

The Faceless

"Casual Sex"

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Casual sex ..is it irrational? {yes} i think it's time to find out why and soon i fall asleep, it's nighttime. in a dream there's a dolphin and a soldier, they're walking through the sand and toward a morgue. in an office there's a hostess who has carried our friend and wheeled him into a drawer. she pulls his file, the air is cold. down the aisle we follow her, i'm thinking casual sex - the feeling. casual sex - the soldier's life's the same as mine and he's attracted to a nun. but the feeling of sex is nothing possible yet, a new wave soldier's standing next to a young nun. the nun just has to pace, her gothic skirt over her legs, they're getting warmer toward the insides and their tops. "the inexistence of time" is not a painting, it's life. they're into robes and gloves, goblet glass and crosses. the feeling of sex is nothing possible yet. a new wave soldier is standing next to a young nun. the sound of her voice, and the handle of the robe are getting thinner as the whip begins to speak. the nun just strikes a pose. the soldier's helmet hits the floor. he's walking backward until he's pinned against stained glass.

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