

It's like you hold something concrete in your hands. But the next moment it simply melts. It's gone. Like holding those bit dark, bit light, grey dark-light clouds nimbus...right in the middle of my sinuses...leaching down through my dry thought...filled with leftovers of six espressos for breakfast and a slimy layers of yeast...mixed with belch of dark chocolate, tribally dancing down through my oesophagus, intruding the stomach to pump up the toxic blood.

My muscles are weak. My posture feels antique. Head as heavy as a rock. Feeling backward. Grief. Cynicism is my language. Inefficiency holding the future. I'm not able to make an understandable...Failure is the continuity. Numbness is my dancing. Scoliosis is the new choreography. Alienation seems to be my ploy. I'm a killerjoy.

Honesty - my leftover I flirt with on the dancefloor of commodifying individuality and self-promotion mentality. My artistic individuality always ready to sprint on a hamster wheel of "experimental precarity". Should we leave the money and run? You son of a gun. Or (should we) run ourselves down for that bouquet/souffle - otherwise, they shoot horses, don't they?

I feel I should give more space to growth but when I think I take care of myself I realise I'm living within a rethoric of a camouflage that system performs through the choreography of individualising an overall stress:

burnout, only mine alone;

depression, only mine alone;

mental illness, only mine alone;

rare decease, only mine alone

anxiety, only mine alone

addiction, only mine alone;

housing crisis, only mine alone

unstable currency, only mine alone

too high interest rates, only mine alone

excessive effort, but a disproportionate gain, only mine alone;

impermanence, only mine alone;

bureacratic vortex, only mine alone;

digital lonliness, only mine alone;

encased body in cage of the screen, only mine alone;

advertising bombing the social brain, only mine alone;
sexual encounters as libidinal investments, only mine alone;
domestic violence, only mine alone;
public harassment, only mine alone;
a feeling of inadequacy, only mine alone;
reflexive impotence, only mine alone.
suicide, only mine alone;
“there’s no such thing as socitey, only individual men and women”
- Margaret Thatcher made it airborne.

Sometimes it’s important to say: “Fuck you - I am not feeling it. Your version of happiness is really problematic for me.”

Sometimes it’s important to say: “I might keep waking up on the wrong side of capitalism every morning, but saying *capitalism is the problem!* doesn't help me get up in the morning.”

Sometimes it’s important to say: “Is it possible to share the feeling of being lonely or alone as a way to make new forms of collectivity?”