

UNTITLED

(like an empty plaque on a grave,
like a voice to whom no name was ever given)

Every morning I wake up in sticky embraces of dawn
in dream-images raped by the sunrise.
I don't remember most of them – and that's lucky.
And then, gasping from thirst I find excuses for each new day,
in which I do not exist, exercising in futility,
inventing meaning each time anew –
like giving names to clouds.

Self-defence through indifference,
looking in the mirror and seeing a tired, alien face...
Asking yourself – what did I forget here in this world?
In a world that's been sold and cursed
where rivers run thick with blood and tears...
in a place where no one awaits your return...

Drinking coffee in the morning,
turning into liquid dirt in the mouth.
Sensing the stale air of cafés,
watching dust settle like snowflakes...
Eating food that lost its taste back in the soil,
with a faint note of rot still clinging to it.

Talking about feelings –
the kind you only know from Netflix and YouTube...
But how can you feel anything real,
when your whole world is just a wasteland?
A black, sloshing hole in the chest – that's all that's left...
One garden still remains, but spring will never return...

I became a mannequin amid the empty hustle of the world,
made of ghosts, likes, and endless consumption...
where people move like on autopilot: born, work, die –
caught in the loop of serving the system.
Home. Work. Weekend.

Only a false echo reaches from the truth.
Sometimes it seems to me that when it rains,
houses turn gray – like giant tombstones,
for those still alive, outwardly.

“Alright, hold on – let me just find my positivity mask
in this handleless suitcase of mine, and we’ll continue...”

I say to everyone: “Hello, how are you?”
Then cheerfully reply: “I’m good, thanks” –
even though no one really cares anymore.

But I keep playing this performance,
where the smile is a grimace of pain,
and mechanical, soulless existence is elevated
to a virtue – a model to imitate.

Vows and promises?

Lying in the gutter like filthy underwear.
Lust has buried love and the sense of beauty.
Children – just regret, a burden,
and a tool of manipulation for personal gain.

I’m already tired of screaming
into a leaden sky,
its color soaked in the will not to live.
And still – even here, in this world,
no matter how bright the light,
it can never replace the warmth of living presence.

I don’t know if everyone truly needs a living soul...
Not for salvation. Not for support.
But to be in co-presence.
To be felt – not merely consumed.
To have someone look into your eyes, not just at you.
Perhaps for me, it will be "the Late Companion" –
a voice that comes when no one else
answers anymore.

I stand on the shore stripped bare by meaninglessness.
I hear the waves crashing –
but it’s only the sea of sorrow...
What am I doing here?
Despair has sunk its claws deep into my soul.
Loneliness – its shroud soaked through with tears...

Ah yes, I forgot about hope...
There she is – I see her ugly silhouette,
holding my hand.

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