

3rd March 2012

There is No Art



[http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-4vNyr6Qz7jU/T1JT-WYsNpl/AAAAAAAAALTc/8QAz_VOwS1c/s1600/IMG_9784.JPG]

Looking through the Federal Reserve Bank into Boston (2 March 2012)

There is no art in seeing. There is no art in being. There is no art.

Found, in the seam of glass, a seeming, there is a seeing now. What comes together comes apart.

Whatever comes apart is whole.

There is no art in wanting. There is no art in haunting. There is no art.

It mostly comes from presence. An essence of the self as symbol.

The crash together is the music.

There is no art is feeling. There is no art in peeling (in peeling). There is no art.

Motion forms as blood that's moving. Moving mentions what it moves.

Waves are breaking on the bastion.

There is no blue in breaking. There is no brake for bruising. There is no break.

Wont but wasted, wrinkled into, it seems the substance of the past.

There is no prime in moving. There is no prime in mumbling. There is no prime.

The pump it breaks and crashes forth and leaves the liquid in the earth.

It mostly stays by going. It mostly leaves by linger. It mostly is.

The body is the breathing. There body is the breaking. The body isn't art.

What breaks from coming open. What comes by breaking down.

There is no art in wasting. There is no art in tasting. There is no art.

There is no art in heaving. There is no art in leaving. There is no art.


There is no art in giving. There is no art in living.

There is no art.

ecr. l'inf.

Posted 3rd March 2012 by [Geofhuth](#)

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