

CROOKED MIRROR



I chi bitchy, face the death. Kill kill kill, Bill is going home. My ass in your fairytale.

Sunday is my birthday. I don't like it much. But at least I was cute when I got born, and I was dying. Birthdays always makes me sad, this time of year always makes me sad.

It's been my birthday, now I'm twenty seven, has actually nothing to do with anything, but it's a way to know that someone is counting. Has it something to do with time. No I believe not.

Im eating a left over cookie from a table nearby, an old man look at me when I'm cracking it up and swallow. It wasn't my cookie 5 minutes ago, now it's my cookie and soon it's flushed down the toilet. Shit. That's the most real I get today. I'm not feeling very well, I'm trying hard though, but every time I'm trying hard it gets more worse, then there is absolutely nothing left. Im reading frieze at the library, there's loads of advertising, it's a way of looking at art I guess. What's in Hong Kong, street riot and graffiti. In Baltimore they motor cross, chasing the police. My dad s friend go to court tomorrow, police gave him a nasty charge. Time is 13:12 and this is your last day on earth. Your last week, your last year, your fifth life - the soldier boy outside the window with his finger on the trigger don't know about this. He will soon.

I'm wearing a suit and I'm going to visit my friend. It's his birthday, he's twenty seven today.

XI

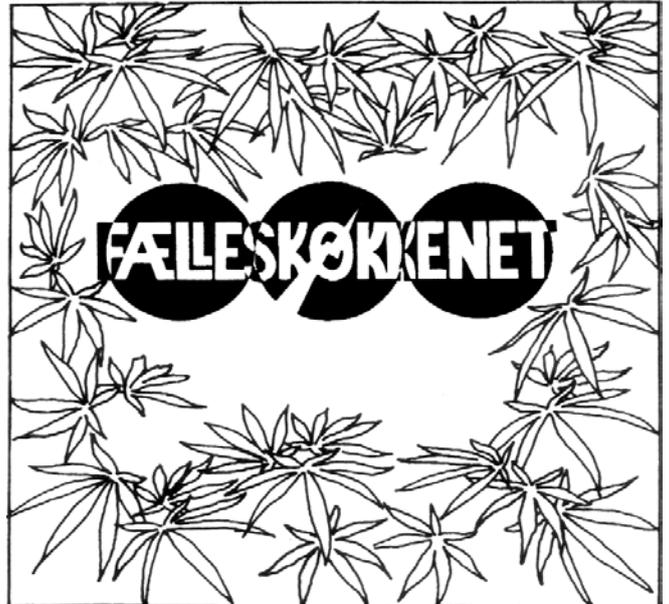
CROOKED MIRROR - a weekly column - Det Kosmiske Hierarki

Økonomikontoret har åben

Mandag og Torsdag

10 - 17

i Juli Måned



OBS

Fra d. 1 juli

er vi desværre nødsaget
til at sætte prisen op
på vores varer
venlig hilsen
Månefiskeren

