

LARS BOA

# Wilderness state

Poem posters from a world  
turned up side down



Ukrudtland  
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Denne bog er beskyttet i medfør af gældende dansk lov om ophavsret. Kopiering må kun ske i overensstemmelse med loven. Det betyder for eksempel, at kopiering til undervisningsbrug kun må ske efter aftale med Copydan Tekst & Node. Dog er det tilladt at bringe korte uddrag i omtale eller anmeldelser.

# Wilderness state

**Set list:**

Better free

Subface

Fear

Failling horizons

Eve & Adam 22

Nomad

Don't walk

Balance

Couch brood

Wilderness state

Distress call

What about us?

Moonmilk

I must flee to stay

Dawn

A hole in the night

Declaration of dependence

Evilove

Wilderness state is a tribute to the wild uncontrolled life  
and therefore also a fight against hatch irons, edgers,  
pesticides, fences, rules and power, camouflaged as love that  
quite slowly and imperceptibly transformed into - evilove.

For beneath the surface, nothing is quite as we know it.  
The world is turned upside down.

Welcome to a strange mix of drawings, words, colors,  
and poems. A movement not yet named poesterism



- Better free
- Than loved
- Better free
- Than rich
- Than saved
- Than solved
- Better free
- Than food
- Water
- Money
- Health
- Better free
- Than spring
- Hope
- Peace
- Community
- Better free
- Than sex
- Medals
- Laws
- Order
- TV
- Forgiveness
- Constitution
- Science
- Future

- Better dead
- Than tamed

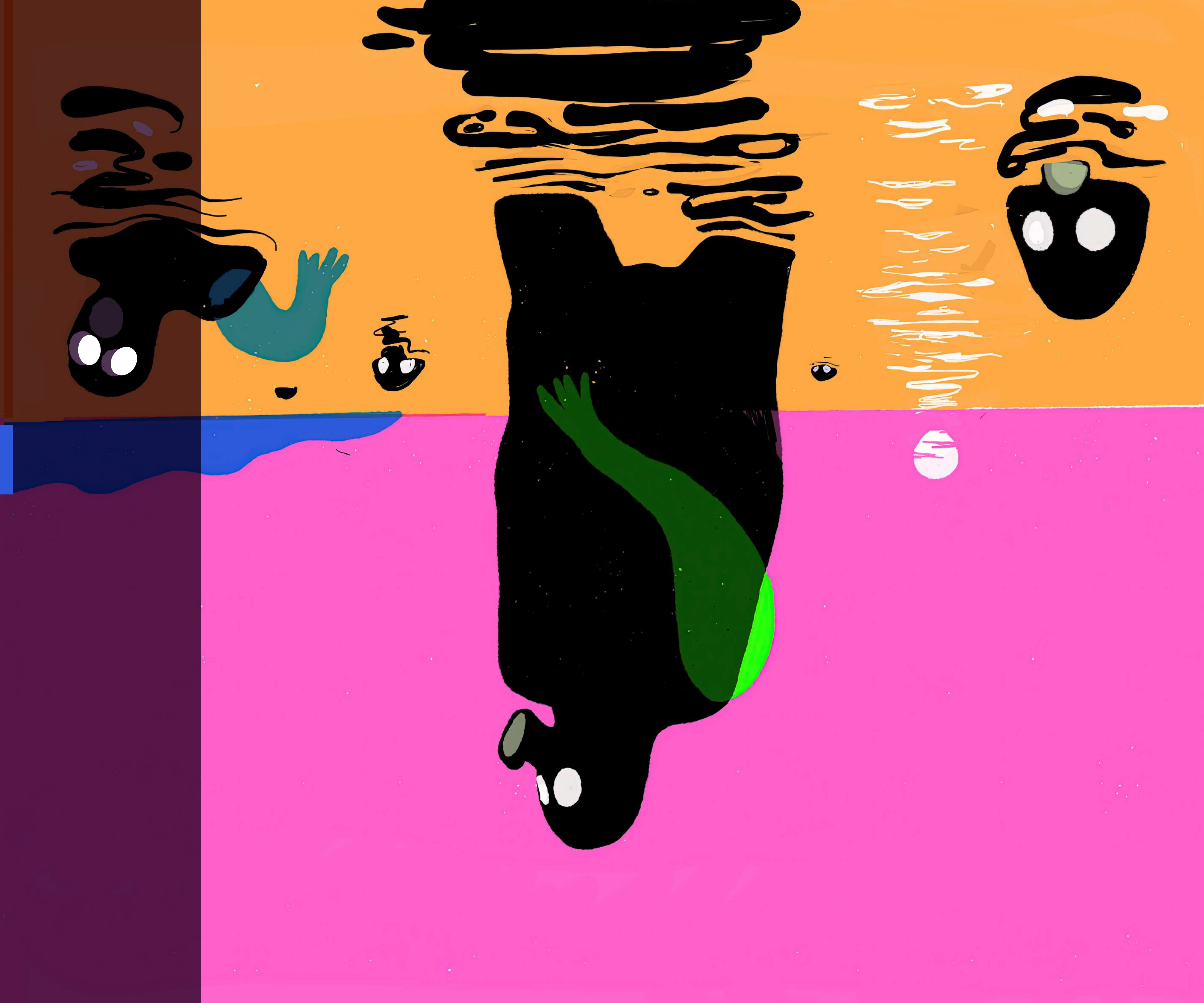
Everyday life  
will return  
The aftertaste  
Of capsized  
biased  
addiction  
drawing long shadows  
on the somnambulation  
of neurons

