



LYRIPHOTONS

Videopoem by Florentin Smarandache



LYRIPHOTON & LYRIPHOTO

A **lyriphoton** is a short creation as a quantum of electromagnetic artistic and poetical energy.

Its energy is equal to $h \cdot \nu$, where h is Plank constant and ν the frequency of the lyrical wave.

A lyriphoton travels at mind's infinite speed and with a momentum of $h \cdot \lambda$, where λ is the lyrical wave's length. It has no mass or charge.

The lyriphoto(n)s can produce excitation of the readers and critics, and the most energetic ones can cause the ionization of the mind and vibration of the heart's cords.

A lyriphoton nuclear reaction occurs when the high-energy lyriphotons collide with an atomic literary nucleus and disintegrate it (lyriphotofission) into words [**lyrics**] and images [**photo(n)s**].



Non - Standardized

standards.



Night

knight



DON'T WORRY **Y** ABOUT **ME**,

I plan on going to **California**

TO BECOME A SURF BUM.

See ya!



Attitude and altitude

I attended

an

bullshit

important

meeting



ORGANIZED

BOOKS
MAGAZINES
NEWSPAPERS



I am that I am not

my irrational rationalist.



**Boyz
and
girlz.**




He's a bad good boy



- **Good morning!**
- **No, it's a bad morning.**
- **When I say good morning it doesn't mean it's a good morning – this means it's a bad morning.**

To be or not to be
(William Shakestooody).



Two glass bottles are shown in a metal rack. The bottle on the left contains a yellow liquid and has the text '- What's your name, Jerry?' printed on it. The bottle on the right contains an orange liquid and has the text '- Bob.' printed on it. A thin black wire is visible between the two bottles, extending from the top to the bottom. The background is a light blue gradient.

- What's your name, Jerry?

- **Bob.**

I'm alive



as you are not



Good money morning!

RADIO FLYER



I am what I am not.

Hurrah ah ah ah !



Go to the devil for five minutes

and come back.

More American
than
Americans.



Y
u
m
m
y



Y
u
m
m
y
!

Take a **no-look** at them.



**A short long-
poem.**



Dude looks like a stud puppy

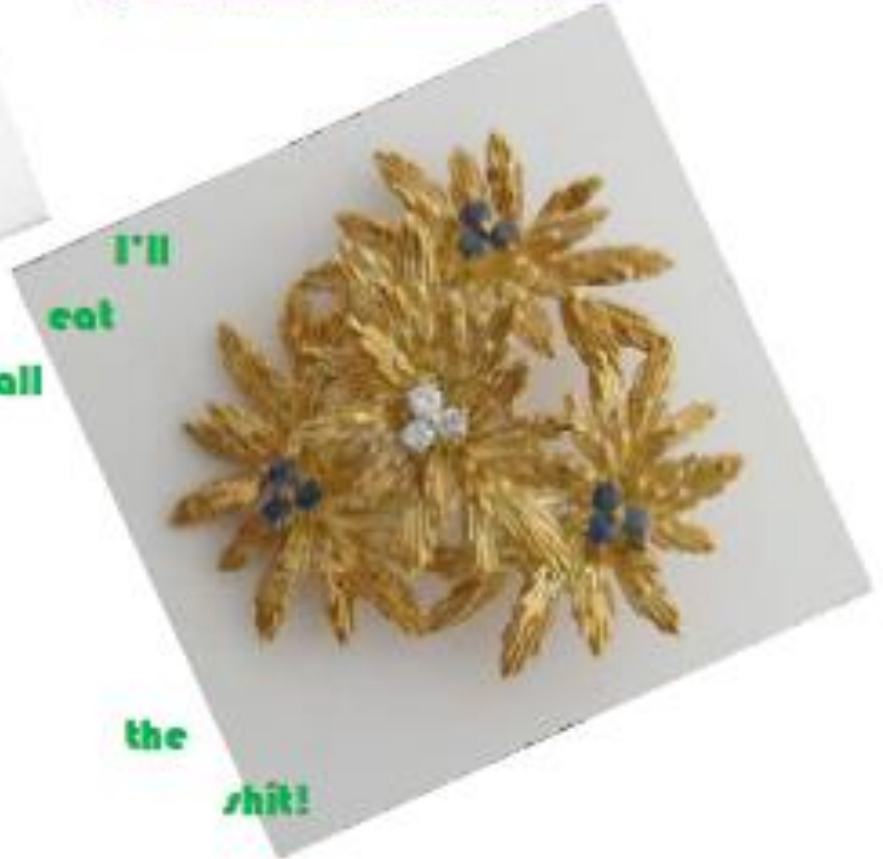
I can't believe how



Hypocritical I can be

SOMETIMES!

