

May I empty your brain from
dishrags,

let you lose in the forest

...and then play for a bit?

NAKED.

To skinny-dip in summer rain.
To watch the willy dangle from side to side and
hey there a turn!
You're running laughing with open arms.
And our hearts shall lay bare. The blood shall
trickle when we cut in each other's over and
over again. Because together we shall pulsate.
Through the snow with heated souls and naked
feet. And at last the snow will catch one of us
but then I will dig. You promised to dig
feverishly with bare hands to find me dressed.
Bloodstains in the shrieking white snow as we
make love soaked in summer rain to never
return. Again.

you're not that fucking pretty it's just that I want someone and it happens to be you just today tomorrow it can be someone else it's a surprise but just today I'm jealous at her you're talking to over there and her you're checking out and her you're hugging and him you're kissing Hey! but why am I not a boy but why you yes that's right can you please make up your mind sometime I'm sorry but I happen to be in love with you just today but don't get any ideas because tomorrow I'll let you free. again.

You're a fleeting addiction.

A chewing tobacco I sucked on for a bit too long.

I'm squeezing the juice out of you to feel a bit more.

I'm squeezing the juice out of you before I stick you inside again to get rid of your flaws.

Breathe for fuck sake. Undress in front of me and scream "I AM HERE". Take me. As I shall take you. In my kitchen shall you sit, make butt-marks on the counter with wrinkles and sagging tits. Sooner or later. But we shall make noise until the neighbors hear, let the cutlery hit the floor when we shout and cry, make love and come. I know that one day shall we come.

lonely in tenderness. eagerness.
to be bold is to reveal your incests. call me
scared. this box of concrete suffocating what
you would call my heart.
my eyes are watching, searching, throwing me
from side to side. into a pile of boneless
body. meat and blood. i can hear the bone
shattering, crushing as it hits the concrete
walls.
a pile of lifeless limbs is thrown into your
arms as they ask you to take responsibility.

I thought about you. Yesterday as I squeezed the blanket between my legs and allowed the fingers to slip inside me. I saw your curves in front of me. Your rounded soft breasts. I kissed the birds on your back. Your neck and your groin. I kissed the corner of your mouth where a small smile was peeking through. And then the laugh. Two curvy bodies with smooth skins and shapes that melted together. Sooner or later it will be you and me. In the thought. Even though I'll always be a fucking coward.

The clown.
The day is changing.
Such as the feeling.
Much too fast.
A red nose and a huge smile.
Tangled beard and twinkling eyes.
Love. Love towards everything.

Fuck! Fuck him!

I won't pretend again. Why force it making everything a bit better a bit worse but at last nothing at all except a glorious mess? Is this the place to be completely honest to myself or the place where I can pretend that I am better than I actually am? I want to see you naked in front of me. You are the most when you are. Your thoughts are richer than mine because I have never before heard thine. And I want you to feel the same about mine. I want you to act your life out in front of me. As it is. No pretences or games. People are enough complex by themselves to be enough.

If you meet me tomorrow I might not know who I am anymore. But today I'm deadly sure.

Once upon a time a girl sang a song on a ukulele as she lied naked in my bed. In our bed. But I don't think I saw her.

Although she got completely naked in front of me.

I swallow Inc and think "This is not how it should taste. Right?"

I lean my head against Per Albin Hansson and say

"Poor us, where did we go?"

My raisins taste soap and my neck hurts. But I don't feel like dragging someone home tonight, not that empty raw fuck where you afterwards feel like you just sold yourself.

Now I'm washing myself. Probably because it has never happened before.

Apparently they've started to say that I'm cold, like that woman who is lacking sex?

HUMAN?

That girl who constantly gazes down.
That girl who wanders with the white nightgown.
Who washes herself in the blue bathtub.

With hair.

That girl who looks like you or me.
Who forgets to wash her hands but would never
wash her hands in the toilet.

So flush!

That girl who crawls around on the ground.
Who smiles when you look at her.
Who spins with her palms facing the sky.

Rubs her cheek against the plastic floor but
cannot see her own reflection.

There's an abscess in my throat. Prevents me from speaking, prevents me from just being.

For whom do you wake up in the morning? For whom did you choose to kiss me?

Someone forced a brick into my mouth. With the long side ahead. They forced me to eat but all I could think of was just fucking. No? You're right. Then you're cheap. A disgusting slut. At first it was light. Then it kept me stuck in bed. My legs danced feverishly in half circles while my right ear was held to the pillow.