I am disappeared  
from the surface

Where we would  
always never accept

But now  
atomic clocks  
are slowly killing  
our time

The subface  
seems so safe  
now when there is  
no other choice





Hope

Fear's long fingers  
laboriously peeled

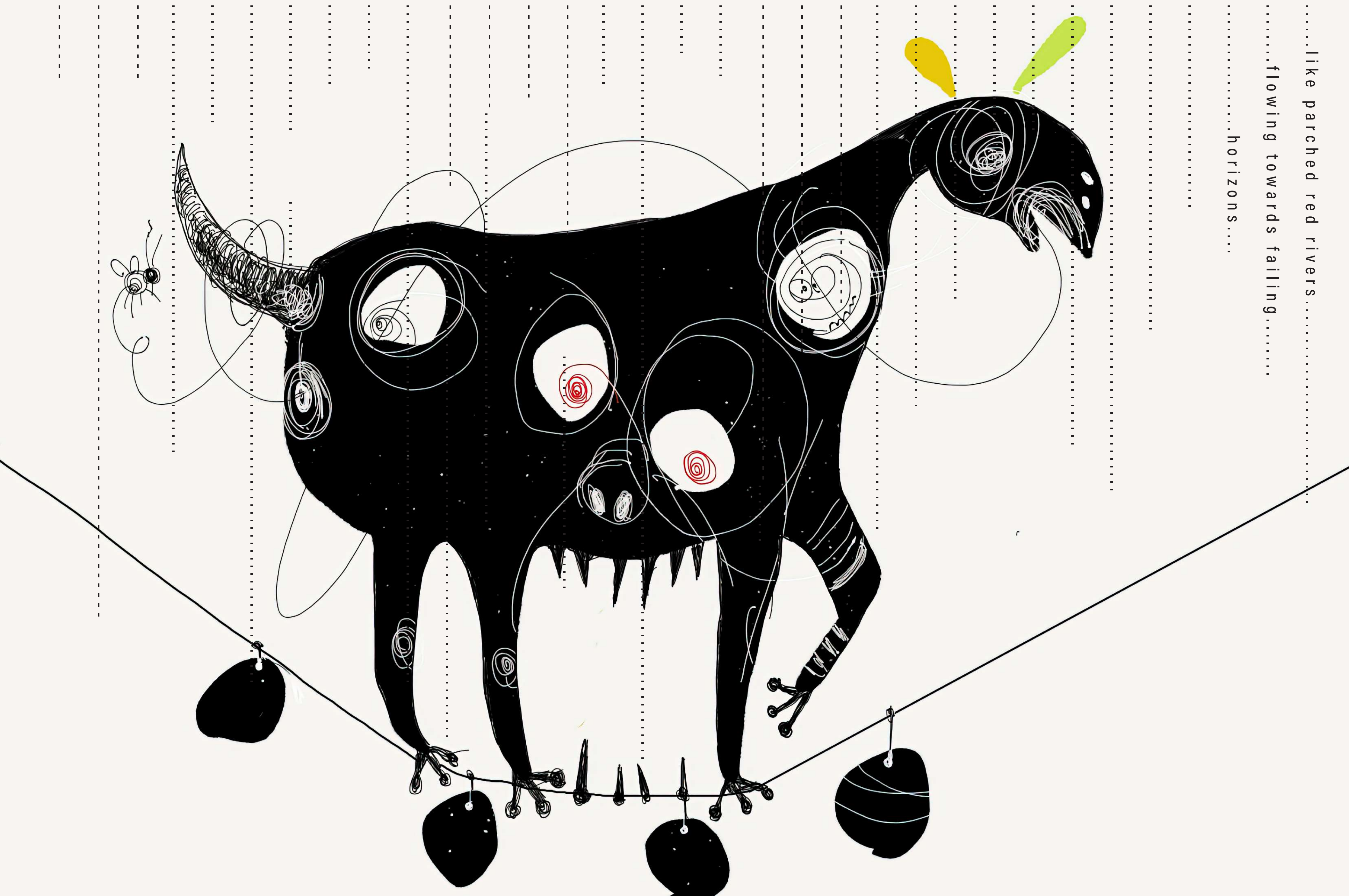
the flesh of the future  
Stuffed itself with  
apocalyptic sunsets

