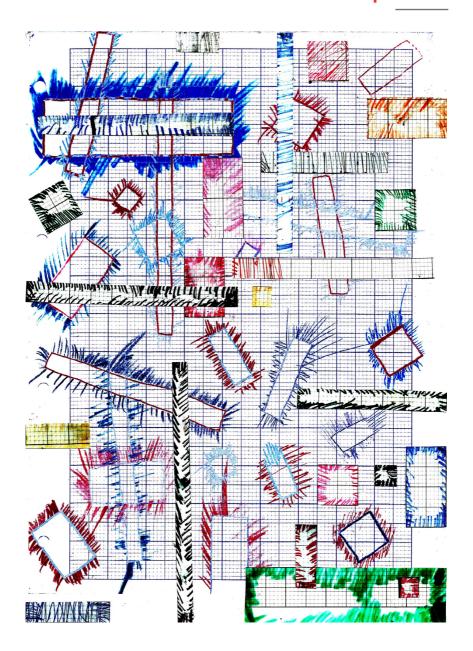
art-poem



the tragedy of light

Does any statement make sense? Right and left. What is it now, night or day? Who is bigger? Relativity appears to be absolute. The absolute result is relative, but our common sense protests. Space is relative. The same place or not? How do our bodies move themselves in reality? Are all observation points equivalent? Rest has been found. Is the train moving? Rest has lost definitively; we are the law of inertia. Velocity is also relative – the tragedy of light.

Light doesn't spread instantaneously. Can velocity exchange itself for light? The principle of relativity of movement appears to be broken. The world-ether creates a difficult situation and the experiment must be resolved. The principle of relativity triumphs when we emerge from the flames and fall into the embers. Does a contradiction exist in reality or not? We are on the train.

Common sense is ridiculous – time has the same luck as space. Science triumphs, speed has a limit before and after, while clocks and lines are capricious. Again we sit on the train. The clock is systematically slow. The machine of time is an excursion to a star where objects shrink and velocities are capricious. How much does a gram of light cost? The work changes us to mass.

do you want to introduce yourself to the team?

My name is: I am not ok.

Tomorrow: I might be gone.

Today: I am editing answers and eating a chocolate croissant.

Yesterday: I didn't think I'd see today.

In: 5 years I want to be failure. Because: then I'll have a future.

It's not: nice to talk yourself into thinking you are tasting your last cup

of tea.

You are: looking forward to Friday.

I don't: want to disappoint you.

I am: going to mute myself now.