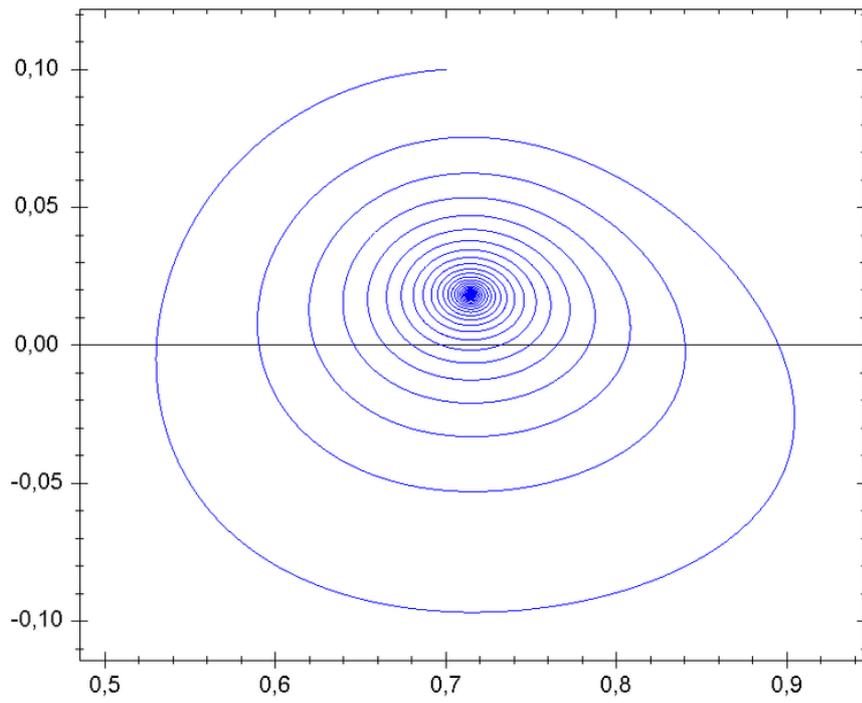


phasespacetrajectory



Jeroen Nieuwland, a firm nigh holistic press, Berlin, March, 2018.

“We need in every community a group of angelic troublemakers. Our power is in our ability to make things unworkable. The only weapon we have is our bodies, and we need to tuck them in places so wheels don’t turn”

(Bayard Rustin, 1912 – 1987; American leader in social movements for civil rights, socialism, nonviolence, and gay rights.)



