

# Martina Simeti

I have new rules, I count them.

1. She left her phone on the wooden ledge next to my sleeping head. I dreamt of toxic aliens that wanted to penetrate my thoughts. They were like needles piercing my ears. At the same time, there was a fire crackling in the stove. It was telling the wide world that desire is 'subjective', that it's 'complicated', looping like that until dawn. Viparitakarani position emoji.

2. There were glitter and crystals and metal and a spiral, and then shadows around her eyes, behind her eyes, underneath her eyes. A large construction of shadows that burnt and flickered. Rain on me. To put out my desire.

3. I look out the window and see an alignment of antennas. It's like the skeleton of an eel. A little printed rabbit covers the equivalent of two floors of the brick building across the road from the gas station. Sergio, Béb  Marie, Karine and the eyes of every other lost doll enter me at once. My thumbnail is exactly the same size as a screen.

4. Faraway, there's the moon, you're a bit closer, I'm down below. I am looking for shadows like ghosts. I have been oxidised. In my kitchen, everything balances on cones made of anti-radiation metal. The more that it shines, the more I know that the silver reflections are made of acid. My acid. Tom and Jerry sticker holding a heart.

— Mimosa Echard