



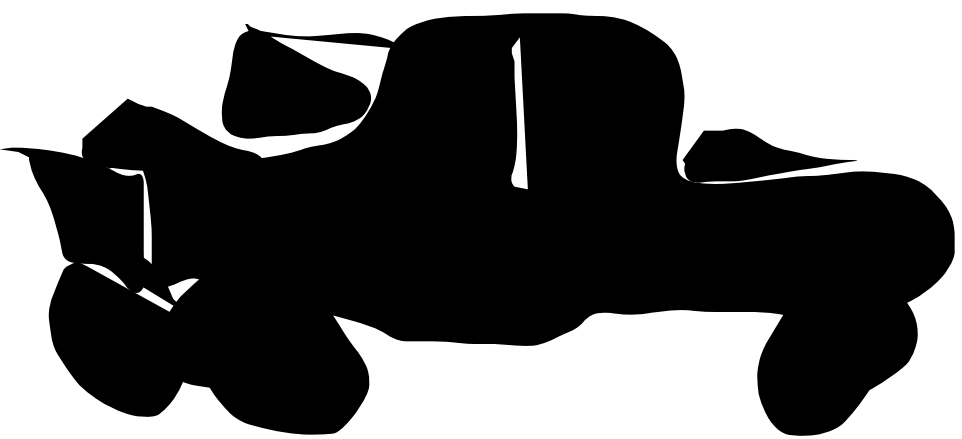
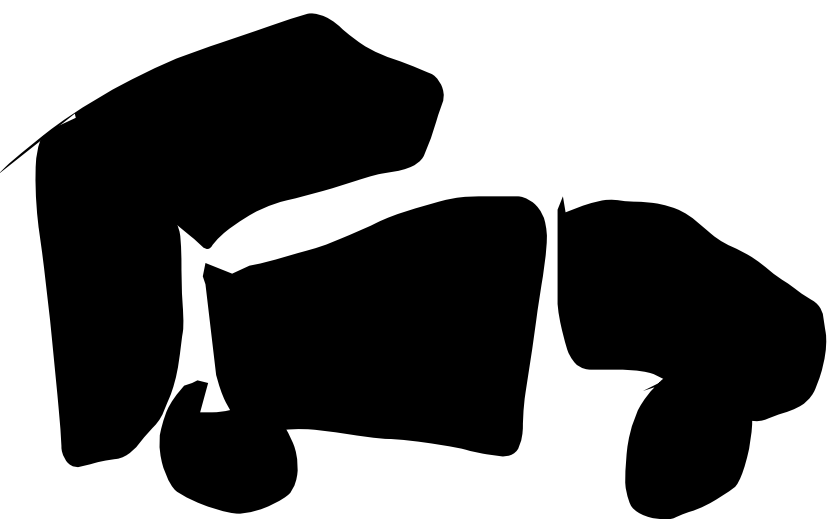
I haven't written anything in a long while so here is from the top of my tired brain



It's not only ravens that steal nights also clocks can do it. This is one-hour project. Imagine scary ringing noises.



