



iExile

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Essay/Opinion

I as in team

I would like to cry but unrandom tears would appear childish. Their reflection in the rippled puddle would be carried to the shore, carving into the sidewalk's curb a barren passage under the thorn asphalt, into the sewage of hope. I like to dream but the sleep is always ended abruptly like a tectonic fault, drifting me to a territory I never intended to travel. There, I am asked for a stamp that the mockingbird received from the eagle's claw's only.

I bought a ticket for a vehicle of transportation and I let it to be strayed out of my palm by the passing wind. And, it didn't go too far. Was picked up by a man that stopped on the manhole and he turned it into a paper plane for his kid. He threw it forcefully upwards.

The hard work and the fatherly figure were embeded in his propulsion. Shortly after the excitement, the carton plane came down, crushing onto a one way sign. The man was disappointed while the child understood the outcome even though physics weren't his forte.

I remained immobile for a while during which I aged.

When I stopped by the planked fence to hijack the breeze that was whirling through, many passed me by, all searching for coolness.

I took my shoes off during the first drops of rain just to antagonize my finger nails. Herds of people were trying suicidally to dodge the drops. They knew what a desert mirage is and wanted to run away from it. Running in either direction, they would die of thirst.

I stampede over everyone's dream even though the multitude of hooves belong to the dreamers.

The society marching onto the crooked curb was formed just to dismantle another one it appeared, empirically, like a glazed donut gliding onto the throat of a malefic peace officer.

Just as the day was ending, I stumbled upon a group of people that were jumping in a hora. From afar, they seemed as one, entangled, unbreakable. Approaching their spinning frenzy, I saw asymmetry in their moves, each leg following a different beat while they maintained

their unity. Their hands around each other's neck resembled the unforgiving claws of a prehistoric predator and their heads becoming an adulterous prey. Their will to dance alone, their hands interfered with their own necessity to grasp onto someone they could call brother for a moment.

I am a part of a team that plays a different game. The team is belonging to a division that only changes player while the rules remain. Now, I am my team.

We got Hope syndrome! One Hope for 1.00 dollar. Buy three Hopes for 75 cents! More is less.

As long as we, the humans, are buying hope or the idea of it, we are prone to let down our guard and chase endlessly the ideal on an artificial path, guided by the scent of a delusional reality. Like a schizophrenic, we are unable to distinguish between the imaginary, the existence of refuge, and the palpable, the survival through mundane.

Hope is the drug that every human being had overdosed on and is still growing in popularity. Hope, in any dose, transforms the ingurgitator into a gullible pursuant of one's own comfortability.

The progress from an amoeba to a cognitive creature was exceptional. This ascending trajectory path was curbed by the futility of hope.

I must not continue this thought without refuting one of my most favorite authors, Albert Camus. The paradox is as beautiful as a gas chamber or the new settlements onto the graves of Gaza. A perennial human mistake. Mr. Camus was a *poet* of German occupation and, without having troupes, he concluded that hope represented the only viable barricade: *with every step, the hope of succeeding, sustains us*. Sisyphus still hopes, like us, that eventually will succeed and the absurdity will be defeated by its own standards. Sisyphus will never accomplish his task and even if he did, he would represent just the life of a pawn who never became queen. Reaching the metamorphosis line before being eaten by the defenseless king. Hope, therefore is just a belief that keeps the heard moving in a non-revolting direction.

Hope keeps the masses succeeding only in their belief, going toward an intangible achievement. Anything spawned from hope and sustained by belief culminates in the atrocity of deceit. The veracious intentions can not justify the barbarism of facts.

Would there be any advancement without hope? The Dream Chaser is asking the amorphous sky. The sky is mute. Just a few thunders are roaring here and there like two bitches left on the sidewalk, unpaid.

They feed of eachother's deception, hoping, once again, that tomorrow will bring their dream client: the one with a very small dick and a gargantuan pocket.

That day inevitably comes – tomorrow – and hope is being sold again to the addicts of it and is shaped according to everyone's aspirations, fears and budget. Tomorrow, Sisyphus is still midway there, god is

masturbating in front of the meek but won't allow them to touch the outcome while your mother hoped you called home for a change.

I could continue but I'd insult my thinking readers. As for the rest, I let them do what they do best: hope!

