



Darkness Wrapped In Darkness. 2015. Kunstnerbok/diktsamling.



Furry dots on the sidewalk are bumblebees in a lime tree, casting their little shadows.

They hover above your head, as does the cloud of unfinished arguments.

But only that which I already believe will be proven to me; nature is unforgiving and random, the universe vast and indifferent, the world is not fair.

It is my privilege to do what is not good for me, an ode to asshole ex-lovers.

From the other side of the planet my thoughts spread like spores.

This expansive brain respects no boundaries.

It wraps around memories of chest and back hair. Of odour. Of an additional nipple. Of foreskin, or not.







When the day is halved the possibilities double. Things that seemed
outrageous at noon, a few hours later sound quite reasonable.

You rose early to go to work. It is uncommon for you to arrive late.

Yesterday looks back at you with black eyes, still full of ideas, which you at the
present time have no time to realize.

Travelling from one point to the next, the temperature is soft on the skin, the
sense of aimlessness deafening. Dreams float by, big and faint. Ambition melts
away as ice cubes in a hot mouth. Earlier in life, the dreams were well-defined.

It took reality years to slap them out of you.



