

Vorhes Munić

# Carbon

The following is a study on hate and its consequences.

*Carbon*

*Life is written in crayon*

## Better than rage

I experience a newfound rage. It is thick like toxin and it predates time. I am going to do it. The stars may hint otherwise, but they hint at anything. They are as retard as sarin gas. They spell words differently. But I surpass that. I see my emotion as a cleverly stiff and large grey platform levitating and it is in front of me. I see the object and I feel brute control, a violent tranquility, a sadistic reassurance. It is there and it keeps being there. The room is a dark red, deep crimson maybe. The more I stare at it, the more I am convinced that it's making a sound. But it is imperceptible. It's the kind of sound that is right there until you look at it—until you direct your ears (inner or outer) and focus on it—and when you do, it vanishes. It is a pungent entity. It watches over me, I think. It is timeless and, all things considered, it may be a guardian angel. I can hate as much as I want and this flying stationary mass of who-knows-what stays sober, menacing, final. It looks like finality. Don't let me forget that I hate what resides in the buildings outside. If I ever found them compelling, it was because I secretly hoped people were beating each other inside. A crimson brain floats over it, it rests still and guards this metallic perfect form. Every time I get closer to the gist of sorrow, the seeming organism increases in size. I want it to overtake the whole room and suck me in. It will be metal and brain tissue that will make for my upcoming tales. Pumping blood and silver stench.

## A porcelain statue of Emmanuel Kant

Kant, Kant. Limited Kant of Kant. Can't you say more, maybe count? Not numbers. Nouns. Couldn't calls coincide and contribute closely now? I see the whistle you're asking for: an ounce of nouns. Wanna hear a joke? A porcelain statue of Emmanuel Kant. Contrary to popular belief, I make words whenever the walls are too steep and the cushion where you reside is a porcelain statue of—she is Emmanuel's biggest fan, and he could tweak sorcery with theft. Don't you agree? A physical degree of Kant. Shall I sit above sodomy and satire? Should a statue such as—copy and clone, QR reader, metal detector—that of Kant be held high by the stunned masses left aside like cricket noise that follows the quiet melodies of nightfire? Or could I stop at an intersection which is blank, shiny like opportunity and dissected in silent parts, can you feel the noise—I am a noiser—can you now, in good grammar?

Meet me at the starway. Altitude is maximum and tunics for the young are made of heavy sand, hurtful flesh and sonic deafness. I stare back at the flesh that hurts. I can't stop. I swear, you guys, and Elisa in the background of my turmoil, the insanity of slayers, the crater created by artificial bombing sequences, the serenity of rapid motion, the urge to crop old photos, the soaked stare of a pretend-Polanski.

What rapid fire, what good colors. Devolving into steady stealth. Give me back my sedatives. I hardly fall into obtuse cardinality. Thermic monument to the Emmanuel—limited kind of Kant. Thermic, no: thermonuclear. Moreover, Jupiter cannot turn around like that. He really Kant.

Nothing new: the hum is harmless. My fatness is complete. Payments are made of cardboard and hex. Tools wake you up, right when you catch a bit of sleep. Nice dreams can be traded off for salad and mortar. Melt down like mayonnaise and enclose the sweetness of yesterday.

I get off-line threats to my life, Maya. I never talk, I never really do, but my interests morph with latency. May appear at dusk, these wishes of mine, once shared, exchanged for healing nico. You are cosmic stardom, so stay aloof. Whenever they reach for your fingers, you bite the colour they hold up like a referee's bright-red. Take away my wrong sentences and cast the spell:

You have finished the free version of *A porcelain statue of Emmanuel Kant*. You may now fall.

