VI

is this what thinking is this browsing the tips a constant rumination where we wander at the back of the brain in impossible forests in the trace of a movement with wired primrose eyes you never noticed in a zig-zag movement of multiplied inheritance running sideways or looping to infinity a figure of eight repeating the day's journey in the silences between the words stretched out in a Möbius strip where you can't tell which way the landscape will unfold itself next we sniff the grass grip it the head moving swiftly forwards and up