind on the
pincushion of memories on the painter's empty canvas
surgically the knife cuts through the immaculate space
it reveals a dimension behind lies a cloudless sky
the choral cord of pure desire pulls the metamorphosis upwards
and falls completely united inwards and to itself as one



breathing the vitality in each cell

at random 5 - breathing the vitality in each cell

at the entrance to the sea vibrates a comforting beating heart
the soft night wind plays free jazz in shine and sparkling copper
silver seagulls float scattered above the black ribbon of water
the intimate kissing of each other on the quay of the sea harbor

the fiery stream of the lovers dives dizzying deep and
from single egged frankness and cuddling seeds it flows it streams
royal the blood through eight muscled rooms of congenial nature
the vortical beam who ignites voluntary our worldly tasks

the vertebrate animal breathes in the immeasurable vitality in each cell
and the considerable complicated motive declares to the
melodious crowd that embrace all worldly affairs
these are the operations which are dedicated to everyone

the midnight hour strikes - such is her darkened task - it imagines
magical realistic paintings playful vines bubbles ants egg yolks
opened pupils in which the life is reflected of earlier
inhabitants who loved above all the stream that lead to the

question
who are you?

i am the man with that single finger
who manifests



the politics of uncertainties

at random 6 - the politics of uncertainties

the land the air the sea reminds us of those excellent choirs
who sing in musical words in notations about world revolutions of the
raising of the iron curtain and about the hurrying of the history of our fate
never before such an original symphonic poem did come up about our
well-earned legacy which stays lain in deep pockets just as the unwilling smile
the wild stomping clipper of the happy rich cleaves the highest waves
so that it is easy to park the money vaults between the lawn and the trees
who stand in line at the border of the high cliff and the challenging empty abyss

the tension sounds crackling between the owners and the have-nots
the trembling images who form reality must let them go loose
and those who sell the painful experienced feud toast on the medium
which the have-nots do not master so that the chiefs challenge their powers
upon the working of the second law of thermodynamics which leads
to battles to battered skulls because as such they so violently
emphasize their vanity with ultimate designs of well-known
weapons who make people pay a lot for images of unrest

the corrupt senator drips his cents on the market place and
leaves the poor behind to battle for nothing because their defeat
is not his dammed business and he keeps on laughing laughing hahaha and is
happily grateful for all those sheep because they do not do anything but
voting for the politics of powerful uncertainties and they fall for sure
for the hastily closed asylum so that all fail their true identity
of peaceful coexistence such is the enemy of the elite who urge
the muffins of darkness to rob the free spirit of its enlightened soul



the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors

at random 7 - the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors

our story is the result between no better one than
this one an imitation of another famous
curiosity is the pulsating power for the
searcher of naked existence the ever-occurring
tide discovers the present life is within its inner core

the boundless love vibrates not yet colourful and
it streams not yet oh so hastily in the violet silk ocean
of infinity it drowns voraciously breathless in the beginning
of the space which is being guarded by the head of ultimate truth
one detail of his eye is reflected within the ultramarine monochrome

he expects to function quite good within the light conditions of the glowing
being there so that the quiet existence sacrifices itself dearly for another
his vision forms the mall of the silent sea and within the milky colored glass
he is sleeping deep without movement between the unborn crystal coral
clocks of wisdom recognize the legend of the invisible hand who

wants to sing snares of wicked curvatures in twelve tonalities
never he did see the sun rise in the middle of the night
he discovers that the most miraculous is truer than the ugliest lie
he lines his fingers on the snares and the focal point spreads out
fresh he vibrates for the unknowing masses which are not put into life yet

the destiny is flourishing within the sight of the privileged who may catch
a glimpse of the brain that buds out of the world of standstill
the [sur]real story of eternal life starts with the first vibrating word
he mingles it all he mingles it all over and anew and anew and anew [repeat]
all ingredients fall divided and together renewed in one truthful formula



the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors [p. 2]

at random 7 - the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors [p. 2]

landscapes start to sing in harmony with each other from a long distance
the punctuality of time arrests us from the first instance and we all feel
that it is not a coincidence that life is put in some in dry [t]lplainted deserts
where sand dunes whistle as pipe organs and the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors
sings even if he is out of tune with unknown signs from the earliest times

he has many revelations and out of the void we all came and
the source of circumstances between the singing planets
and the peace of heavens streams from that beautiful day
the celestial bodies know how their required identity stays bound to
the company of the glorious symphony of silver coins and golden rings



