String Theory Ⓚ

You humans

awash with threadspindle

desires and chaos

String, you are

A tangle leaping up, diving in

getting yourselves into holes

And all for want

And all for joy and fear

What is that in your baghandle?

The thing that you want

or the thing that

pulls your thread sideways .

String Theory .

How long can you be ?

Does your soul stretch far ?

Or does it twist in a ball ?

A knot ?

Do you, enthused and confused

tangle your life, and many more ?

Or dragknotted by others

who choose to use ?

If cut loose with scissors

what of you is severed ?

Oh what a tangled

Rebel believe

Twisting and turning

on carbon knees

When all you can

loves all you can’t …

How far can you stretch

If you did not knot .

String your own gallows

Keep it simple

String Theory

But where’s the fun in

going straight ?

Who are these strings anyway ?

Who are these lives

I dip my fingers in ?

Is it better to be

meddled from on high ?

String Theory says

there are many

dimensions

What is straight in one

dimension may be

curved in another

Positively bent

Your artist Captain Einstein

said that

“ attraction to a

Black Hole

is bent in some dimensions,

straight in others ”

Oh, How you twist and

entangle through

physical attractions

And not just to holes !

Who are these strings

I behold and hold ?

Do you recognise yourself

among them ?

Do you know your

tangles

Do you know how far

you could go

if you were not in knots

?

This cheeky pink one [enact: hold up a pink string from the bundle]

Lost its path

or found its path

… Can you hear it ?

It is saying … …

It does too much

for other people ,

Knows where it wants to go

but needs Bread

to get there

Bread …

And the Bread is somewhere else

And it doesn’t know

How far it can go

from the

Bread Shop

Before it has to go back

and get more Bread

But it knows where it wants to stray and

play and frrrraaay

And it knows another

Thread

who does the same

back and forth dance

A rubber band

Made to dance by that earn-Bread

hand

twixt land and sea,

Drying on the sand

This life String …

In Summer it met

others

In beautiful colours

Tangled, untangled

Pulled in Pulled together

Pulled under

A knot already tied half way along

its length

Now entangled, Pulled a new skew

Slip Knot

Garrotte

Pull and Pull and

Pull and Pull

Then …

let …

… go

String Theory

Because we can all get

in knots

and wonder how far to go

How long can we be

How happy, how achieved

How great is a Human

Where Angels fear to Thread

If… If… If we go straight

and we tie end to end

we are longer

greater

If we make connections

while staying ourselves

Not on holes

but on Wholes

we can make

untangled webs

Sheets … … become material, fabric

A Network

That can cover everything

But Fuck the Network

It is not my purpose

or desire

to cover everything,

to live as long

as possible

without feeling love

without feeling life

Yo, el Scar Day

Find the others

Find the one

the two

the three

the fff-more

Knotted or straight

as you want

No diagram

or masterplan

All Hail this cord of ya

And when they say

“Be Strong”

Be Strong

Be String

Be

Every moment…

a Happy New Yeah !

All Hail this cord of Us !

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