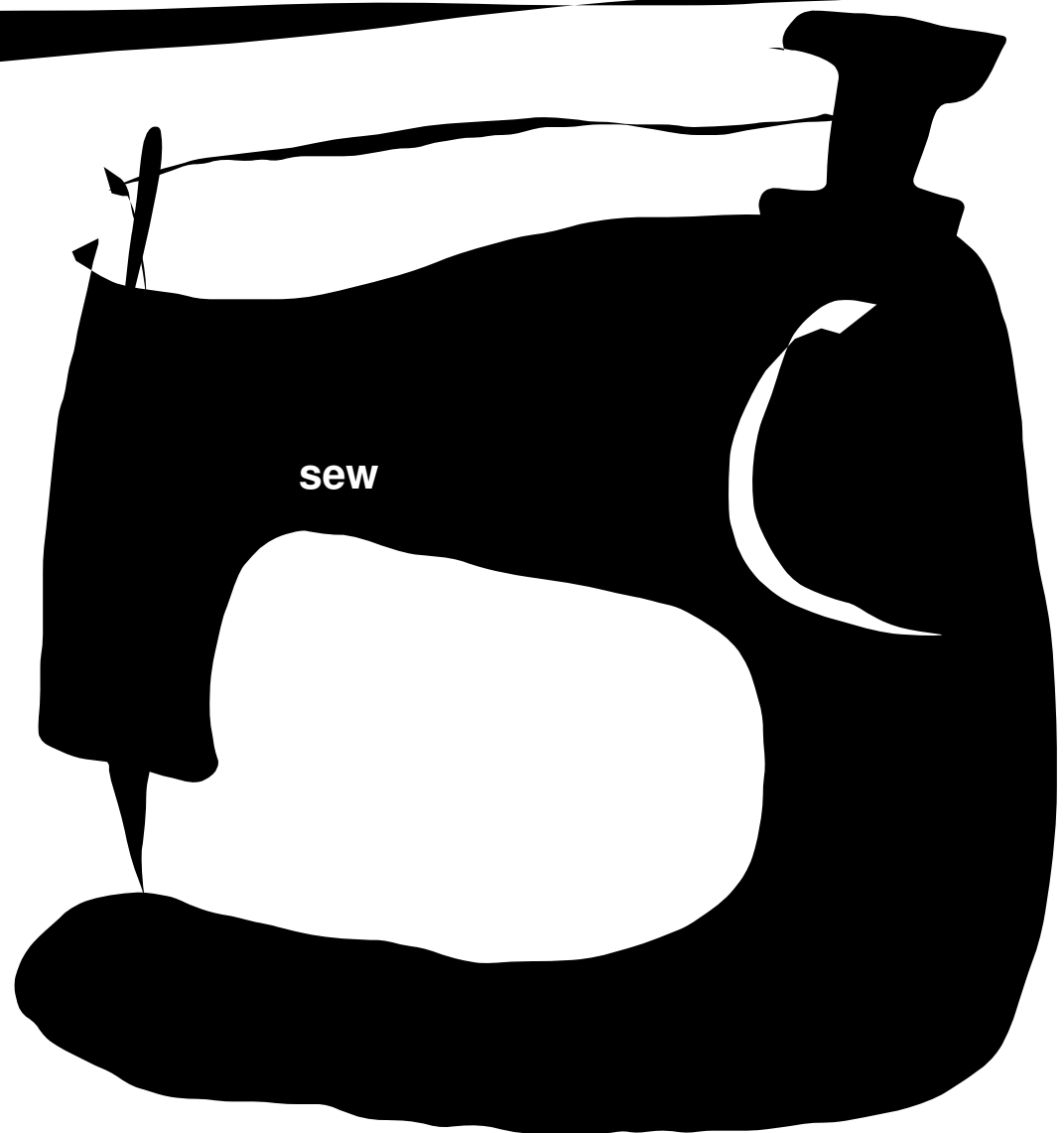
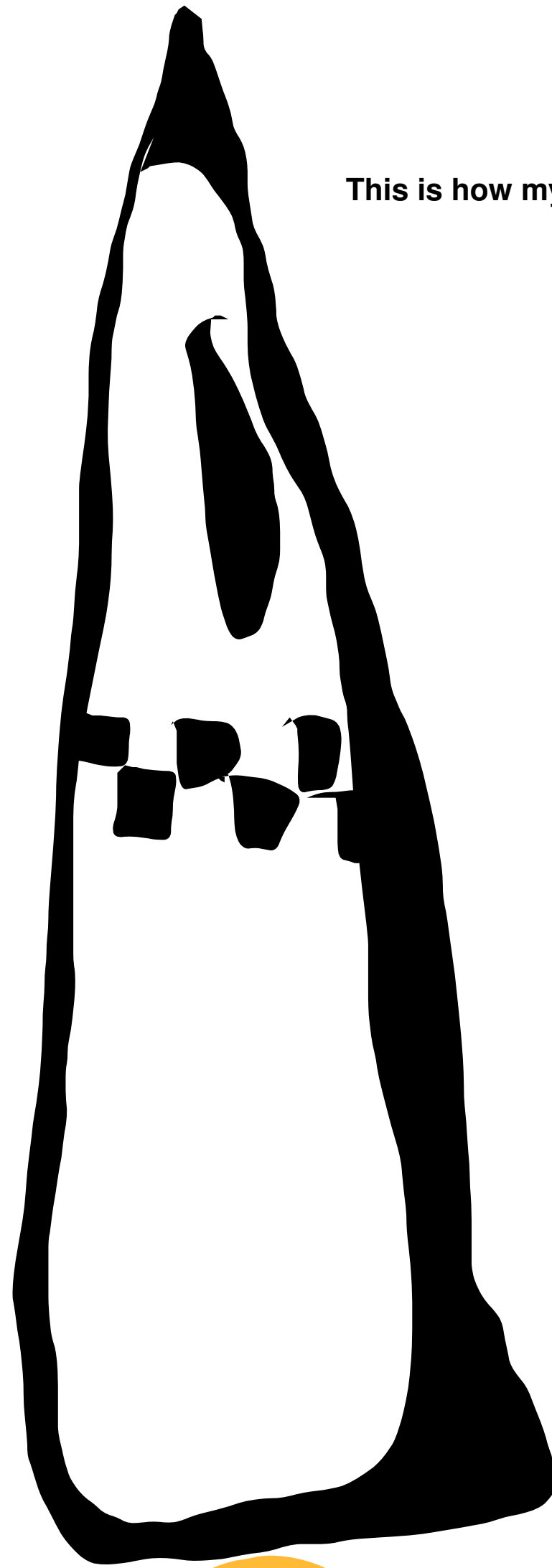
No, I don't have a license, ms. Giraffe.





I ate my soy milk  
with a spoon, from a  
wabi-sabi bowl;  
shielding my eyes  
from the dawn,  
curling my toes,  
stirring slowly, each  
taste a kiss,  
every morning was  
never like this.  
I can't drink it  
from a glass,  
until I've done  
the dishes.

This is how my journey began.



It's showtime at the apollo.