Terror as life, murder as love

We are shellfish filtering all the anguish of existence through the gun barrel. We never existed as a humanity but only as self coerced live stock. Often, one of us pierces through the imaginary fence, slaying the self backbone until one's empirical life bleeds to death near the inexistent heaven's border, on the shore of the *sewaged* hope. Repeatedly, one of us takes one's incapacity to evolve to the peaks of a mayhem within the herd's pen. One of us as a single person or as a multitude of individuals; the words are many but the most common describing this behavior are: militia, army, religion, government, business etc. - all of them deriving from belief.

Most humans die of inhumane consequences caused by humans. Tragedy, therefore, is overrated since it is an indivisible part of the mundane.

A soldier killing 13 and wounding 31 (numbers are irrelevant – just retelling current facts) of his own fellows represents a tragedy while bomb slaughtering thousands of non combatants are a mere casualty of war. Life is life and, regardless how one curbs it, represents murder (sperm dropped in the uterus is not life, ok?!).

I used to cry to funerals until I realized that I was taught to do so. Now, in out of time, I look at corpses as I caress the leaves in the fall during their seasonal glide toward the cement. Periodic.

During a no particular autumn, sitting on a bench I stumbled upon, I was wondering what the leaves would do if they were able to surpass their yellowing condition. Would they rust each other out? If that, then by what means? If two or a multitude of leaves would duel in a war, would the branch be indolent at their killing spree? Would they form a religion on every different branch just to find an unreason for skirmish? Would they really have a war for a better position onto the twig? Could photosynthesis be a motive?

Then, I looked at the sky and I enjoyed the brawl of clouds. The spectacle was free and after all I didn't care much about the vapors.

Dug deep in the corpses of leaves, spanning across concrete, clay and puddles, was a yesterday's newspaper fluttering in the evening's chill. On every page was an image of a murder surrounded by even bloodier words. Maybe the trees, after all, needed the humans' blood shed in order to regenerate in the spring.

Who knows. The fallen yellow won't say anything beside a squick under the shoe.

Versus

Health care; an American vanity? A world's indolence? The metamorphosis of The Hippocratic Oath from a factual statement into a myth?

The constant competition, just to bow into the spot light, irrelevant as a football season. The arrogance to show that we are the best when we are put against someone else and not when we are alone, envelops even the healthiest mind into a flue of parodies.

Antitrust laws for the minds that reason? Indulgences paid with the ready to eat meal for a promised banquet? Is our consciousness that meager? Is our species stuck in a urinal of a delusional trip of immortality; empowering us to jump from the roof and spreading our featherless hands, justifying vehemently our glide as a boulder onto the concrete's realm!

I remain speechless, not inhaling for as long as my brain allows.

I resume.

Being born, without my consent, in a part of the world led by a totalitarian government, I can't endorse the principle of government. Spending my adulthood, by choice, in the only capitalistic regime of our time but imitated by every country, I refute the rationale of business. There's no quintessential difference between the two. Just semantics for the meek who cannot describe the difference between their finger and their dick, inserting it anywhere and anyhow. Some instances give them a blister other just another baby: John or Jose the 5th.

All current democracies have a corrupt government. Just mentioning how politicians raise funds for their campaign, without delving any further into the intricacies of the process, proves the above statement to be true. The big business is too greedy and insensitive. After all, they are the legs of a biped which moves the governing body onto the same old path of corruption, paved with greed and delimited by insensibility just so the human's agony poured civilized. The society of humane habitat is still to come. Until then, we just pretend that the public option of our health care is what we really want when, in fact, it's just another way to make money to fund absurdity.

Conceiving laws to protect us against ourself or opportunists who would do anything, crush every being in their way just to gain an unthinkable profit in a life that ends without a credit check, makes an

earthworm content of its existing evolutionary peak and digs further down.

The New World: America or The Last Chance We Rigged

1492 seems like a galaxy away yet The Dark Ages appear more prevalent than ever.

The New World, accidentally or not stumbled upon, once discovered, it reignited the aspirations of millions of getting a fresh start. Devouring the idea that a colorless blood environment would allow everyone to compete on the same racing track classless, humans flocked to the only and last New World, from the Old Continent as well as from the Rest of The World, dreaming that one's beliefs won't be persecuted or other's thinking that reasoning will never be tortured and killed by the absurd mind of the believer.

