



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
2012.
DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Gustavo Vega

24.05 To tell (You)

I wanted *to tell you*... But I couldn't.
Devastated angel, still I couldn't
paint the light.

I? You? Tangle in between the sense
and its *deconstruction*. They are the complex systems
of a *post-poetic* saying, Angles.
dead angles. They are knots, links, of a *net*
where we got lost desiring *I don't know what*,

I don't know what,

desiring the country where dreams
dream, yearn for, the mastery of tenderness,

between order and chaos, they yearn for everything,
nothing, any Newtonian
determinism and, above all, they yearn

the yearning.

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25.05 To tell (You)

I wanted to tell you... To feel, the intertextual
weaving where feeling is felt and spoiled.
What do gods, a shell's sea, a firecracker,
and a kiss lost in time,
or in darkness, and a beggar's ripped sock gnawing at his heels have in common?

$x = s(y - x)$
 $y = x - y - xz$
 $z = xy - z$

There is a mysterious link between knowledge
and blindness, between sayings
and blindness. The yearning
for the future and to tell...
To tell you.

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26.05 To tell (You)

To yearn for. To yearn for. I wanted to tell you... *You, I, all of us...* immerse in the correlates of reality, *a quantum reality, relativist*. Immerse, like broken statues between objects, while our blood is flowing, or light, through the eyes, through the stays, through diagnosis.

While reality howls at us while hiding inside *multiplicity*... You disappear dragging my *I*, diluting it into *silence*, without saying a *word, the word, your word, You*.

Your know it, *to tell, to tell to yourself*, it's not a problem, It's *destiny*. And in spite of the blood spilling broken on the marble, the mud, the snow or the dumpster, and in spite of somebody or something imposing adjectives when *saying* -somebody would say, for example, that art is beauty, moral, expression, imagination, copy, abstraction...- I want to *name you*

To name you? *To listen to you*. Alone, I alone, I alone try *to listen to you*. Impossible to build any destiny, it's him who name us, and undoes *us*.

Clarity? Transparency and mystery... to paint
to say, loneliness,
silence.

Because to *tell you* -narration, art, poem- is not
delirium,
not a vision, it's a wound from reality.
We spill illusions, blood, above mountains
of doubts.
We extinguish with them the fire or the gaze
of our own rust, sadness,
death.

I? You? Around me there is nothing missing, or almost nothing, only
I am the one missing. Something, or somebody. Stained the walls,
cruelty, of an inexistent
color.

Impossible to live without *interfaces*. Utopia's limits
are the limits of utopia. *Internet*
is the universal memory, exhaustive and available
to all.
Something inevitably substitutes us. Polysemy,
homonymous things, language superpositions, are
mask's logic -*prosopon, personare*- where
people superimpose, *I?, You?*
my *I*
is disintegrating.

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28.05 To tell (You)

Electric butterflies. How
To listen to one's eyes to tell,
To *tell* (you)?

We are born from dream, we come from dream,
We are dream and, in spite of our growing absences,
we don't know how to erase dreams, like the dawn does,
the dreams that dreamt us yesterday,
were born from us.

Dreams, art, artifice *to tell*...
The life. Dreams, art, artifice,
Life. They are life.

The life.

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29.05 To tell (You)

Your skin? Absence. How *to tell*...
The flow of the I in time, germinated from
death, looking. Looking for you.

But there is always something that distract us, for example,
the cold season, clouds and clouds always different from other
clouds, a farewell photo, the poliedric face
of threat, a spit on the forehead or
a nail stuck in the skeleton we hide
under, the crystals of some
invisible wall or ...

Lucky for us that life protects us
from our own passions.



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