



Experimental Essays

of a highly anxious person

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.

W e i r d.

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.

(conversely, involuntarily
everybody had already
tasted their
own
blood)

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?

