

No I don't want myself to be solved, simple, mechanical, algorithmic, elegant solutions are boring- I don't want steps concrete, all constantly afar from each other with the reek of old shoes and beaten leather, the same step over and over again, no matter how high you're going, how is the high of constant tire a high- when you're simply fluctuating in a plane of monotony, with a pretence, a scary pretence, a dangerously betraying pretence of progress- when in fact you're dragging routine ahead, falling in love with order, such order-ous order, such line-like squar-ey syllables surrounding voices and shivering in its callous, dirty, delirious companionship to the crowd- oh how safe and sound, with the chirps, ah the chirps- the chirpness of each chirp- these chirps- ah aren't they overrated- how beautiful is the morning- no it's forced, it wasn't beautiful- what was beautiful was not looked at- the beauty was pulled out of thin air- at the instant! At the call of the instant! Ah you needed beauty- so you forced those sights and smells and sounds and senses to be beautiful- ah the chirps- are those chirps beautiful? How can the pleasure of beauty emerge out of a distant blur in simple expectation of beauty? Why do you expect beauty to be at the same points in space and time, why do you bicker out the dirty mud and pull out scraps and old feathers and grey stones and hurt and wound your hands and oh there's blood! There's blood everywhere! Eh you're not stopping, you scrap down the rocky rock-dom with your bloody, beautiful, damned, desperate hands for beauty in the same, same oh-so -same places crying in its same-ness, deeper and deeper and then you cry when your hands are hurt and your face is burnt and there is a whisp-ey voice of rolling sweat sliding in shame by those foreheads so upfront by the light that linger by without any bother- why would it bother? Ah the light goes away- now you're struck by a sudden stroke of dark, dark darkness, look there's still blood on those hands, but you can't see- you feel the pain, you hear it hitting the rock bottom of nothingness where you dug bare for your unfair part of beauty- now

there's nothing- now there's pain- you feel tears by the broken chin stump on by the wheels, wheels going where? Did those wheels have somewhere to go- and now the stump chin and drooping body scares you in its embrace- now you know that you are, you are- but ah you so desperately so-so desperately needed that wisp of beauty- didn't know what that was did you- now you didn't know you didn't know- just thought you'd know when that comes- how come it never passed- how come you never knew- how come you're so naive- now everything hurts you- the naivety and how such a thing exists- the existence of something hurts you- ah the simple existence of a dainty epiphenomenon scares you- oh screws, ah the pain, now the dark has gotten darker, ah that's beautiful- wait- there is pain- but the darkness of the dark is contemplable, how dark it goes from simply dark to shit-that's-dark to holy-shit -I'm-trapped to wait this is beautiful. I may die, but it's dark, it's dainty, it hurts, it feels alive, it feels dead, it's killing me, it's seductive, I'm falling for it, ah it's killing me, how am I falling for it? It's alive, it's getting me- I'm not dead- but I want a death these hands bring- everything is so void of meaning that the rate- the rate-the rate of change- change- change- how luxurious- may I utter it before I die- do I have the luxury of uttering it- can I do it again? Change, ha it's a high- it's a high in uttering those letters together- c-h-a-n-g-e , beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful! There is light- I didn't need light, I needed pain in the hands of desperacy- now there I light- and there are sights I don't want to see, the dark made the "I" into a mould of vulnerable, profuse, ugly, crying whole- ah I needed that- the laze was comforting, the laze allowed me to utter and 'be' in the luxury of c-h-a-n-g-e, it strangled me and dragged me along those muted stairways where laughters die- and I loved how I felt alive, there was pain, and ah the lights too strong, it hurts, the hurt I'm used to, I despise the hurt I'm used to- despise it so fully- ah the light is so loud it shivers within my body, rings like a rolling crescendo- this feels low, I wanted laze- I loved

the comfort of strangle and laze- longed for the strangle