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Against *Sturm und Drang*

Beat-up inside teutonic kettle drums, the much-will-have-more of self-expression lays waste to the wilderness of the Ear.

Banging about the bars of crazy codas that find no way to inflict the final blow.

Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. The orchestra of a thousand marches across past battlefields, hazy with the smoke of holy cannon roar.

Expression? Passion?:—of, or about, what?

A truce has been called. Waves write signs in the white sand. The thrushes have arrived and at any moment may speak to the clear northern skies.