

Two by two, tracking, what to do with content? Tolerance flourished, faces awake with assumption and secrets. It promised interruptions, communion, mist, musical scores. Will it arrive, absolute pleasure? The staying awake, the keeping the gift warm. Mind seeking body—eggs alive—silent and slow, in the middle of touch. Forever unknowing. *Forget the intent, forget the whole story.* [Sent to S.D.S, 8400 Oostende, 13.4.23]

