

Joyfully

So, I'm sitting comfortably on a stool
(and once again forgot to buy a rope and soap),
Trying to focus, to concentrate on joy.
Joy... What is joy, according to the majority?
Ah yes — the opposite of sadness, cheerful mood,
that feeling of happiness...
endorphins, dopamine...
(I'm starting to feel sick from the fake smiles and the constant "I'm fine")
Ha-ha-ha — suddenly, from the dark,
a creepy laugh echoes just for me.

So... where do I buy it?
At the mall? From an online store? From a prostitute?
Maybe a doctor will prescribe a happy little ticket and
send me to the pharmacy?
Or at a dealer who zips around town on a scooter?

Work?Family?
Oops — maybe I said too much.
So where is joy, really?

There is none.
It's like something living left the room and didn't close the door to eternal autumn.
It's not fiction — it's the reflexion of my inner world, empty, with bare walls...
With dust, that brings tears and endless,tearing coughs, instead of laughing.
I sit near by window and watching specks of dust in a dirty ray of light.
One of the most essential emotions-joy...
I wish I could feel it.

1.05.25
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