

CROOKED MIRROR

My phone ring again. People get sad, I'm looking at messages without answering, I'm looking at my phone ringing. I'm sorry.

I'm at the big mall again, it's the only place I feel real comfortable, it could be anywhere. But here it is. I'm stealing meatballs and buying coffee, when I'm extra I'm getting some new underwear. I feel like a stupid teenager, my phone on flight mode. I'm scared.

The center of the libidinal economy. Everything is shiny and everything is for sale. Here the world materialize, it makes me calm. A capitalist realist world building. Made up in my childhood memories. When I was a kid I would stroll around for hours, I would take my younger sister, we would play with toys and makeup. perfume wars. Horrible. I started stealing back then. I stole all these small blinky simlimestone thing on handbags and shoes. Getting my pockets full of all this glitter, I felt like a little crow, so attracted. I liked that little hush where u destroy something expensive and walk away with the gold. Life gets real in that very moment. Simulacrum breaks all power and the ghost leave like a Real person, with the pocket full of Jewels.



Illustration: Asta Plum

Washing hands in reality, we enter this world and with the knowledge of the truth we prevail the truth to happen. It's suddenly a big bubble breaking in a hysteric moment, god I love this revealing truth that I'm not crazy, I'm hysteric and maniac and I hate this world in all it's corruption. I feel like a crook and exactly that makes me decent and healthy. Hollow world of shadows, stay with me, I'm forever

If I'm dying this year I hope u will drink champagne and remember me , take care of everybody. I'm not sure if this is my age but I surely started thinking about the endgame. With love Mira

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DEN ORI GIN ALE LADCYKEL



Christianias Smede
•••christianiabikes.dk
32 54 87 48

