

[A story about the memory artist Giordano Bruno]

IN THE LABYRINTH OF THE MIND.

You built all memories on a framework
of the zodiac and other known structures,
every thought was linked to a special picture.
You stigmatized their keenness and location
on a deep and shrouded level. Remembering, controlling
was the way to higher knowledge.

Chorus:

In the nature you saw the outlines of an universal intelligence
,
every process a reflecting mirror. Symbols meant to trigger
the shadow of the ideas in the maze of recollection.
A vortex of information reigned inside
and found its way, THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF THE MIND.
With self-hypnosis you put it in
a dynamic pattern, IN THE LABYRINTH OF THE MIND

No physical laws were rooted in your system
everything was forces of thoughts and sensations,
which is streaming through man.

Mist and rain just a condition of unawareness,
and volcanos a state of rage.

A prophet in cosmology, like Copernicus
you saw the stars as suns.
And a warrior who fought with intellectual swords,
with arrow-sharp words.

[Chorus]