

ART

Don't you see how my blood has turned into kana?  
To embellish your feet."  
Quite instant passing by.  
They kept they own sense of love,  
in intimacy of muteness,  
so it can not be lost.  
While one suffers, the odder is board.  
In organic sense, as a commitment.  
Street-walkers.  
„Strong ones never forgive the weak. Their weakness.“  
Exhibited to worried glances. For my health.  
Without ethics. I am flattering your taste.  
After all, I do not buy my own pictures.

This is my answer.

Absence of gravity and meaningless crowd of people that will never BE because they ARE.

Gravity that only seemingly keep things on their places from some sense of responsibility.

Large conceptions of small minds.

I was attacked by agonizing tenderness in green color of dinosaurs.

If I was a man, I'll be incurable impotent.

This is my graphics.

We always understand each other on strange way. Like two pains.

And than, we went deaf- I on the right, she on the left ear.

Peaces of the dream that I can not recall because they woke me in convincing that spirits don't exist.

And spirits are limpid...

If not so, than it shod be, for sure.

That was the beginning of massive attack.

( While everybody were looking the view, crazier than they own, from the fear that something could trample underfoot them).

They are created to disappear.

Spoiled.

Perfectly protected.

Perfect.

White.

White icy.

White innocent.

White pale.

Pale collected.

Pale?

Inaudible.Pale transparent.

They are disappearing.

So the monsters wont eat us, don't look for your mirrors here.

They are always partial. Insufficient to one Narciss.

Because of mirrors, falling from the sky.

And, don't be late.

Let me do that. Square root of MYSELF gives MYSELF.

I hope that you are not desperately deprived of sense of humor.

Stupid people will continue with stupid laugh.

If anybody even gives a damn.