

Sequence 4: First Tasting of Faecal Matter

Anorexia Nervosa

Lonely, knelt down the bench, in the park,
tears came from my eyes...
A fowl came to shit on me/"You are on our side!"

I came back everyday, & talked to them...
Until the Demiurge get rid of them...
Caught by a racinian paralysis...
The absence & loss of the balance notion /
The hangman went back to work...
seeing my fear, an angel wanted to leave his wings to me...
Beaten up & the mob doesn't think about me...
They won't free me...

I wanted to head for my mirror & cruelty mask...
My face was nothing but the most sordid animality...
I rushed for the window to howl to the mob my difference...
As I noticed I had no more tongue...