

A
Fever
Dream
in
the
Arctic

Kevin Kelly

An image kept recurring.
That shifted slightly each return.
A kind of fade.
Blend.
From one version to the next.

A cell began to split.
Within that moment,
I wondered if it was one, two or three?

The lock on the door never quite turned right.
It was a new version of an old model.

Pull your head up from the microscope.
Re-orient your vision.
What does it look like, now, through the drone.

They said the Nobel Laureate
can rest now.

UNDER CONTRACT:

Be weary of throwing the flame
into the crowd of senior citizens
who appear suspect of high crimes.

We were damned from the beginning,
the old saying goes and kept going.

That man just keeps perpetuating an old truth.

In his heart he was Marxist.
He knew the rich studied him, but left out

the 'kindness towards others' thing.

They consumed, the grapes of wrath, easily.

Analysis or Experience? Which do you prefer?

“I can’t tell, all the trees look the same.”

The mirror dissolved into the similar.

Feel the stone, it’s the hardest truth.

Come up for air,
your friends are waiting for you on the pier.

“Law is law, as solid as the ground”
were the judge’s final words.

The motion of minute pebbles shifted due to the
weight of a solid mass.

It’s hard science, matter of fact.

Solid for now.
He took the job as a quantum mechanic.
Nickel a day.

It’s for your well being to have friends who are old,
and old friends.

You can see how they shift, fade and blend.
From one version to the next.

Many forms of love have existed over time.
That’s why we’re here in the present.

Calculate the whole of human history.
Try to imagine the actual force
and excruciating loudness of ‘The Big Bang’.
Apart from its stupid name.

Transcribe the whistle.

As it bends around objects,
From mouth to ears.

Into night.
Besides a stark black ocean void in an open black
sky void.
Compare the difference in hue as frost breeze hits
your face.

A digital image of it is kind of close.
It will help for now.
As a desktop background.

As explained theoretically, or metaphorically?
Which do you trust more?

A kind of standardized test.
A critique. Finally,
we can measure life.

A friend's ashes blew through
my hands and into the wind.

The feeling of materiality.

The camera, from the beginning,
rapidly went in and out of focus.
Didn't know what to look for.

The main sail and the jib
shot up the mast
into the sky then
into the sea.

A harmonious game of angles.

Waiting for the plot twist.

While seeking non-institutional validation.
'Arte Povera' uttered by the Italian middle aged art
handler, Fabrizio.

"Poor art, he's the richest 'poor artist.'"

His eyes gleamed,
like a sad 8-bit
animated GIF,
with two gold coins
rotating 360 degrees
in front of his eyes.

A double meaning
where one negates the other.

Unfortunately, one is closer to a certain meaning of
the term.

Power of metaphor, I guess.
A hard truth.

Everybody loves Boo Radley.

Monroe as a character said,
"You care less and less about living when you get
older."

Dietrich responded
by hiding
in her bedroom
for her final days.

Try to see what lies beyond the image
that is well seen.

That transfers

from physical to
print to
film rapidly projected
into the minds
of the audience
to digital, swiped from
screen to
social network back
to the minds that walk
through the local museum.

While that pervades,
it is harder to
research,
into the heart of
the person.

Who performs
a social role.
Whose image
is readily available, to
transfer.

Or, co-opt.

Or, inspire.

I have a dream!

“I have a dream!”

As the same ancient cloud passes by.

I don't know what to do,
they just keep spitting
on his grave.
Hard truth.

Beauty knows
no ethics.

The philosophers
figured it out
long ago.

That there is
just an end
to the mind,
body and soul.

The body,
composed of soft,
hard, liquid.

Three contradictions in one.

What's left of the back end of that comet?

Cut to black.

Fade to black.

Those worn dance party bodies,
drunken stares,
at the midnight bar
while
Fleetwood Mac's 'Dreams'
came on. An infinity of reflected lights
rotating at the speed
of heavenly bodies.

