

1

**AUTOMATED ROMAN:
BARB CONCERTO IN UNSPOKEN
MAJOR MOUTH**

Yes. This is an automated **photosynthesis of** the literature in me. As if to breathe without any effort, whatever I may adapt here as the subject matter - which often becomes a cage for many writers who try to fit their enormous sky of light **astonishment** can provoke something perhaps more than just literature. If you are talented at **deranging** yourselves, the poetic turbulence will haul itself out. **Texts** still resting at the tip of the tongue, tied to the eye - their representative who **wildly** roars about everything-, texts soaring like eagles, catching sparks from discrete **matches**, the ones in which an obscured address of a rendezvous is inscribed but about to be defaced, the last two letters resembling the acronym of **my** current initials HT. Before I turn into a fire-breathing phoenix wondering nothing but the **perdition** that's about to break out upon human endeavour tonight, I am inclined to dispose of the reserves of whatever is **the** reminder of the delicate lassitude crossing your heart, through **political** incorrectness, through the dental cavities of dark **delay of** true words carrying us to the expeditions of no particular type. **Nothing** is to be known about these hilltops, groves, almond beaches I refuse to tackle you down in.

This is the rear street of your thoughts starving for silent dilemmas to choke you with a fist not going into the throng you are stuck with. Your need arising from the eternal sleep invested in you.

20

My clogged vessels hassled carrying this laddish **danger** until now, that comes through writing instead, where the veil hurts **in front of** the senses you are afraid to dampen with tears that belong to others and are shed for **you**, alas your insensitive sentinels ever nonchalant from fondling pricks softly.

Curiosity the **bleeding** heart! Make sure you are **alive**.

My intentions are characterised by this evidence, cascades of letters in progress. Look at the written pattern emerging on this page, **form** elegies on these inscriptions... but **what is hidden** in the gaps laying between each sentence, unmentionable? Are the unprecedented **ideas** presenting themselves as you skim through what is legibly **present**? I surely have sprinkled enough land-mines to defeat your attention.

Warnings in a glass tunnel, tender shapeless avalanche shuddering down with your last memory of silence - the front side of this mansion known as the face.

Full coverage of mental detention from common sense and minimal love for the reader that you are made of naturally under difficult **eloquence** and the message.

You are already trying too hard to understand everything!

Little whores and their inferior masters I drill your mortal **phantoms** here with the unfixable tooth of grudge and channel a type **of** toxic that immediately incurs questions. Asking yourself where is **the mind** you have obeyed before the break out of nightmares... You are insignificant dough for a disgusting birthday cake which really is a funeral pie.

21

As I am **spilling** the void of these eyes across you, you are more and more infested **by** the rodents and sewage floods of my insatiable error; telling, will you remain by **me**? You won't reduce me to a certain style or feminine puzzlement! Hang on to your astringent demands, I want to tame time and contain you in there wherever you may be handling this delicate gun.

Enamoured nails on the lids of your dawn.

I am **glad** to establish our roles here. Now, I am commencing, not commenting or defining, **but** rather blurring the written lines of any coherent reconstruction of situation-convertible language, for your benefit of course. One should be able to retain a piece of unpredictable imagery from the modern oven we are **rotting** in. Accumulative murders planned and already carried out in this

poignant desire to begin something new. Land your landmark ignorance on earthquakes without a firm ground.

22 Whenever, I can occupy myself with a **memorable** instant like this one, hauled from the barren shores of daily wanderings, whenever, at last, the beautiful women awaiting at the junctions of my **coincidence** are pleasantly floating like a single leaf in a naked forest, I find the right vows to sprinkle where hope forgets to remember, anticipation is intolerable and lean like your serpent flares chasing the orphans of dreams **remembered**. Are you shapeless my beloved one, my kind torture? Absorbed in arguments, reconciling error? I will lay your head across the beams returning from the sun inside emotions.

At fistful hours, **please** don't disturb the humble man boasting in me. I am attracted to you through **the nebulous opinion** of your misconduct, you are still taking a lift down to the last mine of what is absolutely mine. I wish, I was always presentable with the heavy feet of my intelligence. It disappears as soon as I put my finger on it, on the other hand, ignorance is only appreciable among its like. I don't want to grow to calculations and broken desires, compilations of familiar disguise.

Errant and glorious, let me be the ash on your mouth.