A lot had to happen before the United States of America acquired independence. When it did, it became the only beacon of reason, guaranteed by its constitution. The first country and union of states whose fundamental law was drafted from reason, not from belief. It seemed like humanity saw its own reflection in the murky brooks of blood, heard the shriek of oceans of beings foaming of desperation and injustice and drafted the paths on which anybody could freely pursue happiness.

A secular society where everyone was finally born equal, where Lady Justice was blind, unable to see the class, color, creed or wealth of anyone. Where no one, any one or some one was ever guilty and had to prove their innocence. Where the verdicts no longer will be spitted out based on mere belief but argued beyond unreasonable doubt.

It turned out that The New World has represented just one's imaginary freedom and not the palpable liberty. The beauty of the cognitive mind which once again is forced to self exile.

The same beliefs that brought us the most gruesome aspects of the human capabilities are unraveling once again in our society. Not only for us, the ones who reached the shores of the New World. no. our species failed at its final test. The last beacon of hope has been perverted. There is no new land. There is no New World where we can start again. The ideal of the American dream has been raped by our indolence, belief and greed. We rigged our last chance. We depleted ourselves of a dream!

P.S. That is the American Dream. Not to by a fucking, shitty house over a period of thirty years – (for those whom I had to spell a sentence).

The obtuse idiot cycle: Rush Limbaugh

Listen! I do not agree with most American imperialistic policies. I'm not happy about Mr. Obama's accomplishments during his immature presidential term and I certainly refute the validity of the greedy corporate World but, agreeing with the goat fucking Taliban and dictatorial governments just because they are opposing the same guy I disagree with, that's blatantly retarded.

Mr. Rush Limbaugh proved himself to be a creature made from the semen of his wasted father just after he jerked off in a ditch. A green-back, annoyingly noisy shit-fly, picked the cum and delivered it to his mother's rancid vagina. Hence, the birth of the conservative idiot – Mr. Limbaugh and his alike. They are a hybrid of stupidity, hypocrisy and muddy DNA. They represent the empirical evidence of the Evolution's stagnation and regression.

Why such a fetid remark? Why some of us are utterly oblivious to reason, humanity and common sense? Why heaven is more important than the person dying next to us, is the rhetoric I'll never be able to swallow. I can be sarcastic, like in the sentences from above, but I would never waterboard or kill someone of a different nation, creed or opinion.

The weapon of satire has a barrel filled with unleaded letters and just an amendment right which can be interpreted at will by a war-bringing peace officer.

Indolence, ignorance and stupidity drive their subhuman carrier to pull the trigger of a legally purchased gun or not on a daily basis. Vitriolic hate, spurted from our foundation of belief, geared toward manipulating the feeble and rallying the oblivious masses of serfs to support their abusing master, it's a black hole whose mass sucks into its tenebrous vortex even the greatest thinkers. Eventually, they'll fight holding the same weapons they once virulently opposed.

Now, congratulations Mr. Obama for being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize that Ghandi didn't receive. Please, over earn it!!!

Rapist wanted!

I would pay top dollar to someone just to obliterate my consciousness. Then, he/she (no sex discrimination here) must perform the task of a complete dismemberment of the thought.

But, why place such an ad when you can elect them, the rapists, for free and after only four perennial years, your empirical experience will be torn, invaluable. Us, the victim and the perpetrator, despair while deceiving. Aware of the facts, we still place the ad and we despise the consequences. A hands-on masturbation of a wooden leg would never create a Pinocchio – just sawdust. Being an undeniable fact, this or that, the oak or the mahogany pillar is rubbed by the liberals like it will bring a climate change in the morning during which the conservatives are still using it as a flag post.

Knowledge is accessible to every one. It's basking at every sight, vulnerable, waiting to be devoured by anyone willing to feast on its great banquet offerings. Desiring that the passers are ravenous for more, greedy as a banker for repeat customers. Unraping its patrons but empowering them, she knows that they'll return for more, addicted to have their questions answered or at least, asked.

After millenniums of self exposing, the knowledge remains like a medieval fortress in the age of supersonic fighter jets.