## These streets are now police

There was this indian youth—seventeen-ish, would be blond (could be, sure)—and Kennell threw a punch, a slow one with detached elegance, and then grabbed his still-standing body, actually his collar, and beat him three times, in the nose he did. Red nose bleeding now, Kennell grabbed a shredded piece of wood, infected with urine and dogshit and his will, and slammed it on his cheek. The force was strong as magnets are strong and as you and I were whenever I had you in my pocket. This poor indian youth, nameless and neckless, was brought up from the ground, like dead people are from the dead, for Kennell grabbed him by his shiny Chinese necklace and, once India was in knees (couldn't get balance needed to stand in two feet), he pulled a fucking silver blade, a freaking toxic knife, and began playing with them on him, time and again his chest spelled metal band names that only I could have deciphered, and maybe I would have had you tattoo some of them, for some of them were really nice, and I am really above myself, I count employing Syrian numbers and minuscule dots of atom, my holy grail has been stamped on your face, I swear I could not comprehend, I call myself an overseer, a watcher, a semicolon, a contraband. Kennell catches my eye, I wish he did. His blade is boiling red and his artwork, standing on the streetwalk, says I really want to be your friend.

He stops a yellow car (it resembles a taxi, American), and declares to it, "I hate these Arab messes, I hate these indian slums, these noises ain't even proper black, these are impostors of their own sickness, off motion they should be put, off motion, like you—", it seems that during his rant, he spotted the driver's skin, "You are an abomination and should be killed, I say, should be put off, I hate you", this is getting out of hand, ridiculous, this can't be my friend, "Fuck indian people and the hatred they have put on me. I loath Gandhi and whatever. I swear, the British can't make a proper job, any job properly now". Should I shoot him? The cops in their white-and-cyan cars (real, American) storm the streets and I am left wondering.

From time to time, it should be said, one stops becoming and starts being. I sure as hell knew of Kennell's inclinations, just barely. I never made edgy jokes or incorrect politics, I never did, so I brushed it off when Kennell started hosting hate parties *chez lui*. They had Gandhi fragments scattered on the wall, like when someone tears your favorite poster and you are left to put the pieces together. But these were effectively apart. It was an exploding Gandhi, what they had. He called me last week to explain the importance of the encounter I was now witnessing. "And you shall shoot". But I didn't understand. I never ever do. God, I truly never did. So the police are storming the streets, these streets that sang joy—what was the saying—, they held us together, watched us grow, cultivated our civic duty and mating preferences. These streets were now police. I kid you not, I shot him in the face and the very next day I woke up in heaven.

## Truth is a peasant

"Niggers kill indians  
kill indians kill niggers".  
It is said the world fits in a can.

In a can of soda. Cunt, cunt, cunt.  
Nigger makes an easy war.  
Easy going, inner like a sword.

In method writing we are album  
cracked like oyster 'n' fury tales.  
Remember that forgetfulness is God.

Whether you sought wine or remedy,  
whether I called raw or police,  
the spirit enemy is wrapped in eyes.

Cunt: faggot now retard.  
You behave like a GPT.  
If John says it, dicks out.

Hate simple things, for they bread  
everything that put us here.  
Foster contempt for angels, for they—.

Angels are chaos understood.  
They are futility fully grasped,  
fertilized rage they are.

They sweat rainbow and dark matter;  
deep sex cuts and brute loathing.  
Despair is stuffed in their brains,

ready to burst and play.  
She is a he and they are sweet,  
He she be as dim as sick.

I long for the furthest

of monsters. The deadliest  
earthquake is dressed as kitty.

I want to shit endlessly  
while reading manuals  
on how to make skin rust.

Darlene shouts stuff,  
Orlando shouts stuff,  
Zendaya shouts stuff.

Suzanne letterbombs;  
I xerox her.  
Xerox, xerox, xerox.

Xoxoxo, ball of fire.  
Earth in its simplest form  
resembles my will to live.

I love her to crunches.  
Her endless holes  
disappear her completely.

Fuck solipsism:  
we are in this together,  
like rats and like dust.

Inhale some tenderness  
and lose yourself into fire;  
we might ascend thereafter.



## Missouri Coda

*Surely based on a dream, a tale.*

“Therefore I am distraught by them, really taken aback. It feels staged, almost. Loosely connected to an algorithm that hates me. Shallow and deep copy. Remember when we used to talk about our future. I shoot at parked vehicles. My disdain is a lightweight champion”.

