

White Dot

Peter Hammill

Nothing is like anything else, everything's the same, our progress punctuated by a series of coincidence to form a logical chain.

Nothing is like everything else, like anything you name. Pomposity unpunctured, we're approaching a velocity of escape from our mortal frames.

So nothing is like anything else, so everything's designed. We're utterly dependent on our self-deluding sense of what we've done and what we'll do if we have time with nothing else in mind.

A time to think is now at a premium. You show bare inkling of a vital sign. Though in the pink in every outward appearance inside it's white dot time.

Oh, nothing comes to mind. So nothing comes to mind. Does nothing come to mind when you're finally mindful of nothing?