The Machiavellian buildings, the fetid battlefields, the interest of the loan exist because we just believed we gave life to Pinocchio. We didn't reason for a second nor did we hump the knowledge beauty for a minute.

Anger fuse

Was an encounter I never thought I'd intersect voluntarily. And if I did, I would just let it go by like a shot of tequila. Undrunk.

I am a simple man. I like people whose intelligence stimulate me and I despise creatures of ignorance whose obtuseness baffle me. I won't explain. If you are one of the beings pertaining to the second part of the previous sentence, then you won't be reading this. If, however, you belong to the first part, then you must find this indulgent explanation offensive.

The reality is tougher than my imagination simply because my thoughts and dreams never sucker punch me. This sounds like a cheap prelude to an obituary. Perhaps it is. If not, it should become one.

Extremity angers me and often transforms me in what I despise. An angry man. A believer. The one I wanted to depart from. Seldom I find sorrow but when I do I seem to bathe in it. You?

Names are unimportant while making the front page news. I said before that reason is impervious to hope. Obama didn't represent a black dude from an immigrant father taking over the White House nor hope. He represented an intelligent being, an exponent of a changing mob who was willing, desiring to show their humanity instead of their instincts. For the being of reason, at least. Tonight I encountered the reiteration of the impossible love, unoccurring, between a deer and a wolf. I was neither, even though I could have easily shown my lion fangs.

I was drinking a scotch on a semi-obscure Hollywood street across from an idiotic church of scientology. As usual during this common ritual of mine, I was smoking. The cigarette brand was never a subject of my dissertations but the half full pack laying in front of my Mc... scotch glass echoed like a punching line: **American Spirit!** *Additive-free.*

What had happened tonight. This night. Any night. The other day.

Well, quite the ubiquitous. People colliding ferociously through beliefs. A repugnant field of matter that attracts the opposites into conflict.

On the sidewalk bordering my table, was a wooden telephone post stapled into oblivion. In Los Angeles, this represents the edifice of *independent speaker wall of pedestrian fame.*

In this illuminated dusk, the grassroots disciples were represented by a man and a woman in their early adulthood. Paid by an obscure conspiracy theorist, they stapled a few posters of Obama representing The Joker from the last Batman movie, *The Dark Knight*. I smirked benignly since Obama was funny looking with the Joker's make up and it seemed a cheap shot at re-portraying Obama as a blood sucker dictator-vampire character. Two black ladies from a table across from mine, at once, stood up and marched angrily to the pole and ripped the posters. I laughed vociferously knowing that this cocktail is going to overflow its highball. *It's a blasphemy to put a White face on Obama*, they shouted.

Exasperatingly, it's still about what group we belong to. The: *what we believe in* is much more important. Sunken in belief, the shore of humanity and reason is not sought out but splattered with the surroundings that drowns us. Unconceivable, the shore is the monstrous enemy. For way too many! We like it or not, we are creatures of apartheid.

We use *the belief* as a provider of common sense while *is* the mega antagonist of our species and, we ostracize *the reason* which is the only truth, path and life toward a common sense.

The sadness is beautiful when the human behavior is easily graphed as a mathematical equation. After we assume through an absurd hypothesis the demonstration just to prove its ridiculousness, we find the logical answer.

With humans, it's the reverse. I shouldn't spell it but, ferociously, I do: the human behavior represents a ridiculous logic of the hyperbolic absurd. Amen!

Peer pressure and the insignificant life

The ethics and morals that guide our behavior are nothing more than the high school concept of peer pressure. The schmuck who wants to belong to an apartheid group, gives in like an exhausted gazelle. Slowly, submissive and resigned, carries her hooves into the lion's den. Fuck it! Eat me! And it's not the murmured voice of the mistress. It's the human re-becoming a monkey. Life is death and death is life when the consciousness evolves into a melon; pleasant to look at, flavorful by some taste standards yet insignificant by its content. The way *it is* becomes the way it *should be* instead of: *why it is the way it is?* The *it is* must constantly be challenged so the *should be* would never have the time to comfortably set in.

Every sidewalk ends at an intersection only to be continued on the other side until the cornfield, desert or the ocean take over. It's moving on without going anywhere.

