

Once upon a time

once upon a time i was cool and fucked an actor. we had sex on the kitchen table and next to him life was amazing. we spoke in puzzles but our words drew a line while we touched under the surface like in a fuzzy dream. he had green eyes and his lips were kind of snaky. His gaze was kind of sparkling but in a fading way. I fell in love with him but he did not love me back. His second name was romeo. he nuzzled inside me and scratched my trauma. He was very sweet but very nasty at the same time. He was a living paradoxon as i am too. Loving him made me lost my mind. I heard him talking in my head. Telling stories about love and hate, lies and truth. His truth is another girl but i lied about that. My illness told me other stuff. I believed the voices in my mind and drove to his city where i have never belonged. I thought he and me were a romantic comedy but in the end it was an embarrassing tragedy. I run through the streets searching for him for two days even if he had told me that i should go home. All i had was a bottle of water and I smoked a thousand cigarettes to stay alive in the middle of my mess. I ended up in the hospital where they gave me a lot of pills that killed me inside. When i was crazy i felt free as bird. then i was in prison. There were no trees and everything was white and too clean. All the sick people scared the shit out of me. It was awesome. Slowly i came back to reality which hit me hard. Reality does not fit me. In my world there is a space of wonders and you bath in dreams. In my world people are loving and taking each others hands. They support each other and do not have prejudices. War means kissing and there is no word for weapons because they do not exist. Everywhere are plants which give fresh fruits that nobody is allowed to own. Nature is for everyone and people run naked through a forest and fuck in the bushes. That is what my world looks like. But sadly this perfection is an illusion. Next to love has to be hate and next to peace has to be war. Next to freedom is prison and next to my inner world is reality. in reality we met and in reality he left. But he never left my mind. I still think about him every fucking day. He was my wonder. A dream in which i like to take a bath.

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