

“ ...”

2.

We enter a world moulded by many voices
a polyphonic tent town, a collective celebration
a sculptural city where authors come to die
and where the lost and the homesick rest
in graffiti temples
multiple timelines unfold, mesh, expand
in a vivid dreamscape
where languid one-eyed aliens follow the ant-trails
under heart-petal trees
making their way towards the shrines of rap kings
nodding at the Masked Sphinx
resting at the wheel
in a state of reverie
you wander through this labyrinth village
a daydream with winding paths,
a warm hallucination, conceived through psychic undercurrents,
kaleidoscope visions,
subterranean impressions,
explosive abstractions.
sound emanates from color-happy canvases,
impulses forming the home
taunting our imaginations,
keeping us safe, if but for a moment

from the dull veil of cut-throat competitors
and peddlers of standardisation
free from their shackles
you may enter the terra incognita
and so you navigate the wilderness of creative expression
collaborating with a rich uncertainty
moving through the space in a spiral dance
not lost, but losing yourself
in an infantile topography
under continuous construction
“ ... ”