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 falls
In 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 branches
Buds 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 nirvana
Between 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 were
In 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-divided
Coded 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 time
In the kinetic energy of a moving fist
Lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe

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