I'll
eat
all



the
shit!

Go to hell!



Kick

Yo

Ass

Hot!

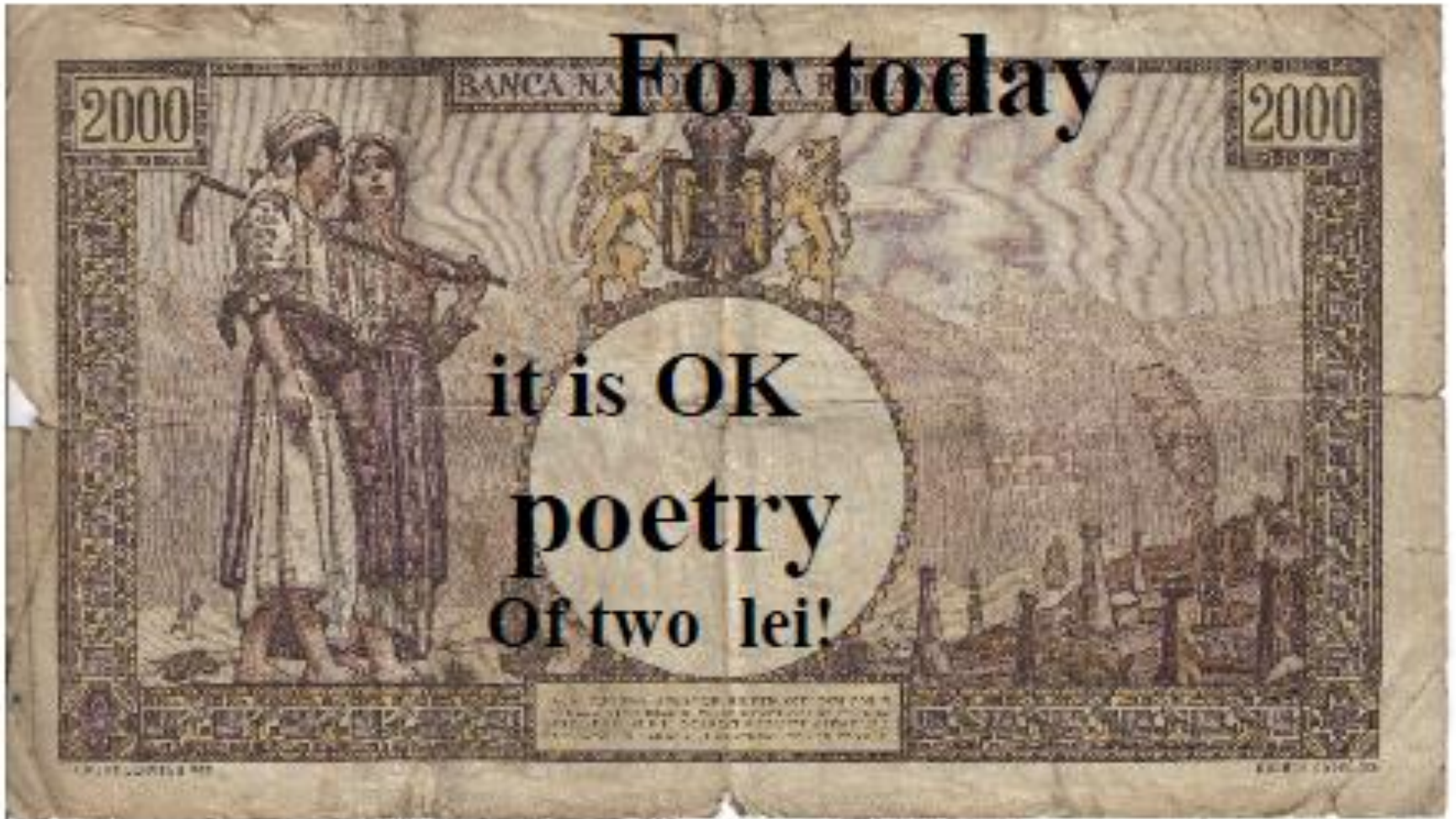


Stuck stock



For today

**it is OK
poetry
Of two lei!**



Mister Chair... Mr. Chairman...

Excerpts from

Florentin Smarandache:

LYRIPHOTO(N)S

(AT MIND'S INFINITE SPEED)

1997

<http://fs.unm.edu/LiteratureLibrary.htm>

Music

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