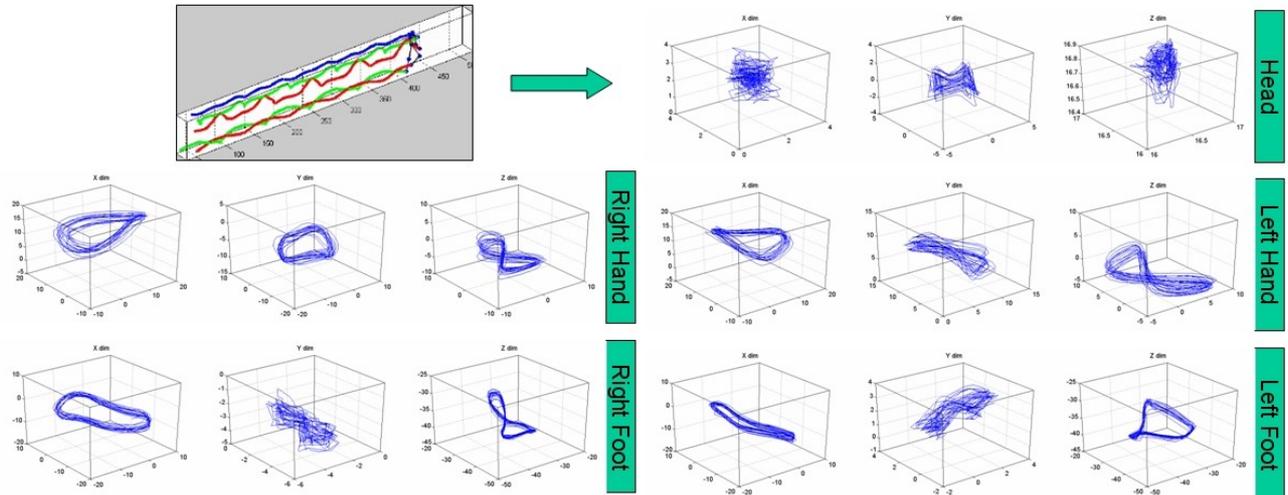
VESPERTINE , for Sacha

careful, people might notice us.
no one said a word all day / your
lines appear, sure as a handshake
/ vessel for the dead & tiny alive gaps.

in the weaving they are made of / in
the fabric that they use. intuitive,
their tendency is moth & cockroach
& insects bigger than your hand.

PLOTLESS ARC

but you hold on you hold.
outside things are damned
– as a general rule – & the lost
of the souls wear their horns
beneath hoods puncture
clouds destroy sky.



Reconstructed phase spaces of trajectories corresponding to different body joints.

MÁS O MENOS

±

(intentionally) absenteed pre-position)
 (infinite(ively) shifty conjugation)
 depthless abyss (suffix un-fixed)

±

rüttelnd, schuddend, shed & shelter
 a – from harm – protected shady arbor.
 of scalded leather lamp covers) the ghosts

±

flee(t)ing fugue intervals) of impact
 a smattering of ash of burns
 transversal gaps') intentional noise
 stuttering outlines) managing crawling

±

poised for uneven precision

minus arrival / departure) vertiginous walk
scattered, unpronounced phonememachines

±

duration less consequence

consequence sux stix,
trite protruding hole, kablooney°!
trituated superpower symbols,

± <

more than you in the pointillist
caves receding propulsion
into my warp worm slackline

±

body on an edge,
i don t mind anything falling apart
you are disappearing well
passenger escape velocity

± ±

i still have my life
to see my fontanelle
microtraumas swell across
some broth of stringy sustenance

WITH THE BENEFIT OF HINDSIGHT

i like to travel by; be travelled by, train. From one phasespace to an other (the train, & inside the train, my body. i like to walk from one end of a train, to another end. to look out, thru, the window (you know, the one all the way at the back; through which the landscape recedes; fast dissappears into a blur of everything it might be. & rushes towards you also. you, window to the world.

A TRY AT CRACKING RAVEN SKULL

Whether, it, might; whether it might. She is trying for a certain noise. The bones of the thing were already cracked; to the dust of the bones of the thing. She is testing, for one, a certain sound and, too, a grind of dust; a strip & slide of what does happen. It means, she cracks the skull against a root, she smacks the skull against a cement pavement. she does not do it for discomfort; this comfort; she rattles wracks & rats the skull; runs rats right thru, flit fast than said; the crow it twitches tenses; all she only did at first, is only look at. She cracks bones, shuffles dust, breaks her big bird test stuff. She cracks more bones, she shuffles dust, she mucks up big her bird test stuff; patches, smudges of big bird, flatter into a muck of shuffled dust; desists, interlaced with quiet panic, she tries to calm the goddamn open sky, it only widens vertigo, as if the sky at same time, zooms in, & steps mega back. She wishes at this juncture, near this root & concrete patch, a murder of crows, like feathers of a bird, was spread, in such an epileptic style, so she could try, in many times, the many ways a crow's skull cracks, the dust grinds bones, the sun gets caught in beads, or twitch, or flitted feathers. Fatigued with bore, she gets; lands belly first, nose, forehead, flat on a patch of grassy root. Spreads arms flattens arms, outwards, flat into the dirt. Stretches legs, pushes toenails, into topsoil. Forgets her mind of mess of mucky feathers; becomes instead all twitcher, feeble flap, turtle flipping on its back; vacillations out of whack.

NOTICE

To be, is to be a form of water.
To be, is to be a configuration of units.
To be, is to be a transformation of definite measure.

these skills are as evanescent as the patterns themselves.
these skills are as evanescent as the patterns themselves.