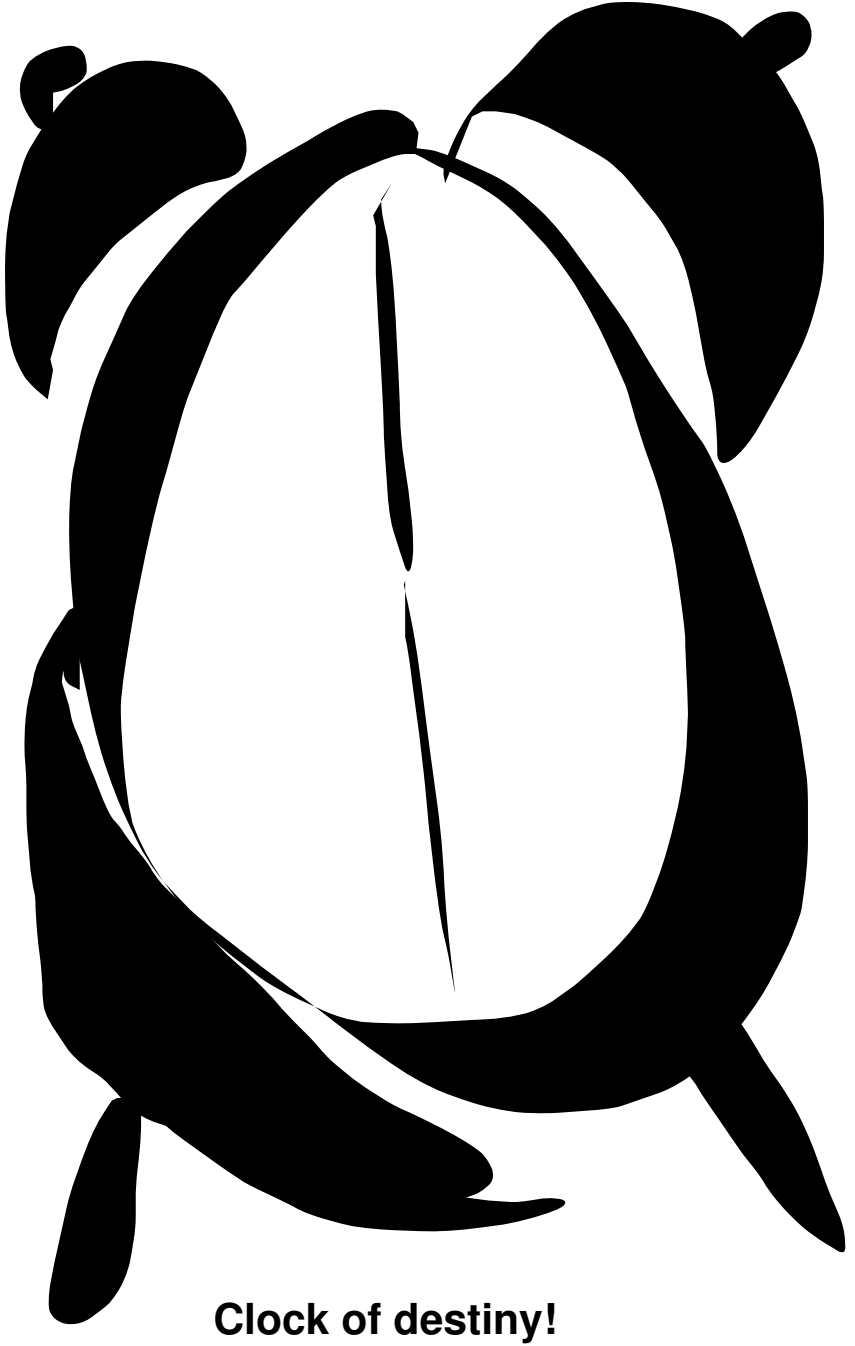
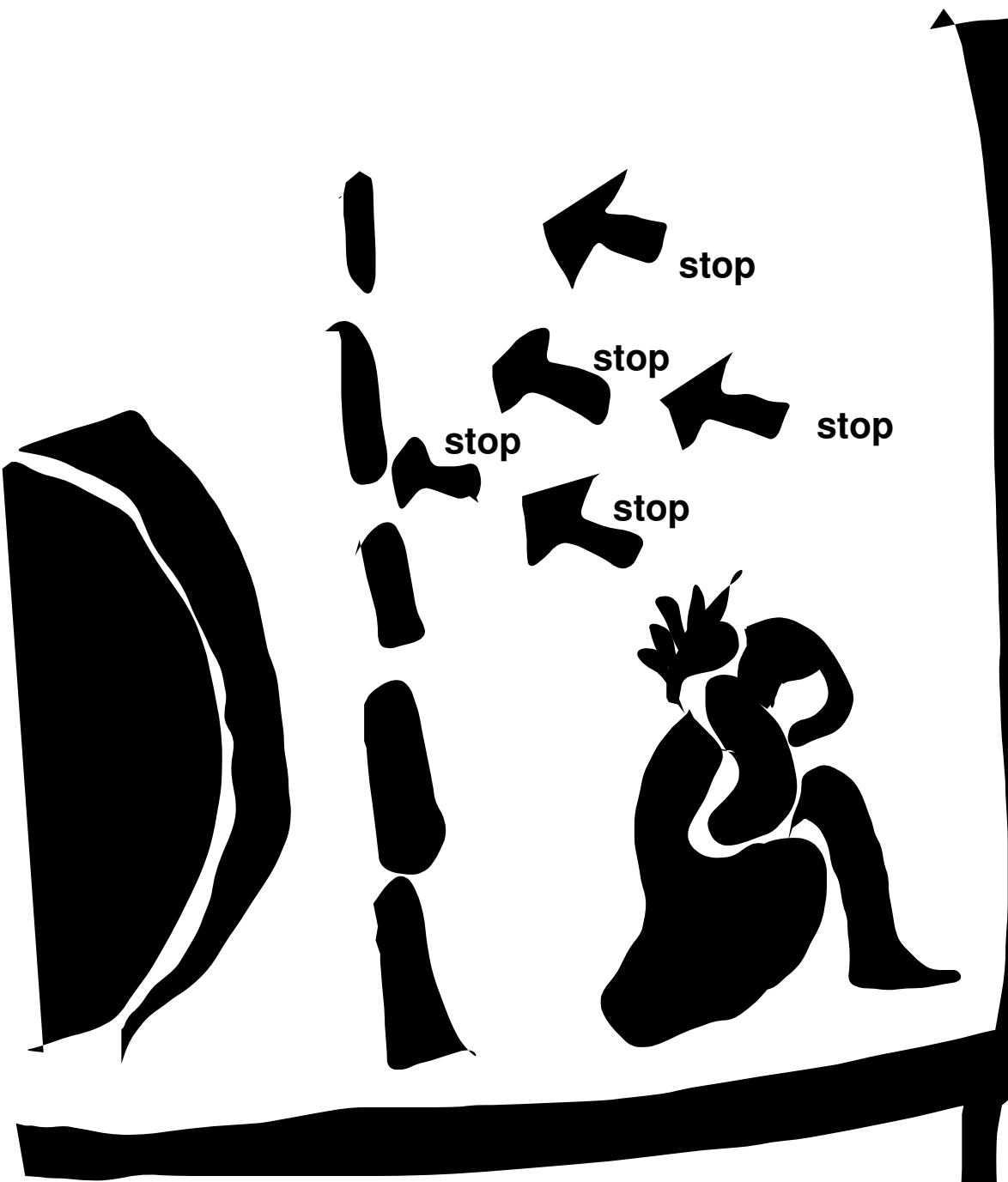
OPENING

