



Moved

watching I feel you
 watching
 anticipating my slow walk in to
 there is only movement
 sand swirls between my legs
 sometimes gentle other times pushed hurried
 I make my own time
 slowing down I reach inside and find that I am inside
 these movements from longtime ago faraway time
 travelling south across from east over west down north
 we meet here in these waters
 swimming with against underneath together
 In currents In tides In winds In waves washing crashing
 inside currents
 floating I feel beneath me
 each grain carried shifted moved along
 I am moved
 I am shifted
 I wade my way out from

All measures perfectly met
 With time glitched and shifted
 A tunnel out of balance
 Twisted like a chord of thread

From the million tones of blue
 Turning towards the window
 Looking out through damp, rain and water
 Flowing glass describing its viscosity

Flowing down since more than 100 years
 Glass shows similarities to water
 By which it is touched
 Night in and day out

The Blue Room

Two hospital beds lined up and moulding
 Themselves perfectly into a roof
 Transitioning blue towards a small window

A gradient of light soothing, shining, decaying
 Shadows pointing towards a door
 Which is missing one ear

Rareley hard edges give the blue a softness like cushions
 Like clouds in the sky
 Soft rounded corners pointing upwards

Even the cupboard bows down before the blue roof
 Carrying itsself in subtle darker tones
 Describing a small gap of shadows



poem by Vicki Kelleher, visual Maja Renn

Then the vast and abundant silence of kisses
 Being touched and touching thee, sensing
 Pure communication of light photons
 Carried through instantaneously, serenely

Waves clapping to a choreography of dancing stars
 Streams of wind constantly stimulating her sensory
 system
 Wet and humid cloth wavering here and there
 Performing the bridge on a bridge, persistently

Depth experienced in a sensitivity close to numbness
 Tingling on an abyss gaping right underneath
 Ready to jump but not feeling her legs
 Knowing that she will fall soft

Embraced and entangled in the warm sea
 Diving deep, holding her breath
 Taking a distance from the surface
 The plane that divides the heaven from the sea

These are not the sandals to walk on rocks with
 Descending stairs into the waves of the sea
 The acidic smell of piss etching into walls of culture
 A scent of saltwater arising, erasing, vaporising

Rugged rocks being steadily hollowed by the waves
 Caves resonating an eternal gurgling
 Darkness filled with the gentle touch of spray
 Borders crossed, fences jumped, walls dissolved

Approaching the bridge to nowhere
 But waves and light
 Horizons turned upside down
 Stars drowning in the ocean

Her gaze touched by the wind
 Flowing through their counterform
 Shaping a passageway for purity
 Carrying, exhaling, laughing, sougning

The Bridge

Dissolved in a dense humid wetness
 Not being able to distinguish the line
 That transitions from the land to the sea
 Crossing valleys and peaks underneath

Foggy galaxies smiling up a clear starry night
 Zooming in unto the fading horizon
 Exploring curiously, from a tangible distance
 Interlocking symmetrically of touching eyes

When our eyes touch, is it dusk or is it dawn?

Tell me something random about yourself
 She points towards a smiling door
 Exploding in laughter and syncing simpers
 Passing an arched gateway protected by the eye of
 providence

Black fabrics waving around her legs
 She asks him to take her to a random place
 Still surrounded by masonic walls and bricks
 Purple towers covered in dense indigo light

Succumbed to the charms of her black waves
 Be it her hair or dress undistressed
 Undressing the queen of her serious silver
 Knitting a crown out of white falling rays

Echoes of farsi poetry reverberating from the patio
 First washed away by gargoyles' rain
 Then fugitives trying to find shelter in her words
 Stumbling mumbling silver stilettos contemplating

Fragments of Olympian Gossip

While listening on my cosmic phone
 I caught words from the Olympus blown.
 A newcomer was shown around;
 That much I could guess, aided by sound.
 „There’s Archimedes with his lever
 Still busy on problems as ever.
 Says: matter and force are transmutable
 And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“
 „Below, on Earth, they work at full blast
 And news are coming in thick and fast.
 The latest tells of a cosmic gun.
 To be pelted is very poor fun.
 We are wary with so much at stake,
 Those beggars are a pest—no mistake.“
 „Too bad, Sir Isaac, they dimmed your renown
 And turned your great science upside down.
 Now a long haired crank, Einstein by name,

Puts on your high teaching all the blame.
 Says: matter and force are transmutable
 And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“
 „I am much too ignorant, my son,
 For grasping schemes so finely spun.
 My followers are of stronger mind
 And I am content to stay behind,
 Perhaps I failed, but I did my best,
 These masters of mine may do the rest.
 Come, Kelvin, I have finished my cup.
 When is your friend Tesla coming up?“
 „Oh, quoth Kelvin, he is always late,
 It would be useless to remonstrate.“
 Then silence—shuffle of soft slippers
 I knock and—the bedlam of the street.

Nikola Tesla, Novice

the current affairs flow through
 the air like liquid momentum

then current flows through cables
 and pipes connecting river deltas

the current carries memes afloat
 like water pouring down staircases

then current flashes femtoseconds of
 light through fibreglass across seas

the current lights the fire to consume and
 pour out collective consciousness

then current divides into light and
 dark with the flick of a switch

the current runs your home office
 and your office home

WiFi, like water and power, is a
 basic human right to have access to

For:
 the secluded
 the homeless
 the searching
 the distorted
 the ones we hurt
 the silent
 the hippies
 the dreamers
 the poets
 the other
 the drama
 the steamunks
 the hackers

thanks to: www.foam.org for the open call and network
 & all participants and supporters of nightily build 2020
 + Bernd Volmer (@ www.futurefonts.xyz with his kind
 donation of ultra variable Seraphs v.0.3 font family