

# Worlds Within the Margin

## In Flames

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 fallsIn 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 branchesBuds 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 nirvanaBetween 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 wereIn the kinetic energy of a moving fist  
Lies a birth machine for a parallel universe  
With the first movement in the organic soap  
Came a bouquet of alternative answers  
All different multiplied and re-dividedCoded 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 timeIn the kinetic energy of a moving fist  
Lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe

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