

Night Walk

Let me guide you through the tunnels of lights. The computers age everywhere the same pace. They often live longer here or spend some more time assisting. I took my computer to the vet, since it's okay for people to say they are their dog's parents. We see phones on billboards, we dress them up. Just like we dress ourselves up. We are all fragile after all. A phone can sit in the moderate cold longer than you naked, I need a jacket. Maybe you can stand in a T-shirt next to me. The phone breaks from the fall, but with no pain. The user feels more pain.

The shapes have adopted new styles given by a spray paint from an unpaid intern that doesn't know he is an intern. An intern that is liked and disliked by his surroundings. That communicated with the similar environment that is somewhere else. The new layer has been created and will stay until it brings disapproval. I can call you but you can't call me. I can be anywhere, but I have to know where you are. Since the cellphone, you are kind of everywhere. You have a mailbox. But I don't like the screen. It's uncomfortable. PC's were much better. I would like to have a computer that could bike on its own to school. Or not. Yeah, I can just put it in my bag. It would be like letting your thoughts ride away. But literally. The scavengers didn't let their coconuts, walnuts or berries to roll down the hill. They carried them in bags or hands. Instead of

plucking fruits, I wait for a prefabricated snack for a short period of time.]]]]Make a lot, fast and cheap[{{{. Then I wait in the post office with a napkin, with greasy hands, clean them up a bit, then take two more. My hands are finally somewhat clean. I moved one spot. The row is moving at a speed of around 50 yards per hour. If we all sat in cars, we would have moved 500 yards per hour. I always stare at the vintage office design that has the aura of the late 80's stuck in it, golden frames, a blue ribbon that we stand around and call row and couple of refits that bond with the aura. The pen is tied with a rope. I take my scissors out of the pocket. I cut the rope, sign the payment paper, take a piece of rope out of my jacket, and tie the pencil again while the attendant is printing the receipt. I wish the other side a good day and leave.

The door is exploding in little comic book bubbles of things on sale, aiming for optimal use of space on the eccentric cut pieces of paper. [***#>>>EXPLOSIVE PRICES<<<#***] There is no sun in this supermarket hiding under the shed which is consisted of balconies going six floors high. But if there was some light, the sunrays would be chip and sharp. A collage of the floor and shadow. I never concentrated on the sale offers, and just walked inside. If I went to buy something. I didn't want to block the door. People are always in a hurry, but always late, because the buses are slow. And the buildings are tall. That it feels like a temporary city built by traffic. The air, color and smell that gives a sort of speed and intensity to your day. The crosswalk turns into ever changing alleys, like the Mynothaur labyrinth that I outgrew a long time ago. I am walking to the film archive and on my way I enter a stage with no curtains. I was confused and I thought the square looks like Dam with no trams and potheads, but trolleybuses and cigarette smokers. The square has a slope on to the right. It is something I recently noticed. Belgrade is wobbly like the play bars on soundcloud.