

Oceanic Motion

Ion Dissonance

All around, back & forth,
The sickening smell of insignificance
I'm used to it now,
I must reek of it

The density of the air was tangible today,
It was way too heavy for me.
I woke up an hour earlier,
I am eager to amaze myself for all the things that I could do,
But most definitely won't, during this loose hour.

Another day, predictably mundane,
Another scratch on the 7" ep that is my life,

That is my life...
It keeps on bouncing! (all around, back & forth)

My Columbian coffee
Expensively tasted like sewer water today.
The "normal & subtle" sour taste couldn't be sweeten at all, no matter how I sugared it,
How many times have I wonder if this taste wasn't impregnated in my mouth?

And once again (and as always), I'm having a delightful conversation
With the refrigerator by my side, he's always complaining,
I'm use to his points of view now, his constant mumbling...
Drastically sarcastic, almost as bitter as my coffee.
He seem to have an opinion about everything?

An instant passed, then I remembered that I have an optic sense

Ah, there it is, my 4th floor morning-view of a sunlit backalley

Down there, an ant-like human is wandering,
Nervously looking around, back & forth
And once the tension is gone, as he's sure that nobody's there,
Unzip his pants and ungraciously expose himself
In order to piss his way through my alley...

I am almost relieved as he is, once he's finished,
But for obvious different reasons

Happily confined, thoroughly hollow and unfulfilled
I think I'll go back to sleep

Is it possible to be sea-sick on firm ground?