

*These words should be read after dark.*

I look into her eyes. Her eyes two wells, and sources of vacuum, the spell. Infinite craters, I smell. I can't grasp this sensation but if I can't comprehend without a chronicle the mystery was never there for me, to see.

*These words should not be read at all.*

We don't look for truths. We look for questions. Our armor is stamina, and our weapon persistence. We wish to expand the crater, to be able to create and not dwell on it later.

*These words should be hushed.*

No searching for solution, no wish for conclusion. We want a deep void to keep. We are the void keepers. Spheres of seductive sublimity to fill. The gap in the pages to cut, the squared portal, to pour ink of calamity.

*These words are not words.*

Negation has no color. The sum of all colors, when dealing with light is white, when dealing with pigments black. Turn off the lights and you can only smell the pigments, can only feel the colors.

*These words are chimerical shade.*

This is not overloaded. This is underloaded. She shrinks mountains with her fingers, elegant strokes of graphite and clay powders, applied on razor thin forest. We draw in awe. We whisper our statements. This is not destined to be, but we'll get to that later. We must do what we do. Arts humble waiter.

*These words are blanked out.*

Absolute love free of shadows, invert the adumbration. Let there be light. Your retina now white. Pardon. I've mistaken. The finishing touch, the piece is melting. A void has occurred. To fill it is graceful.

*These words are are consigned to oblivion.*

We don't dump. We are the upland wanderers. We levitate the stages. There are mesas in craters. No volcanoes erupt, no pyramid fakers. Our mission is sacred. No need to deny, cause no argument put forward. The feeling is no argument. Thus we can not win.

*These words are faltered.*

We conclude the assemblage in tired, white halls, with ice cold walls. Eyes cold like the walls mold, cold walls, floors ceiling, and poor ventilation.

*These words are mistaken.*

The warmth of the act, done in mundane duality transfers, and the space transcends when the pieces smells smitten on to the smug discourse of universal anima.

*These words are forlorn.*

No need to contend, cause there are no opponents. No need to comprehend, cause there are only cut strings, poured meta, small people swallowed by landscapes, impossible shapes and leftover dust. This a virus this then, but not a newfound, neither la mort noire. Who talks of death? Not us, cause we see what we see, we feel what we feel, we apply what we apply, to alter the status.

*Withering words.*

Liars can dwell on eternity. We look for an alternate reality, Here and now. We are present. Life is hard enough to grasp, and time is the taste of it.

*These words are wiped out drawings.*

The craters are craving: Craving creators. This is a suggestion, this shy proposal. A crater is potential. We only hate haters, when we in peace peacefully piece the pieces together, there are no limits, no juries to plead, only forgivers. No judges, no winners.

*These words are the world.*

When we piece by piece create peace in our self-made crater, we demand nothing but being content with the container. The vessel is made to carry the narrative forward, like crushed porcelain or a dirty beach. There are no conclusions in boxes. Waves of dreams, polluted, white spaces, traces of disclosed faces.

*These words are above self.*

Cold and colorless in appearance, the retina, the pupil, the crater, the creator spellbinds you in monotonous awe, creating a mute, silent roar that you could gaze at forever. Warped hymns draws us together.

*These words are below self.*

This is not conceptual, classical, post-modern impression. This is not nausea, not vicious or cynical facets. These are fragments of sketches, scattered in space. If you try too hard to be perfect your shadow descends.

*These words are not needed.*