

Liquid on the belly. Some bounsy music around. On the microwave indeed. A lit candle under a floppy plant. Some smell of hot tea. Woolly-snowy windows. Protecting papertone. Vegetables waiting to be well organized in the vegetable basket. Nothing to do and a lot of waiting. Sleep. Postal cards and pictures falling because of the tape as always with stolen tape. Light waiting for you to stand up and speak. The parquet doesn't say much either. Clothes on the beloved-plastic-structure waiting too, drying under the window. The donut do not show up anymore. Your hair makes me shiver; you're not here. We all noticed that someone tries to hide, maybe it is you. Only few centimeters of glue are left for tonight's collage. Mom tried to call few times but you ignored her. We take the tea pot — red teapot —, we pour the tea — black tea — in the mug — blue mug. It seems that colours fade away as the afternoon unfolds. Hot tea also cools away as you served it. You want bread, it's still in the bag, take some. Tears and words, take some plastic blue velvet. Books are kept away. No, this is not true, take some too. You know, books are cake, books are donuts, books are what-you-indeed-need. Recollections of some videos you and your friends made but it doesn't seem real either. Maybe you're just making everything up for your writing task — this is not the writing task. You want to, but the others aren't listening me reading my test. So you laugh and cry. Tears and books — almost here again. Oh there you are, in the staircase, coming slowly up to me, not smiling, jumping right in the odours and the colours. Welcome home honey — you're not honey. But welcome home still. I have nothing to do, but there are too much things to do and it's too hot for my lips again. You're never asking questions, don't you realize. Are you afraid — I said that once to a cool-looking boy on the street that seemed afraid of me, I didn't know it but now I guess I became the one afraid of him. I held a journal in the right hand. Cherry tree as you come up. But now I don't feel anything apart from the sponge you gave me for my birthday. Thank you honey — you're still not honey, sorry honey.

Music music music and music-music everywhere. Music never stops and your laugh hung up in the air. Loving is easy, apparently, don't you hear so — they said it. I took the tram and I thought about you for the first time. Not in our usual transparent and vibrating place. Cherry-tree-flowers motifs on an empty bowl. I will be king and you will be whatever you want to be. You took care of the green-beans-salad and I took care of the movie in the queue to the airport. I didn't take my plane, you know — how much airports afraid me. We can be heroes just for one day. Pictures of my finger meeting the moon. Dangerous pair of scissors on books. An useless-candle-stick on a hollow-beer-bottle on a little-round-ceramic-plate on a dusty-brown-desk. Your shoulders and the new holes in my ears meet, my hair and your flanks too. The resonance, do you still hear the resonance? It's always changing. But ears didn't change that much, they only got a little fancier. We watch the world go by. The cake on the grid waits for your tongue — me too with my newy-glowy-earrings — I might have said that twice already. Oh dear. I wish you could swim. Books aren't cake, but you can still slice it with the scissors and make a collage out of it. No more words in the air, but only your smile through the windows of the running tram — and the rain, always the rain. I can't say whether weather is bearable anymore for our eyes. We need this grass from the parc, and this fluffy blanket of yours. Oh boy. Poetry and friends and books and parents'-cute-SMS. Endless calls from P—, C—, M—, B—, V—. Letters from the dark side of the organic pineapple juice. We kissed as through nothing could fall. We forgot the trash can, ça va, tomorrow isn't bin day. It's nothing at all, and you repeat it in rhythm to the tram slowing down 'til its stop. I want to see you again, but I don't know when that'll be behind this thin-plastic-surface and the smell of flour on bread. I have these songs in mind that cake garlands the wall with squishy light, no shadow, no light from the dishes soap. We could watch a movie and draw an entire city, go for a midnight-summer-walk, keep the streets emptied — we know how these things always end up. Oh you. Close up the pencil case and run with the tram and the bags. The tea smells rice. You're gardening in the kitchen with the scissors. I am cooking, we listen to David Bowie and I'll drink all the time, that's a fact. What'd you say honey — are you honey now?

Three times three moods three different planets alignment. It's not even midnight but I close my computer. I keep myself a good memory from the blue oyster club. Silence. Silence. Stillness. Silence. Suspense. You sneezed, do you know why? There are raspberries in the air, together we can't count them all. Quiet plants watch — us nearby the pillows on the ground. Sound from my hand on your shoulder blade. Colours from pens or pains or paint. Scent and tea and bouggy-tram far away from us — the windows aren't judging. Now sleep we sleep now. Shall I keep this honey thing with you as we still laugh. This one boy took a lollipop at the noon-station-test-center-tatata. Not you. Tell me if you would have taken a lollipop, fraîcheur.