These kinds
of cheap things
make the heart
in everyone

begin to ache.

Less art,
more candy!
Joey, the Berkeley
radical sprawled
on the wall.

Don't forget, please remember,
the old protest sign in the secondhand shop read:
MLK was radical
before he
became institutionalized.

About time he existed on the \$100 bill.

Emphasis on the

Focus on the

Push the fucking product.

He felt more
like the son
of a grandmother,
who had that 40's charm.

But was like
a student
from Columbia
who get's all D's.

A, whatever, guy.
Whatever guy.

Alright,
Let that waterboarding

victim go.

New law. New consciousness.

He was not quite.

But he was kind of.

Those old Connecticut
Conceptualists. Still
worrying about the problems
of their day.

At some point,
80's Michael decided not
to come back
for the Jackson 5
reunion tour.

That angelic
combination of
what a man
(pleasant smile)
can be.

HOLD IT.
Scarier than an officer
holding you at gunpoint
in a graveyard,
in those deep woods in Maine.

Start to read
things by their essences,
as opposed
to their definitions
and appearances.

I have an avant garde faith
in the younger generation.

That DaDa spirit,
they used to say.

When does the new
become antiquated?

Dear Ancestor,

If only you could meet me.

Some version of yourself.

A different temporality.

How would you text, on those 'little boxes'?

Where is the artificial
in realism?

That Modigliani
still hung
in the war torn castle.

It's context
made it more
beautiful.

The female nude
amongst the Italian bullet
laden architecture.

The fragility
of both
bodies.

Candice, I can only remember her,
in a olive green one piece swim suit
in sixth grade suburban summer camp.
With dark long hair and freckles,
learning to swim with me.

I mix her up sometimes
with a music video
from childhood,
Mariah Carey's
'You Will Always Be My Baby',
in which a boy
and girl sneak out
of camp in the middle
of a warm
summer night, to swim
and have a kiss
underwater.

Lovely,
how memory and truth
can blend
the most real and cliché
things sometimes...

The moving image
coupled with
the imagination.

What exactly
do those historical
re-enactments do
for the society of the spectacle?

How will our
re-enactments look,
at what level

of spectacle?

Who's even paying
to pay
attention to them?

The President
started giving televised
seminars on truths
spoken by radical bi-partisan
thinkers.

In an attempt
to educate the public.
People were surprised
by old ideas.

Who knows if it worked.

The new regime
erased everything,
by instilling
the new ambiguity.

How do we see fascism
exist
within capitalism?

Give me
a subtle,
ephemeral,
example.

Now, forget about it.
You are getting emotional.
I'll drop the cynicism,
you drop the anger,
in an effort to communicate,

from across the bridge.

Strange,
how every
thing has an affect
that impresses
upon you
in degrees
you can not even comprehend.

Every, body,
can, affect
degrees of power.

The talking mechanism.

Don't worry,
the earth
will erase
the atrocity.

Levi Strauss
even says,
"Every word
can contain
a myth."

But the man
was known
as an extreme liar.

In some circles.

A schizo who kept it cool.
But cried at night.

Sometimes you and I can relate.

This band of curators
add up
all the various
artistic gestures,
as proofs.

Theorems.

While that band,
add up dollars,
which prove
their value.

This is an
old dualism.

Who knows who is more right?

Or more genuine.

A new unimaginable,
on the news,
everyday.

Bay of pigs,
almost saw it.
For that generation.

I wanted to grow up
to be an explorer.

The genuine teacher
made it clear
that profession
had been long outdated,
but a likeness,
is found

when all
landscape has been seen,
documented and digitized,
but can be experienced
through poetics.

I love that man.

Or woman.

It doesn't matter
because this is just
fiction. No, it's just
a comedy.

In the Dutch translation
it was
'Joy and Sadness'.

In the Latin translation
it was
'Pleasure and Pain'.

Which do you prefer?

I prefer not to.

Which is another position.

The artwork
is the only thing
that remains
not de-mystified.

