

Looking Walking Being

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I look and look Looking's a way of being: one becomes, sometimes. a pair of eyes walking. Walking wherever looking takes one.

The eyes dig and burrow into the world. They touch fanfare, haw
l, madrigal, clamar. World and the past of it, not only visible
present, soild and shadow that looks at one looking.

And language? Rhythms of echo and interruption? That's a way of
breathing.

Breathing to sustain looking, walking and looking, trough the w
orld, in it.