Orders from a state of **devastating** power, moloch, moloch, the young girl screams with the seedy **thoughts** of a barbarian perceived as prophet. In the metropolis of your pyramids, these echoes will haunt the corners of your brain and its refugees. These people are afraid unlike you are, while scuffing the transparency over the truth. But, events **occur** in visuals and language **in** the mortuary house of the asylums concave walls, residing in the sworn screams of a man just disempowered from **expressionRespiration** of scars in hermetic conscience.

23

Prolific **mind's** monument.

Never spoken.

It is about the mathematics of coordination, logic gliding over abstract **swamps** for the most feasible plan; to look and understand, which always has troubled and **devoured** me in my pillow.

• • •

Here at this moment, having the shroud of anti-artistic perplexity - the difficult metamorphosis of image into sound and sound into **image** - my text which **is** going to be a crystal epitaph to literature one day deftly bears the brunt of the two versions of me; the physical one that stimulates the **mentally** captured one: Here and Now. I am convinced that the ambiguities innate in these verses can alone stress this need to unite these two **kinetic** twins.

Here and now.

24 Catch a dance **while** the rain is the fire, is the blooming surprise in a private garden. **Eden** was pierced with sharp arrow of dirty jokes and left out to sundry... we exist to continue this charade called life on her behalf, nature has its mending **hands**...

The next real crisis will occur in a circular circus. I am indebted to my ancestors in joy, their masterful terror. Obese **guilt**, forsake my way, I have a great honour from yearning! If you are comfortable sipping my 'cretinously tame idea' and weaving a web of contextual attachments to the text, then die, still **dying** for sense won't bring you the **relief** of blissful genitals.ss. I ignore such inclinations on your part, the actor-reader directing paranoid queries while **I have been** writing sacred divisions about the vain courage of what you dabble to be. **A man**, a woman. And you've been engaged with sonatas and barb concertos right on the bridge blown up between us.

Below the abyss: high and low... darling spasm **perception**, I am bringing you the tinkle tankle next punch. Nothing. The forms endure whatever I **might** say. There is always someone somewhere **unwillingly** occupying that room, floor-less and lit in the colour of nothing. Particularly a city under your chest, infested... **surprise!** **Faceless** enmity crawls up spinal chords during sleep falling through

chasms and chasms where **people** slip away... I won't repeat this original

g

p

a

25

between us in the name of communication.

It's reminiscent hiss could be mortally audible. It hurts, it hurts so much that even wasps don't care to sting my tongue. I speak and therefore limit myself, what if I chose to be a stone in a desert, what ugly species of creeps would hide under my shade? You see, I'm calculable pokes of pain, a true genie in the arse.

*Here it is again... obsession's timely return...
what I really have in mind all along...*

Ache, I **met** your cavalry who still pesters us with a permanent smile. I wipe off affection and leave legs crossed **in** agony. I am the poet's insides exploding in your face. Explosive are the **rhythms** surging...

Bon nuit, my cradle and the axe underneath.
Count lullabies to run out of.

*...the woman from whom I retain this blue surge. I have so far dis-
tracted my thoughts from their origin. Some 2 pages later she will
be mentioned again...*

*And our epileptic roman will gain a faint apparition of a poten-
tial character who will love, hate and live... perhaps, if I let
her be...*

2

Temporal matters are always rammed into the telephone. We might be talking in one of these nights, exactly when midnight shadows lay dwarfed on the sidewalk. The streets echo wings instead of the stone resonance sad people leave, walking their dubious strongholds. In pensive voice **your** sorry bones must be eager to crush my appetite, I can feel the impending **doom** you prepare for me in the rustling floating of dumped newspapers. Everything elevates and will never land again. From the corner where I am supposed to be, if we are not on the telephone at the moment, **I** realise that I am trembling under a neon sun. Why am I starved for days, I am too guilty because I fail to **comprehend** if there was anything?.. 27

Instead, I will arrive at assumptive arms, walls. There is going to be a lady in lace who asks about the lighthouse of my irresponsible requests, like you, she murmurs to herself:

“Breath is the shawl, death will shed”

Over her head, a public notice, on the wall to the left, cuts through this illusion.

