

It's 9.13 – a strange time to wake up. it's also the third time for me today but the first one that has consequences. By consequences I mean responsibility. My lower back is sticky and moist and the moist is from the bed sheets that I didn't change around 5 am when the mucus poured from my body towards the futon mattress I bought at futonoutlet.fi and carried here together with the yango driver. I paid the driver 2,3 euros and gave him 5 more and felt like a colonial king. This was before yango got canceled but after my mom told me she is prohibited to download the app to her work phone so I should be careful. My mother warns me about the Russian state and my grandmother warns me about tall boys in the night. This morning they're both in my bed. I guess some warnings don't change.

I once had a boyfriend, and it was sincerely and truthfully the first and last time for those kinds of manic hobbies. The most similar experience I have is from 2 months of intense Muay Thai boxing training with Timo. I simply couldn't stop hitting him. In the boyfriend case I simply couldn't stop explaining myself. After both periods, I was bruised and exhausted but in very different ways.

To avoid this futon mattress of my dreams sucking up too much mucus I had laid three layers of bed sheets. The duvet cover I found in my dead grandmothers closet this Christmas when I was hiding from grandpa's suicidal thoughts. It is a perfect cover, besides the fact that it has holes in both ends which means that whatever you put inside will eventually slip out from the other end. It has light brown, minimalist flowers and looks exactly like the person I'd like to be. The other one I received from my previous roommate because it was stained with either period blood or some other sort of blood.

These proactive efforts remained unnoticed by gods. Every linen was throughout and through in wet. I guess that's what happens to sinners - as they couldn't keep their secrets they wake up in their own secretions. There are no clean sheets left.

Through the holes of my grandmothers broken linen, that I hoped would keep the boys away, I look at your pretty little face and think it's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. This is not a new thought. As many young emerging artists, I tend to listen to podcasts about consciousness and once I heard that 98% of our thoughts repeat themselves throughout the day. I know it's the hormones, of course I do. I know I'm fucked when the boy doesn't smell bad in the morning. Estrogen dominates all forms of life, I mean, it creates life (in general and particularly my life). How could I not submit to it? when I even manage to be submissive to this pretty little face. It's a skill, I guess. Competence.

I'm late for technosomatics™. It's all right, since no one expected me to come anyway. I kiss the skin on your forehead that you claim to be atopic, and my lips are so much drier. My skin flakes meeting yours – it's a thin protective layer, if I wasn't sane I'd say I inherited this flaking skin from my grandmother as a protective measure, merely even visible, to keep me at a grain's distance from the boys. I'm a pastry made of voitaikina, freshly baked from the oven. Dry, fragile, puffy and when you lick the outermost layer it is very likely to fall off.