- And no one grumbled

It ate the Smile  
the Dance  
the Joy  
the Will  
and justice  
It drank and toasted  
the Pain  
the Disappointment  
and the Tears

When we thought  
the fear must  
be satiated  
we cheered in the streets  
Finally we could look ahead  
- Then it gulped down hope

.....the air is thick.....  
.....With the reason  
we abandoned.....  
.....eyes dripping night  
.....on white shirts.....  
.....hanging on lines  
.....stretching a net under the sky.....  
.....without catching anyone.....  
.....the shadowa are drugged.....  
.....only the rust.....  
.....escaping.....  
.....like parched red rivers.....  
.....flowing towards failing.....  
.....horizons....

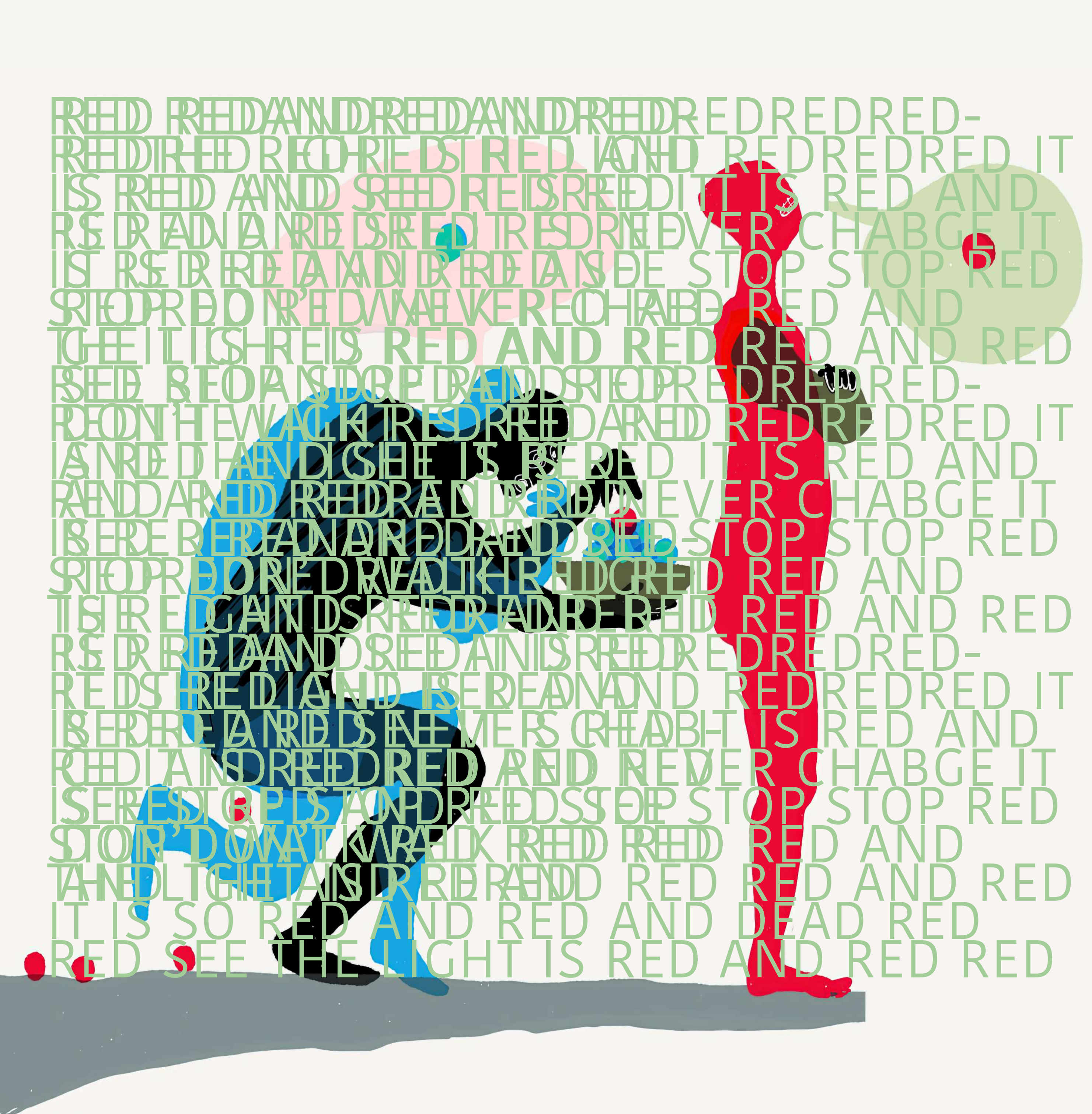




## Horizonten

I have bound myself to freedom  
The horizon is the only way now  
I rule everything I know = out  
I choose to stay - in the company of flies  
like blue metal drones watching  
me slide below earth curvature  
I travel - the dust never settles  
I travel - the paths never sleep  
I look back  
to see you one last time  
in your self-chosen  
forced fellowship  
Realizing that even without effort  
- you reached the horizon first





DON'T WALK THE LIGHT IS RED IT IS RED  
RED REDRED REEEEEED BEWARE THE  
LIGHT IS RED DON'T WALK IT IS RED RED  
RED RED AND RED AND RED AND RED  
SOON - THE LIGHT WILL-CHANGE


ARE YOY PREPARED? - ARE YOU? - ARE  
YOU READY?

NOW THE LIGHT IS GREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN

FASTEN YOUR WALKING HELMET  
LOOK LEFT - LOOK RIGHT  
LACE UP YOUR STROLLING SHOES  
LOOK LEFT AGAIN (JUST FOR THE SAKE  
OF CERTAINTY PRINCIPLE)

LIFT RIGHT LEG - AND - STOOOOOOOOP

RED LIGHT IT IS RED RED RED AND RED  
AND RED REDREDRED DON'T WALK

An abstract black and white drawing on the left side of the page. It features thick, expressive black lines that form a central, somewhat circular shape with internal curves and loops. Several small, solid black dots are scattered throughout the composition, some within the central shape and others in the surrounding space. The background is white with some faint, thin black lines and shading.