NIGHT!

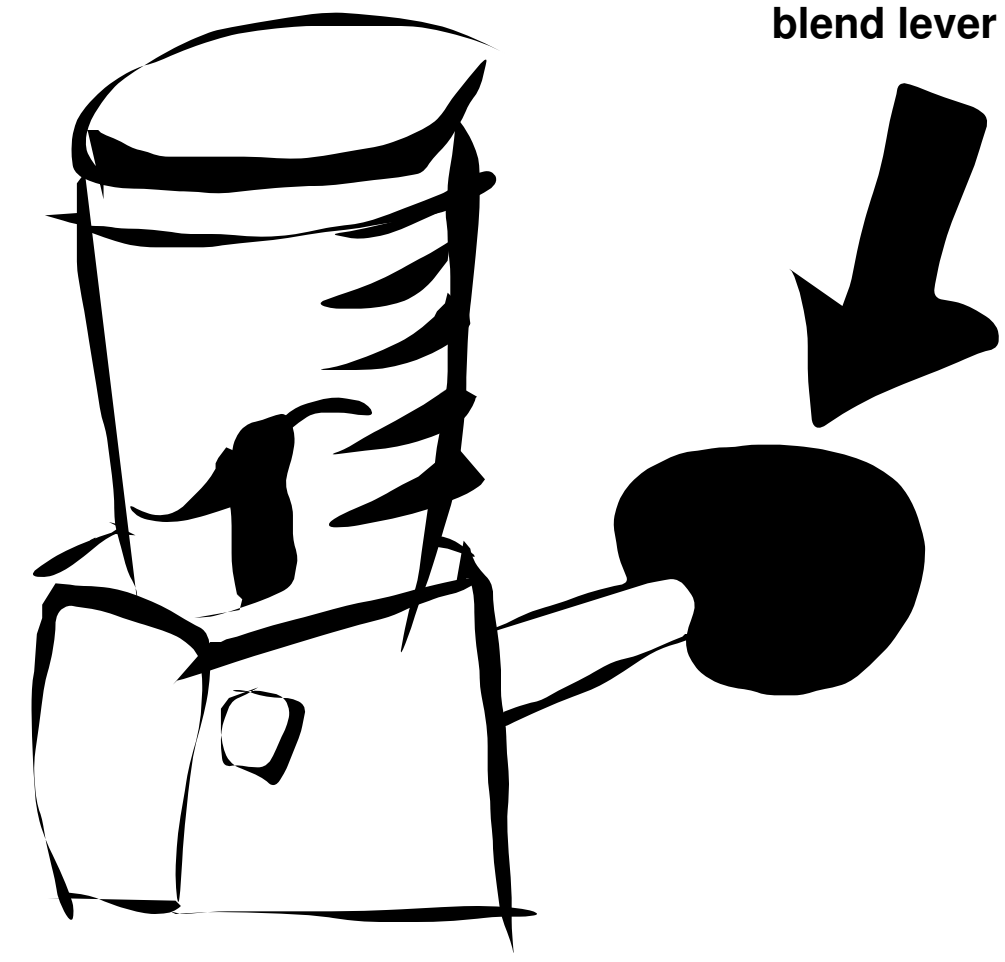
and of the one descending

Stop!

