

GUERNICA

I.

Clay-coated paintings

– deeply hidden in a clay layer –

– clay layer hand kneaded –

– with fingerprint’ –

– gossiping hands –

from when glaze drips off

glisteningly with a blue thread inside.

Stained glass.

The flame of the spirit (5G) –

the spirit is fire.

Burnt clay-thing,

burned-out black-ashen.

Burnt muffin.

Clay-potatoes.

Burnt clay-thing,

like a head/farmhouse bread

in the fire-

place.

Clay-coated paintings

like looted art.

Walk around the fireplace,

Walk around the fire pit,

Stumble into the fireplace,

crocheted around by stones

stick-fruit

chapel

honeycomb-costume

VW.

*Inwardly, is there a breath

by the painting?

Silver rock-

sphere,

like silver-chamber

– relay/lamellar bundle of silver chambers –

decorated with different types (or distinct front and back sides)

of tinfoil,

light falling into it

Volkswagen commercial.

Silver-chamber wall

at your brill-shoulder, head

out.

A place for your mourning and your joy.

Lamellar bundle that opens up

as if from the rhythm of standing in line.

*Have you ever seen

– the twisted iron {lil iron-} frame –

– the metal' carbon –

of a kite?

Hyper-rationalism's lightweight frame.

{Bell tetrahedron.}

Hyper-rationalism

({multicell-}kite) is a reason *for all*,

the one cold thing of all.

The internet is a

kite in the sky,

a cable tangle in the sky,

on a string.

A cable tangle of *cut-apart* (but still long) pieces of cable.

Modular kite, firecrackers-modular plug

{battery-fireworks},

left *bruised*

on a rainy street

after New Year's Eve.

Like a pounded head.

Firecrackers-modular plug,

where 5G

activates the vaccine's {RFID} microchips

in your blood, dangling

hare.

Kicked-in honeycombs.

Honey-piss.

Being togethr kicked-in vandalized

bee boxes.

A wasp's nest you played soccer with etc.

Kicked-in hive.

IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE

I am sad.

Something went wrong here this year and last year.

This is **not** OK.

Those responsible for this should be punished.

The flame from the spirit.

The Earth is jello.

Gong that {as if by magic/

atom bovb} *unveils*

the kicked-in kite.

There is a hole in the spirit kite.

The real is read like

the expressive substance KenFM.

With the same requirements for logic.

Klingstein. Klingstein-

mural,

reality stands empty.

How the Apple Watch functions on my arm.

We need a territorial reform.

Silver foil a piece of fruit shields.

Hyper-rationalism shall burn us out,

clay-potatoes.

II.

The waiting time

is a fictile

time, a time

of tinted light,

of cut off

branches on the nightstand.

The waiting time

is a waiting *room*,

and a waiting room

is a quiet

room

of the waiting time for 5G,

the gap/slit

between the point in time when

you *could* have had 5G

– when it would have been *possible* in the world –

– when others already had it –

and when you *in fact* will have/can have

5G.

This is the space, in a sense,

that is provided for me, of the health offices’

sluggish digitalization.

*The waiting time

is a time of reflection and healing – {of the} cut-off Easter

shrubbery with buds:

They grow, but

the twig is already cut off.

This is the tinge as if

you waited in a glass brick/tinted glass clinker/

amber, until

I am conferred assisted suicide at Dignitas’.

*This is

as if you lived

in a brooch.

I felt in this incompetence something mineral

{affectless},

something that would connect this brooch,

and these chains, to the Earth,

something that was always already there

and that (however) still grew with the clarity

of the tasks.

The facture of incompetence is like

a kind of pearl necklace of black, irregular (Giulia Cenci) beads –

like a fabric made of these beads, basically,

– beads of comets’-material –

– but also simply –

– I don’t know what this is –

maybe they are just black glass-,beans'

{as Jemaika puts it},

The idea of the brooch, the idea here

of a pendant,

– a pendant on a necklace, or so –

**And this tinge*

– this contemplativeness of the waiting time –

– the passion that is the waiting time –

– in its sunk-back-ness –

is the affection-image of the waiting time, which

is then basically *torched*

by self-

learning algorithms.

The space that is provided to me by X

(see above), is being torched.

I clean this rancid rod

with a self-learning algorithm.

I crawl out of the shrinking cell.

I pull my foot out of the cell, which shrinks

to zero behind me.

The Conference of Minister-Presidents,

cleaned

with a *self*-learning algorithm:

Milled spinning parrot,

flying apart

while peeled/milled.

Firefly that

starts glowing

all over the body.

In the end,

only a forgotten branch

peeks out of this spatial area.

In the end, an

appointment is assigned that

is in the future,

not

the past.

IN SIMPLE LANGAUGE

I feel a sting of desolidarization.

I wish the self-learning algorithms would torch us.

That will **not** happen.

Hyper-rationalism is missing.

{Uyghurs.}

I sink back.

The kite is kicked-in.

[A sinkhole, a nothingness

from which effects flow out.

A nothingness that is everywhere between us, in every city,

at every shore.

At which you stare

without getting acquainted,

for the incompetence is **not** human.

For it is a hole

from whose emptiness something emerges.]

People have lost their life.

They do **not** get that back.

People have lost their jobs (for for demonstrating).

Against all the ass-brats.

They need to get it back.

Esperanto.

Esperanto.

Esperanto.

The sun shines on all of us,

in a direct {clay}quote.

The sun shines on all who are there,

reader.

(2021/03)