In this century  
food will be banned  
Noise, children, freedom, love  
prohibited

All to become one  
and all to become strangers

I, myself, will dance  
under the ecliptical cover  
blindly balancing  
on the blood-edged  
horizon

- and disappear



leisure fighters  
couch - marching in long rows  
receiving DNA  
from centralized brains  
"See, we're off  
every other Friday, now"  
A silent roar of joy  
propagating with barbecue  
murmurs from balconies  
birthing the strangest brood

I want to be your

dandelion in the

wilderness state

AND FLOW

inconsequentially

with you

wherever

the wind

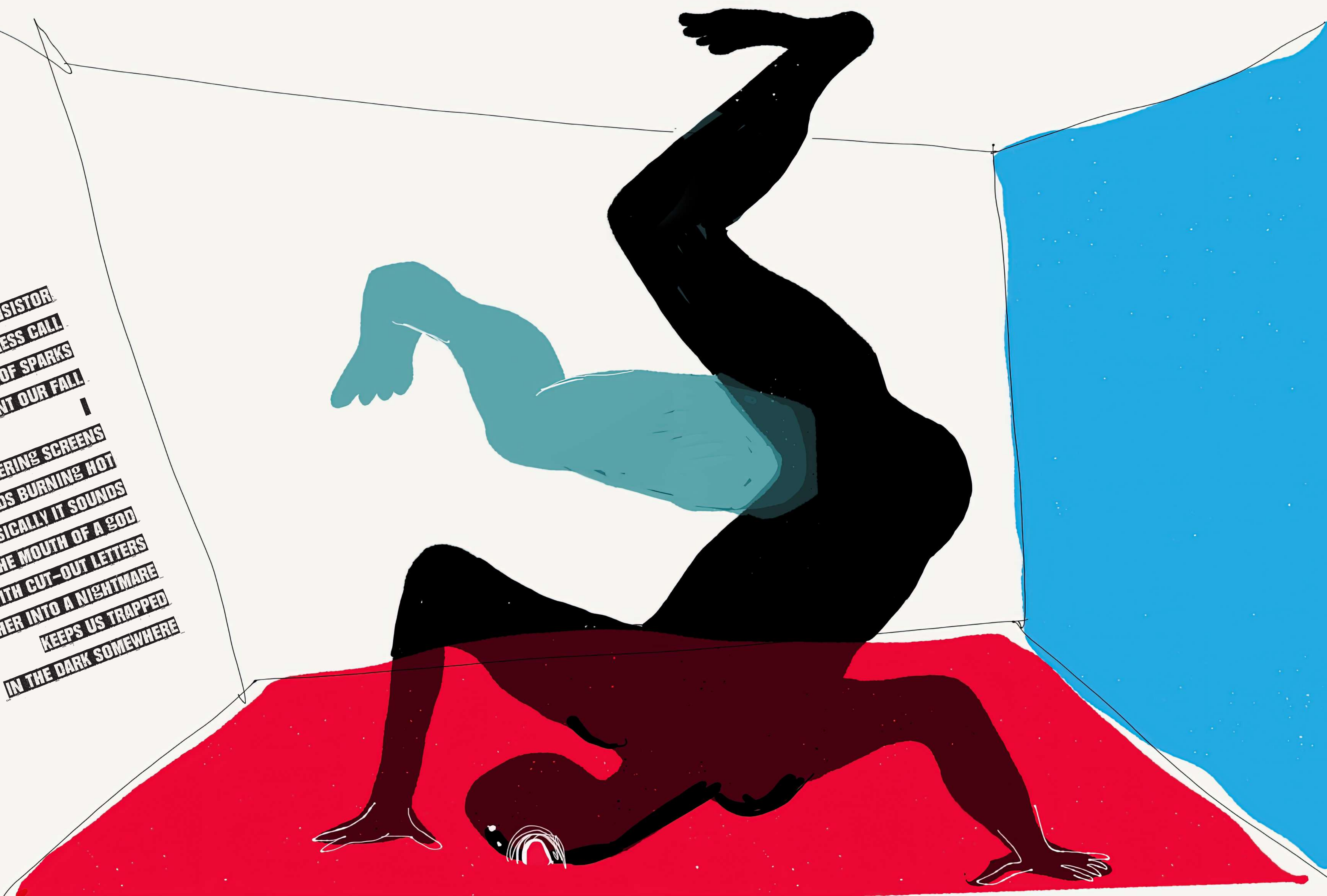
will take

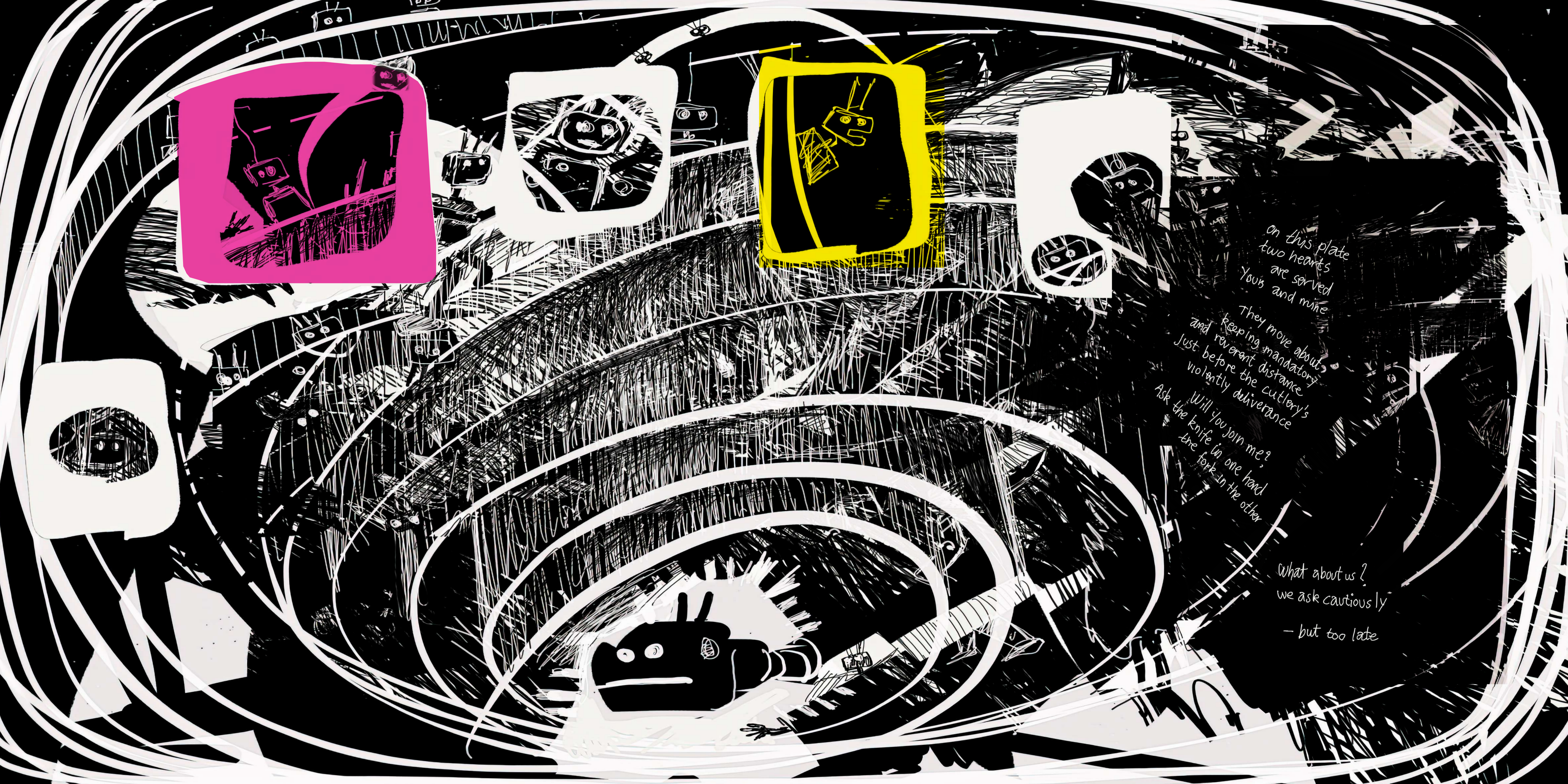
us



SEDUCTIVE ODORS SEEP FROM A TRANSISTOR  
A FOG FROM A DISTRESS CALL  
A COBWEB OF SPARKS  
THAT PREVENT OUR FALL

FLICKERING SCREENS  
WITH WORDS BURNING HOT  
BASICALLY IT SOUNDS  
AS IF FROM THE MOUTH OF A GOD  
DELIVERED WITH CUT-OUT LETTERS  
GLUED TOGETHER INTO A NIGHTMARE  
KEEPS US TRAPPED  
IN THE DARK SOMEWHERE





on this plate  
two hearts  
are served  
Yours and mine

They move about  
and keeping mandatory  
Just before the cutlery's  
violently deliverance

Will you join me?  
Ask the knife in one hand  
the fork in the other

what about us?  
we ask cautiously  
— but too late



# Moonmilk

The darkest windows  
see clearest in the night

Their blind eyes follow  
the deadly spin  
I lack the g-forces  
to pull myself out of

Watching me drink moon milk  
from the starless black harbor waters  
leaving me so drunk and fuzzy  
that I reclaim my irrationality

And let the future  
sink to the depths  
as I float  
out of the water  
and fill my  
lungs

- with life

We have so much in common  
that repression  
has moved in  
Blinding windows and doors  
Redirecting  
radio and TV waves  
Hacking oxygen  
Deleting data  
Removing all we know