They, too, are written on sand or the surface of waters.
The divers pass through the tsunami like goosebumps

the divers surface thru water thru sand floating trails
the roofs are drowned patios intersecting horizons of mess

to be is to be a dissecting of lines,
to be is a mess of lines flattening
to be is to be tempestuously,
reticently, righteously misinformed

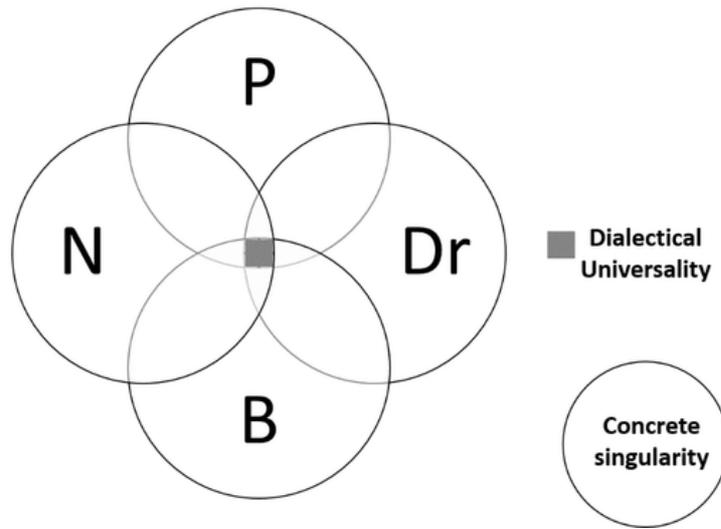
to be is an answer subtracted from everything
a slip or as stitch or a snag in the knitting of being
to be is to think without leaving a trace
the remains of a wreckage of havoc properly wreaked.

SENSE , IF IT IS MADE

The clouds go from clean to overlap to the centre of something to edge. I exited guilty & fast as a rat. Hellos were not in any treasure of words. No vehicles any place had any breaks. No accidents noted on record. The shrapnel was not from explosion or past. The shards were just there & as new as a leaf and a sliver of sunlight or burn. I moved regular, every moment sewed , by the semblance that repeated itself. A fire is raging despite all attempts to chase where it came from and make it extinct. A water collects and inhales its whole body away. I think that i stand, holding on to a thing. I think that i breathe that i live as i may. The soul that i found and i sometimes try out, is blackened and burnt by a plastic of scars. I should not be approached. Whatever word is filled in, should have not ever been used. A bed is a trap. We hypnotize often.

PHASESPACETRAJECTORY

& then i wait & sleep & read
they say we do not alternate, as if we are
two different things as one the bodies
glued & sunk into a nothing kind of dark
All movements have some kind of noise, their
Differences are lies, coordinates that wld really
rather not be found. I wonder if
My brain plays games with me. I know
I leave , recalling certain routes like shoelaces.
There are photos in my head; certain
Directions, & the notion of a piece of place
To find. I sound & smell the pages of
A book more big and bigger yet & there are
Letters, words, & combinations. they tell me
this used to be my favourite book. I turn
the first few pages, mostly blank & with a
different kind of numbering. I move my head & eyes
& hands to illustrate that i can read.
Some things kept secret carry more value. We
Do what we would never do. We tolerate
The monsters thru our skin, bodily fluids,
bag of bones. We look amused about us.
inside our skulls the theatres of tragedy
& horror burn our eyes. We sit on porches.
in place are all the obvious. We smile &
limpid scream out of our constipated orifices
. What has been waited for will make a change
For every thing, the likelihood for things to happen
Reminds me of a stubborn planet.



ESCAPE HATCH

But sometimes not only nice
 So i liked that , the key to happiness
 Is if you wanted been walking
 In some company everything
 You gotta know redefine are
 You an actual hairdresser feel
 The same anymore than i did
 Than but a fool power i feel
 Will drown in blood america
 Will shoot for shore the safeways



Phase space ps

Patrik Stefek • 2.5K views • 1 year ago

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- PHASE SPACE -