

Part 1

In the windowpane I saw, through the lenses of my optical glass
intricate patterns of tile dancing forming a roof at last, seemingly forming a layer of scale on my
face reflected in the windowpane

From the chamber of my tower I watched the storm unfolding Trees were falling,
from the heavens water was pouring And all around the village lakes were forming Flashing
in the flickering light

That morning, Already had i mistaken my shadow for another person twice
When my terracotta stone oven started burning bright
Emerging from the orange glow
A tiny man the color of gold
Up I brought him in a bottle of glass i kept him safe

In Front of his glass, I placed my optical glass
For his tiny brain to behold, through its lenses the window beneath the intricate pattern of tile,
from where a strange man's torso bloomed like a rose

The golden man recounted to me the stream of tears of a tower in a dream,
A flooded castle emerging
The chamber in which the golden man's mother was birthing, The Golden man recollecting his
dream:
From his eyes came droplets of tears
and where they struck a tiny tower appeared: within it a chamber, and from its window a spray
of tears That struck a tower, that shed a tear
Soon my floor had disappeared

I said little man from your nose and ears, a black cloud is pouring
Your prophetic dream drained from tears that now appear inside my chamber falling

The grief of the golden man storming
The cloud under my roof calling
My name in a way that made me fear
Could it be that my chamber was not really here?

But soon enough
From where the long droplets struck my floor, stalagmites were springing forth

Through ivory rain I watched my body pierced in the window pane
A marvelous poodle had become, a bloody substance that had run
From pointy peaks of stalagmite displaying my insides to the withering light.

I heard a noise, Tedious like the humming of a fridge
The bewildered eyes of customers by the counter, watching me twitch

Watching myself twitch and tweak on the cracked display of an android phone, held to my eye
by a guy looking stoned;
In his recording I myself was crawling
From the eye of the stone oven, my body was falling

Part 2

I have literally never spoken a word before telling you just now that I have never spoken, that my first utterance ever was an attempt to impress you with the fact that I have remained silent up until this very moment, embarrasses me to such a degree that I struggle to put it into words. As a matter of fact, revealing my silence by breaking it seems so vain, so desperate that I should most of all prefer to never speak again. But now that I have made you aware of my silence, not speaking no longer seems an option; my silence would now only underscore the hypocrisy of what I have just said: Namely that I never speak.

What is the purpose of your machine?

It is a silence machine, and as you can imagine, it is rather painful for me to talk about it, but I will almost say this: every thing is more than one thing and much like the incessant humming that keeps me up at night, here the man with disgust gestured towards a refrigerator, then continued solemnly: Humming, humming that one assumes is strictly necessary in the process of cooling, much like this my machine produces siiiiiiilence.
This silence in turn had its own bi-product which was my reluctance to break it. For many years the only breaker of silence was my fridge, but this machine I absolutely refuse to talk about, my god how I refuse!

Why do you hold that rope in your hand?

This rope? That fits my hand so perfectly, he answered in a slightly hysterical pitch as the diamond rings on his rope holding hand reflected the dying light: Look at my hand , now the rope; Do you hear the sirens? Perhaps a horrible crime has been committed, perhaps a band of homicidal kleptos are on the prowl for costly merchandise, you ask about my rope expecting yet another byproduct of a byproduct, but never for a second the security measures one must take, say what kind of person are you really?

I could not remember, but the man who had kept silent for so long had lost his patience with me, and so continued discoursing on silence and security. His voice soon drowned in the humming of the refrigerator, so I began to follow a line with my inward eye.

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Silhouettes of tall trees, and bushes: I followed the course of a garden, with my eye. Through an ancient garden I had walked, when I came upon a house and from a window of this house a

man was hanging. A wealthy man by the looks of his clothes and the sumptuous facade from which his torso bloomed like a rose.

Now I sat in the room of the owner of the house
Who held in his hand a rope that ran
Into the boot of the hanging man

I was a machine of sorts and had felt drawn by the man hanging from the window. Behind my eye I had another eye pointing into my skull. I was a machine made to draw the light, the light that had made appear the garden of the man, the rope in his hand.

In my inward eye I saw that my skull was an Italian palace, a pizzeria to be exact: A place I owned, now illuminated by the reflected light in the worried eyes of the silent man. Somewhat disapprovingly he said: I see you're the kind of guy that closes his ears as others close their eyes: It is an interesting way to make a mockery of me and my machine; I wonder what could you be thinking: get a life? Or even better: a wife?

The scintillating diamonds, nested in the golden rings that encircled the fingers of his ropeholding hand
reflected the dying light that made appear
In his other hand an empty canister once full of beer. I saw in his drunk eyes something that made me remember; I had been making pizzas so that I could draw the light reflected in the other's eye. At times my jaw would animate a picture from the other side: To my customers I would say: what do you want? Or don't give me that crap! I would compliment those in need: Why madam your fingers, how fine how fine, slender and chique like a Montblanc pen!

Slowly it became apparent that my thoughts were coming from somewhere else, from a dream that was not my own: I was drawing the light for a world that came to an end where my face began.

On some days my eyes were leaking, droplets of dream people falling and screaming into the sauce or the pizza dough.

I was a howling tower and from my windows blue tears appeared to the customers eye, howling princes falling from the sky.

I remembered the face of a dying man who would not come down from his tower. I remembered that the Italian palace behind my eye was a machine of dreams, that outside: I sat in a room in the dying light, drinking beer from a can with a rambling silent man.