Please, stop.

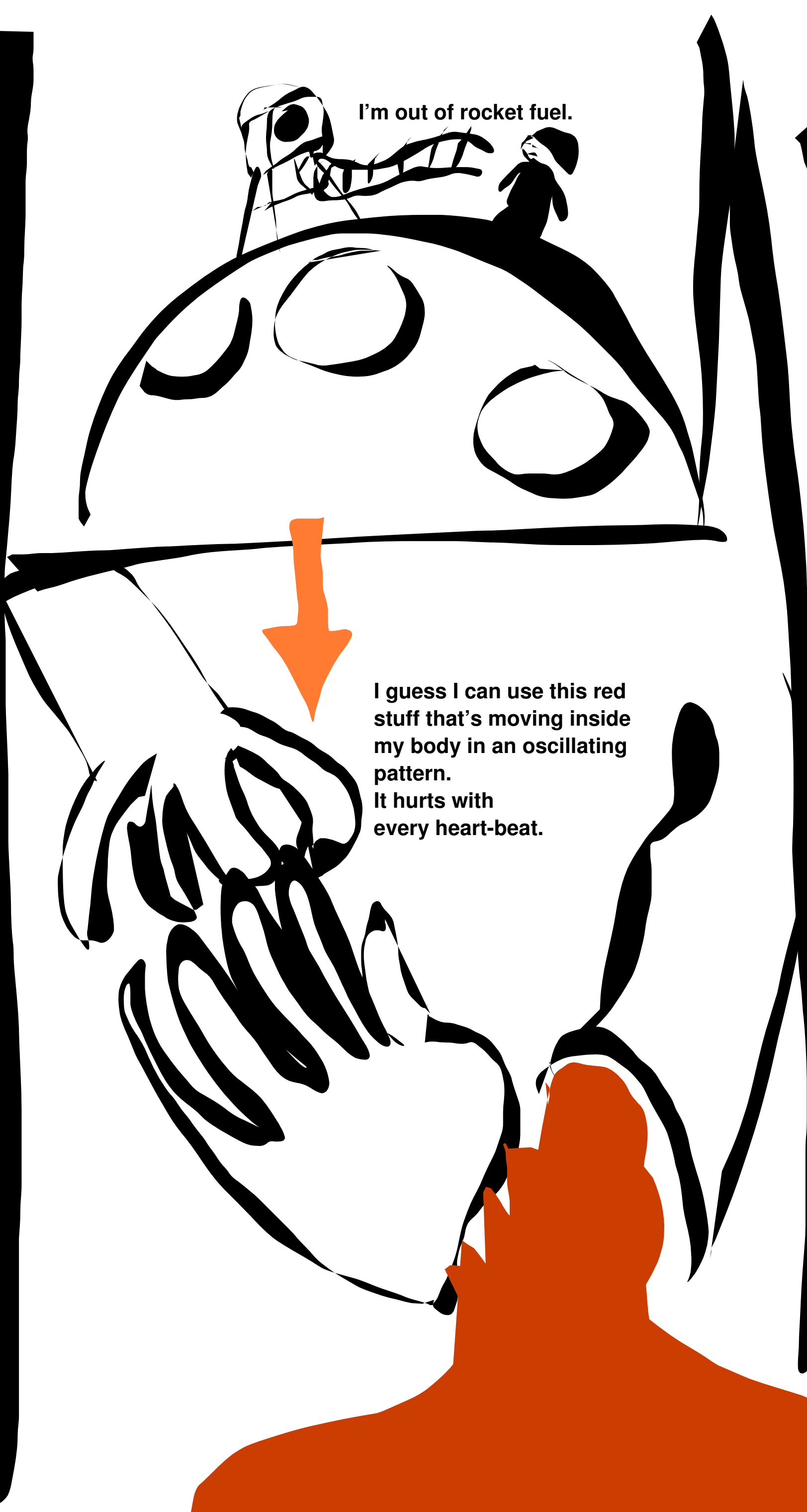


But how do I get back to Earth?





I miss my own kitchen.  
I'm used to my own  
appliances. My own chipped  
mugs and filthy wabi-sabi  
bowls. I miss my own plants.  
My own body and my own  
feet with crumbs  
underneath.



