

September 15 - Oktober 2, 2022

Agitated by the instinctive nature of my dreams, I found relief in liquid refill; drinking and peeing simultaneously without consideration. I immediately put myself back in the cradle, wishing to recapitulate from the precise point when the interruption had happened: lurking in the ceiling, contemplating the timing to execute the sole lethal stab. The dialogue was resumed. It is a cabin I've been slowly restoring, and subconsciously already welcoming it as the new scenario for these twisted fantasies. The question remains whether I'll keep allowing for the automatic procession of banalities to be in command, or permit myself to work under its influence instead. The deliberate exercise of fantasy in daily life can take shape in various ways, which one could categorize based on the level of jeopardy upon one's duties. A deep dive into hallucinating can infuse the much-needed fuel required to perform in a distracted mood. To restrain from such endeavors could be the key to someone else's balance. But dreams are unavoidable and they can work in both ways.

Please proceed, the interruption wasn't that long, I've been here before and I know we can catch up. I've felt the urge to remind myself; some questions are ok, but at some point I'll have to give room for actions and images to occur. So what am I trying to stab?

It vaguely reminds me of a portion of myself, my skinny calf muscles probably, which I've always felt ashamed of. Only now they are whole beings, their disturbed eyes are those of someone that I used to bully who unexpectedly gained considerable power. They must be here for revenge; it's rather stressful. All these landscapes are semi-friendly, even pleasant, but the characters are full of threats. I have the impression that fear is fogging my chimeras.

Androgenize my desire for a moment, maybe that'll allow favors from strangers. Don't forget that you are the one holding the dagger at this point. Press the teeth until they make your gums bleed, the blade until it makes your salivating tongue bleed against the copper, two synchronized sweat drops on each of your temples confuse the moisture in your genitals.

Now the enemy has changed and it's a new round defending against accusations of lacking coherence. You wield a few of your old arguments but you misremember them and they cripple your previous efforts, you start mumbling; think of a de-installer trying to delete a software that was never in the hard drive ... it's still running, something is happening... you're screaming but their faces show anger, mockery and still, revenge. For what, you also can't remember, and while they are still deciding on what style they should adopt, the danger is real.

- Tomás Nervi