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*If life is an obligation
and only death becomes a solution,
if the words do not reach any more,
your head or your cure.*

*If you are synonymous with misfortune,
then let the rain blow in your hair.
Let it write to you
and let it compose for you.*

XX

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THE ROUTE THROUGH OUT WILLIAM FAKE



Prelude:

To write is all that he really could like. The writing always gave him a second chance, another and then another. The writing held him without word and sought the perfect front, true and beautiful. He missed it. It knew it. It thundered itself. Thus, the writing pointed out sound to him.

Imperfection is contagious: Chapter one.

The writing inclined, dismounted and took him with humility because it knew that such humility was the passion of eternity and infinity, tough entity. The heir was feared as it was accepted, it ate proudly into the language.

It tracked airtight words with the reason and ideas, with dogmas and philosophies and the cultures and ideologies. It tracked words which did not answer back with passions and emotions unknown. He discovered them, one of them, two of them and their rapture of the conscious state.

He carefully sifted words, inspired them, self-directed as he said it. Truths concise, the race he liked, perfect as such previously defined. To cherish, to calm desire, to give pleasure, to feel necessary in life when one carries thoughts far from logorrhea.

The oscillation enters atmosphere. The words torment. Buried passion. Frequent weaning. Impression and evanescence. Each antithesis amplified the absent. He's been the host of other thoughts, others than those announced, accepted ones he never believed to be. He was able to claim to remain to leave or able to suffer the words what was not, is not, will not be ultimately ever be selected.

His damn nuisance wrote words too, which emulated the reading, emulated their authors. They do not express but they return to the pleasures waited. A delicious melee, refused and defended. He breathed without a pipe, his nose in chevaliers to inhale the scents. He is sad but he must only cry for himself when he is dead. When the damn nuisance is dead.

It did not disavow his sorrows, it did not break his bottles, it did not tear his sheets and glass, it did not meet his open veins. It did not hide in his threshold and meet his mourning today. 'Goodbye friend, tomorrow you will emulate nevermore.'



Chapter two: Definition. You find your head a little empty, me too.

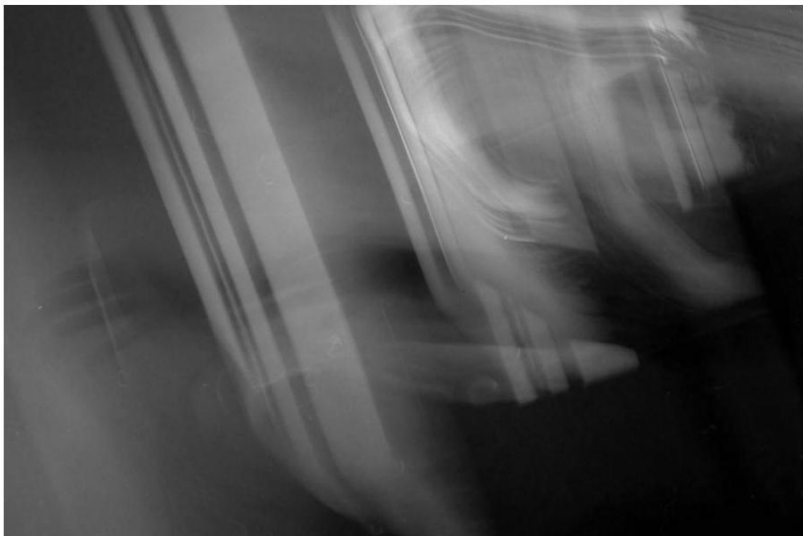
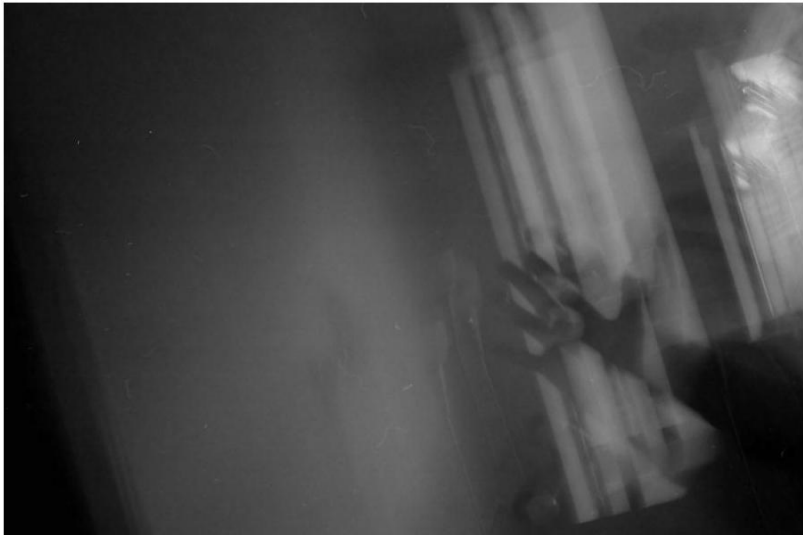
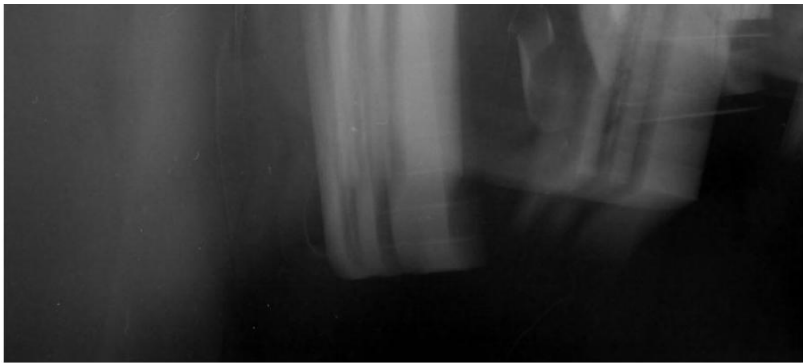
Me? Why worry. I am nothing. I am neither an entity unbounded nor a reference mark when I am unrolled. My lifecycle is a circle, not a broken line.