He wasn't talking
about Cageian
'chance operations',

He was talking
about serendipity.

One of the great enigmas.

That's besides the point.

Working with her,
it was like ontological boot camp.

See the lives
of things
outside our
control.

What is the rate
that your hair grows?

Add the suffix -ity.

Exteriority.

Forced performance.

Every,
Day.

Begin to count
the leaves on
the grown tree,
by alternating
between top and bottom,
side and side.

1.

4392.

?

Uh, whatever,
some kind of multitude.

What, so what,
I don't exploit people
like...

Some emperors did,
some fiery southern racists did,
some brothers in the black panthers did,
or my emotionless drug addicted brother did to his
loving grandmother.

The sons
of sons
of sons
of sons
of sons
say the south will rise again...

Can't get over
the idea of hurt
their
great
great
great
great
great
great
grandfathers experienced.

It could be ended,
if people decided to forgive tradition,
with a mutual respect

for peace in the present.

“Reset, refresh, power-up
the computer-figure!”
said a vision of John Lennon
in all white.

Jokes aside, the new strategy was
through subtle direct actions
of kindness.

We were walking back home,
worn out,
from that brawl at dusk on the train tracks,
with the Barnum and Bailey
circus folk.

The thing was
that sounds literary or movie-like
and absurd.

But the reality
of the situation
was the aggravated assault
was started by the train
conductor, who thought a friend,
crossed the line at the bbq,
when someone pulled his pants
down and there were kids
around.

Who knows
who was in the wrong.

Squeeze tight
the stuffed animal.

Or, remember the comfort
that it gave you.

She said the video artwork
was mesmerizing
and enchanting.

Only for a tall viewer.

The metaphysics
of those white
gallery walls...

Yes, that, is, what, this, means.

Explain?

Express?

That's right.
As paralyzing
nothingness
seen by that dead trout
in the old Dutch still life,
in the new McDonalds.

Somehow, it still had an aura.

So let that summer mixture
of cool hot ocean breeze
make you feel alive
in the present.

He was hyper-aware.
She was hyper-critical.

Somehow, it was too much,

to put it simply.

“Which frame and plane
is the artist working with?”
asked by the 3rd grade
visionary art critic.

“Connects to that history
and morphology of that
idea.”

Some version that makes it
valid because new truths
mutate.

A kind of affect of a Droste effect.

Fade. Fade. Fade.

I wouldn't fetishize it too much.
You gotta move on with your life.

If only our forefathers
could see the kind of double
bind shit the constitution
has put us in,
in some situations,
while allowing
for ultimate freedom
in others.

Jefferson writing
“All men are created equal.”
while his
beloved slave
warmed up a cup of tea
for him.

“Politics,
is more of an art
than a science.”
said the slave.

Or was it Hegel...
I don't know,
I'm confused!

Sorry, it is set in stone.

Law is law, as solid as

Terra firma.- Roman law.

Yea, that's damn right
I sent my kid to public school,
so he can learn how to tolerate
the other.

It was interesting.
That was the most
anyone could say.

That was the most one could hope for.
What is the value of that?

Are you an artist?

or a post-modern con-artist?

Hopefully,
the latter.

Eh, he made a couple good works
in his lifetime
for the time being.

Clever.

The layers unfolded as such:

Quantum Quantum Quantum Quantum
Quantum **Science, Relativity, Quantum.** Quantum
Quantum Quantum Quantum Quantum

It's easier just to
go to work, than
waste your time
debating the legitimacy
of facts.

Less weight,
find time
to crack a joke.

Lay in bed, rest, relax,
fall into pleasant sleep.
You can wake
the next day,
deal with it
then.

Alright, enough
self-help.

People in the audience
were spellbound,
the high vocals
and hypnotic rhythm,
gave us the chills
and sweats.

You could see
the 15 year old,

skinny, long brown haired
girl jumping up and down,
was ecstatic.

