

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 a
new 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
which has been deprived of its greyscales
A painfully annoying laughter at existence
slides down my spine and devours all but the end
A permanent background noise,
fairly strong disturbed from outside
Frequencynic gave in and left sounward
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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