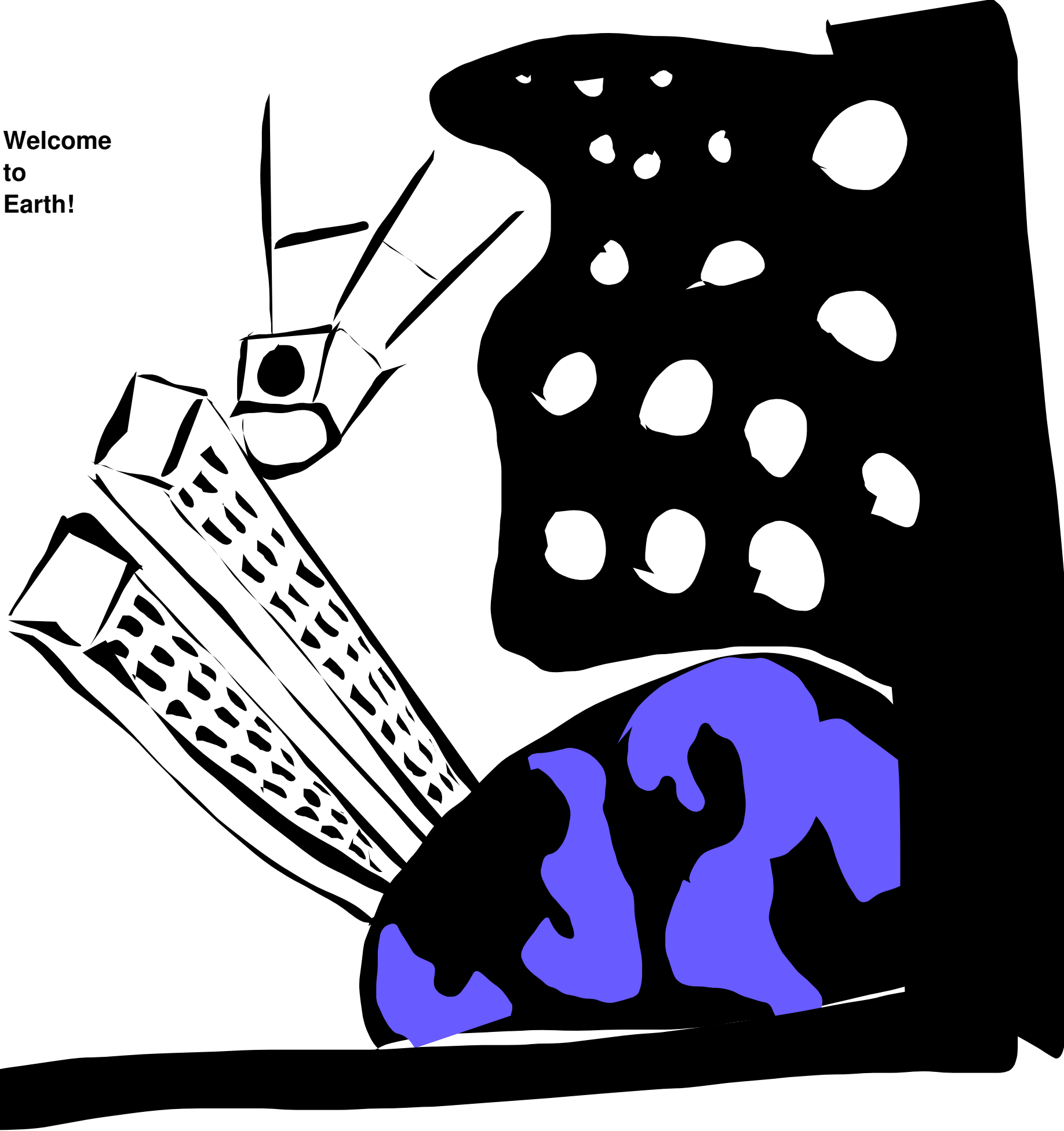
I'm out of rocket fuel.

I guess I can use this red  
stuff that's moving inside  
my body in an oscillating  
pattern.  
It hurts with  
every heart-beat.

