

voices come as breezes, without words. they touch and soothe me. but i cannot grasp them. my calm, like a still summer night, takes me over. i cannot prevail. i cannot begin. though i hear myself speak time and again, in the end, i find myself speechless.

but it's not silence now, which invokes my fear. it is the thought of getting caught red-handed, saying things i no longer can fool myself to be mine. things said out of gymnastics. things that belong not to nature, nor to anybody else. things that are turned into property with rights attached—but not legitimacy. it is the shame of a thief who steals what belongs to no one—but is locked up nevertheless. that now is what keeps me to my silence.

but, no. i don't resent my calm, this prison cell of mine. might it even be what i've been seeking, i wonder. this only home left for a feral man; this home i've mistaken writing to be, taking the words of another?

voices are breezes wearing the questions down. and what other than strange feelings is possibly left behind? but feeling is the greatest lie ever told—of that i now am certain. one must earn his right to remain silent. i know. i saw. to lie, therefore, i need no more, even though i still might.

time is all i really need as a beloved. a clear sky in my breath, a cozy garden in my mind. nothing in, beloved out... nothing in, beloved out... and words, like weeds, are to be cleared. i know. i saw. that's how i garden my mind.

bleeding into words



kaunos, turkey