

ANCIENT OCEAN, VOLUPTUOUSLY SWAYED BY THE GENTLE FLOW OF YOUR MAJESTIC DELIBERATION, THE MOST GRANDIOSE OF ATTRIBUTES BESTOWED UPON YOU BY THE SOVEREIGN POWER, YOU UNFOLD, SURROUNDED BY A MYSTERIOUS GLOOM, YOUR INCOMPARABLE WAVES OVER YOUR SUBLIME SURFACE, WITH THE QUIET SENSE OF YOUR ETERNAL STRENGTH. FOLLOWING ONE ANOTHER IN PARALLEL LINES, EACH SEPARATED BY A BRIEF DISTANCE. SCARCELY HAS ONE SUBSIDED THAN ANOTHER SWELLS TO REPLACE IT, TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF THE MELANCHOLY SOUND OF BREAKING FOAM, ANNOUNCING US THAT ALL IS FOAM. (SO DO HUMAN BEINGS, THOSE LIVING WAVES, DIE MONOTONOUSLY ONE AFTER ANOTHER; BUT WITHOUT LEAVING ANY FOAMY RUMOURS) . *Lautréamont: Songs of Maldoror.*

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N. 18

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15. 3. 2013