



Halted Glances on a Wanderers Passage Through a Rather Small Entity in Space*

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Highly-defined edges shimmer softly through strikingly encompassing outlines, rush by in a lacklustre string of perception (perceptual landing sites build up imaging landing sites) - the celerity of the perceiving body determines contiguous heaps, interludes which keep the eyes fascinated, the ones connecting to my mind. Tiny and gigantic, cleft and gluey, blisteringly fast and sluggish fragments stay hermetic, form indecipherable structures. Phenomenons transcending the allegeable neuronal reality of synapses are impossible to be elucidated by educational walks - science based ignorance. Halting glances are standstills - intended or not - they produce shrill soundlessnesses - irritating quietness, correspondent dysfunctions. Silentium contrasts progression ad infi nitum. Ceaseless progression is the existential ground state of contingent stillstands. Experimental arrangements abruptly burgeoning become rather discarded. A compassionate smile to the refused! Viscous sweet-smelling tears toil down over the liberal zones of the cheeks, then lines of worry squeeze visibly nutritious growth into abyssal black holes. Holes seal themselves, thus trapping involuntary obviousnesses. Crooning voices grumble: Sift out discomfoting truthes! Still, skeptical notes explode out of the urban underground here and there into the night. Imagine a hypothesis: every inhabitant of different urban islands writes down a one hundredpage narrative of his every-day experiences, the look through the microscope could be dispensable. But who would listen to them? Presumably only the one who anyway understood long ago. In the dusk invaluable elusiveness attracts the attention, precious inconspicuousness. Triggering a propitiated search, starting with a climbing venture on top of an elevation amidst the indeciduous gray nothingness. Arrived at the top below seems higher up. Near to perfect infatuation tries to exclude; the diffuser only counts as pillar in the infi nite labyrinths of tangled audacities, exhumed ferocities become evacuated. Zappzarap forgotten. At every corner mental rapids get split up in well-meant battles. Mutually unknown gestalten amalgamate with adjacent barriers to an ensoulment of the city. Well-nigh ruinous hostilities to life become considered poeticized. Upwardly directed glances become directed downwards through perfidious eulogies, bird's eye view out of a dilapidated cage. Constant collisions with the frontiers of freedom result in dull, ruffled plumage. Rusty bars let the joints of their wings crunch. Hollow bird bones, heavy. Though hollow aren't the impressions of singular struggles for survival. Abound in strategies of imagination. Less prolific, but heavy: maintained hierarchies within flocks of birds. The rotten cage stays the very last home.

** The title plus the accompanying prose poem are dedicated to G.-E. Debord, S.I.*