things I don't leave home without
—2020 edition—

Phone

Self-defence pepper spray

Wrocław, July 2020
empathy empathy empathy empathy empathy empathy empathy empathy empathy empathy
Don't misunderstand me
I claim twisted lust
Being on goods' side
inspires no trust
My knees have injuries
Cold is the night
Within my bondage
unquestionably high
Electrodes prowl
around my veins
Those fucking electrodes
cause raving pains
I shave respectfully
the prisoners' hair
My victims sodomised
The game is fair
We carry sicknesses
and pleasure tears
For our enemies
a constant fear
IECC states "agree to disagree"

Several months after intense negotiations on the topics of Human Rights and Justice State, the Independent European Countries Coalition (IECC) has finally announced its verdict. The IECC spokesman, Andy Worbin, has announced through ZOOM® Public Announcements that the States "agree to disagree" and are ok with it. Emperor Orban's comment was seen as less aggressive than usual, stating "we no share money with other faggy countries" and "my land, my rules, my moneyz", as well as "if anybody has a problem, they can always leave the Coalition". The IECC States have jointly decided that a situation of "Disagreement Agreement", as is now the newly coined legal term, is an acceptable result. "It would have resolved so many of our past issues", said Greek PM Mitsotakis Junior-Junior, "if only we would have thought of this in the early 20's".
there is no will outside of this pale horse

it is all centered there, in the middle
things cannot be centered elsewhere, things
it is all a violent spread of skins
like the only ominous voicing
“"I am behind but I am neither of you”
as would be natural, then you could say
"I am your front and your back, highs and lows"
I wrote a handful of pages
I wrote with this steep skin
I owed it many and all fears of mine
lettingly I presumed I would miss them
when I would lose, contact with it
on the contrary what happened was I lost my cause"
there is no will outside of this palest horse
only a handful of redberries and that’s that
the forest comes quiet, only in the night
a few whispers are heard as well
as are seen by those prone to seeing
a few of them certain, few more remain
other people are still dragging onto lost prospects
there is no will outside of this blank canvas rock
few of them paved the way, few instincts
there is no will or would outside of that
keep safe, keep calm and keep heated
we might be able to manage something in a few years’ time

tonight there is only night, but night is late
and dawn comes always irrational
129 days of unconsciousness
with several sleep breaks
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