1 = 0

Poem

- Cafe on the Moon
- Racing
- Combat

Cafe on the Moon

Your little life secret - it’s safe with me btw - matter of fact it was part of the attraction - coded veils - got something of an eye for ‘em - takes one to decipher one and so on - a game - a fun one. You *were* funny - strange funny - haha too - an off-sync bent - a conversationalist - provocative - as a result, more than intention - always asking questions - interested where the answers went - curious - to a fault

On one hand - your ‘condition’ - in my opinion - the wonder-wheel of life. If i’d said i wanna open a cafe on the moon - you’d be Right! How soon? Pronounce this auto-time-travel experiment whereby we’re there - tonight - bouncing thought atoms off of each other in the ether - unravelling the future - a meal - wine - laughing - music - a reefer - everything as it’s meant to be - let memory decide the keepers

Among those small to small-medium-sized hours we trawled the answer to the universe. Then holy Moses you found it! Hidden under our noses. It wasn’t 42. Yet sort of - it *was* a number: 1. Even guessed the question: *What’s 2 - 1?* With 2 you got observation; 1 = singularity - *no observation* - no nothing - except nothing : 1 = 0 in fact - existence’s magic trick - from nothingness to somethingness and back.

Just didn’t expect that would be our gig - probably should’ve twigged in retrospect

Duet

Lost when i met you you said

I saw you - we already knew

Whatever will happen has happened

I take care of you

Racing

When we clicked on our link - there was electricity - but inevitably there was also the matter of the dark-matter

You'd sink into this mood - it wasn't out of the blue - there were *good reasons* for throwing the switch to auto-pilot - which - according to your twisted logic - meant enacting this collapsing universe pattern of existence - a fight+flight version of an escape plan - but no discernible plan thereafter. Babe - it was a recipe for disaster

Don't take this as a criticism - ok yes - maybe do - you had this *beautiful essence* - only problem - it was careering through this messed up prism brain of yours.

We know what it was about - *the rock/ the hard place* - but - it *was*.

Don't get me wrong - self-destruction - if that's your thing - knock yourself out - but as a reductionist you'd know - the people in your socio-emotional vicinity didn't necessarily sign up for that shit. Not judging you - wondering - how'd you sit with it?

For some things there's no 'undo' button babe - no pop-up: *Are you sure you wanna make that idiot fuck up?*

But ya know what - i don't give a fuck about your fuck ups - no that's not entirely true - i do - hurts me - hurts you - but i see where you're coming from at least. Or is it like the wind? - where it's more about where you're rushing to? - that space - thoughts racing - you don't know if you're runnin' away or chasing do you babe? - both maybe

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Combat

That combative streak - it’s alright - i get it - trauma multiplied by your normal non-conformity - a perfect storm of vengeance unfurled upon the dickhead heads of this world. But lest you become one of them - let’s think about that philosophically for a minute. Why not express that anger on what gotcha into this mess in the first place? It’s not the usual prick one meets on the street remember - it’s the gestalt - the ruling culture

Did i have your back back then no matter what? Maybe not. It was too chaotic. Did you have mine? I wonder - how ‘bout we got each other’s this time? – i'm in a spot of bother - i’m Hong Kong - i’m going under - turns out i need a warrior. If you’re inclined to divine this frequency across the divide babe - luck’ll favour the brave - isn’t that what you’d have said?

The spell of heaven and hell? yeah it’s stuck in our minds for a reason - alive n wriggling - i’m waist deep in its primal muck - metaphysically speaking. So here’s what i’m thinking - let’s take that fight the fuck up. This time let me handle the direction. Our secret weapon is still a ya loaded question - an undressing - a messing with their minds – a spasmic revelation. You wanna white-knuckle that equation - hell yeah - i’m fucken well buckled in

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