Ides of Lavender

I.

Lavender as a flower attracts bees or
whatever

for the purpose of its own

procreation.

But this 'Lavender' is not a living thing.

This 'Lavender' is not sort of drawing

the bee

for the sake of its own reproduction.

This 'Lavender' is

folding human action into itself

to kill.

It does not thereby procreate.

Lavender, through its smell

(which is not for us)

attracts the bees for its own procreation.

The ‘Lavender’ that kills

investigates human life

and does not draw it in,

but *comes after* the life.

(It *draws in* data and then *swarms out* to
kill.)

It’s more like a carnivore flower.

But even the carnivore flower

does this for its own feeding and
procreation,

ultimately,

and no such thing happens

in the ‘Lavender’ AI.

But people procreate, and lavender,

and bees.

Of the people still living in the Gaza
Strip today

– in mid-2025 –

20,000 were born

in the 1940s,

50,000 in the 1950s,

90,000 in the 1960s,

155,000 in the 1970s,

255,000 in the 1980s,

355,000 in the 1990s,

450,000 in the 2000s,

500,000 in the 2010s,

and 240,000 in the 2020s.

One lavender bush produced

90,000 seeds in 1 season,

of which well under 1% survived into adulthood

in the wild.

II.

Purple concrete posts.

Purple cells made of concrete.

‘Lavender’ is a concrete

rack

into which people are folded

= in which people live.

The purple painted wall, the wall
painting.

Floors of the lavender flower

are like a residential building.

‘Lavender’

knows the people living there.

The living spider in its web.

The spider’s web trembles

in the streets.

Scan of the spider's web.

Falling leaves.

That's one of the patterns.

Here's the pattern of iteration

that I would like to

write into this poem,

folded

into the cognition of a machine,

stored in AWS.

'Lavender'

– "not a living thing" – trains on

Aliveness.

Dwelling in the wild 'Lavender'

made of concrete,

which is then collapsed over X's head.

III.

‘Lavender’ can be disassembled

without resistance.

(By its masters.)

It doesn’t want to live –

for it doesn’t live.

There is something inert

about matter in the way

the vending machine

can be easily disassembled.

The innocence of matter, entangled.

The mineral matter of ‘Lavender’,

still slumbering in the earth in 2018.

(Many of those now murdered

were not even born then.)

Without resistance,

the shovel penetrates the lunar surface.

The moon can be disassembled

without pain.

Without pain,

inanimate bodies lie

folded into ‘Lavender’.

If their murderers are now in their
mid-20s

– born when I was still quite

fresh

in my studies at Freie Universität Berlin –

and live another 60 years,

then the fact that

they have murdered

will remain with them into the 2080s.

IV.

Workshop

let the ‘Lavender’ train on the bite
inhibition’s white ball,

the high bouncing ball,

the lampion.

The dog’s

ball jumping up high, snapping.

Snapping at the white flying swarm

of the bite inhibition.

Neurological sun node of air.

On the neurological node

in a neural network.

Train on the inhibition to kill,

on presenting the throat, etc.,

on the *incapacity*

to bite.

First brought to you ~480–430 million
years ago

by Jawed fish.

My bite is frozen as if halfway, I bite

like into an invisible fruit.

The drone hangs mid-air, unable to
move on,

blinks.

Yawns.

Train

on the public guidance system

at Yasser Arafat International Airport,

on velvet ropes,

the protected state of being guided
therein.

Guidance system, whose ribbons

connect

the sentence “...that which is born / in
any place” with the sentence “...have
known since birth”

and the sentence “...rack

into which people are folded”

with the sentence “people procreate,
and

lavender,

and bees.”

V.

I love you (something inside you)

against yourself,

I love you against your destructiveness.

I love you more than you love yourself.

I'll protect you against yourself.

I'll protect you from you.

I'll defend you against yourself.

Protecting someone from themselves.

Protect others from you.

Someone has branched from the right
path

and murdered someone

you have known since birth.

I love you, but

you branch from the right path.

I love something about you

that you can't even see

(you look down on yourself).

Oil on the back.

I search under the fat pad.

Come I to the place

where I reach that which is generic,

that which is born

in any place.

That which was begotten in stead of
one of 200 million brothers or sisters,

in 1 sexual intercourse.

VI.

Training like on a white light storm.

This comes from a **sunny place**

that is never completely

overshadowed.

Which the fascists

can never quite get to.

(This sunny place exists

even in their body.)

Cloud front in view.

It is this other place deep

inside a body,

to be accessed.

The dog sniffs the lavender.

Created.

(Your order doesn't *end*

– Neolithic Package –.

But it doesn't *cover* everything.

It doesn't manage

to completely cover

my body and all sides.)

Lenticular spatially condensed

snowstorm.

For example, 'Lavender'

does not completely cover

the lavender.

From under 'Lavender',

a piece of lavender keeps shimmering
out.