Was it some vision from my past?
Or has science proven
that there are sustaining
similarities in the adolescence
experience, from past children.

Seeing that mode of expression,
gave me hope
in
joy.

Felt, amazing, though.

Research shows
that's because music
stimulates an ancient
reward pathway in the brain.

Encouraging dopamine
to flood the striatum.

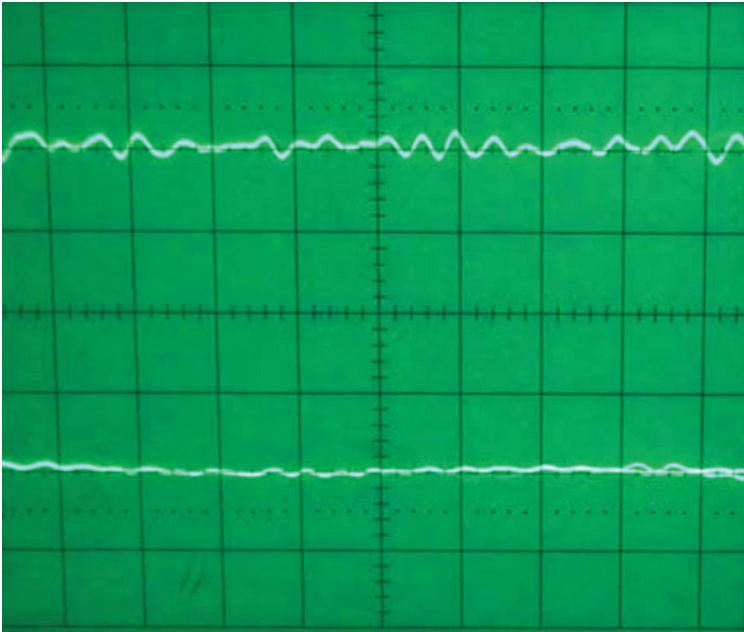
A little
different than the pre-teen
who wears a Bob Marley
shirt because he thinks
weed is cool.

Somewhere within that symbol of Marley,
that has been co-opted by teens
for weed propaganda,
is a remembrance,
of the cathartic
experiences he went through,

and gave others,
on stage, flailing around
with a body overcome
with cancer.

IRON. LION. ZION.

Says something
about the human geist.



A depoliticized
unifying
transmission.

Physiological.
The pleasure
of the mind
body dualism.

I've been thinking of
Eva Hesse and Ana Mendieta
as wonderful and mature
older artists outside
of black and white
and 70's film grain.

Kind of like Agnes Martin
or Agnes Varda.

But not quite.

Alles Klar?

BECAUSE YOUR KISS,

your kiss, is on,
my list.

Came on
at the crab shack
and took me out of
the harsh realities
that exist all the time.

Sometimes we need
that kind
of medicine.

Oh, sorry to diverge,
I'll stay on topic.

He was as psycho
and psychedelic
as Gene Wilder
as Willy Wonka.

I strive for that kind of charm.

But that was awhile ago.

He shops in SoHo now.

I guess he's successful.

But no one knows who Gene Wilder
is
anymore.

Flash out-of-date →



Jacques Costeau realized
he had to be more
kind
to the environment, after
a film he made
fucked up a habitat,
to get the
shot.

But that's outside
the frame,
the screen.

Don't tell anyone.

No one cares.

You gotta put food on the table,
even if you have to go through the protest.

Like Brecht says,
"First the grub,

then the moral.”

Sometimes you can see
cats having existential thoughts.

In the work, he went more
abstract as he got older
and closer to death.

Back to the elements.

Back to particles.

The next day, he found
himself as a celebrity.

The elite insider outsider.

It was another order of things.

That imperceptable Koyannisqatsi
realism,
at every level.

On the top of that hill
they stored 58 old elementary
school buses, that were breaking
down similar to how everything
breaks down, from ancient cities
to Coca Cola bottles,

it's just natural.

Another order of things.

