

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., Delay-I

I shoved fistfuls of ice into my eyes and mouth and thought : Now I am away from it all.
The air is warm, is black, smells of vinegar acids - wanting to dissolve to a vapour,
to disappear,
to be ice-cold,
knife sharp,
tu cut,
to sear,
to burn,
but the light frays my nerves, hurts my eyes and then it's over.

You're ill ; I'm drinking, it's morning

My skin busters from grey to pink to scarlet.
The taste is new on my lips, is coppery, burns my tongue.
The air is warm, is black, smells of vinegar acids, as amand of spindle - thin bones cuts through my
And though the red-light zone I want you to walk me home, but you snatch your hand away, you sa

You're ill ; I'm drinking, it's morning