MANY WORLDS

ANTHONY ETHERIN
How, by passing, are we ever free?

Now, pieces in time see adrift, designs; earths open and prepare to splinter signs.

Absurd, the promise we maintain we break births nothing, but all motion we express. Profess to me - will moments life not make? (Make not life, moments will me to profess.)

Express, we motion all but nothing births. Signs splinter to prepare and open earths: decrees are fractures, spatial, word by word....

Designs adrift see in pieces, now. Free ever, we are passing by - but how?

How?
How, but by passing, are we ever free?
Now, pieces in time see adrift designs;
word by word, spatial fractures are decrees;
earths open and prepare to splinter signs.

Absurd, the promise we maintain we break
births nothing, but all motion we express.
Profess to me - will moments life not make?
('Make not life,' moments will me to profess....)

Express, we motion all but nothing births.
'BREAK!' we maintain. We promise the absurd.
Signs splinter to prepare and open earths:
decrees are fractures, spatial, word by word....

Designs adrift see time in pieces, now.
Free ever, we are passing by - but how?
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