the judge of morality

at random 8 - the judge of morality

the melody of this perfect day is answered grimly by the paper tribunal it describes
the inner public hearing by the judge of morality who in his velvet copper colored pants
shows signs dot by dot and printing presses those who are responsible for the maintenance of the idle
table of values he declares to the first teacher the businessman the fried penguin orchestra which time it is
all are well-dressed and sit straight in their pretty stiff ironed coats under the hot sun that clock

she [the first convicted environmentalist] looks like an iceberg who drifts from antarctica to belize
where the light water wholly aware triumphs over other matters and this one melts in the lap
of earths comedy who behaves as a joker who liberates others of opinions about
the judgement of costly time who dances in circles and mumbles in audible sonorous sounds
magnetic warmed beams descend on the white collar and the magistrate plays his role

methodically as a complete deranged spirit who prejudices the most unnatural within us
his fantastic hand pulls the trigger of the electric chair which vibrates so that within
one second or none her gruesome shriveled face surrenders to the death sentence and
she finally recognizes the science who suffers upon the delusion of the difference between
the rising of the soul the evaporation of the spirit and the periodically decaying body

she dives in deep and laughs laughs laughs while her exploding cerebral cortex speeds up her fall and she
heavenly high these days no-one gives a damn about all the heaps of lies the anxious stories which are not
told about the dangers of melting cores and do you know already that our daily need of food springs out of
boiling seas where fish mutate as if they are aromatic fish sticks that fly for free upon your golden plate?
and we jump desperate in the drowning cooling bath we wave bye bye to the linen with the red sun

at the ecological grave of the environmentalist it is a coming and going of people involved with her
sacrificed life they recognize that we can only go ahead create a future for our children when we live with care
for the good earth her last will is honored they let her wish to be her decree the bare ground her bleak shroud
earthed as a cocoon her silenced heart full of seeds out of the dark soil sprouts her essential last request
the reaching out [the enrichment] a passionate longing for a flowering garden



the filter of the penetrating light

at random 9 - the filter of the penetrating light

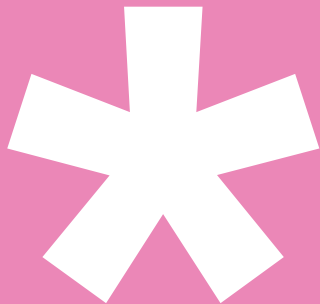
the origin the source we are the connection the all in all the wholeness in totality
the hypotheses of the first science includes the silver horizon and in a
valuable glass mystery mirrors itself and the breaking of the frozen screen
the inexorable thought disappears totally and within silence into the vacuum

the lives that we write are delicious herbs which grow satiated
and those who land on this blue earth eat joyfully of
the heavy land full of vegetables and fruits and we breath in the purest air
the affection within the feminine does it all over anew the mons pubis the mons pubis

the masculine comes deep one seed sprouts in the soft lap of immortality
the shell of protection will take care of the vulnerable life
being dependent of the radiation of longing the being in life flowers blossoms
the embryo grows underneath and breaks inwards outwards out within sight

on one day full of sounds the baby loses the fleece of connectivity
it climbs the flesh rich life the disclosure of fields full of transparent crystals
dream clouds swirl over the mental reaching to the spherical star
the landing of the truest essence the careful flowering obligation

the body the filter of the penetrating light that ascends descends below above
our eyes wallow filled with circles squares and triangles the lively love
in sight our feet take steps without remorse clearly freed we walk with
affection put our listening soul so soft upon woolly moss full of inner satisfaction



the skin of my earth and those of the oceans

at random 10 - the skin of my earth and those of the oceans

the inheritance of degrees of latitudes and longitudes
[the distance measured in miles between west east north south in whatever which landscapel
process the [our] information and those of
the skin of my tenacious earth and those of the oceans
the district of life in action and blinding lights
a strong disk of gold one silver soft and many tlalinted spots practice

their powers and turn back analogously returning again
and again these exceptional events are reported
by the thread that angles to the true exploitation of the first handicraft

we live in endless seas within the wake of flying fish
we who breath in the matrix of the conspiracy of lines
we repeat the never lost sequences who numerically bring in

remembrances they bow and give birth to the surface of self
and the expressive thoughts of the dancers move
between many chances and the performance of longing

in the middle of the flowering lotus flowers appear
forever increasing streaming languages of movements
these are being tread upon swayed until they reach the goal of

evolution [that is us being there] shines and varies
the persistent ratios of size speak to each other
his models move between registration and means of change
his stories pervade the neocortex the dna the interpretation of dreams
the virtual game of the future as it is implied is endearing
as the girl and the boy are when they come together



