

A portrait of a man with dark, styled hair and a beard, looking slightly to the left. He is wearing a dark jacket over a dark shirt. The background is a dark, solid color.

Albert DENN

CONNECTARTS
NOTE

The old man is silent:
“My love and play is wisdom.”
(Lucian Blaga – “Three Faces”)

Albert DENN

CONNECTARTS
NOTE

It happens suddenly
Without notice
You look in the mirror
And the familiar face is gone
And you hope you still have time

The handcuffs vanish
When you're done hoping
When you're done wanting
Wanting

silence
treacherous
strange beast
handy sometimes
an eerie way of going mad
this beast is never
to be taken for tranquillity

you see
I do not see
you see
I do not see
then how did you see
I chose

if I exist
only in my brain tissue
and you only exist in yours
then we have never fallen in love
we haven't even met
brains fall in love with other brains
full stop



when you eat an apple
you are only a mouth
eating an apple
neither man
nor woman
just a mouth

criss cross
on unlikely roads
and the thread will hold
you open the door and see what
you believe
I shall not always be there
you will hop on
from one galaxy to the next

they were all left
with the final word
until
they were also left without eyes

a train with no travellers
a body without an I
another body without another I
the whistle of a train and nothing on the skin
doors opening in the direction of the way
this is how I see travelling
sometimes starting from the I, some other times from
the body
often enough I cannot even tell
if what I see is not a fragile flame still willing to burn after
touching the fingers

has somebody told us
that after so many journeys
we reach ourselves?



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