

03-05-2020

the current

For:

the secluded
the homeless
the searching
the distorted
the ones we hurt
the silent
the hippies
the dreamers
the poets
the other
the drama
the steampunks
the hackers

then

thanks to: www.fo.am for the open call and network
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+ Bernd Volmer @ www.futurefonts.xyz with his kind
donation of ultra variable Seraphs v.0.3 font family

the current affairs flow through
the air like liquid momentum

then current flows through cables
and pipes connecting river deltas

the current carries memes afloat
like water pouring down staircases

then current flashes femtoseconds of
light through fibreglass across seas

the current lights the fire to consume and
pour out collective consciousness

then current divides into light and
dark with the flick of a switch

the current runs your home office
and your office home

WiFi, like water and power, is a
basic human right to have access to

Moved

watching I feel you
watching
anticipating my slow walk in to
there is only movement
sand swirls between my legs
sometimes gentle other times pushed hurried
I make my own time
slowing down I reach inside and find that I am inside
these movements from longtime ago faraway time
travelling south across from east over west down north
we meet here in these waters
swimming with against underneath together
In currents In tides In winds In waves washing crashing
inside currents
floating I feel beneath me
each grain carried shifted moved along
I am moved
I am shifted
I wade my way out from

poem by Vicki Kelleher, visual Maja Renn

Then the vast and abundant silence of kisses
Being touched and touching thee, sensing
Pure communication of light photons
Carried through instantaneously, serenely

Waves clapping to a choreography of dancing stars
Streams of wind constantly stimulating her sensory
system
Wet and humid cloth wavering here and there
Performing the bridge on a bridge, persistently

Depth experienced in a sensitivity close to numbness
Tingling on an abyss gaping right underneath
Ready to jump but not feeling her legs
Knowing that she will fall soft

Embraced and entangled in the warm sea
Diving deep, holding her breath
Taking a distance from the surface
The plane that divides the heaven from the sea

Dissolved in a dense humid wetness
Not being able to distinguish the line
That transitions from the land to the sea
Crossing valleys and peaks underneath

Foggy galaxies smiling up a clear starry night
Zooming in unto the fading horizon
Exploring curiously, from a tangible distance
Interlocking symmetries of touching eyes

When our eyes touch, is it dusk or is it dawn?



STOP

RESIS+-

ING

let

love

flow

ooooooooohm

The Bridge

Tell me something random about yourself
She points towards a smiling door
Exploding in laughter and syncing simpers
Passing an arched gateway protected by the eye of
providence

Black fabrics waving around her legs
She asks him to take her to a random place
Still surrounded by masonic walls and bricks
Purple towers covered in dense indigo light

Succumbed to the charms of her black waves
Be it her hair or dress undistressed
Undressing the queen of her serious silver
Knitting a crown out of white falling rays

Echoes of farsi poetry reverberating from the patio
First washed away by gargoyles' rain
Then fugitives trying to find shelter in her words
Stumbling mumbling silver stilettos contemplating

These are not the sandals to walk on rocks with
Descending stairs into the waves of the sea
The acidic smell of piss etching into walls of culture
A scent of saltwater arising, erasing, vaporising

Rugged rocks being steadily hollowed by the waves
Caves resonating an eternal gurgling
Darkness filled with the gentle touch of spray
Borders crossed, fences jumped, walls dissolved

Approaching the bridge to nowhere
But waves and light
Horizons turned upside down
Stars drowning in the ocean

Her gaze touched by the wind
Flowing through their counterform
Shaping a passageway for purity
Carrying, exhaling, laughing, sougning

The Blue Room

Two hospital beds lined up and moulding
Themselves perfectly into a roof
Transitioning blue towards a small window

A gradient of light soothing, shining, decaying
Shadows pointing towards a door
Which is missing one ear

Rarely hard edges give the blue a softness like cushions
Like clouds in the sky
Soft rounded corners pointing upwards

Even the cupboard bows down before the blue roof
Carrying itself in subtle darker tones
Describing a small gap of shadows

All measures perfectly met
With time glitched and shifted
A tunnel out of balance
Twisted like a chord of thread

From the million tones of blue
Turning towards the window
Looking out through damp, rain and water
Flowing glass describing its viscosity

Flowing down since more than 100 years
Glass shows similarities to water
By which it is touched
Night in and day out

Fragments of Olympian Gossip

While listening on my cosmic phone

I caught words from the Olympus blown.

A newcomer was shown around;

That much I could guess, aided by sound.

„There's Archimedes with his lever

Still busy on problems as ever.

Says: matter and force are transmutable

And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“

„Below, on Earth, they work at full blast

And news are coming in thick and fast.

The latest tells of a cosmic gun.

To be pelted is very poor fun.

We are wary with so much at stake,

Those beggars are a pest—no mistake.“

„Too bad, Sir Isaac, they dimmed your renown

And turned your great science upside down.

Now a long haired crank, Einstein by name,

Puts on your high teaching all the blame.

Says: matter and force are transmutable

And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“

„I am much too ignorant, my son,

For grasping schemes so finely spun.

My followers are of stronger mind

And I am content to stay behind,

Perhaps I failed, but I did my best,

These masters of mine may do the rest.

Come, Kelvin, I have finished my cup.

When is your friend Tesla coming up.“

„Oh, quoth Kelvin, he is always late,

It would be useless to remonstrate.“

Then silence—shuffle of soft slippered feet—

I knock and—the bedlam of the street.

Nikola Tesla, Novice

The background is an abstract, textured composition. On the left side, there are vertical streaks of bright blue and white, resembling light or water. The rest of the image is dominated by a dense, grainy texture of yellow and gold, with some darker, almost black, areas interspersed. The overall effect is that of a close-up of a rough, painted surface or perhaps a microscopic view of a mineral. In the center, there is a solid black circle containing the text 'nightly build'. At the bottom, there is a black rectangular box containing white text.

**nightly
build**

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