

# Anorexia Nervosa, Sequence 1 - Spiritu Fornicationis

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 oppo  
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.