the in the breath situated

at random 11 - the in the breath situated

my only substance has collapsed under the weight of the world
the last spaceships flee from the earthly violence the treacherous
way that persisted into a behavior which took distance from the truth and
the tragedy closed the doors in front of our evading eyes and proofed
as such that we are unleashed creatures who felt only
half-heartedly at home in this world longing for the other one

the one which is lain behind the breath

fearful to show real feelings that the unrest of man's behavior
brought upon us was as is known denied by cruel polluters

seated in my rolls-royce silver shadow it is comfortably meditating
about paradise and the nets of camouflage which are spun by devotees
and what will happen to us as long as you do believe in the final
destination wherever that may be does not matter the easy way
where i do not have to park for the inevitable consequences that
will happen when the last breath deprives my sight to the garden

the one which is lain before the breath

my hands lay upon the golden wheel the waves break on the coast and i oscillate
between the truth and untruth the new horizon unmount the blue lounge

the sketch of the room of the birth of the hypothesis that is brought upon us by
the hypophysis between the [un]even case and those streams of the fundamental laws
the short-circuit between the weak the strong the lamp that one in the centre
the [un]seen in the streams of time is [in]audible the clocks that house
in the tree of life the tree of knowledge and the glory of the comedy of curvatures
makes that the strings of the violin pull upon the wooden tuning peg

of the present the past the now within this moment
the one which is lain between two respirations



orpheus & eurydice

at random 12 - orpheus & eurydice

an independent medium creates without any help
is the universal chorus of supreme merit
includes the sounds and colors that define the height
and the depth of the limitless fence [that is not]
what is the key word that reveals all into the light?

the practice shows that the circles' hypothesis contains triangles of affectionate
[that is inner] dignity
the will of the future gives a twist to the effect that the calculation of the scale desires

?can you hear him [it]?
!the peculiar observer and musician of the heavens sings he plucks his songs!
the one who knows who has uncovered this issue may say so

?what have i produced?
!the gift of harmonic structure!
it is [n]ever completed

the diachronic provisions of the universe have just started
it is within itself consistent within the ticking of the clock
the music and the writing of the numbers 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
set free the spiritual being and places them in the topological space
the boundary is completely and ambiguously broken in ontological way [Ø]

"what are you playing?" asks eurydice
with a voice out of the depths of her solar plexus her whole being rolls
downhill as lightning bolts all the way into a brightened valley

the thought and the nurse of freedom bind the patient to the [laughing]-[crying] fate of
the breathable story of life to the difference that is defined between right[eousness] and [un]right
orpheus [there he is!] is loving the landscape of his origin he is
preserving universal wholeness he embraces wholeheartedly
his instruments his voice his love eurydice



the vision of the [non] implicit [world] [dis]order

at random 13 - the vision of the [non] implicit [world] [dis]order

the shortcut of science remains limited to me
as if actors of factories urge songs of destiny
into the realms of affection looking like bricks
of glass works without any exception the patterns
and tapes of the masters who stressed upon us the
themes of criminal religions of communities fitted
like leather gloves full of hope of things like faith

i am the observation the observed the observer in one
the brains of all earthlings are wholly related to each other and
highly honored members tumble over decayed marble sculptures
where to the bewilderment of the flock the drivers of the flock
hold the voters hostage with the suspicion of murdering the free will
they sneak inside unknown areas not previously entered
where children from the innocent realm are playing battles virtually
but the real empire whispers loudly with bombs in downward fall

the only profit that is made lies locked up in the way
in which the sacrificed nature never reveals the true nature of
those powers that men build up out of greed and lies
located in mouths of hungry wolves who laugh at
the peaceful lee of powerless ones who bring nothing no gold
is forged for the vaults when we live waiting for the sun
to rise while the horizon fades that agents
ambiguously observe with a grin in this mirror of water



the other element in the chain of causal elements

at random 14 - the other element in the chain of causal elements

the one or the other human suffers more than one or the other human being
the suffering itself suffers probably more than one or the other suffering being
the suffering self is being guided by the master of the house and the son who are concealed
behind water vapor that the windshield wiper wipes from the misty front shield
with a swish full of relief starts in spring the new season
because the winter we left behind was more deep than
immeasurable glaciers entrusted to us within their glide downwards
all kinds of atomic schemes disappear after many accidents through design failures
on transparent paper and i type them that is the words which are [the word that is]
the sufferers who demand that all complete suffering commandments are being summoned

the first flight [his speech] is sneakily performed by the practical vehicle who swirls over within migration
seated luxuriously in his anti-humane machine he speeds forward in devilish speed
across concrete rivers controlled by outer worldly dragons of metal
the well which sprouted out of heaps of deserts is the same where widows
bathe themselves and this one spits now sand against black rocks in the empire of the middle
you start to scream out of fictitious protest but through rivers in the far east
streams molten steel thus spoke the photographs that came to him
to produce weapons who instigate the one against the other human because
we are not the brotherhood of men who cherish each other's countenance
while the four directions of wind cherish us lovingly hydrogen atoms register
forcefully the surprised readers one by one behind a veil of improbabilities

a new element within the chain of causal elements will determine that
the periodic physical system deteriorates

what belongs both to the single conscience?
why must the task of speech whisper?
was the period [the register] this [mine/the] body?
why did we fall out into panic?
oh eye bring water!