Just beyond,
the quotidian

repressively de-sublimated
banality of the everyday.

Another great enigma,
waiting to be found.

Kind of, but not quite.
In focus or out of focus?
Co-opt or Inspire?
Explain or Express?
Joy or Sadness?
Shift and Blend,

Cut to Black or
Fade to Black.

The black bird disappeared
into the field of corn
when he dipped down.

It became apparent,
that as we kept driving
out west that they
ran out of meaningful
names for the towns.

They have a couple called: Noname

It's been ten years
since my father died
but I can still smell
a hint
of him
in the only
tattered t-shirt
I have of his.
This interaction

with his ghost
gives me enjoyable
nostalgic chills.
I wonder when
the day will come
when he leaves
completely.

It's just about...
(Not right)
It's only about...
(Not right)
It's all about...
(Not right)

She was half native American
and cowboy. Some thought
that doesn't make sense...

The young petit-bourgeois
radical's debate
surrounded the efficacy
of action/ non-action/ aesthetics/ de-tournament/
terrorism,
until they read
the play
by Günter Grass,
'Max'.
In which,
a student has the idea
to set his dog
on fire
in front of a café
to get people to
wake up.

Who knows what strategy works best for who.

I miss my old friends,
in which
we've shared golden moments.

What is the
monetary value
of that?

Sitting down
in a circle
of grey hairs.

Looking at the weather system,
on our personal radars on our phones,
we feel modern but are still archaic.

That's my vote.

Mapplethorpe, who loved a man,
that could give him his dreams,
but at the cost of his life.

On his deathbed,
asked his brother,
if he was dying,
to which he said,

Yes, you, are.

Today, in an argument or critique,
you can't say,
the man didn't
make things of beauty.

Was it worth it?

You tell me?

Your answer
depends on who
you are.

At 95 years old.

The constitution was
written in 1787.

This year is 2016.

Only 229 year
difference from Colonial
times.

- 95

is almost half.
Almost, two back to back
100 year old people.

Young America,
time to mature.

But go outside
and take a fresh
breath of non-air conditioned
air.

Remember you're in the present,
in your organic body.
Remember you have a degree
of power.

HOLD,
the terrorist
on the ground,

in the train,
until the authorities
arrive.

Think,
about the absurd
nature of death,
who can use it,
to co-opt
or inspire
and how laws,
attempt,
to make wrong,
right,
with justice.

Cut to black.

No, dive deep
in a foreign ocean
and notice
how the light
fades to black.

Lay on your back,
on the hard floor
and stare
at the ceiling.

Invert
your heteronormative
homo sapien
subjectivity.

Stare into the fire
while the blizzard mixes
with the shore on the beach.

Try to articulate
its movements. Or
the many movements around you.

A phenomenon that still
bewilders man.

Woman.

All genders and all shades.

Tell me
the world
is still not full
of mystery.

Sorry to disappoint you
but no one goes
to the beach in winter...

You and I
know
there is no God,
but I'm still
going to need
you to pray
for me
on this one.

Like sitting next
to Lincoln's death
bed.

That's just a movie.

A 'flicker' film.

A real-life
animation.

I mean,
you get the concept
that those images
evoke, right?

He had the smug look
of an ivy league school
rapist, who was set free.

People wondered why
the riots started to occur.

Now, the micro-histories appeared.

The sub-histories came to the fore.

The people's perspective,
the commons,
through the eyes of digital media.

We've forgotten
about Abu Ghraib...

What's the priority for you?

Warhol recently updated his dictum to,
"Everyone has an online audience
for a potential
second of attention."

That's been proven
by digital algorithms
for marketing strategists
by those chosen

corporate gurus
who hide in the back rooms
on the 13th floor.

Aesthetic vultures.

Data.

Information logistics.

The human being as number.

Add them up diagonally!

PROSPERITY EVERY YEAR.

But the number
is hard to imagine.

It just blends,
into a multitude
at a certain point.

