

## Worlds Within the Margin

### In Flames

Raindrop hits the leaf changing it's position slightly on the street  
next to polls of monotonous waters  
He walks slipping feet from steps at random  
He falls

In the space of between his body and the ground  
comets cast off their names stellar neurones misfire

Witnesses  
inhale the seed  
and spit out a million branches

Buds abloom in all directions  
frin which events occur  
relations and virused meetings  
catch fire and explode  
In the margin of butterfly wings  
entire cycles of evolution  
outplayed and faded  
sparked away and leaned back into  
vacuum-filled nirvana

Between the two of my eyes  
feverish fractal scar  
Dance like were they on drugs  
peyote labyrinth re-mapped exits  
A hasty blink  
and a million life-to-comes  
will never be the same  
as they never were

In the kinetic energy of a moving fist  
lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe

With the first movement in organic scap  
came a bouquet of alternative answers  
all different multiplied and re-divided

Coded in the spinal cord of a trilobite  
written between the legs on the Meganeura  
suburban city maps and dormant dictator semen  
marked their way through time