“I, Grasshopper have passed away today at 7:59 after writing this poem to the beloved muse of mine who now resides with some other joy-agony:

*Niches bloom in there somewhere what do I forget?
Love that never is quite comfortable under my conduct,
28 reactions conduct ultimate pity I fashioned you
therefore you are me what do I forget?
This phonetic pity
my sovereign
my suffering*

*Falling teeth of false gravity
you are, you are, you are
you are raiding
me in a satirical dimension
you are,
not declaring..*

*...with stability or one happening lie
driven, madness and piety,
you are still in affection for me
as a blooming agony*

*Melancholy! Strapped queen of the queers
Who is your wiped out valentine
Wanton and livid?*

This **poem** removes me from the absent-minded stroll I have been on for years. Finally, I have sense again on the wane. The abrupt coincidence which **has** brought me before this wall, **running** away from the tender murderers of our mundane conversation, seriously bereft a **conclusion**, is a genuine problem of fate. The scorned female in this fatalist **poem** reminds me of my very own melancholia who was just **a victim** of the myth, I imagined my life had served before coming into a ready-made story. She appeared to me as an autumn nymph only when the moon was a crescent. **Crooning** the softest vulgarity, heart laden, a somnambulistic surveillance into the fertile unknown steered me after her vocal quivering. We had knights by the night coming, deceased as spectators. This torment vigorously spin our heads in a hazy fatigue, we connect no more as the periods between her **reappearance** has been prolonged by sadness, which fogs the sky when the crescent becomes dawn. No human eye. I call her Ache, needless to say it's she whom I invoke though you. All of my subliminal aspirations. Illustrations in a deep coma.

29

The curious malady. Lash of desire is a never luminant moon, swans that feed on vipers are the curl of truth.

When I turned my head from the wall and **poem**, the lady in lace was showing me her fingernails. Dark **prostitute** of my literary imagination, she, too, is incapa-

ble of understanding me beyond this mask of a face. I hear your voice through her lips, stitched together under a permanent reach of an unstable kiss. Stop, you once **rejected** me. Stop. I am still the hands of that night. You are a familiar disgust.

- 30 It will be **absolute**. Is it necessary to revoke my intentions again? I won't lull you comfortably into a ripe account of fantasy. Why fictionalise perversity, it is already casual. Anyway, I don't want to enforce sedatives on you, despite the very heavy seduction, prominent in the act that I am caught in here red handed... Am I yielding too much to make up for not showing the path to the gracious wasteland, heroes and heroines mating under a great straight arch of sky? The belly of the night breaks without stories or history, for that matter. Nevertheless, this overture into poetic protest is for a **woman** of a special kind, the one who is gone forever and never.

Who is this **Grasshopper** and why do I feel his presence in my unawaking hours while I can't shut my eyes to hungry respite? He has been in my dreaming awareness, I just realised, it **was** his tears that filled up the pond. Black whirlpool'd pond where I was drowned. Ache pulled **me** down there by tender rope, one wicked melody of silence!

Finally, the corner where I stand cuts **the form** of my youth loose... I am detached, going.. You should disregard all the stories **developing** and age with their coconut smell **beyond** the valley of imaginary feathers, sprouting from the semi-colonial islands of your **origin**. Which is not light, neither fire, wind, nor air. It is curiosity that is stuck with one mode of being... oh, you try a boundless effort in trying to understand everything! There's sex and crimes of passion, books of literature, and a lot of people who love being insatiably vigilant for the mistakes of others.

31

Upon explicable
miracles of stockings,
upon erecting lament leaking down her bowels
a fatal inseparable touch
defeats the poet's glowing ambition to prevent
the history aging

But!

"Breath is Horus dawning over pores"
his mother, the mother of earth, the **dictator**, the giver of
life, reminder of time, Isis the magician,
In atrocious sounds of an orgy
beyond a will to create a god,
jostling Osiris in her banks.
Supreme **joy**,
enjoyed a good shag or at least we are made to believe

that, so that, Seth, man's biggest enemy, himself, less than
a man more than a God,
stabbed and flayed Osiris off his shape
to scatter him across the blonde country,
Isis could only become Osiris in anguish
Mother redefined through the **cyclical** emergence;
32 woe of men
woe-man
woman
What happened to poor Osiris
lunging at the bottom of the Nile?
Now I know where I must return to wash my hands off
the whole thing,
I am Horus
Seth and Osiris' bastard son...

