

Fall Of The Leafe, Machina Mimesis (In The Corn

Nothing less than the sound of footsteps
condensing into a shape.

Sneaking into the murky urban cafof crispy mornings.

Realized it was a mirror after hours of work. They are filth.

And also easily lost in the labyrinth of the theory of their

own art - this easily perceived. Within the 4 years

of rain it became my own microscopic Macondo. It all meant little, if

nothing. What is the frase I look for... Chaotic Dementh.

Ah yes indeed. Been there before, fair lady? A Copper medal I won

at the chill-kill that day: Putrid Run, Salt... Torment,

Thirst. Two fierce feasting parties wishing me warmly welcome in

the aftermath of their own cold war. Neo-colonialistic freaks,

says I. Tempers increase to hatred and vanish - in cataleptic

disorders. An apparatus of something, don t really know what,

remnant of the good that succumbed in man once? The absolute

legion of oddity. Now guess what in the world machina mimesis is?