It's moving underneath me but I'm standing
still.

There's something special with airports.

It's moving outside but you're standing still.

Between future and past.

I'm moving but you're standing still.

When I was a child I heard about this man jumping from a diving board. But just as he jumped he regrets himself and tried to hold on to the edge of the board. His face and upper body got crushed on the edge of the pool. He didn't choose.

But I bet he's free now.

Underneath her nails they are.
With bare hands she throws peels of skin around
her.
Hides them in the pocket of her pants so no one
will see.

Peeling away. Bit by bit it shall disappear.
Until only the root, the bone marrow is left.

She's peeling herself away bit by bit.
Wish she could corrode herself into
disappearance.

This gigantic structure that finds its way in through every chink like a toxic gas happily dancing in through pores and mucous membranes to contribute to her destruction.

I have the feeling that I am incorrect, that I am not following this structure that should lead to my success. After one year in voluntarily exile I lost my ability to speak. Not even politics could I deal with anymore, politics that was so nailed into the back of my head, like that kind of memory that only reveals itself when you are uncontrollably drunk. Even my features started to change. I fooled myself by believing in others. I fooled myself by only believing in myself. Can you live a life without fooling oneself?

My life is like a box where I am standing outside and peeping in through a tiny tiny hole.

When everything was in its perfect order I decided to shake the box.

We are meant to end. People, you're not listening. We will end.

I begin a sentence, start to write "how" in the search engine. "How do you commit suicide" google suggests to me.

To be an effective help on the way.

No one cares if you trip.

SVERIGE/SVENSSON

She observes today's youth breed on the platform

limbs inside each other's clothes entwining
each other's naked skins

She feels disgust by their lack of respect for the human race

looks away and staggers embarrassed as she
unconsciously placed herself in their
invisible bubble created by the Other

She denies a passionate atmosphere where a sign hangs
NO ADMITTANCE/PERFORMANCE IN PROGRESS
Right?

She listens to desperate women on the train
talking about doing something drastic to make a
charter trip to Somewhere Else
as a woman

to Somewhere Else to find a black boy to
service them so they can feel loved
pay a petty sum be able to come home to the
misters Smith and feel beautiful
cause isn't that what true love means?
Right?

She sits straight backed, with high heels,
briefcase and her desired perfect life waiting
at home

and she feels like screaming

disgracing the female sex and ruining the
merry family with Volvo, house, dog and baby
Melancholy has found its way into her ribcage
Jealousy

She runs to the toilet sees a sign OUT OF ORDER
and throws up

sees a sign OUT OF ORDER sinks exhausted

into her own vomit and starts sobbing
uncontrolled but panics and gets off three
stops too early
and throws up

WELCOME TO THE SMITH FAMILY with big childish
letters

 A mechanical Hi Honey! but no routined
 answer
no answer at all

flash back of packing the black lace teddy
that's been lying in the wardrobe since the
day of their marriage
in her head a lonely feminist hag is left
wandering with placards that says stop men's
violence against women
naive nonsense the revolutionary youth's
ideals and visions of a better world can
accomplish
a light bulb lights above her perfect french
twist
five, four, three, two, one, zero, now she
begins
 as a woman

FAMILY.

Five birds I shall have on my chest.
One for each one of you.
They burn, they itch.
But sister she's flying.

Sister she's flying.

Naturbarn?

Bullshit.

Dialyze. Dialogue. Diagnosis.

A superhero never loses his powers.

A result of own ideals which are no ideals
which are intoxicatingly intemperate.

A future of adrenalin, escape, dance and
ecstasy inside the spotlight's exposing blue
fog.

The sweat is dripping. The base is roaring.

Surviving curiosity turns into exhausting
fatigue.

Tubes and machines.

Blood that's dancing through plastic and veins.

Here's a boy standing with his blue balloon
He wonders "Will daddy look at me soon?"
As the boy he wobbled nervously back and forth
Waiting for daddy to say "My boy! You're
everything worth!"
But daddy he only sat there and thought all day
To find the meaning of life of course he may
Soon there's no air left for the balloon to
spend
The boy said "If I stop thinking, will it then
reach an end?"

Five birds I shall have on my chest.
Five birds for each one of you.
Today four are flying, but one,
She has found a tunnel into my heart.
Just today.