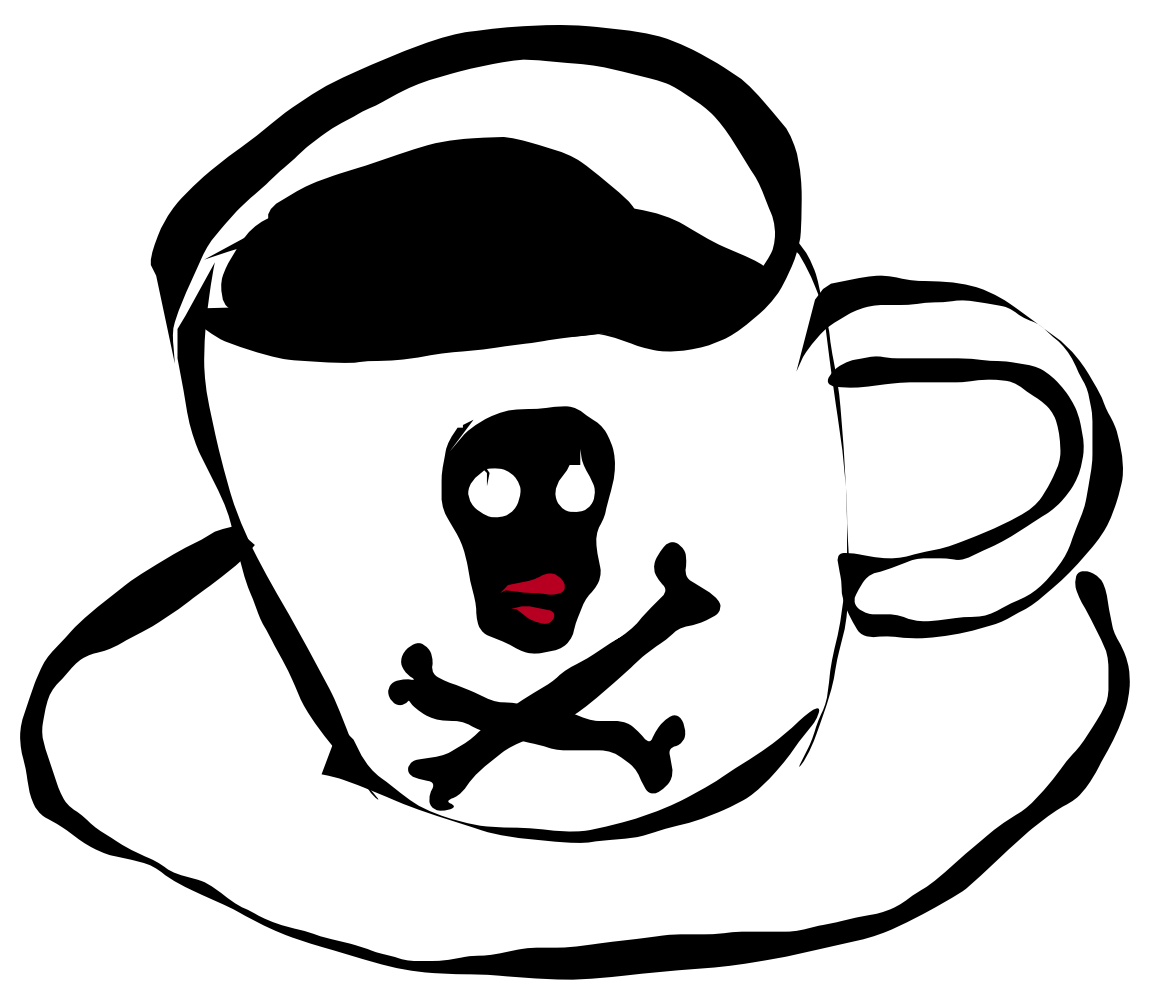
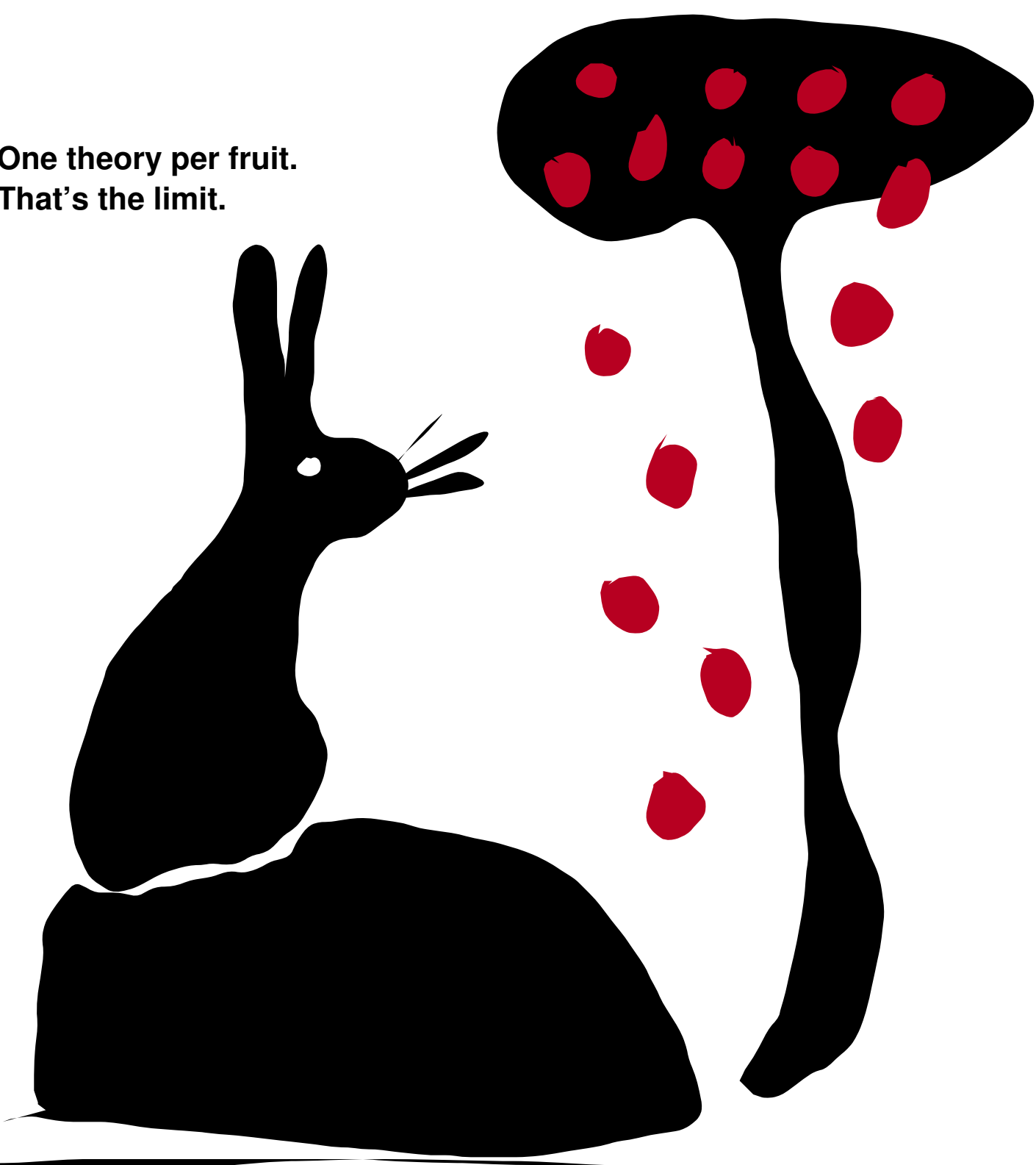


