

Break the circuits
Burn the groves.
Do not transcend,
Cannibalize.

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THE FACE

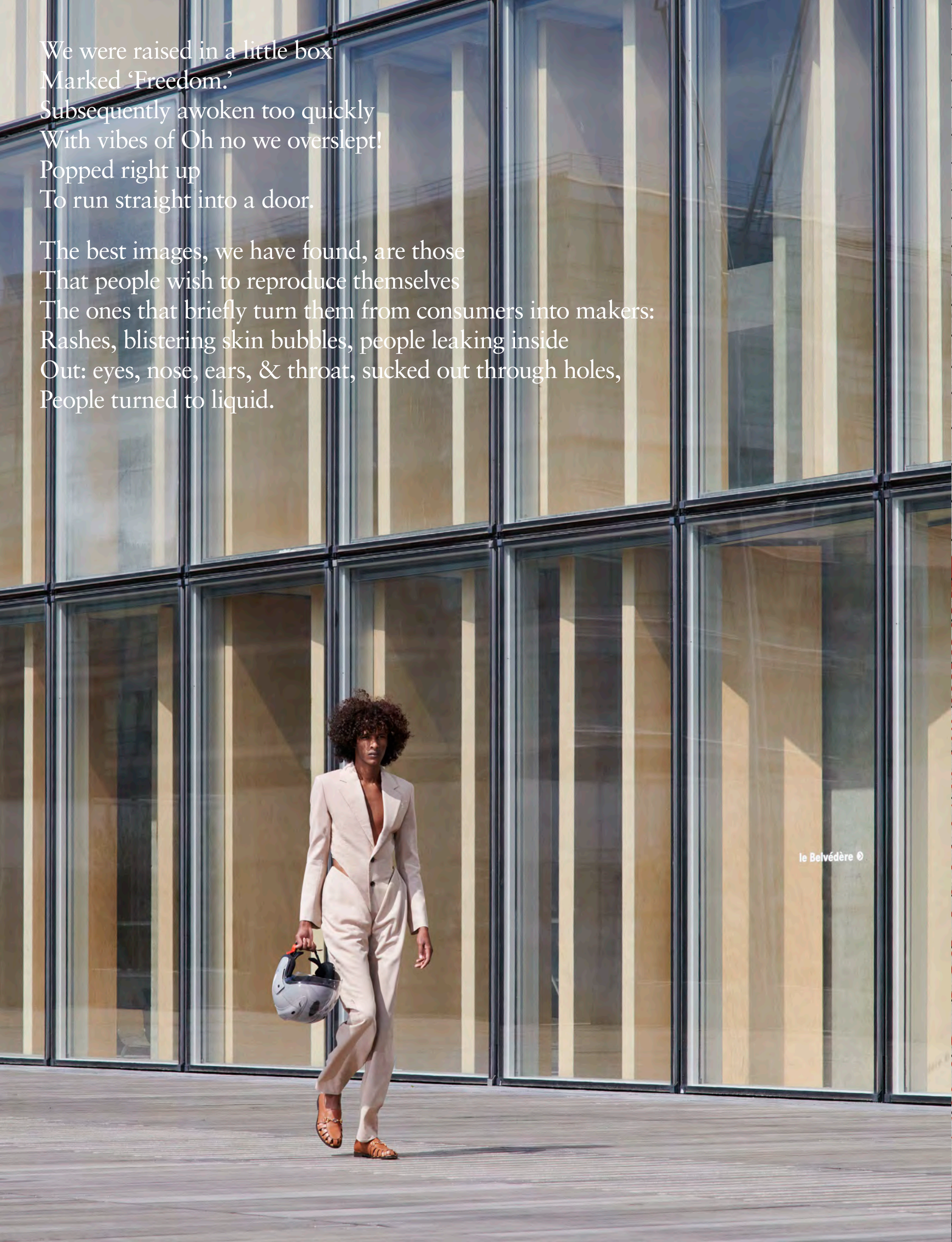


Our world of reasons and sense was endless but horizontal, like the surface of the earth itself: around we went, year after year, and all along there was another mad realm of waves and forces, shooting through us from all directions, radiating and ceaseless, penetrating without touch, and we sensed it just enough to keep trying to represent it through feeble diagrams.



We were raised in a little box
Marked 'Freedom.'
Subsequently awoken too quickly
With vibes of Oh no we overslept!
Popped right up
To run straight into a door.

The best images, we have found, are those
That people wish to reproduce themselves
The ones that briefly turn them from consumers into makers:
Rashes, blistering skin bubbles, people leaking inside
Out: eyes, nose, ears, & throat, sucked out through holes,
People turned to liquid.



Everywhere people are smiling.
Smiles to call down meals and exercise
Garb from the heavens,
Smile-painted panes and shelters, inked on
All sides of the slabs, done up like custom graffiti,
Glowing rectangles singing:
Chilling working cooking gaming
Chores party workout driving.

Desire changed in the late Sixties,
Design changed in the late Nineties.



Are you so sick of your own face at this point?
I am. I wish everyone in the world would become the same age
All at once, for a change
And hairless and naked,
no accessories, no fashion.
And equally attracted to one another.

The youth are capable of crafting experience
That can actually frighten you
With an embrace of tradition, simultaneously
Embracing a warping of that tradition,
A sound of tearing fabric as a heavy bundle pulls away,
and shears off.





We're afloat in a sea of charms, people are madly piecing together
charm bracelets before the whole table turns over.

Of course, at the end
The key to the mystery is to be found
In a crude drawing at the back of the shelf where we started
Made by a child/invalid
Old person/insane person/primitive.

