

[dank]

Home.
Again.

Morning and my feet aches.
I almost fell for that whole scenario.
Why was I so gullible?

My room looks like a mess.
But everything's organized.

I still do not know who Eva is.
Mikael as well.

My foot swells again.
Fuck, it hurts.

The computer switches on by itself.
How quaint.

I did not dream about Jane last night after my return. I was hoping I'd have another dream so I could keep on manipulating it just to talk to her again. Have I become too cautious of my whereabouts? I must say that I was very much sunk in to the idea that my life hangs on the balance of a surreal subconscious. I wasn't aware that it went that far down until today, when I realized I've been overly worked up on a dream to occur. It's never made any sense to me. Everything. Everything that has happened to me so far makes no sense to me at all.

There are just countless amounts of loopholes. Why Jane? The e-mail. The curtain. The weather. The time zone. My watch. The voice. Mikael at the coffee shop. The letter. The man at the bus stop. My feet. It's all just escalating to nothing.

But today, so far, has been quite different. I've not been fed with all those garbage. So far.

Seems rather miraculous if you ask me.

Patches of ironclad walkways emitting several streaks of the occasional dimming lights seep through countless millimeter'd diameter holes drilled randomly across the room here. A meretricious lure, secretly discreet, haunting chills as though climbing stairs leading up to some *unventured* storey. The room is darker today. As usual, Phish winds up the blinds and takes notice of the street outside. Seems almost 2 a.m. But as soon as he winds the blinds back down, daylight creeps in. The curtains are still present, but the dark gray curtain is slowly fading each day. Today, it still has hints of gray, but it seems like it would become off-white in a few days to come. Phish has been rather calm throughout the day, taking the regular shower, working on his book, deleting files he's kept from the past few years to make more room for God knows what. One thing's for sure, Phish seems to be making full use of the environment to work on the book.

This is probably weird coming from me, but I'm thankful that today's been especially quiet without any form of disturbance. However, I am disturbed by the fact that all this seems normal for me. As though I could take all of this in totality without having to complain about it. It's not normal. My window is still giving me the same problem, preventing me from telling the time. Neither my watch nor my window is giving me the opportunity to.

My room smells like turpentine. I can't quite recall what it smells like, but I'm sure this is the smell of turpentine. It's just very mild but when you sniff at the right point of time, WHAM! The smell spares no mercy to your nose. I hate that. But it's helping me write. I'm forced to be bitter and ironic like that. Surprisingly, it's been rather productive. What day is it today? Today is indeed a good day.

The phone rings.

Hello?

Hello Phish.

And you are..?

Your act is over.

What act?

You'd be wise as to not remove your code.

You're the guy from the bus stop.

I've got people watching you boy.

Fuck off.

Don't reply to that e-mail.

I'm watching.

The caller hangs up.

He receives a new mail.

Double clicks.

mikael,

the magnet exists. beware the children.

eva.

My feet are swelling up again. Fuck. It's getting red.

Phish collapses to his bed and twitches all over, trying his best to slap his head out of thinking about his aching feet. His hands hard pressed

to his right leg as he motions his body all over, knocking over his telephone, his left leg arcs back and forth, disconnecting his phone line again. His arms are waving precariously all over as he swipes his telephone off the desk an--

WHERE THE FUCK DID I PUT MY SLEEPING PILLS!!!???

**DTZCHHHH DTZCHHHHH DTZCHHHHHH
DTZCHHHH DRRRRRG DTCZZHH-SHBBSSHHHH-HHHH
DTZCHHHHHH-KRRPPRLLLTSSSHHHHHH-
DTZCHHHHHHH-TSHHHHKRRRBRPPBRPPPSHH-
DTZCHH-DTZCHH BZHUU'-TTRZASHHH-PSHHHAA'
ZTCK-'PLA'- CTA'-HHHDD' DTZCHHHH DTZCHHHHH
DTZCHHHHH DTCZHHHHHH DTZCHHHHH-SHRRRRRD-
DTZCHHHHH- DTZCHH-DTZCHHHH VRPT--- SSCZP-
'TRKSHWWWBBSH!²**

i end up climbing
 up climb i hill
paths destroyed
but the children

did but they did
 yesterday
like as often
meet against a garden
 trampling my senses.

 how she'd stare
smile and breathe
hushes tripping hop
 against my
nothing
but the hunch of my
back in this state.

suggestive torment
 my legs dissected

² heavy footsteps. marching, scraping his feet against the floor. knocks over several other things along the way. gulps down what seems to be 3 pills and walks back to bed. falls just before he gets back

NOT READ THE LINES OR PERHAPS THE WORD "THE" JUST
BEFORE "WORD" PLACED IN THIS SENTENCE!! PLEASE!!
ACKNOWLEDGE THIS BY GIVING US A SIGNAL!! DO NOT
ABANDON US!! HELP!! ANYBODY, PLEASE!!

}plea drowns{

i couldn't sprawl across every concrete pyramids
but each block passed, cemented to the floor
my feet

i'll stare down into everyone's kaleidoscopic mirage
neither logical nor sane
myth nor absurd

but the windows that everyone builds upon one another
diminishes into vapor without prior warning.
we eradicate ourselves without much thinking

slicing
splicing
gluing
pasting
cutting
placing
spraying
writing.

of course, our sentences adjoined

and each full stop

greeted
muted
pasted
greeted
ended

{until we'll realize each plausible spoken speaking speech
is *spoked*.}

the future becomes valid when the absurd becomes genius

diss\ected beyond to the abstruse and abstract to retract
and regret

or perhaps in denial

hence our regrets the { precariously we joy } forget.

who needs us when we all become one
each passing day a newborn claims the throne

