



# 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?