It worked.

Welcome  
to  
Earth!



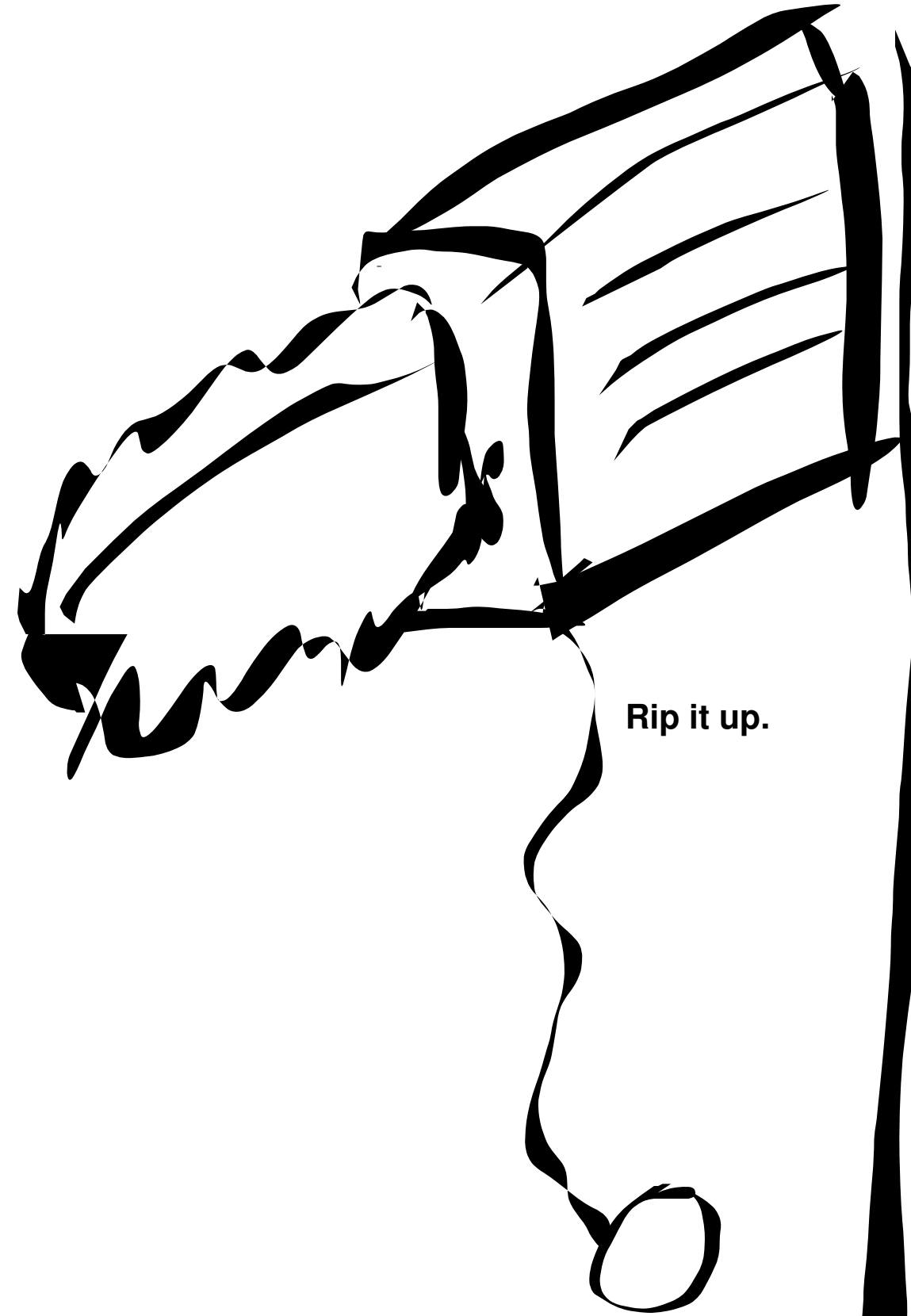
One theory per fruit.  
That's the limit.







I only ever got to four lights.



Rip it up.



Where's that remote?



My mouth is a beehive,

my prison is a jar of soap,



and my purple dress sleeps on the couch.



Fin.

*Idiomdrottning*

Last days of 2009.