



🌀 WHIRLWIND 🌀

I am malinconico. I am a lullaby. A sudden mysterious cry.
A lonely remembering of goodbye.
A childhood memory. A dream that cannot be.
Something that never happened and happened every day.
Something that will never happen again. Something far away.

I am Malinconico, the beauty of a desolate landscape. Flowers fading.
The fading of love. The fading of life. Hope blossoming.

I am the remembering of the irretrievable past, the cruel present. Still present. Still. The not belonging. Not being one of them. Never will.

I am Malinconico. I am the sinking, so low,
the thinking you might ... overflow
Solo

I am the dissolving of dreams, that did not come to life, but kept alive
what was
what could have been
And everything in between.
There is so much to grieve and so much to celebrate,
so much you will never understand.
NOW GIVE ME SPACE GIVE ME SPACE GIVE ME SPACE...

Malinconico

I am early too late.
Late too early.
this is a place I don't know
there's nothing going on right now
I can't leave. Not from here.
can't go back. Not back to here.
Along the way I leave.
Was I now coming from the left or the right?

And what to do with all those seconds we have collected?
what to do with all those things we have arranged around us?
What to do do with all those things that help us melt in to hours of spare time?
Questions beautifully fall back in the grooves of my thoughts, without answers.

Melancholia

And I think: of course, of course I was already there lifeless.
My body has always known better, known more than my head.
I knew, I have always known.
Now, faced with total silence, only now do I feel the pressure of a life I can no longer live.
Not so much that I don't want to listen, but that I don't hear anything anymore, I don't hear you.
My legs are getting heavier, the fight to get out of bed, to shower,
to face a day seems lost earlier and earlier.
I fear I am changing, in front of everyone's eyes.

A new me is emerging faster than I can follow myself.
And this prototype, it feels ugly. forgive me.
This new self is even uglier than the last.
Forgive me, my heavy legs will never carry me to you again.
imsorryimsorryimsorry i ...

Melancholy

Why am I inside
Inside everything
Missing out
On the beauty of outside
Outside where there is joy
Outside where there is sun-
Outside where there is snow
where things will turn green
Where water flows
Outside where the air is fresh
The sky is soothing
clouds remind us of softness
rain washes away our tears
Outside where things are alive
Where things move and touch each other

Malinconico

Am I something that was never?
I try to forget how hard it was.
How long the day. How agonizing the evening.
I have forgotten how angry I was
How scared, how sad.
How absent.
How absent my absence
My absence is becoming absent.
and I fear things would stay that way
minutes without (me)
The minutes became moments stayed minutes became hours became days stayed years stayed-

Melancholiac

I pick up lipstick bc
I can just DO IT
I am like a battery
running empty but not empty enough
because I can just DO IT
I whip my hair whip whip into my own face
blind myself with
next appointment
next appointment
next appointment
and I quickly write another email

while I run to the bus
whip my hair in my own face
step in a puddle
my feet are wet
the water cold
but I catch the bus and I drive
to the next appointment

Melancholia

So I sleepwalk (the way) home
see only light and dark.
everything loses its edges and the edges are just.
It has become clear
Everything is brought back to life every day.
Everything is drowned again all the same,
Everything is over every day. And then it has to start over again.
All dried tears must be cried once more.

Melancholiac

the next appointment
the next
Overloaded with many things to be
I never am

but a battery running empty
I imagine myself lying on the floor every moment of every day
But somehow I am always standing up
never failing
never bailing
always right under the spotlight
so bright
whipping my hair into my own face
my face falling down, I wish
I wish I could fall down
I wish I could let myself drown
sometimes
just for a moment
just for a breath
just do it just do it just do it just-

Melancholy

Why am I here
Inside where dim light turns into darkness
Where shadows stay still
Where nothing else breathes
Why am I stuck
Inside my head
My house of sadness

