

and I've given nothing

The flag is higher than it used to be.

The sea isn't, the ocean. The sea is a reliable image. Waves pass through, that's what keeps it from full stagnation. We just ignore the trash, it's only natural. Waves aren't much of anything, if you think about. Just these little hiccups that we impose significance upon due to their natural ability to break up the sea's mundanity (some more bullshit that we just impose).

Do you remember the child? Do you remember the Berlin Boys? I remember the Berlin Boys. The Berlin Boys usually rode bicycles and solved mysteries. Now they sat in the library with stacks of old records around them.

The Earth has its own natural vibrations, reverberations, you just can't hear them. Just like your stereo equipment.

place

a time

(sounds)

I get it. It's implied.

Love me, love me, please love me, please tell me you love me.

The Berlin Boys are gone. They died of nothing natural. That's just how life works out.

And I don't want to be like Ginsberg. I haven't read Howl and I haven't read Marx. The drive must have left for another era.

Or Gainsbourg. I have no Gainsbarre, I think I'm so simple.

It's funny, on his Wikipedia page, under children, it says 4, including Charlotte Gainsbourg. How wonderful it would be to be to be to be one of the other three. Perhaps it's something to do with being the product of greatness. I don't know. I don't speak French. I don't feel good, don't bother me. These harmonic pulses are obvious. My last name means Blacksmith, and yours?

Growing up means watching my heroes turn human in front of me.

2, including Charlotte: She wrote her a letter, it was meant to be heartfelt, sincere, honest, romantic, these were all new to her, she usually hides these things, it wasn't long but she thought that her make-believe therapist would approve, she never replied and that was crushing, she wondered how she could do such a thing, there was no doubt that she received the letter, maybe she even received two, three, four, who cares, the point is it didn't work out, wasted effort, thought, space, not good enough, someone's not good enough for someone, she's not good enough for her, it doesn't matter who she is, these characters don't have names.

God, God, oh God. Praying is such a romantic act. What does it mean when 1000 isn't enough? What does it mean to love someone as much as ten-ten-tens love God?

My friendly experiencer, this is quite serious.

Today, 11:00AM, I went for a walk to clear my head. That's what I'd say if anybody asked, which they didn't. That's when I saw the flag. Not really. I just thought of the flag, much closer to 11:00PM. Who gives a fuck what I saw? I'll tell you what I saw, I saw cars. Some parked, some driving, it was cold and I wanted to pull my hat over my eyes.

I get it. This is Suburbia. This is Bohemia. I get it.

In Germany, in Italy, in Congo, in China and in the United States, there are men who say if you've never been kissed by a lady of Paris, you've never been kissed at all.

Which brings me to 2, including Charlotte: Charlotte blew me a kiss and it was wonderful, I kissed her back, I pulled her through time and into my life and into my world and into my arms and into my kiss and everything was good and everything was nice and everything was pleasant and fresh and clean and kiss me, you're beautiful, these are truly the last days and together we listen to these old records, these old jazz records, pre-Monk, they were left out by the Berlin Boys, maybe on purpose, but they made it obvious that their death needed to permeate all of my current relationships somehow, somehow beyond my understanding, and we listened to these dusty old records on that dusty old gramophone that was left out in the library and we thought about these recordings of the sound of people speaking and the sound of birds singing. The library was the saddest place.

The friends went outside. Yesterday had been dramatic, but today was going to be ok.

And I understand that that's the point of this all.

They just went outside. And that's all it was.

God, God, God, God.

And it took 75 km/h down a sleeping city street to realize this.

More like 0 km/h in my bedroom, in front of my computer, and I need to sleep and I need to shower.

The world spins so fast that 75 and 0 are nothing. Life will just move, and you're dumber than they are if you think that you're driving it. Bohemia, I'm resigning my shoulder to your queer wheel.