

kemal önsoy

drank the ocean dumped onto sun
its monster recognize did you not

text: kemal önsoy's notebook

OFSET
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drank the ocean dumped onto sun its monster recognize
did you not was there your mind reaching everywhere all at
once thru the aimless paths of the disorganizer buried in its
membrane turn on the wiper your inside from your outside
drifting away scattering around among the ones unable to
be courage of your arbitrariness just veered away from the
commandment to be able to be to be able to reproduce to be
able to die I am slipping mountains rubbed mountains two up
one down upside down your buried light damp inside broken
ashes in a sudden tide you were shoved from your pretended
gaze into the unjacked darkness you embraced the blade of
cursed grass in the middle of nowhere to and fro face to face
untie yourself afloat find the feckless play the last game no end
you have no end so that divide the shameless by two by four
by eight how to return on its own now a new gate but you can't
begin as if nothing happened

2022, 200 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 178 x 138 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 200 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 200 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas





2022, 190 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas

2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 210 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas





2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas



2022, 180 x 140 cm acrylic on canvas

2022, 190 x 138 cm acrylic on canvas



it has no clue of being dead
Caravaggio should relive

ones roaming without leaves ones roaming without soil
searching for the question searching for the monster I am the
one wearing away I am the one coming from above coming
from below I am the one following myself I am the one
crashing into ruffian me

ocean graves ships unable to get away day a repetitive
hammer who puts out a hand crying a little is hard killed
myself very pleased someone new comes along aimless

in the thirst days of the corrupt temptress of distances the
night mated with fear the day-counter from its chain was
thrown from the sailboat drank the ocean dumped onto the
sun who was being swept around in the moonlight while the
wind slept knew the halley's dust

but that melody ripples among the flower and war

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