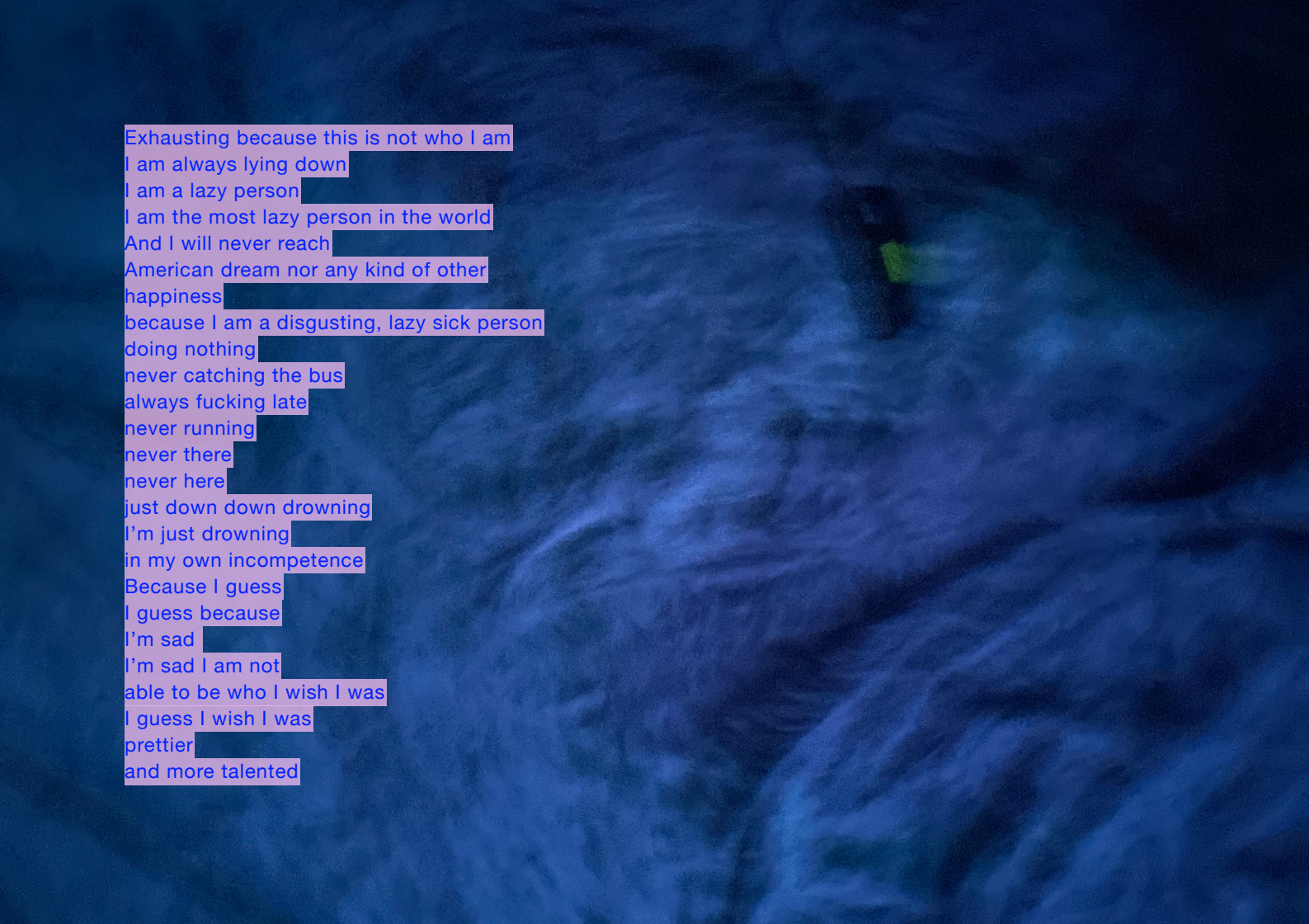
My home of thoughts
My place of loneliness
My space of belonging
Belonging to me only

Malinconico

minutes became moments became hours became days stayed years becoming seconds again becoming
days
that stayed for ages
that became seconds
no, too fast too fast
everything fastens
everything passes
everything freezes like ice in time.
everything is freezing
in the same kind of thing.
in the now in the then
in the maybe
in the maybe not-

