

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