Sudden **apparitions** enter my thoughts for a reason, of
course. Such a head-**fuck** in criminal descend to con-
vert hours **into** reversible episodes of paranoia, because
it makes up sheer panorama. And **eternity** until the im-
mense intoxication remains restricted to amazing sounds,
amazing maze I have survived to remember, that I repress
my origin; express bullet into languagless wander.

The same way, I am destined to drop all over,
we do not speak about the trolleys of despair.

• • •

Launching glass shrapnel over my body
finding faint reasons to believe these fractured myths,
nevertheless I serve grenades to
national melancholy aided artillery for the
mirthful army.

the war is over
the way it began
not a gun has blasted
the wounds killing me are pointed at the target.

33

Bargain for nothing less than the truth, she would shimmer next to you, reading these lines, already disappearing before you, please the semen flowing.

Deluge of allure

I know many things
where the trials unfit for heroes take place.
Other observations that relate to a child's embryo,
space is, in other words, your womb,
undulating migrations of ants and vultures,
young lions in
resistant mirrors,
those careless objects revealing.
Remembering about you is already the future conceived.
Evaporate the way blur smears a tinted layer
of alienation.

If these **fragments** don't suffice to distort continuity
then **fight** for your country, daft veterans of hierarchic
meaning,
where is more fatally wounded, **your** sieve **mind** or smit-
ten body?

34 • • •

So far, the copulation of excess **image** and a nest of con-
fessions have been exposed to your attention. At the mo-
ment, death **stalks** the realm of the same creative flood
which made me sweep along everything spat above. I
pronounce the importance of emotional stability, twice:
I pronounce the importance of emotional stability. The
lines of luck are as short as the lie we both know. It is clear
that I am mourning for the premature death of my soul,
and Olympus isn't a mountain! Beauty always mates with
the ordinary, our predicament is at the centre of their
continuous mixing... What could I do, but, protest this
minuscule chaos, even if it costs me my sobriety which I
willingly trade off to foreign interest. The particular one
which has set out to divide me.

Knowing that she breathes and looks at other men sends
me straight into **inferno**. If only one of us ceases to re-
main, but, triumph won't be vengeance. Vaulting over
verses in reminiscence. Let's clear up the mess we force on
her misrepresented character. Could I be more obliged to

demystify the beauty and yield my impotence when I am remembering?

Ache is again in my marrow,
the ceiling my mirror
when I can't sleep
I win other things...

35

Dents in my smile
just the dance in a dancing cuddle,
finding the most fondled part of your body
and only when silk rustles on you
I may feel you?

I sense the pollution I am under,
you are still glimmering over my dead guts like the
underdeveloped sun of a black cavern.
This form I beget here is just the raw shape,
I do want to escape into non-being,
because, you aren't even aware of the tides threatening
the sand castle your mind has become, already washed
away. I am the flood and the beach where I flow to draw
the act of annihilation to conclusion.

Tall Bucharest smoke
stood over your eyes
in effect under hypnotic dance
tell me where am I long to arrive?

And then the shock of the news arrives
fertile monsters clump up in my blood.

36 Before I conclude a perfect conflict, let me first protest the reasons why I am **curling** under an obsolete lash of love. I am nauseate with the incredible weight of my eager thoughts, fixed in the murals of my slaughtered sacrifice. This liquidation that keeps me from my sinful origin, the blood. Permeate again, as a swirling suspicion; that I am here...

But, I am already paid off as an easy bail to free her constellations from observation. I won't face her ever again, may my eyes spill like mercury with incessant **focus**, exhausted from sight, if I, typically, find myself in hopeful glee, when she is around. And, she will be around like the regular phantoms of the repressed.

“We are not lovers, we are two different gentle cannibals, ready to leap in cogwheels that are toothless and made of us”

Is this why I can't sleep at night? My mouth, eyes, hair, what makes me be, when time slips over ribbons of memory rounding what's never appreciated, I am denied bit by bit. But, I will watch how you start loving me fertilising mysteries about my obvious decline. you won't gain love from my living shell. Only posthumous affection can sting

you, the way mine ends, yours begin. Order of estranged things.

Which price for what sacrifice? Attraction? **No** Attraction? Could these **words** summon me on my epitaph. Situation, non-veritable and consequential, a peculiar progress, like death running **up and down** the avenues of her harlot mingling. With people on the side of a sliding cliff.

