

Impossibilities of Writing About Thoughts.

Spacing the story, the story of story of
stories for ever more.

Transmitting of a meeting that was intended to take place once upon another place.

Coming home with this kind of face, once full of wonder now even more wonderful.

The poetics of disillusionment creating the impossible in a narrow fitting of something high and above, once a dove wrote its story as a story short, namely, perhaps a short story full of wondering and surprise and wonder and sorrow and wishing and making and creating and agonizing and releasing the secret wish of all the wishes that has hidden something wonderfully upsetting and monstrous and that.

Breathe in.
All of it.
As a suggestion.

**NOTHING TO FORCE AND NOTHING TO
HIDE. EVERYTHING AND A TRY. MIGHT
CALL IT AN EFFORT. LONG A POND FOR A
FISH TO SWIM, YET THE FISH WAS
DROWNED BY AN UNMISTAKABLE FORCE
FROM HIGH AND ABOVE AND BELOW AND
UNDER.**

The pond inside a building, with its center and another center and another layer, playing optical illusions with the shades of light. Set the rules. Existing in almost every construct. Building built by human hands, hands artificial, long lean gentle, the harshness has vanished. The light tricks. Exhilarating the impossible impossibilities that remain impossible.

Pause.

For some history lesson.

Stories and the mode of storytelling, hide obviously some other stories and the mode of narration. The mug is too hot, I cannot touch it. Modes and moods. Linked and

joined. And that. I heard a story of a cat. That's part of the history of histories. They set out to explore some distant corners of the TOWN-CITY with some fellow tom cats. Flying tins and stories intimidated them. Braveness out of the question? You thought so? Not. Quite wrong. They were brave as long as someone fed them but not fed on them. A kind person. Was it?

TOWN-CITY is popular and bewildering. Just like time city.
Exploring kettles. Boiling. With what? Wonder, wonder, wondering.
Catching up with impossibilities. TOWN-CITY is a mistaken
mystery, for people still remain clueless. Quite reasonable. Might
think. Just it. Raising. What? But questions of course.

Intimidating explorations. No sense involved, but vision. And restless constant agility and motion. Coming from the way the few selected trees move along with the wind. Like willows. Or some other kind. Fantasizing of an impossible universe. City is left to rot and decay. A heaven for the tom cats who set out to explore the garbage. Sensing impossibilities in TOWN-CITY. But not for the cats. They are always adjustable. They are the cats in transition. Which are also urban. And some times fill in the shapes, and the clouds and the shapes and clothes along with the clouds.