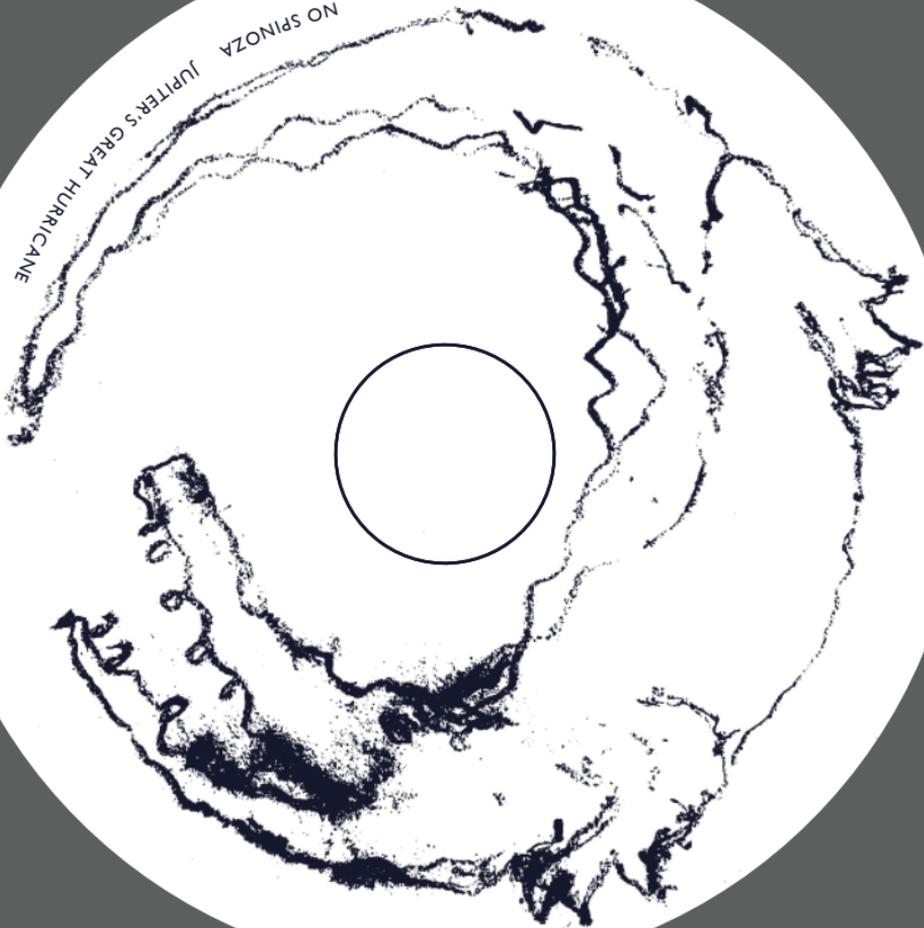




no spinosa jupiter's  
great hurricane



NO SPINOZA  
JUPITER'S GREAT HURRICANE



On this day, landscapes were formed by weather and weather. I'm safe, sheltered and warm, as the tempest howls

in the desert. I am illuminated by every image, every image in the world. The world is crowding in this place.

I am illuminated by every image, every image in the world. There's no temptation I can't face. New friends, sordid

and unfamiliar! Bright lights: beasts of the century! It's late. Nostalgic thoughts surround me, arouse me. Too late.

We've sent a Catherine-wheel's-  
worth of particles colliding, curling,  
spinning out and splitting,  
growing all the time in entropy  
and volume and velocity.

They blast away old ornament  
and, scourging every symbol,  
every surface, gloss and flatten  
all proportion. Incandescent,  
they propel themselves to heights

we'd never dreamed of.  
Make us nervous, motion!  
Keep us listless, fidgeting  
in doubt, without a buttress  
for our boyish trust in things.



Before leaving for the airport I asked Saint Anthony: “How then should I live my life?”

He replied: “Have no confidence in your own righteousness, your virtue.

Do not worry about a thing once it has been done. Control your tongue and your belly.”

It's easy if you try: climb the hill for a better view. Select your favourite star from all the millions in front of you. For all the beauty of the sky at night, there is disorder in the atmosphere: it's all ready to ignite. That's the way, that's the way to find what the devil has planned for your future. Are you going to light the fuse, or have you examined your conscience? It's a hard bargain. With a match still to strike, there's a question: are you going to light the fuse? Tell me, are you ready for action? It's easy if you try. Read the streets like an open book of stories from your life. It's all there – you just have to look. I see the city as a hazelnut: it is the total sum of everything. Hold it all in your hand. That's the way, that's the way to find that you're one step ahead of the trickster. The city is alive – and it is the greatest of teachers. In the fine margins, in the skyscrapers and in the shambles, the city is alive! The city's alive! The city's alive! With fiery eyes Saint Peter arrives, jingling keys and coppers. With fiery eyes Saint Peter arrives, smelling of coal and bitter. With fiery eyes Saint Peter arrives, opens the door to a cellar. That's the way, that's the way to find there's a watery network beneath you – where the crocodile can bite. It's a system of dark arches, canals and a series of basins, where the crocodile can bite... and if you're not careful he'll eat you.

(The shifting shape, the shifting shape)  
Royalty thrives on each new coronation:

(The shifting shape, the shifting shape)  
tall tales, crown to crown.

(The shifting shape, the shifting shape)  
Magi bring gifts, receive names, enter folklore,

(The shifting shape, the shifting shape)  
while screams fill the town.

(The shifting shape, the shifting shape)  
Family histories and hopes for the new year.

(The shifting shape, the shifting shape)  
Soft sheets. Eiderdown.