Melancholiac

do it just do it just do it



Exhausting because this is not who I am
I am always lying down
I am a lazy person
I am the most lazy person in the world
And I will never reach
American dream nor any kind of other
happiness
because I am a disgusting, lazy sick person
doing nothing
never catching the bus
always fucking late
never running
never there
never here
just down down drowning
I'm just drowning
in my own incompetence
Because I guess
I guess because
I'm sad
I'm sad I am not
able to be who I wish I was
I guess I wish I was
prettier
and more talented

and just generally better
amazing
lovely
always picture perfect smiling
or that kind of ugly that is a story
a story that I can sell
and make money of
you know?
because that's how fucked up the world is
and how fucked up sad I am
I guess I wish they didn't tell me
that life is perfect as long as you
WORK HARD
WORK WORK WORK
HARD WORK HARDER

Melancholy

Why am I still inside
Living inside me
So that my inside is the only sight I see
And my past the only sound I hear
And my future the only foggy landscape
imaginary garden
I try to maintain, weeding,

Planting seeds
of dreams
Dreams I like to dream
Hopelessly hoping
For hope

Melancholia

indifferent to where I am, or go, there is that dead silence. no, I don't like to say that silence is dead, silence is actually very much alive, very much its own organism. The silence has invaded my ears and manages to follow me everywhere.

i just want someone to tell me something.

Malinconico

Maybe the weather will be different tomorrow?
Perhaps it would-
Yes it would
certainly
maybe
No maybe not. maybe not.
Maybe not thinking, not feeling, not hoping, not missing
Maybe not drinking, not eating, no gasping for air.
No talking, no calling, no asking, not saying anything maybe.

