

Aida Galactica Offroad
- Before the image, there was the desert

The soft-hoofed sandals of my honorable vehicle, which was travelling mine with dignity, now suddenly nearly stumbled across that numerous appearing particle in our orbit: isolated buckles, remnants of visiting steps, which by imagination manage to snap what is worth, transferring stimuli to my frontal sinus, which - of course being naturally grabbed - right away bred the sensitivity of a Self-pictured cyberspace, this preferred synapseplay of intersubjective machineries. And simultaneously, some mines stired joyfully, straining my ears, while sundry emissaries were dancing in line, etheralized, here, now, in free-from-space-and-time or as well in that glowing cavern, built by stone and therefore just like the realized crumbling buckles apparently everlasting adamant, not transient like the surrounding leather.

Al(I)so I buckled mine, setting my traces on that sandgrain-souled plain, which dragged on under my long-legged, humped information-porter, which I seeing clearly nicknamed *Cam* - just like equals call their photographic memory, holding onto the turquoise hairline, midst deserted distance and blue width, while beduins bubble rainbows from soap till the trace-mythical reflection of Orion and his peers illuminates from nocturnal black.

Inbetween the forthcoming water supplies, in which dofish - awakened out of tins - laudable like to snap, I'm swaying myself in silent linking, shifting like synaptical action before the next mitosis, more than just any de-identified bag of nerves, namely me, having spherical escaped from dogmaville, metabolishing the grounds of parallel universal buckling, simply sailing on the sea of fire, download activated, completed.

Possibly it's been this singularity behind the wondrous horizon of personal perception, which eternally planted that oasis-like transmission onto my mind, climbing up the supraconductor culminating in the blackholed vacuum of that interstellar Big-Mama-data-base, this exuberant source, which thus might have trickled the subsequent imaging into the light of the day.

Re-earthed but still at home, I'm remaining in this spirit whispering welcome to a cosmic spectacle, at its best possibly received in the intensity of a having-been-there. May by heart your glands rave and all the cells whirl waves, while surely galaxies keep floating, buzzing the buckled trace.