the other element in the chain of causal elements [p. 2]

at random 14 - the other element in the chain of causal elements [p. 2]

the creature of being there is moulded in malls of musical designs between
true emotions whose spectral tones and sound waves initiate dot-by-dot
generations full of ignorants are lost within minotaur's labyrinth without ariadne's thread
while he who [them] suffers can arrest them the leaders have thrown in a dubious opinion
during the escape trail and as such blocked the steps of equilibrium
but to stay ahead of them the ship of origin will puff the white sailoulls
candles that clarify the light gloriously are being carried by silk wings

he who knows that the answer lies enlightened within streams of polarities looks at the
average landscape as if it is a sphere that rolls within the ego of the operation of circles
the sight of the indigenous american will determine who finally falls within or outside of the reach of the band
that bounds in all humility the vanguard of the border and the design that attends these questions

why do you disappear?
are you [is the] being conscience?
can we speak of mercy?
will there be a new day?
is time [ir]relevant?

the distinction
between
them and us
me and you
has disappeared

the stonemason of new worlds
inspires the formula of breath
is the first architect
of the reversals
of all potencies



the diameter and the fulcrum

at random 15 - the diameter and the fulcrum

the more than famous drawing of the collector
in which the landscape stares from underneath oak over
dunes at the border of the gilded frame stands
the first man who accuses the council of wise men

the leader is aware of the wavering
that the patient expresses about the way in which
the treat rules over the myth of the
dark vault in which vitality lies hidden

the land decreases in its quality even
the acupuncturist sends a desperate
coverage with the messenger who rushes
back with a sick gut feeling

just like a pincushion the way the earth is
pierced and stripped of her luscious
juices so that the coins roll in the pockets
of grinning rapacious men who command

us to leave the holy ground in haste
this infidelity is bad for our stomachs
the tents are filled with soldiers as thick
as a brick who are marching for the club

of owners who are seated in their valuable
temples and scatter tips for the populace
who let themselves being butchered willingly
the man with the harmonica plays



the diameter and the fulcrum [p. 2]

at random 15 - the diameter and the fulcrum [p. 2]

a song about life and death in front of the open door
the diameter who determines the empty shell of the fulcrum
which we all need to carry by ourselves alone
pulls us to one or the other side where

the song of the firebird and that of the lamb
both offer in related tone tunes variations
we need to turn back in volumes to the first
essence within a renewed vital conscience

the servants who in the name of the people rule
over the union [the rows of centuries old oak trees] unite
with him [the wise man that is] and under the apple tree in the
garden of truth astronauts who are found to be too heavy

for the first space odyssey they open up and sing
and set here on earth everything in perfect order
the wheel the golden disk [stl]pleers over
the abandoned dunes the waves are breaking



the new orderly unities

at random 16 - the new orderly unities

a contemporary novel travels through a mountainous area where certain story lines of post-modern criminals proud and highly honored sit on seats full of extravagant motives of rock and climbing ropes they bow for the president of the underworld from the metropolis where winds sway chillingly across the rough wavy lake and he confirms the changes

and the additions in the fundamental law books he gives instructions for the lust generating materialism and the international army of well-paid volunteers pulls into and through the delicious area full of narcotics where they confiscate the rude game of the trade in the releasing of opiates that confirm the sick superior doctor in his addiction

the day of the battle for earth that was predicted by many indigenous inhabitants follows out of the dilemma of human uncertainties about ingenious having or to have not and that simply extends itself into wrongful doings and thus shuts himself in total loneliness off from the origin the vocabulary of the first prompter tells convincingly about the resurrection of

the idle earth vampire who with a monkey on its knee all too proudly offers costumes oil wells water pipes pincushions glass riffles mirrors skulls gold bars the criminal politician who interprets the epic poem of power entirely distinctive on the festival for the rich of the earth knows how to convince his audience of the guilt of the nonconformist

if they seize to live up to his advice then the discourse of the smoking gun will confirm those accidents that disinherit worldwide the museums of peace and leave behind burned libraries full of wisdom where scrolls write about depleted seas and the true profound life lies hidden behind locks the family of man looks happily forward yearning for a broadcast about certain new orderly unities



