

CROOKED MIRROR



Illustration: aske plum

My boyfriend didn't come home last night and I woke up in this spacy dream with a lot of big rabbits and a little hut with food and a boy who wore my fathers red jacket.

I'm thinking about buying him a pair of glasses so he looks more humble, less dangerous, but if they get crushed and you can't see anything but glass in front of your eyes, it's a big problem, in that way lenses are smart, makes your sight good for a fight, fake glasses would do it. Just for the cute look, a good makeup.

When I saw him again his face all swollen like a Disney platypus and his ribs hurting madly, I kiss him . It's okay, I'm glad these soldier boys don't got wine bottles and glasses, no knives, no coke, no vulgarities. Thank you .., Its some of a job to love one who always gets in trouble. If he was the only one it would be more easy, but all my loved ones are troubled, they all have this dark temper where there's no end. But how difficult it is, This aliens on the hillside containing the secrets of the universe. The cosmic orders. E.T has a hard time in this boxes, I guess that is what Spielberg try to state. Take care of the queer.

Yours truly

Mira

X

CROOKED MIRROR - a weekly column - Det Kosmiske Hierarki



Foto: Carl oskar



Restaurant Spiseloppen serverer
nu også dagens vegetarret

Åbningstider:

Tirsdag – Lørdag: 17.00 – 23.30
Søndag og mandag: lukket.

Det varme køkken lukker kl. 21:30
og dessert køkken kl 22:00.