

POEPHYSICS

Poetry, a *supernova* of feelings. Physics, a *supernova* of ideas. A new string of letters, a new string of mathematical symbols are the two sides of the Moon, an alien *binary*. Behind my soul they form a sphinx. I do not put apart the ideas of Physics and the metaphors of Poetry. The uncontrollable *cold-fusion* is necessary for my heart to create them. The newer the fuel is the farther the shot into the Future will be.

I believe Poetry cannot be constructed as a formula. Outer rules are transparent for Her, and only inner ones alive. The only rule is true: without a *critical mass* the reaction of Creativity will not start.

Feelings and ideas are collapsed to the so large densities that independently of my desire there is an explosion into Infinity. They are all-penetrating. Simply I am not able to avoid them, and I am not afraid any more that somebody will be grinning over my weakness, my sufferings, my complexes, my minuses.

Poephysics lets me elevate myself over them, over the way of life, over Time.

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