Only the wounded fall in the lion’s pit, the scent of blood dripping from noses, the syncopated movements that hide unresolved thoughts, reminding me of myself. Of when I was too tired to close the door, make the bed, measure my words…

Since, rashness outdid shrewdness, creating monsters, not just in my head. I sweated salt, wind and sun, surmounting the high-plains and, once atop the peaks, the evening was always thicker. And ever thicker, I turned on the lights to forget time itself.

I tried to sweeten the sharp edges, the bitterness of thoughts, brewing them in my cauldron, flabby attempts of re-emergence in sins, celebrating the “World Day of All Hope is Lost” and what little remains certainly isn’t for you. My hope is purple like the circles under my eyes, humid as spit in your eye, we drown inside and nothing can be seen but stagnant water, too much water where it serves no purpose, even though I was thirsty, that doesn’t mean I drank. If I did, I don’t remember.

I don’t remember.

I don’t remember.

I don’t remember.

I don’t remember.

I don’t remember a thousand times.

And you look at me and believe in films and invented characters that move oddly in their too-tight costumes, sewed right onto them by who knows who, do you believe my tears? Do you see yourself in my weeping? it’s fake. And the smoke of this cigarette? it’s fake.

I can move the mouth as I wish and the words are not mine.

They are not mine.

If your tears should depend on me, you can be certain that I’ll make you laugh, but I’ve got nothing to do with it. Go back to drowning in the hormones of your soy milk, exchange peace signs, make reservations for trips to Mars even, but I won’t be among you, I’ve so much to do, so much to do that I won’t do anything at all.

What are you running from?

Who’s waiting for you?

When did you decide that it was enough?

Why are you so stubborn?

How many floors did you have to climb to see the sky?

How far down did you go to smell the earth?

how did you hold back your thoughts?