experimental

essays

of a highly anxious person

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I love living highly anxious and stressed all the time and I'm not being ironic.

I could see you tomorrow

but, probably

I'll be

too

much

tired

to

leave

the

house.

I'm not
such a lovely person
to talk about
real-life things
but
I'm
a really cool person
to talk about
ludic things.

I'll try to stop eating sugar

but before that

I'll eat a dozen of muffins

or maybe not

because I have

to leave the house

and make

human contact

to buy them

SO

I think I'm going to start now.

I still do not know
what ambrosia means...
anyways
this word gives me
an impression
of something e t h e r e a l.

Weird.

We need urgently
a messiah
to announce
good news
for
the
music

industry.

It's not
immortality
that we are looking for...
but
skin regeneration
or some kind
of anti-aging skin

device.

Normcore

and

health goth

are trends

that

were

born

dead.

The cool thing about being a writer is that you can be poor as fuck and still get status at parties because you are a writer anyway.

I've always been a clueless person

it was cool
when I was a teenager
but today it is depressing

actually, it is depressing to have an adult life.

Life

Anxiety

Artificial food

Cynicism

Being alive

Social circles

Drained of energy

Dead inside.

Plastic pigeon Plastic plants

Plastic insects Plastic rats

Nothing alive
In this room
Except
Me.

Why there is not a virtual archive for my life?

well, this is irrelevant anyway so, can I access the world's Akashic records, please? When you

have no fucking

money

but a lot of

cool ideas

and

you know that

no one

will buy

them.

Thank you, Universe.

It is
unbelievable
to see Matisse
with his
rough and thick trace
became an art legend
And eternal chair
In art history...

Shitty fauvism movement!

Very precise the sentence "Donatello chez les fauves."

I've never tasted blood

voluntarily.

blood)

(conversely, involuntarily everybody had already tasted their own

Amalia

Amalia was a color enthusiast. She had a special appreciation for shades of pink; she used to buy dozens of paint tubes every time she left the house to do something. And also on the days when she was bored; and on the other days when she had some free time; which summed up almost every day.

Coral, pink, rose, blush, flamingo, fuchsia, strawberry, carnation pink, taffy, punch, rouge, rosewood, ballet slipper, crepe, hot pink, pale pink, cameo pink, bubblegum, salmon, fairy tale, cherry blossom pink, cotton candy, Baker-Miller pink, china pink, tango pink, pastel pink.

Amalia never envied anyone, absolutely. After all, she never liked the Earth at all; she never liked being human. Also, what kind of planet has green leaves once the violet color was always available for usage? I mean, it's absurd, right?

