from 20th January

Rico gets an acid shower - I squeeze juice from a brik with both hands. Our trade is plied naked. No stars are moved and nothing remains unchanged. Crows fly upside down. They too prefer the abyss under them.

You dream the boat has left with all your luggage but the seduction of the sea was never so explicit.

A young man eats yogurt au naturel. He is your son. Anything seems possible.

How can he tell her seams are twisted in an agony of not knowing where to begin?

Diva plucked a pin from somewhere under her arm remembering the letter she would write as the costume slipped away from her.