

## Neverending projection

F.O.B.

pointless pain runs through your guts  
tight them hard, coming to your head  
and beat all of other thoughts  
the projector shows the movie  
you are nailed down to the seat  
you can't close your eyes  
watching with flowing tears  
tear the film to pieces but  
as soon as they fall to the ground  
they bond again and the movie  
keeps going on  
without change only little brighter  
after one hundred times  
maybe you'll feel nothing  
but no!  
cinema is open again  
you are roaming, carping, crying, and swearing  
get it out of yourself  
for three times, four times, one hundred times  
optimistic smile in the mirror  
something creeping to your head