

## 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...