

January 14

Those voices are singing
From behind the tree
And the tree keeps on moving
The tree is in flux
And now I hear an operatic voice
But I can't see the tenor
Free fall cacophony
Against a rigorous chant
Sooner or later
One of them must break
The car's horn is jammed
And I myself am loving it
I hear the drone
I don't hear or see phenomena
That man is getting closer and closer to me
He walks to my face
And then walks through my body
Drones create motion
And motion creates drones
J is an anarchist
J loves repetition
Can J be an anarchist?