“Oh, stop, Derek. You can’t possibly know that’s how it ends. Besides,—“

“Emma. I must be mistaken. Emma, I can’t hear a word of mine, these come out like rockets, like intents of reason, bursting out like Challenger”.

“Valdebebas is where I store my sudden jewelry. I still have the diorama of our cartoon selves. Wait, did you thought I—“

“You are fire washed by time. You are your own time, time not mine. I am exhausted by this. I can’t keep on with this”.

“Maybe I am misremembering, maybe this is what happened. This—right now—is happening”.

“Allegedly”, I say with a smirk. Sometimes we happen, I make her recall, but today I am being dismembered “by your face. Your eyes are breaking all frequencies, it’s hurting my brain, I really love you, get us away, bring me home, I am going to poke holes on me”.

Greatness has a way, but I am sedated. Emma goes ahead, “, I can’t repeat what she said. When the men with wings asked her about me, I know it all had a sense, beautiful narrative, I believe it did.

Emma goes: “Never in a million years have I been struck, particularly, by a warm touch like leaf”.

“I hate pigeons. I will ban pigeons, I will ban all races of pigeons, and then all races”.

## We don't want to work with you anymore

It has come to us  
that you are trash.  
It has come to the mass,  
as fast and as rough,  
alas.

We unsubscribe  
from what we could have  
been subscribed.  
We abhor,  
we kindly forget  
an evening with Jones.

Her dire wrath still  
(still)  
stands uncorrected.  
With care and vision,  
we will find you  
at the collision of  
what you made occur.

His wholesome dread  
will put you away  
for millennia.  
There is truth in  
any fucking thing.

It has come to us.  
These papers read  
like life in digress,  
like little walkers  
on fire, on fire.

## Antale

I have abandoned the ability and I have abandoned the agency. Despite this attitude, I still keep an agenda. My attention attends wounds. My attitude is not great, it indeed has aged. But apart from that, despite that, it should work just anywhere. Anyway.

I am able to attract dead agents. I remain attractive (if you could call this attraction). I like my apartment to look aggressive. I have apologized apps ago. About time.

The audience gasps—*ah*— as if my lies were absolutes. In August, my shell will become apparent. They come with their aunts so I kill them anyway. It appeals—we agree: the agreement is mutual—. Abroad, more is to come. "Is that so?". Absolutely.

Ahead of appearances. I am ahead of appearances. As an author, I accept the nature of my aim, laid ahead by authorities and international aid. "This is not acceptable", says the academic. Silly boo. An apple fell on your head and you made a cult out of it. It appears we are on the same team: the team of impostors. Autumn, fall on me. Fall ahead.

People need access to accommodation. Some is available, I tell them, but you have to apply for it. First, get an appointment. Avoid being grammatically accurate—I hate that. Wait while your application flies through the air, avoiding pigeons—I hate pigeons. Once I am done, pay the airline, board the aircraft, and pray for an accident—this would save me the trouble that you, ultimately, are. Beast of average perfection.

What awful alarms. My approach to alcohol is that of staying aware, as away as possible from the effect. Is this usage of English accurate? Do you understand all of this, finally? Do you approve? I hope not so much. Your account has to read awfully about me. My music album has to steer bad waves. According to common sense, your approval should set off the alarms. Regardless of outcry, my solution is appropriate.

I am not an alcoholic. I am an American aquarium drinker. I achieve approximately zero accuses. On a good day, I get my baby back. I appreciate it if we stay alive. If we do, I give us an award. God not willing, I have to take them to the airport and leave them there—you are now accompanied by all the beautiful forces that I don't care about anymore.

Alright, you have achieved to arrive until here. I hope you acknowledge that you have acquired quite a taste. Allow me to present to you my architecture. April, is that your name? That should be your name. Despite my background as an architect, despite my felonious achievements, all this is is either for you or for backwards bacteria. In the end of things, I can't

see the difference.