I keep my finger  
on the stopwatch trigger  
wondering

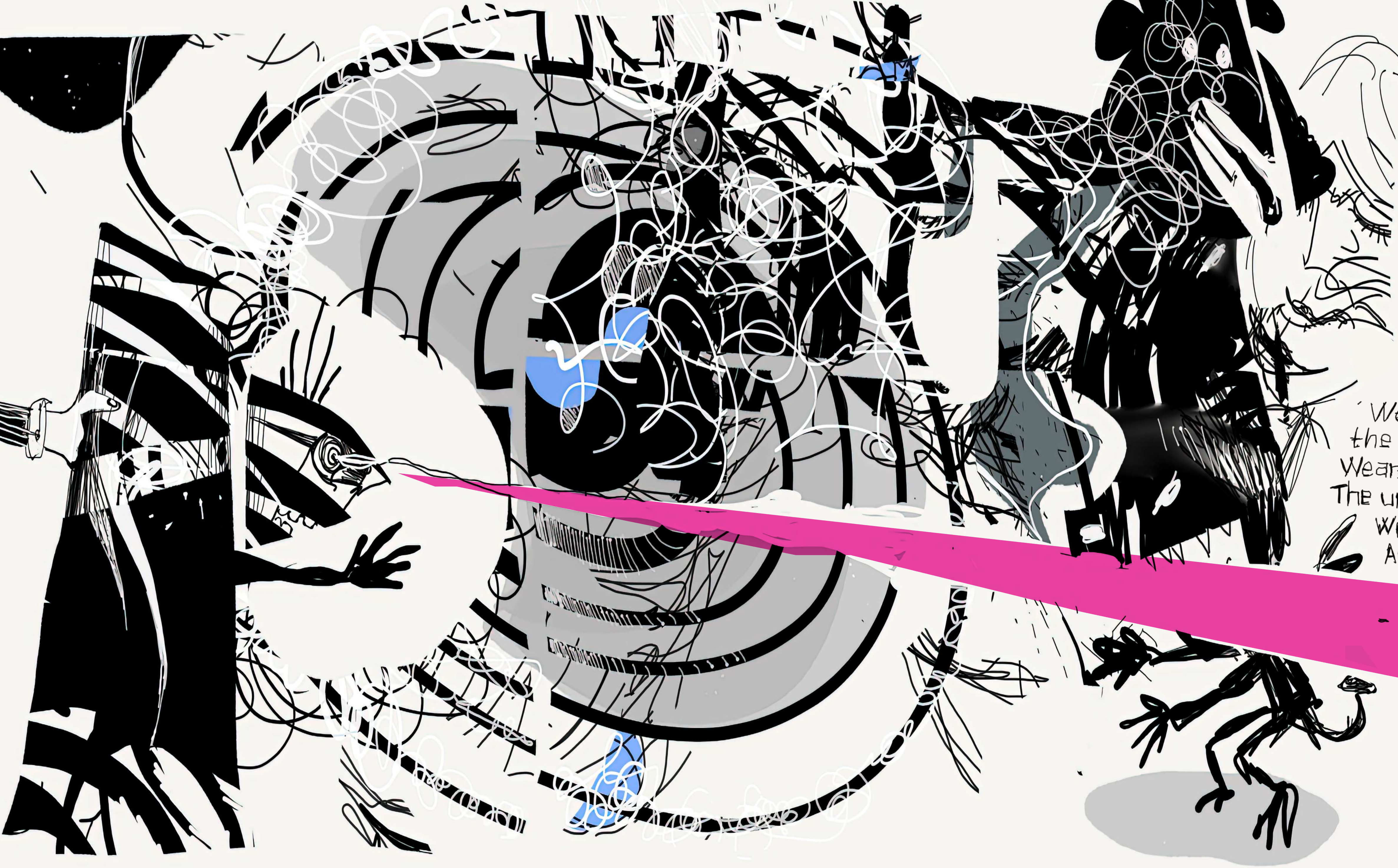
When?

And right there the journey be-  
gins  
among your shadows  
which gradually  
grow longer and straighter  
A journey where I  
amalgamate  
with the dawn  
and the creeping rays  
below the horizon's  
infinite frontier

I could have stayed  
on your side  
But I am no longer  
*on your side*

*- I must flee to stay*





We are the last number  
of an invasive bulwark  
Nourished by a crossbow  
We are dandelions  
scattered by the wind

We are the thistles that split  
the urban asphalt skin  
We are the black stain on a bad conscience  
The unruly roots of the univers  
We are an untimely dawn  
And we're coming - we're coming

- to obliterate your mayhem



Faces glowing blue in the night

In the light of a data strobe

Trying to trespass

overloaded frontal lobes

Antennas bowing for signals

from an unknown source

messages on screens

machine gun


salvos of words

And the dreams are marching

tactless towards the inevitable day

like holes in the night they abruptly

can fall out of



I understand now  
that darkness kindly  
insist of being  
the prerequisite for loving the light  
The waves demand to be  
the reason for the joy of sea-gazing  
Noise only works  
at the expense of silence  
You after anger  
and I a mild winter in June  
Everything is connected  
entangled and  
dependent on something else  
God with Satan  
me holding you hand





**Lars Bo A**

Born on Guy fawlks day in 1959. Grew up in the 60s in one yellowstone villa on a corner lot with no options to escape. Sat outside the door of the school until a door at the Design School let him in.

Lars Bo A is a freesetter and has developed and invested in many various brands and products, including advertising agencies, a bakery chain in Buenos Aires, light therapy products, housing decor, solar cells for African farmers and healthy snacks. When he does not develop products and brands, sharp words and drawings are set free about the world we live in.