Melancholiac

WORK WORK WORK

HARD HARDER

And I wish they would stop killing

Because having a world and another world and another world and another world

seeing all of them destroyed

makes all of us destroyed

while all the adverts scream to just do it

just do it

and also

just grieve

just grieve

just cry

just cry

but nicely

prettily

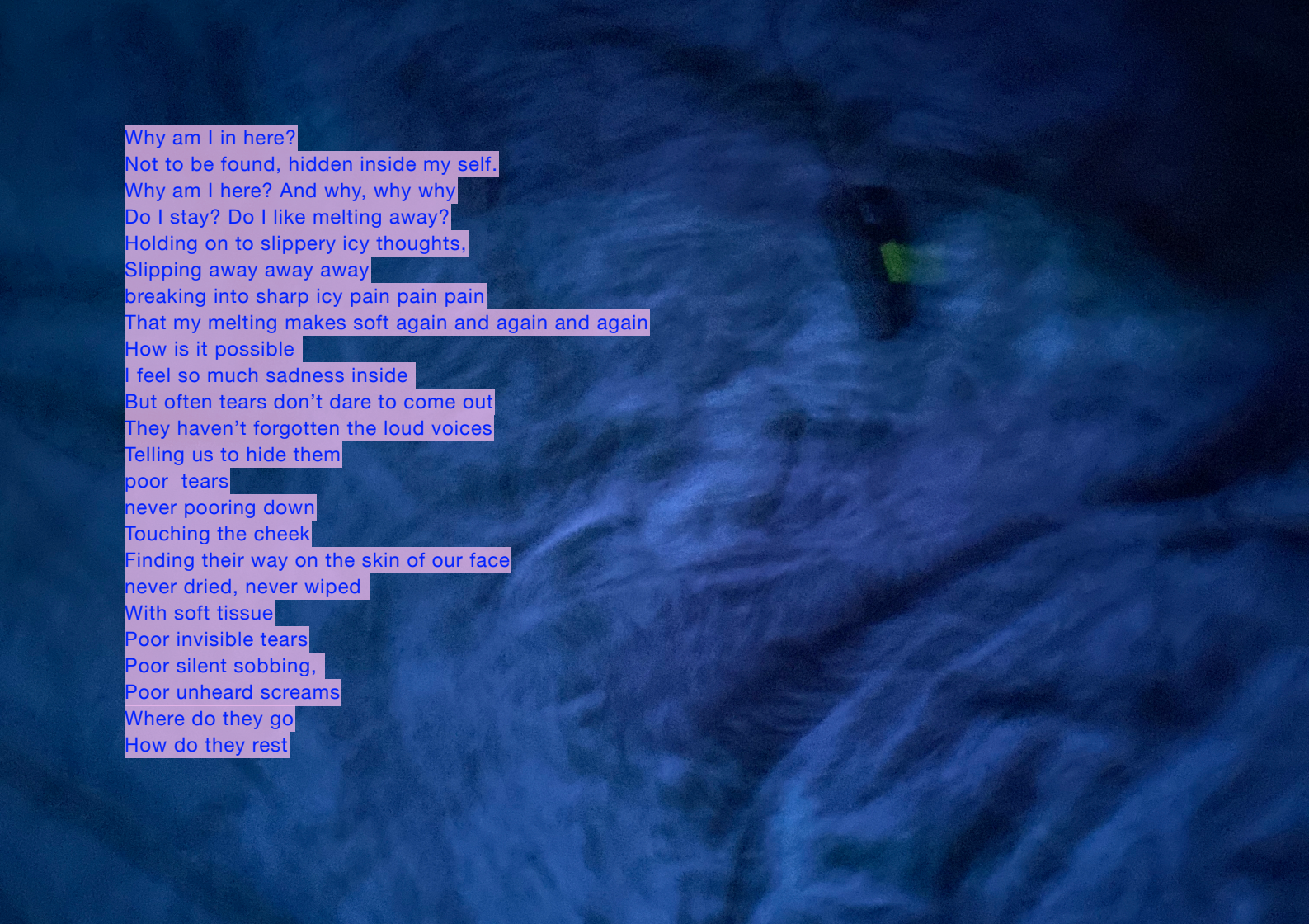
just

Fuck

I

Fuck

Melancholy



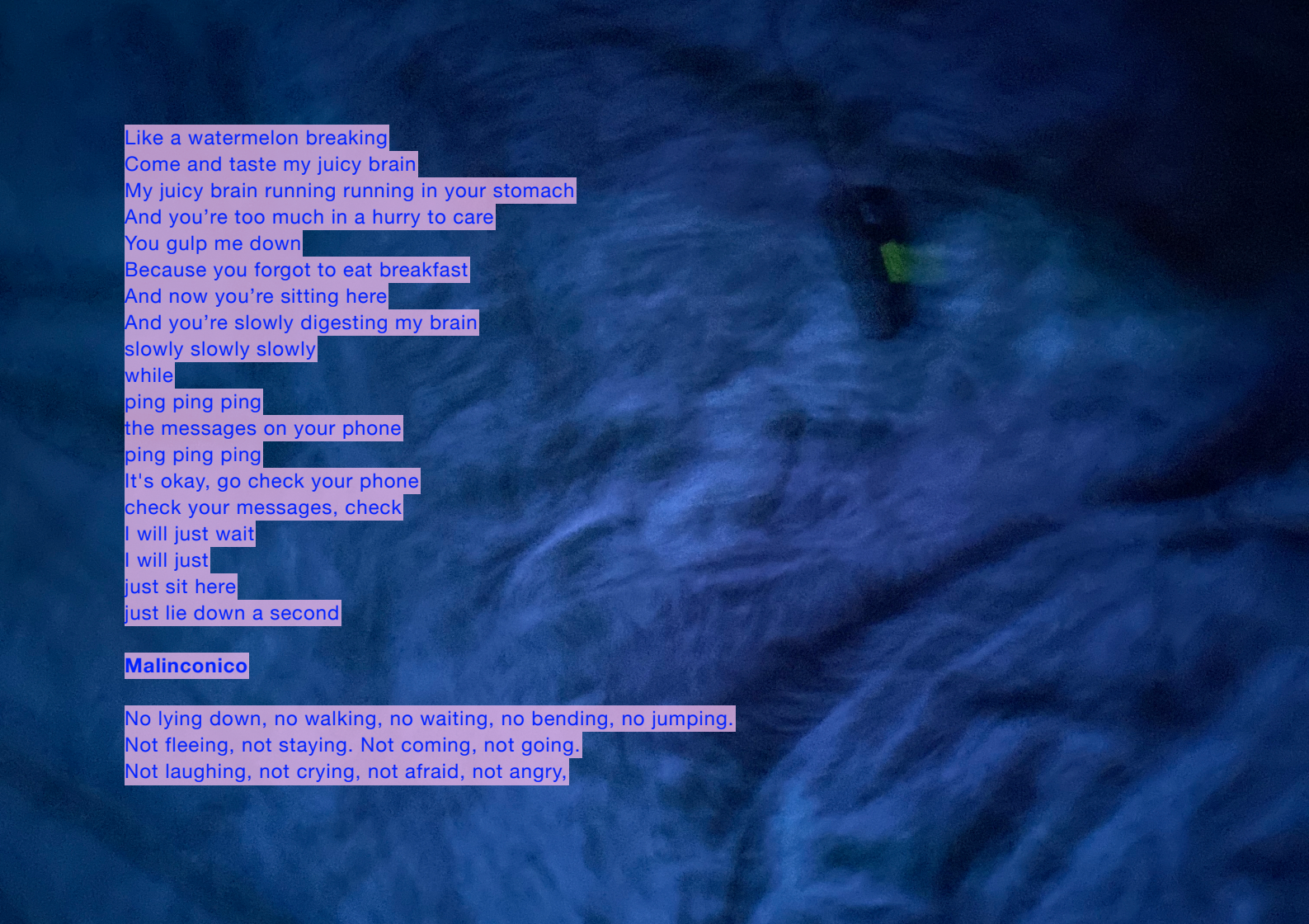
Why am I in here?
Not to be found, hidden inside my self.
Why am I here? And why, why why
Do I stay? Do I like melting away?
Holding on to slippery icy thoughts,
Slipping away away away
breaking into sharp icy pain pain pain
That my melting makes soft again and again and again
How is it possible
I feel so much sadness inside
But often tears don't dare to come out
They haven't forgotten the loud voices
Telling us to hide them
poor tears
never pouring down
Touching the cheek
Finding their way on the skin of our face
never dried, never wiped
With soft tissue
Poor invisible tears
Poor silent sobbing,
Poor unheard screams
Where do they go
How do they rest