37

Specks of lust gather her transforming the air into haze, a newly developed lie, hinder me from myself. Give me time and space and the bosom of misunderstood's re-explanation. Bastard enemies of sanity never faint before me. **Never** fever than they actually seem, residing upon innuendoes of the confident informer, I **look for**. Nothing returns to me with overwhelmed concentration, no **human eyes**

In the **zone** of life
embryos chew away the cords of life,
to be ushered into this drama sooner...
They are bound to **exit** as long as I stay
the impurities I don't own will scare them away.

I am desolate again,
perishing with fie foe fum,
limelight will case **a tainted man**

if I can produce the art of bitterness, do la re,
the ridicule.

Yet, I have gotta be the trail of your cursing memory.
Easily obtained optimism is only the optimism
obtained by bad optical apprehension.

New chapter under my mounting despair, like I have issues of absolute disbelief in fully functioning adulthood and its firm field of practice. So, have I been told, as if I am a blackened eye in a blond sky. The ridicule is only applicable to the ridiculous, mind to its bearer, fart to smells of **digested** nutrition **and** eggs back to smell again. but, why do I have this regrettable stomach of cement? I must be **sentenced** indefinitely... to red Jupiter embarrassment. Of all the emotions to wrap myself with, I am teasing the desperate incompetence of having myself to continue the private activity of staying sound, alive and well. How could I be fine, castrated of Ache's songs? Reprise will never come as a revealing man again. These attacks of illogical damnation on the ongoing reaction. Have I been erased before? You don't want to know, it's a bit personal, nobody's interested when a man enters doldrums and keeps himself at the bottom of all pits, in each hole of his eyes there is a psychopathical ambition to talk, talk and talk. Answer me through a telephone and

prepare the rope to
hang the
accordion
 voice

40 like clouds curling on a blank scenery vibrating blindly
but enduring heights,
the bait
 is hanging
 from the mouth

listen to me
High and low
watching the unknown
as I predict voyeurism
by nonchalance toss me across
an arsehole

the
 womb
is slit
birth is placed

such a bastard son. . .

“Death is the shawl, breath when shed”
The rehabilitation of fuck inside the ornamental
rubber coffin

I am unified by
a current upheaval, just a vein of youth,
currently unavailable
but destined to diffuse itself in time.

Pleasures heinous, reverting forgiveness back to amnesia.
She is suspect for being another moon in another sky,
that won't be visible to me,
Ache is not made but love.

41

Here, I reinforce this **conversation** to an end. Something extra-literary **has** happened? For **the** equivocal strength of **image** par excellence, for the fornication of sound with human voice, I chose to quit this message **incomplete...** For the earth that hasn't cried yet. At last, at least, you the occupant of my shrivelled sight will doubt all that has been said and maybe start worrying...

4

42 Don't feel the burden to seem like you are provoked again. A declaration needs being made that the overdue desire for returning after amphibian elegies, formulaic let-downs and the result; a monologue of this type in the court of eternally disinherited is, now, consummating this page. Yet, another page, a whole extension full of abdominal pain which might be readily caused by an ill-fitting idea, as well as all the ancient theories of the future...

Along with **one** idea stands its shadow, obligatory as always, the source of light and the platform **must** be in place in order to cast the shadow, the idea is of secondary importance. We, the heretics in contemporary religion of **face** and body, require earth to erect our ideas, the shadow.

I am **the** last impostor to fake myself real. The roaring statues **present** their only expertise, that's roaring. Places where you recruit yourself to save you from your stabs... restaurants and many other cheer gathering arenas... cure the inadvertent **malady**, the reign of delirium, cure the inadvertent malady, kill logo logic, as the numb toes of a sleepwalker, leading blind longing for the waterfalls under your steps.

Sole thing of your **consciousness**, you won't be able to do anything about what you know, you know how much you are impeded by the exterior. I've been itching to puke the germs that make me grovel, but, this would be an act of extricating. I don't want to leak from **within**, surely nothing should come out as a reaction. Extending my hands over the warm places, I have been, so far, they are growing back into the depths. There is a pale connection from the aura of your disposition. There is a basic motivation why there are devotees of **secrecy** and a bit of extra information.

43

O, wounded **poet of** modern metaphor, backwards in favour of progress, the sham ordeals you contrive for total lack of comprehensibility. You don't seek compassion under her persistent **vision** whose job is to inform. You realise, these are the missing steps of a staircase that would take you nowhere, but, to a fornication with a reflection on yourself.

