

## **Flames In "Worlds Within The Margin"**

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Raindrop hits the leaf, changing its position slightly on  
the street

next to polls of monotonous water He walks, Slipping  
feet from steps at random He falls

In the space between his body and the ground

comets cast of their names, stellar neurones misfire

Witnesses inhale the seed

and spit out a million branches

Buds abloom in all directions

from which events occur

relations and virused meetings

catch fire and explode

In the margin of butterfly wings

entire cycles of evolution

outplayed and faded

sparked and leaned back into

vacuum-filled nirvana

Between the two of my eyes

feverish fractals soar

dance like were they on drugs

peyote labyrinths re-mapped exits

A hasty blink

and a million life-to-comes  
will never be the same  
as they never were  
In the kinetic energy of a moving fist  
lies a birth-machine for a paralell universe  
With the first movement in the organic soap  
came a bouquet of alternative answers  
all different multiplied and re-devided  
Coded in the spinal cord of a trilobite  
written between the legs on the Meganeura  
suburban city maps and dormant dictator semen  
marked their way trough time  
In the kinetic energy of a moving fist  
lies a birth-machine for a paralell universe

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