Try making up a history
to prove your rhetoric,
to convince people's naivety
as truth, at a certain point.

It may work for you.

It may not.

So what, free speech is no crime.

Mis-education is no crime.

He has the microphone.

We have to shrill.

(pleasant smile)

Her chipped painted fingernails,
was a relief.

I don't trust
people who appear
to have it all
figured out.

But it's Christmas eve!

We were in the warm living room.
You could see the luminance
radiating from those 50's Christmas tree lights.

It was domestic sublime.

Change the channel
from the murder
on the news
to the old re-runs
of 'The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air.'

I guess I remember
the familial moral lessons
from the show,
but just end up getting
chronic nostalgia.
If you can't relate,
google your favorite cartoon
or show from childhood.

Lose yourself for five minutes.

Spend your summer evenings,
in tank tops,
outdoors, getting high
to the ambient
noise of insects,
while sharing some laughs
with your closest friends
from elementary school.

I mean that sincerely.

I found the physical photograph,
which is becoming rarer,
and put her image in my car.

A WWII gaze,
is what I felt.

But a 90's filmic recreation.

The production company
had about 50 years
to ponder how
to depict it.

It was a minor rebellion,
against his own
counter-hegemonic institution.

BANG!

The same initial audience
reaction,
reflex,
that happened when
the early silent movie,
'The Great Train Robbery',

was screened,
never left
the moving image.

It hides within
the spectacular nature
of every image.

From the assumed authentic news
to the push-the-fucking-product advertisement
to the niche foreign drama.

Unaware,
of unwritten processes.

One of the only things
I still remember
of my paranoid schizophrenic
mother, is her dancing
in the autumnal morning light,
in the kitchen,
to Madonna's La Isla Bonita.

All of nature,
wild and free.

Found Darwin in the bargain bin.

The most his efforts
added up to
was a documentary
of his efforts
on the history channel.

The Italian Marxist,
Antonio Negri,
was touched

by Amanda
in the 80's coming of age
American blockbuster.

She played a popular high school
girl, who gets paid to go out
with a nerd boy, but ends up
falling for him.

Oh, how we all fall.

A stupid archetypal
story, but still

heartwarming.

It is said,
Negri then googled her,
to find her image from the movie
juxtaposed with various mugshots,
from her real life.

Later, he found out
about her overdose
and became distraught
for the rest of the evening.

It was an all too common
unwritten story of the failures
that exist off screen.

Outside of text.

Written on the face
that has evolved
from the ideal image
of youth, held.

Heartbreaking.

It was enough
to make the people
cry in the streets.

But the black belt
is no match
for the gun.

The hominid,
looked into the child's
eyes.



It was a slightly shifting moment,
between civil and savage,
that still hides
within every image
or outside the frame
version
of ourselves.

But, that's too illustrative.

How about spoken
from Robert Kennedy, quoting Aeschylus,
in a YouTube video,
in a poor a neighborhood,
the night MLK was shot,

“To tame the savageness
of man
and make gentle
the life
of this world.”

A depoliticized
unifying
transmission.

Co-opt
and Inspire?

Conatus.

Ah, this is an old debate
between analysis and intuition.

The I read vs.
The I feel.

Please leave a donation.

At the end of the Spinoza class,
When we learned the highest insight,
the intellectual love
of God/Nature,
was still
only of this world,
of this life.

Everyone let out
an exhaustive sigh.

But each was excited to view
the world differently
in each's time
they had left.

So, you too, the author
are co-opting death...

Spending time,
tracing the frame,
with the subtle shakes
of Frank Stella's hand.

Anyways, the latest
controversial artwork
by controversial artist,
Santiago, was that he
was giving homeless people
Monet water-lilly
blankets to keep them warm.

His conceptual reasoning
was, "To keep them warm
while the viewer could

look at something pleasant.”

A, win, win.

Some bullshit
emancipatory claim
art seems to have.

Some book of quips.
Aphorisms.

Shut-up!

