

*Émigré refugee* it's all drama in your life like being a chameleon creature that can be read either as a prose poetry or drama that all depends on the current feelings of the magic of migratory birds sitting on electric power lines of your vocal cords where they can flutter in one sudden moment in time at the slightest restlessness of their wings of despair in the air tunnels of voice box structures balancing like tightrope walkers with one or two feet playing the syllabic virtuosity of artists looking into the abyss as if it is the last play for the night before the curtain of resurrection can ascend towards the *Hill of Hope* where everything is allowed in the performance of life dramas *reading acting miming silencing with no limits no boundaries no punctuations no diacritical remarks in your speech oratory* feel free to breathe beyond the limits of elastic diaphragms of the bellows full of air streams like in a cathedral of ancient pipe organs pushing through the voice boxes the tidal swells of words through the lungs of the chest cavity with enforced diaphragmatic membranes to follow your heart rhythms breaking the speech into digestible bits whenever you feel right to be in control of your destiny climbing the speech structures like building scaffoldings to be your own stone mason of your own language though language can be a stumbling block deconstructing the scaffoldings of your life to vary the flight paths of your voice to speak from the heart pouring your soul into valleys like swelled streams of words until they reach the crescendo of oceanic tidal swells in your odyssey of your own speech bouncing against the cliffs submerged in the tear ducts of your sudden departures without discernable timetables beware of the world stage prompters hiding in the

floor cavities feeding you the words according to the scriptures denying your essence of your being to improvise life dramas which can be reconstructed by one or two or more characters as usually described in the prologue pages of life histories played on the stage pages where stage characters can approach the river of words in a creative performance as a monologue dialogue whisper or multiplex of crisscrossing streams of words the repetition of words as if in a medieval choir climbing church steeple spires in front of the blessed audience in the anatomy theater dissecting cadavers' hearts and looking through the eyeball prisms of mirrors to the source of soul and immortality according to woodcut manuscript illuminations preaching and blaspheming in urban places squares railway stations digital hubs on footpaths or in nature or in the house of the *theater of absurd happenings* or in dreams deceptive to traditional performing expectations when the art of surprise falls from heaven to the central point of your guts to the solar plexus of your existence that you cannot disentangle yourself from the neural networks of the metropolis where your soul is tied up in the spider web strings spanned by the hands of the audience without which drama cannot exist the audience should be introduced with black blindfolds over their eyes so that they can only hear the voices or receive telepathic messages sent through the arrays of aerial probing needles piercing the gray matter of their skulls their hands should be tied up behind their backs with plastic cable ties as we well know that some hands can be tender and innocent though we also know full well that hands can be deadly and bloody up to the elbows where humanity can be measured by the changing tidal levels of rivers of blood usually

monotonously recited as hydrological water levels on the midday news reports while *wars conspiracy treason mayhem dislocation refuge hunger pestilence* can rage according to the rhythms of *homo sapiens'* seasonal changes as if we have not learned anything yet trying to solve the riddle of the life's theater stage boards swaying like seesaws in the playgrounds of our souls while the rivers of refuge seekers are streaming across the stage hiding their fate in their hearts disappearing into the bunkers of forgetfulness when the curtain falls.

In underground cities of darkness in the bunkers of hell of underground cities in the undercarriages of our consciousness we are cast into underground cities of darkness awaiting the judgement day for the evil greed avarice of the human nature of the dark side of the *homo sapiens'* moon. The *homo sapiens'* Janus face of good and evil calibrate on the scales of justice blind deaf mute a two-faced creature in the god's like image with two faces one representing good and the other representing evil and in-between with multiple entry exit doors passages underground bunkers and chambers hidden shut and open depending on the prevailing winds of desires for power force violence aggression war and the prevailing winds for peace harmony non-aggression amity unity love – the transition of paradoxes of living and co-existing within and without the *homo sapiens'* primate creature - on the run.