

Martin Zet



would like to name the occurrences and say plainly what and how **I**hope I - in case it would sound indigestibly - won't miss the courage but whatever I write sounds empty without opinion certainty

I don't trust the data the intuition doesn't know which way to go I walk in tall grass the steps **Cross** car tracks animal tracks l step on temporary beds.

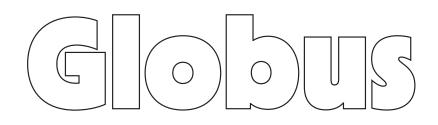




Puppets guided from below marionettes of faded goldenrods gold turns black goldenrod in Chernobyl



Uncertain swinging ketamine movement what dope do grasses do?





When the pole escapes the meridians shall burst



On closing ages the hand of the November lettrist slipped away omega howgh

(the photos and video were taken at the landfill in Motol as part of the work Hvězda, CirculUM 2020, GHMP)