Malinconico

No resting, not working, no playing.
No singing, no sunbathing, no reading,
no swimming, no rinsing, no washing,
no combing, no grooming
No sleeping, no snoozing, no lying down

Melancholiac

Fuck
I
Fuck
Fuck I don't like
I don't like this
Fuck
Is there a reset button?
Some kind of reset button?
Some kind of stop the madness button?
Some kind of stop humans making other humans not humans button?
Can I invent that button?
While I run for the bus
And my head is too heavy so it falls down
And breaks into a million pieces onto the pavement



Like a watermelon breaking
Come and taste my juicy brain
My juicy brain running running in your stomach
And you're too much in a hurry to care
You gulp me down
Because you forgot to eat breakfast
And now you're sitting here
And you're slowly digesting my brain
slowly slowly slowly
while
ping ping ping
the messages on your phone
ping ping ping
It's okay, go check your phone
check your messages, check
I will just wait
I will just
just sit here
just lie down a second

Malinconico

No lying down, no walking, no waiting, no bending, no jumping.
Not fleeing, not staying. Not coming, not going.
Not laughing, not crying, not afraid, not angry,

No thinking, no running, no searching nothing
No finding nothing because-

Melancholia

because when you realise you had it it's already gone it's already gone when you realise you had it it had you
realise it's already gone you realise it's already gone when you had it you had it when you realise it's already
gone
imsorryrimsorryimsorry imsorry i keep forgetting i forgot imsorry i
i just want someone to tell me something.

I have no idea what I want anyone to say. i just want someone to tell me something. Something good,
something great. I want someone to tell me that it will all be over soon.

Melancholiac

it will come

Melancholia

no. it won't. i don't want to hear that at all. and especially not. No.

No, listen, I don't remember anything
I never even had a memory.

I have forgotten my childhood and future and present.
I have also forgotten history,
I have forgotten what I knew and forgotten who I was.
And who others were.
I think I remember something.

I have forgotten, even, what forgetting is.

ALL

Forget not - that we - don't know -
in what way we can be here.
Without past, without pain.
Without longing for then
Without night kisses.
Forget
What our name is
What we dreamed of
What we hoped we would-

We hope, actually, that tomorrow will be different than today.
But we know, actually, that that is still many mornings in the future.
Many rainy mornings in the future.
it's always cloudy. Is it ever not?

After the rain the wind will rise. Rise. Rise. Rise. Rise. Rise. Rise. NOW

THE HEARTBEAT STOPS

