

# **Anorexia Nervosa**

## **"Sequence 1 Spiritu Fornicationis Action 1 Distressing Amnios"**

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Fruit of a consumed paralysis & Amok monkey who's  
brandishing a knife,  
pretends to kill to be absolute burned in the open  
A soul thief, a determined subtleties - eater.

A dispossessed human machine suffering from  
withdrawal symptoms built in the most perfect  
opposition with the surrounding swamp  
To flee.

The glaciation...  
A vertigo to forget a little where we have fallen -  
A violent display of himself -  
This dream of a hand that can stop and any minute  
now a dream as we hope for it:  
simple but full of subdivisions  
To know... and yet nothing else is possible except what  
we have to think...  
I wish the one would come,  
the one who will find the world that can't brush against  
any lips...  
Any minutes now, I will fall in an indissoluble doubt...  
Everything will be beyond me  
To flee?

From this informal toeing & froing there's no  
conclusion & no pneumatic wisdom...  
How long will it still last?

Every day,  
I get up & invited in front of the mirror...  
While having an earnest desire to do it  
Who could give it a name?...  
All that an earnest desire to do it  
who could give it a name?...  
All that is ridiculous,  
I was there just now without knowing what to do  
This is there books which drawing me my birth place  
How long will it still last?...  
I close my eyes...  
The rustle of the leaves is outside.

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