

how can you trust those moody mystics with instincts for visions and
denials with even more denials
sacred rules and the roads that belong completely to satan.
no i do not like that solitude. what really can be found in
isolated singularities that chase emptiness for an absolute.

actually i prefer to spend time thinking about the partially torn nets of fussing
fishermen who believe something got away.

the excitement for tomorrow already beginning today.

believing something.
wf.h.
2012