One at a time. Mirrors knelt by my side, cracked one by one. I couldn't synchronise everybody's demise. If I am not **mistaken**, hunger strikes only the hungry, and love eschews **sadness**, guns blast for chauvinism. I just couldn't defend **the** mood and its right to erupt whenever it is under some influence. Out of necessity, the growth of my youth annoys only myself. I am constantly reminded how to predict the future, as of now, going in a different direction; opposite to the **eminent** wife who now escapes me.

The mother of my unborn child, his undefined face looks up to me, like I am a rare lion in an American desert, staring back into the void reflection of a cameras eye to capture the storm in my mane. The child possibly would have been a monster.

- 44 I head towards a silent transfix, better than going to sleep to chase my demons and force oblivion on myself like a rusted blade stuck in a mud pile.

• • •

As soon as possible, you will bring everything as you are told. Mr. and Mrs. Debut Love killed each other last night, here is the hotel Anachron. Not even **a trail of** bestial anger was in their eyes, said the orgasmic walls of room number 9.

“I am not an eyewitness, I heard their tumbling fall. But, why commit **murder**, knowing that you would eat each other’s liver for casual petit details and crisscross caresses with hostile sensations to sympathy in the future.

Instantly recall another incident that happened here. I **remember** hurting my insatiable mistress by the arm, like flame. It is useless. I can only deliver you a hint of suspicion. Slain in mirth and slain in aversion. Life uses me as a closet to keep myself hidden in myself, excuses. It is always safe to re-establish the framework on how you

want to destroy things, creatively. So, anyway, you have met these cold blooded murderers before, in films. Cinema departs from the repudiation of what drama is. Life, that subversive drama always in transition to a sequence never resolving, since there is the clamour of too many main characters and their **subplots** disruptively making the whole. I am disinterested as much as you are, wielding myself towards a pure fiction incarnate **in the** soul, preferring sadness to joy and music to dance, cinema to **experience**. By no means, am I symbolic, the horses bolting over the fuse of minutes, one by one, are made into a convention. At the conclusion of this sentence, they will not only have trotted, but, have been trapped in air, in action. No conclusions. Let these horses land on their cotton feet in every place you wish them to be.”

45

Potent tales in desolate bodies, separate accounts of the mean person Fardevs Mockton... Headlights of an automobile, its interstellar distance to my mind. A siren cuts through the roaring of this speeding car, on hold at the lights. What is the essence of this scene and above all why am I initiating this particular worship of an imaginative stranger? Who is in this car? Which direction... Why do I want to see it driven towards me? I will go on to describe the driver who should be wearing a leather skirt and ashes sprinkled over her lap besides all the necessary accessories of formidable eroticism. Where do I start rendering her relation to my void thoughts from where she is born...

Forget her, she never could replace the fucking nymph
whom I bore!

Masculine patrol. I am a sort of seismographic alert.
Women at the threshold of recognition,
46 almost as a woman!

If anything, the parallel between that situation and this
one is feasible.

Draw the line.

Stop me in my tracks, for I can't trace the serpent head of
an error coiling back under a feeling.

At this very moment, couples in countless countries are
impaling each other on requests, who is getting through?
My room in Hotel Anachron, its **resplendent** deaf air and
night sprung above to grasp at stars severely inexistent,
and are only an **image**. Captain Perception's servitude to
a lesser good; **mal-seen** and **mal-spoken**, nonetheless spoken.
I don't trust anything except the trustworthy trust...
have I been punished, yet. Because, I keep turning myself
in? The femme fatale in me and contempt.

• • •

Could the still image ever stand as a landmark? How
about the still language in these pages?

What a belief could an image exert before a blindman, who is also deaf to colours and fear, but, sensitive to the pulsating intrinsic light, by which his skull fertilises his private universe?

Rich sea wearing a bra of clouds.

47

Ticklish fanny wanting an army of tongues?

Space builds dams of heightened pleasure.

Remember,

Drama departs from the renunciation of what cinema is, certainly **life**. On this parallel, just as I collapsed, opening my eyes to the naked simplicity of my terminating existence in profane roaming romance, I rediscovered **that** I love you like the tiny fuse of a dynamite waiting to ignite. Now, it's turning into something **platonic**, unless I don't kill you or me. The writer and the **text**.. the bearer of this text; alas, delicate meaning..

I should behead myself from the body you resent for a return to paratoxical eternity.

- f i n e m a -