

The Provenance "Frequencynic"

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An immediate horizon approached straight ahead
Did we also lower us to the point of explanations?
She came, simultaneously melting into a frequency,
voluptuous
A comfort disappearing as quick as me, away from
anew light

A circle in which I am dying
An exit, a solution to a crossword of people
Who if they knew, their screams would fall onto deaf
ears
Just the same would scream at the pain.

A nuanced shade in a black and white picture
Witch has been deprived of it's greyscales
A painful annoying laughter at existence
Slides down my spine and devours all but the end

A permanent background noise, fairly strong
Disturbed us from outside
Frequencynic gave in and left soundward
The greyscale returned

This circle in which I am dying
This exit, this solution to a crossword of people
Who if they knew, their screams would fall onto deaf
ears
Just the same would scream at the pain.

We are the source of complexity in being,
Composers of reality, multiple and none,
Observers of the future, present and past,
Prepare to encounter with your provenance

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