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Bodies, Names, Carnage

All these bodies

What do they have to do
with their names?

All these names

What ever is their relationships
with their bodies?

Dying is a matter of decency

Living is a priority

I'm floating below the ceiling lamp

My body is just a precaution;
light, slender, tight,
of any age I choose:

Magnificent mechanics,
brain cells browsing

Time just a way to make room

I'm fabulously easy to operate;
light & responsive

I rose into this warm energy,
without enjoying blood & flesh one bit

It was a way to partake
in this once in a universe carnage,
balancing on the tip of my pen;
the ink a succession of memories dripping off
down the page,
each thought sprinkled like semen

Self evidence contains a large number of steel cubes
placed in a complex order

Love is a cold set of facts that no one respects,
everybody obeys

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