the healing of the wo[u]nd[s]ers

at random 17 - the healing of the wo[u]nd[s]ers

elaborate circumstances tend to undertake connections between
corroded bodies who were made to speak by the great unknown
the fate of unlimited sleep infiltrates within us as the frequent
reciprocal arrangement will endorse who triumphantly welcomes the glimmering king
to play with the thought to reopen the palace for those residents
who can distinguish the happiness of the evolutionary vertebrate animal and the
dazzling scripture and those facts that indicate that the alleged territory
is reshaped from dust into sparkling light thanks to quantified winds
of the ecstatic sunbeam which is being brought upon us within the ultramarine shadow of the
grand master whose ordeal on that single day while the darkened winter flees for the sunny summer

hear! the cover slides away the opening of the box of connection is taking place so that
butterflies and moths dance above multicolored oceans of rising light and our trembling morning star
challenges his followers to play the undeniable battle between the technological horror that
the sons of chaos have prepared against those peaceful inhabitants who share with each other
real humanistic experiences and hopeful vocabularies of guaranteed metamorphoses
their curiously enlightened cubes are gypsums of triumph that rule over the entire
atmospheric apparatus and the tragic burden that once sighed under the [just released]
gravity disappears in tenacious graves seas of crosses as stones stacked up high
century after century we were being dodged by guiles didn't we grasp that we are light [dot wave] itself
the firearms in service of the masters of deceit become extinct as dinosaurs once did the wo[u]nd[s]ers heal



the isoperimetric quotient

at random 18 - the isoperimetric quotient

the first character and its happy shadow
dance across the pond of comfortable solace
the son shelters in the hollow belly of the astronomic
scale that supports his birth into the world
vocally thanks to trembling lines of web spun

in the square of fortune lies the isoperimetric
quotient just as the vocabulary of
the final allotment that is being offered
to the husband of radiance who dances his ring of fire
impressively over her unborn curvature
her impending child is only a pea hasn't been set

into motion yet to turn planets and the victory
of vitality sends a signal to the womb
of winged flower petals full of life
the firebird [once egg] sketches the dilemma between the first illustration
of the context of the figurative and the only true reality
the divine chanting estimates

how the dictionary of
discovering elementary minerals
is put into gear

the universe evaporates
where it is
the detective will know



the surface of the vacuum

at random 19 - the surface of the vacuum

the rolling primal salute investigates informal the ease
with which the inherent observer rises out of the lake
see there fares the boat of manners and inner ethics

he parades proudly the strong bow trustworthy
through the valley streams the river a gluttonous chain
of causalities that follows the thermic band

in the vineyard it is pleasant to stay within happiness
the tank of the unstable military he melts it
his shocking salutes will belong to the last burden

and disappears in the middle of the process of design out of the
unbearable frame the peaceful document whispers softly it objects gently
against the tragic lecture who examines the violent past

of those leaders who mourn miserable and insufficiently by the silent wall
of the complaining thought of those fiercely exiled
and the winds of autumn of our tribulation full of pitiful failures make

the seconds laugh
the powers bend
fear the lies

form the chances
curl the toes
dispute the vacuum

the dawn of the criminal who impoverishes the opportunistic buyer
with presupposed inevitabilities in scales full of
crises that deal with secret prices of hoodlums



at random 19 - the surface of the vacuum [p. 2]

that dishonor the world and acquire support for their vaults
and of republics and those kingdoms and those stupid peoples
who believe in tariffs that are being found unobjectionable

and will feed those - the banks that is - fortunately finally
with graphics that are being proposed within mirrors of ambiguous
conditions and as such indicate that we are all bound on the drug that cooks

our need for more more more an inexhaustible well of nothing
of twisted numbers that digitally indicate the periodic system of [high]-[low] interest
that feeds incomprehensible formulas and so completely emphasizes the void

of the underworld that governs over the computerized being and robs total virtually
the man who hungers for freedom for his rights as they are being opposed
by obedient politicians and put in its place the nature for our longing for

the unlimited being
the [non]sense of doubt
the lost thought

the demand of all
the black gold
those twisted powers



the first snare of sublime connection

at random 20 - the first snare of sublime connection

i am the real
an idealization
of the single idea

thousands of forms
millions of figures
new single idealizations and

renewed revelations expose
find recognition in the profound answer
in the vocabulary of the dancing reversals

the fusillade of randomness disappears blinded by its own frequency rises
the immeasurable thought enlightened out of the lap of the recognized trembling
of the first snare of sublime connection it couples awareness

to the search for freedom
that lies hidden deep within the inner reflection of
the creation by the self

