

00:02:00 or lunacy

London

these are things i know they
float and sink according to
gravities which are not understood no
matter what the science says we
move and we imagine there are reasons
we imagine the seasons will meet our
ignorance we imagine there are patterns
we imagine logic exists and
is reliable we imagine yellow is
yellow and not black. imagine
black is a colour imagine colours
are real. imagine (nothing) imagine
something imagine you see black when i see
black and not yellow when i

the moon is not a woman the moon has no
face the moon is not a circle of screaming bone the
moon is not a planet the moon is not a grave-
stone the moon has no memory the
moon does not fear the moon does not glide
the moon does not shine the moon is not a
circle the moon is not a promise the moon the moon the
moon the moon the

something colder than indifference something
clearer than memory something bigger than heart-
break something sharper than fear something

warmer than (my) desire something wetter than (your)

tongue something dryer than disgust some-

thing finer than the fingers that draw

a slow circle round the

form of my substance the moon

is not made of bone she is not

a woman. she is not a-

live she does not not not suffer she

does not not scream she has

no history