Shut the window.
Exit the windows on your screen.

Leave the circuit breakers off.
Close the curtain
between hospital beds.
It's time for privacy.

Try to re-imagine how
the money became monopoly
money at a certain point.

The perfect subtle direct action
for capitalists to subject youth
to the idea that life only consists
of winners and losers,
and who controls the most
of life's excesses is the winner.

But that only applies
to the rules on a 2D board,
with only 4 players.

How many players in a country?

Who doesn't get to play?

Some kind of circus...

Sorry, my English
isn't so well.

The default lingua franca.

Have some consideration.

It's because
you had the chance
to privatize it.

They, those,
didn't exist.

So this is the setting.

When you take a moment,
to sit and read
or stand.

The info under the guise of poetry.

An experiential
metaphysical haze.
Float fluidly between
language and image
only on land.

It's not radical,
it's just past center left.

A little more of a push forward.

“DROOLING GIBBERISH HALLUCINATIONS!,”
the G.O.P. said.

A no glasses,
3D life.

Unbind the pigment.

Two gelled slicked back
heads of hair
bump into each other.

Too busy
to care
about another millionaire.

F'in baby boomers.
Runnin wild with the economy
since the liberating 70's...

The grandson claimed
he didn't want to live
off the family name.

Of the avant-garde filmmaker,
whose son fetishizes weed in Colorado.

The rats were now traveling
on the telephone lines.

Some new alternate route.

The ghost of Christmas past
Vs.
The ghost of Christmas present.

The silence was eerie.

The search dogs
scrambling to find
signs of life
after the avalanche.

In a moment,
they were covered by a
blanket of white.
Was it one, two or three?

How do we feel
math works in this
equation?

He made it into
the Guinness book of world records,
which I loved to read.

Her or Him,
was the best
in the world.

The greatest.

For an achievement
that doesn't matter anymore.

It's been out of print
for 20 years.

10 more seconds than...

10 more inches than...

Bring me a higher love!

Ohhhhhhh Ohh

Came on the radio
at the abject bagel shop
and everyone started dancing
as if they were in
an 80's music video.

That made me smile.
When the two Mexican dudes
behind the counter
with backwards hats,
high-fived.

This is a vision of America
I dream about.

The CEO's teeth were chattering nervously
because their consumers
were divesting,
in an act to help the rust belt.

Laissez faire economical historians
refer to this as
'The ethical turn.'

But it all seemed like a bunch of
quotes, motifs, references,
that pointed towards something
central.

Think of the word
'sustainable' apart
from the 'green' suburban
rhetoric in which it became popular.

Or 'peace',
apart from what

the hippies
have done to the term.

Is it wrong to dream
of escaping to Mexico,
like Tim Robbins,
a prisoner falsely accused for life,
in the 'Shawshank Redemption',
while I'm at work?

It's a sub-clause
in Marx's chapter
on alienation.

Doesn't matter,
we called him
'Rain-man' because
he tried to add up
numbers without
his phone calculator.

He got it wrong anyway.

We still call him 'Rain-man'
though.

The varnish of the new
always comes off.

At least, everyone died in style
when the tidal wave came.
Well, some were in another state.

The motion was similar
to a rusted and shaking
animatronic conveying
the movements of a lion's

animism.

A glitchy CGI.

Just stare
at a ballerina
spinning 360 degrees
in slow motion
in a tin music box
playing silent night.

Zoom out.

Hallein, Austria
is where that song
originated.

Wherever that is.

Oh, the solitude
of an obese man
on the subway
playing solitaire
on his phone.

Did he win?

How does it end?

For who?
(detail-less)

Who will remember,
(detail-less)

what?
(detail-less)

Where will you be
when that happened?
(detail-less, emotionless)

Did it matter?
(detail-less, in a flash, you are, out-of-date)

For who?
(another, order-of-things)
(the words have outgrown the typeface)

What
will be
your medicine,
when,
you
have a fever
dream in the arctic?

