

Anorexia Nervosa

"Sequence 4 First Tasting Of Faecal Matter Cycle Iii Man Machine"

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Lonely, knelt down the bench, in the park,
tears came from my eyes...
A fowl came to shit on me
"You are on our side!"

I came back everyday,& talked to them...
Until the Demiurge get rid of them...
Caught by a racinian paralysis...
The absence & loss of the balance notion
The hangman went back to work...
seeing my fear, an angel wanted to leave his wings to
me...
Beaten up & the mob doesn't think about me...
They won't free me...

I wanted to head for my mirror & cruelty mask...
My face was nothing but the most sordid animality...
I rushed for the window to howl to the mob my
difference...
As I noticed I had no more tongue...

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