

Not that it was frequent. Because is not...
I know it's not about that.
Meaning,
because I've always had girlfriends and
everything.
That's what I'm saying: "I don't know why it
happened to me."
Meaning
it's not that I'm lonely.
Or that I don't have sex with women. That's
what I don't understand.
No.
Relieved, calm.
And more calm now, more relieved,
more (unintelligible).

ArsAmatoria

I love you.
Here is a nickel.
It's a shiny nickel.

It's different from the nickel
I gave my mom.

But it's still a nickel.

I had a dream last night that I was by
the seaside
that looked like the seaside in
the Japanese film
that I saw last night

and I was preparing a picnic,
on a black and white checked cloth
with red plates and green and orange food
of all kinds, but there was no one else there

So I waited, looking at the sea instead of
the land,
which would be the wrong way to look
if I was looking for people.

There is a soul, but it is mortal.
There is hope, but in revolt.

There is no poetry, only rage.
There is no story but in delay.

There is a fish and it swims like this.

maybe love is just repetition
repetition of the same sound
yes! that could very well be a definition of love