The cozyness and the delusional safety, loomed to a dildo erection by the soothing of the flock, is omnipresent. From the living room via the metropolis' mussitation, into the apex of solitude.

Life is tremendously unimportant. Our ethics teach us utterly the opposite. That's the birth of *the hypocrisy* or, by the day to day language: *the bullshit*. Perishable by its nature, life is spent endlessly by those who hold the morals of it up high, in the most important trophy vase. Life, encouraged to be born in the ghetto, just to be sent to war to bring back only the amorphous life. Life that takes life is no life. It's a belief. It's predator and prey of the same species. Cannibalism. This is the group we are proud that we belong to.

The killer next door. You & I!

Awe hijacks the TV sets and the radio antennas tremble with shouts of pundits devouring the new breaking story. Another one of us, a human, has committed a horrible crime. As soon as the story reaches us, via experts, the *evil doer* was dehumanized. "A random act carried out by a monster". The atrocity repeats over and over again, spanning across decades and centuries. Yet, it's still random, they absurdly argue. A random act occurring weekly. And the gullible masses buy it even though it costs a lot of reason.

Is the monster resurrecting so often? Jesus! A monster!?

All has been done in centuries is only to gain from the fear via cheap shock value. If a solution would be found, which is very attainable, the role of government and society rules would self destruct since we wouldn't fear one another any longer. But the pressure of society corroborated with the daily dose of fear has created the bylaws of atrocity. The pundits reason aberrantly that they are random acts. Well, fuckers, it's a pandemic. It reached our street and that knock on the door is not for trick or treat.

It's not at the door, it's dad's steps on the stairs... he made a noise from his hand and mommy is all red over her face. She fell on the floor like a brick and I do not understand why one of her eyes is smiling at me while seeping down on the window's glass. Now, daddy takes me in his arms, kisses me, tells me that he loves me then he puts something cold against my head. Daddy, I'm not cold! She said before the deafening noise of the unloading revolver is followed by the eternal silence on 1245 W. 5th St., corner with Random Hope Ave.

Our morals and beliefs fall on us like an atomic bomb every passing minute of the day. More and more of us either collapse or snap before collapsing. They are not an unfortunate accident. They are a systematic result of an oppressive environment; our society!

The comfort served up by self denial, disassociating ourselves with gruesome acts that we are capable of doing, makes us prone to achieve them.

Poetry

Obsequious

brief glances
whipping eyes
this thing has rolled over
notice the screeching sounds it has created
in you
also in me
now I feel the pinch in my bones and the twitch in my thought much
less
for I am distracted
away goes the Way
the deeper I breathe the louder I become
exhalation may be frightening unless you conceive the source
conception and perception rely
upon what the empirist may ask?
well... it's point of view my friend
how do you describe your existence?
from where you have placed yourself
if I may be so bold
but....
i am not SO bold
now the things that have been said will not be un-said
their meanings may have diminished
in "fact"
mea culpa
yes
of what?
such remains to be seen for others outside seek to place blame
I will remember the good

the good has taught me very much about my mind
the glances have briefened
the eyes seek other angles
avoidance has become the theme
Oh what a mundane theme it is
it lacks merit
this thing has rolled over onto itself
my expression is stunted...almost blank
relief may come through flow
flowing eyes and turning words into thoughts and vice versa
a theme for the worst
pushed aside so innocuously has beaten my brow into itself
obsequiousness displayed is confounding to me
but not unexpected
thus is the chant
it has always been evident...before me displaying the facts
but brief glances
and whipping eyes
have blinded my ears to the sight of screeching touches

the world is breathing

get your body to the frontier of land and water
search the ground for things...for life...scum... breathe in the scents...
open your ears to sound
let the slave world release the grip it possesses
at least for a moment
a rhythm will neatly appear to you
sound is vibration... look at the greenery with vision the great gift
combine
synthesize
the land has a pulse... not one to be checked and poked with needles and
devices
yet it is there... pumping in and out... serving its purpose
in no other place is it more accessible
than at this precipice
where states of matter divide...merge...engulf each other
it is the most natural form of love
the world is breathing our breaths as it aspirates the Way
and we have only to approach it with open senses

n/a

Holiday recipe

Caramelize the spirit, build a border, stir in balsamic hope, reduce.

