

terminal obsolescence

“in the tragic world all moaning tends to consider itself music”

Nicole Loraux

In an infected world, all breathing
tends to consider itself music,
all abandonment, dance.

I read the horoscope of orphans,
practice the mixology of poverty,
take the masterclass of inutility,
the meteorology of bullies doesn't
scare me, not anymore,
nobody wants your loneliness
nobody craves your fear
or gets enraged by silence,
or envious of absence.
others' happiness doesn't keep
me up at night, not anymore,
isolation is organized crime
against stereotypes of life,
you and your disinfectant
the smallest mafia there is.

Out there
it's spring and everywhere
the dead are sprouting and blossoming.
bees are flying from dead to dead,
sucking their nectar
dipping themselves in
scattering them through the world,
from so much death in the air
working citizens are
sneezing themselves on the asphalt of the city
and somewhere in a pasture the dead
are entering one side of a cow and escaping the other.

In here
I am learning how to use others' eyes
to see what I don't want to be
but somehow this
doesn't change a thing,
it's just a movie projected daily
by a bum's mind
in an abandoned cinema.

What can I say,
I like myself so much,
that I could not live
in a world
in which I would be dead.

In an infected world, all breathing
tends to consider itself music,
all abandonment, dance,
and all selfdom, alchemy.

You still eye them all
in their concrete rubik's cubes
through windows they are
the same
vagabond flesh
embalmed in now
they rock themselves
from one to the other,
in patience, in slumber,
in an instant
fetishized, pushing
lazily with their tongue
this black point of time
from one cavity
to the other and scraping
thought after thought
into the crusty skin of the world.

Like a flower, their waiting
grows out of your chest,
you try to hide it
but banality is a bitch
that likes to take a smell at everything,
take a piss where you are
at your most beautiful.

If I get out of here
I will open my mouth wide
let the fluffy glow of pollen filled air
through which I judge everything
that doesn't want to end
illuminate the words stuck in my throat
and dream of an afterlife without verbs

moments of calm monomania
while I just sit there and gawk
at people and how they rejoice innocently
at the sight of the sun's technicolor death
and I guess by their movements
the parts of their bodies that have remained
untouched by others.

If I get out of here
I will coat this world in glass
watch it rot under a telescope
but the damn birds won't
shut up, not anymore
they celebrate our terminal stirs,
nestling ourselves into
our obsolescence.

In an infected world, all breathing
tends to consider itself music,
all abandonment, dance ,
all selfdom, alchemy
and all that death, data.

We are the first of the Mohicans
that don't need other Mohicans
to be happy.