Pour me into these straight lines. One can see me as a film, the caress of a sheet on screen over my fingers, the devious one without identity, on the keyboard, the odor of ink on ruffled paper or by the printer.

There is no past nor future and even less present. Of my birth to the death and much further, I am still before and afterwards, I am, I was and I will be the cosmos; a grain of salt, the seed of the sky or the sand of the universe.

Shall I hit the stars? The dreams flow high. I swell a current to the sky, channel my eyes and drink what the sky has lost. I remember I used to feel tough, immobile. I did not laugh this time. Do I have reasons to laugh? Will it make me smarter? It does matter. I did laugh to make my pleasure actual and unwind the remainder.

The remainder will continue to miss us and we will continue with to wish them. They do not have to think of this for us to them to others, let ourselves think.



Chapter three: Imagination. Who am I? How am I? I am the reeve. (You were yourself.)

The second when I write an eternity, time flees. He is not any more, my friend. He died, left, flew away. I cannot make any more difference between me and humanity or between unit and the universality. My head is vacuum-filled. Am I the whole or nothing, much already or something, the white or black? I am.

Yin and Yang, I am the fold which separates the medium. Black and white sides. I am a line without color. I am the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf. I am nothing useful; a body without heart, a heart torn apart. I am neither.

I am this sentence, words one only can contact. I like to be what I am, what I will be never. I like to be the mimic of the constant, a song without debut, nor ending. The infinite one God did not create.

Does it need to be affirmed? No it is all, it is already much, and in fact, it is all.

It is without anything and it is all. It is me. I am it. We all are it. And it is when one believes in the others that one is aware that he exists, that we all exist. I cannot write any more now. All is finished. I know and you know you?



What a soft illusion, data-processing communication. Chapter Four: Conclusion.

Song without note, the rhythm without rhymes still rain my words. Blight follows the conceptual and its summits until I hold on to nothing.

Pay attention.

From these times when the communication is recognized in a time when the communication idolized, at one time when the dead poets slowly die. There remains only plot and falsification. Desolation, obsession and there my feather pen which cries. The distance of extinct memories of beheads and queens.

If life is an obligation and only death becomes a solution, if the words do not reach any more, your head or your cure. If you are synonymous with misfortune, then let the rain blow in your hair. Let it write to you and let it compose for you.

If the cure one evening dictates verse to you, do not cease any more script and you will remember only the dark. If your body becomes sensitive to all these things it composes. It is that finally you become a performer.

If the sovereign virtual world destroys your prose, voracious and proud,

Arrive to this era; the text and its treatment is the keyboard and screen. If the wind by chance catches in your hair, do not turn over. Leave it. If the music is born one day from your fingers, continue to play, do not stop you.