Add Port wine, to sweeten the deception, reduce.

Add the veal stock, the reason, and reduce
attain a syrupy sauce.

Season with salt and pepper

a pinch of WMD for color

then sear or grill the seasoned and thawed slices of foie gras.

Keep warm on paper towels.

Brown slices of French bread, fresh from the guillotine
or ghetto

in the same frying pan used to sear the faggot or on the aspiration's
char.

Put 15g of onion confit on each toast and press it thoroughly, to reach
the bone

Place a slice of nigger on each toast, set on a warm plate, and baste
with the sauce reduction.

Serve immediately, alone, or with a mixed wilted Gaza salad seasoned
with balsamic-Dachau vinegar.

The Final-Final

The Final-Final

Everything has changed, the undistorted truth leaked
beyond the shadow of doubts
He was packing heat then pulled the trigger
hit by one stray bullet
antagonizing her sanity
The inquisition, her tongue spewing the last attempts at
reconciliation
gushing, "please take me back"
years of dismay forgotten
entrapment, extorted love
Juices of the gods inebriate only a fraction of her pain
the liability of future enterprise
position the bodies to be buried
telling headstones
I feel a queer relief, consulting my own pleasure
a conscience, once buried within the corners of gray matter, examines
motives
wants or needs?
depraved homewrecker
Destination Unknown
BRILLIANT!

The Fog of 11/03/09

after work
family intercourse
the fog began to descend in the fall
the street was clear, the sky started to blur as a hope
the murkiness kept dripping until the wife beater across the street
turned into a sound
it came through my window into the kitchen
enveloped my immediate sight
I thought I could escape
the smoke I exhaled felt like home
on the stairwell was clear
I returned into the kitchen, into the unsight
I could've been spotted
the fog of my surroundings is not universal
the roundness is unflat
until then
I conceal the existance in my L.A. Kitcken
like the deathrow inmate hiding in the cell.

mistakes

everyday is a mistake like a take way into my umbrella
and there ' s no rain to pourrrring down my cheeks
there 's not even a regret tear mistakes ,mistakes ,
1000 snakes on a dried rock by a virgin sun in an old winter.
so disgusting flies.

there's

something wrong about these snakes somehow forgotten by a foster
God

Love

Love is in my eyes and i give it to your eyes look after this into my eyes please, take care of it keep it worm ,in a safe place keep it in your eyes give it to my eyes let me care for love .

Hit me with tomorrow in my lazy cuddle tell me how will gonna love me again and again but babe, i really don't like tomorrows they are cold like a coldplay song

i don't know why

i dont know why i let this music to wash my eyes with all these crazy
dreams about life

about a med life ,confuse and inutile

but then so sweet , too sweet for my understanding

bored ,to bored to, to,, to start something in the morning

Evil

I am not the one

I chose a life of crime, stealing hearts, shattering them into
an unpalatable refuse

Only after the fact do they realize what was had, until it is gone

I walk away, without a blink of an eye

I am heartless

I am friendless

I am not your lover

I am not sugar and spice

I am woman

Therefore;

I

AM

Evil

The unfought fight

Let's fight until the fight is fought
until the living mourns itself
while the one is finally alone
undigging the trenches on self
waiting for at least one argument
a bullet or a funeral

a cry
without, the laurels of the victor
are defeat

Let's hide until the hideout is in sight
Until the predator ate its germs of conquering
in lack of a prey
let's die of solitude
until life brings death no more

Literature - Short Stories

A town close to nowhere

A town close to nowhere. From above everything seems close to nowhere. The steps, the dreams and hopes, the bus station or the bus itself seem to take us nowhere. The Globe itself seems to spin with a ferocious redundancy in a vicious cycle.

*

I know that I diminished considerably my chances to get your phone number, my beautiful stranger and drink companion, but maybe another drink would keep you glued to the stool as I slowly slip into an amorphous presence. I wish you were married, ugly, fat and a little bit more disgusting than I could ever describe so I could punish my *impertinencies* by inviting you to a motel and kissing that repulsiveness over and over; and I would do that as a great lover, greater than Romeo and with more passion and loyalty than Don Juan was ever able to show; I'm very aware that the general concept about Don Juan is everything but loyalty. If our ephemeral encounter will permit, I shall develop further the Don Juan social hysteria. Anyway, once in a while I get masochistic and I tend to reprimand my antisocial behaviors with disgusting images; for balance's sake.

You see, anything once imagined and believed, becomes as real as that house, the one with the shiny blue roof. But that's not possible, it's a clever way to duck the reality – they say.

I didn't transform into a shapeless entity. Truly? I haven't tried even though I mentioned it earlier. Of course you aren't kept here against your will, yet sometimes good manners are a form of self-imprisonment. Good manners, which I hope they never touched your insides, because I do hate them with a vengeance that I haven't been able to describe yet and you, are the last thing in the world I want to despise instead of growing to admire. Self-penitence is one of the plethora of behaviors that a submissive being adopts; doing that, one says: "you see ? I'm not a lamb!" I chose to walk voluntarily to the chopping block.

You are still here which, I have to admit, it's very pleasant... I should not try to find a comparison. Would be as redundant as a stale couple

repeating each morning and evening and every time they actually want to be alone, over and over again, the barren: I love you.

I will just let it be. I haven't gotten you a drink because, yes, I didn't expect to see you here. I drank mine on the way back. I wouldn't have returned but I remembered that my coat is still here.

No, these are not the streets of my childhood... I moved here last year yet they appear terribly proverbial. I feel that on that particular cracked curb, that one by the flooded manhole, I lost my tooth, this one. Everywhere I've been throughout the years I found a great amount of familiarities with the place I grew up in. From all universal standards my life would be considered a nomadic one when, in fact, it's nothing more than an unsuccessful try to escape a habitual world that looks the same. Yes, architectural differences – if I have to name a quick, blatant one - but the essence?

If we keep going this way I can show you at the next intersection the most radical asphalt color I've seen so far but that particular anomaly doesn't represent more than a two second lasting impression. Why do I remember this? I don't know. I seem to remember things that nobody notices and I forget stuff that most people find worthy of framing.

Everyone keeps quitting smoking these days. I don't. In fact, I'm waiting for the day when they will exhibit at the Museum of Anthropology, actually in a Zoo, the first smoker. Then I will perspire solidarity with the banned and I will go out of my way to smuggle cigarettes into the jungle to the chimps or to any primates. A mediocre comparison. A mass murderer who, instead of committing the greatest genocide, masturbates ferociously. Thus he achieves the great murder without being trialled for it.

Perhaps your beauty strangles any form of amicable conversation left in you because it's too busy admiring itself. I hope you don't consider this a compliment meant as a pick up line. Even though it sounds like one, it wasn't intended that way. It was a mere remark inspired by your reflection in the murky puddle. Now, if I could shut the fuck up for a second and analyze that comment: if analyzed with mundane tools, sounds more like an insult than a pick up line... narcissistic. You smile. In this society, for reasons easy to understand, that's a malady or, in the luckiest cases, an euphemism. Hard to believe, but this is how the truth is now a days, hard to believe.

Because I rarely and only accidentally use the mundane, I don't consider that I have insulted you yet.

Well, unlike in a romantic encounter, my habitual place of sleep stumbled before us sooner than yours did. I could take you to your place but I think that such proposal would be regarded as an act of undermining the capacity of the modern woman to be perceived as a man's equal... unless you'd like to become acquainted with my realm in which, at this hour, the only phonic encounters will be the liquid traveling through the water heater for no particular reason, and the moans of my neighbor from across the hall who is a prostitute, from what she says, yet I haven't seen any clients coming or leaving.

I must admit that I have never thought of a whore being alone as a hurricane. They both have something in common. Prayers against them, of vanishing in the most atrocious way. I never asked her how much she charges or what kind of services she offers. I wish I did so I could add a feeling of investigative journalism to this ending sentence.

*

The bus is overcrowded today. The taste of her sweat makes the spiky elbows traveling ticketless on my ribcage even less enjoyable. The emanation of her soft, calming skin is fetid. Hard to believe. To the left, the opaque window reflects the metropolitan inertia. A strange window. A common street during a new day. An impersonal voice announces a stop request by a legitimate passenger while the Earth maintains its furibund twirl. It's Monday. This day is engraved on people's faces like their name will be carved on their tombstone, revealing an unwished beginning yet perennial.

The bus stopped often but I didn't leave this vehicle meant for public transportation. Once I was aboard I decided that I didn't want to go anywhere yet I must be on the move. Tides of lives carried along by citizens, flood-drain my sight and my toes systematically, with an exceptional precision. Scents of pain and joy drift through our bowels constantly, overlapping like polished pebbles in the riverbed, chipping themselves with their dullness. This city, even viewed from the bus, is no different.

Now I remained alone. The ebb and flow has stopped which inspires me to think that I'm near to complete my orbital drift thus I decide to change my redundancy with a different one. A cigarette. As I inhale the smoke with nonchalance, the driver shrieks like a titmouse that just felt the eagle's claws caressing his spine and liver. I told him to intercourse with himself but I immediately realize that it would be an improbable

fact. He would have never been able to reach in between his belly and the steering wheel.

From the sidewalk I conclude that he could be a she. A hermaphrodite driver of self-made eunuchs. I waved at him benignly and indifferent as he continued his assigned rotation.

*

As death row life is. That's the truth I like to be lied about. My surroundings are not bars, keeping me away from the voluptuous shapes and smells from outside. No. Life it's full of attainable fragrances. Abundant. I shouldn't have opened the back window. The thought was overscented, the coffee will burn on the stove undrunken while a gang of stray dogs is defecating under my window sill like they were carrying Hades in their intestines. The repetition in a brand new century, thrown out my back window to be dried by the nocturnal sun.

As I was indolently watching my irreversible seconds passing by from the rocking chair, in the distance, the other war was starting. The screams of humans loosing what they never owned, their life, sounded amusing. I was doing the same thing without yelling.

*

As far, I have always been close to nowhere. Today, I am in the middle of it. The similarities and differences are tumbling like young twins in the playground. Indistinguishable.

Le faineant

Le faineant se leve au coucher du soleil, a l'heure ou les ombres s'etirent dans la rue, le visage pale, les cheveux en desordre sur le front. Comme d'habitude, a la tombee de la nuit, il s'approche du miroir en trainiant les pieds. Il observe son reflet avec degout. Derriere lui s'etale le desordre de sa chambre. Il s'habille dans les vetements sales. Le faineant est pret pour sa sortie de chaque nuit.

Les rues sont vides cette nuit comme d'habitude, sauf pour les petits rats qui l'observent, les yeux brillants. Les le considerent l'un de leur espace, une personne qui fouille dans la nuit. Dans sa poche il y a une echarpe en dentelle, tres delicate et douce. Les nuages obscurs bloquent la lune claire et la nuit s'obscurcit. Le faineant regarde la scene, les yeux durs. Son coeur est toujours comme la nuit, sa lumiere bloquee.

Il arrive a sa destination. Une grille se dresse touchant les etoiles. Il enleve l'echarpe de sa poche, tres delicate et douce. La grille, froide et dure, separe le fainenant du cimitiere qui s'entend derriere lui. Voila la taniere du chagrin. Il entre dans le cimitiere aux pas lents. Il peut sentir sa destination qui lui fait signe.

La petite echarpe en dentelle tombe a ses pieds. A l'imterieur, une force de faiblesse commence a monter. Le faineant s'effrondre a al vision de sa tombe. La pierre est cachee, les letrrs difficiles a lire. Il crie d'une voix faible, " O! Ma muse de tristesse! Ou etes-vous? Ma vie est devenue vide. Vos promesses sont vaines! Revenez-vous! Revenez-vous aupres de moi..." La nuit adsorbe sa voix. Il n'y a rien, ni personne. Le faineant est encore seul. Le visage pale, les cheveux en desordre, il regarde la lune, les yeux durs. Sans pleurer, sans emotion, tout seul. Il reste dans le cimitiere toute la nuit.

Le faineant ramasse la petie echarpe en dentelle. Le veille devient aube, il retourne chez lui comme d'habitude. Les rues sont encores vides. C'est le moment crepusculaire, la transformation de chaque nuit. La petite echarpe en dentelle reste dans la main, le seul symbole de sa sombre vie. Il s'approche du miroir et observe som reflet avec degout. Le visage pale, les cheveux en desordre comme d'habitude...



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