

## The Gutters Are Running Red

I

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Some flee while others attack. I pick up a brick, I grab a stone; a very large one. A heavy stone. Her t-shirt says "Love is what we need".

The colorful ones are going to be caught in a trap.

One of her legs broke; she was knocked down with a violent blow from a truncheon. Other are erased, we can say that the entire crowd is wiped away with a single stroke.

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It's a weird group, half of them don't have boobs. That one is arching her back, thrusting her breasts forward as nukes.

One is kneeling, the other is vomiting.

As for me, ouch! It is no longer morally possible to be a journalist; I am a pure puke. (A real vomit, indeed.)

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The one who arches her back, her torn t-shirt revealing the calligraphy of a large beating heart, also tries to project her breasts forward like two nuclear warheads. (Have we get Nazis?)

As before, she tries to keep a banner aloft.

The front of this t-shirt says: "Love is what we need" but she has got a nasty, bleeding wound on the back of her head. (Her head.)

They are wiped out, the entire crowd is swept away in one fell swoop. (In one fell swoop.)

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II

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Some retreat while others charge. It's a strange group; half of them wear navy blue uniforms, and the other half are dressed in various colors.

*Coal velodrome*; everyone is fleeing the scene.

They are trying to reach the plaza ahead. That's what it seems to me. Since their banner seems a classic blue and pink retro rubber.

From here, it looks truly obscene.

One runs, another falls, a third turns around: through the tear gas, the violence in the crowd is glimpsed.

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Some flee while others attack. That one is arching her back, thrusting her breasts forward like two nuclear warheads.

The t-shirt says "Love is what we need" but a bloody bandage covers her head.

One of her legs was broken; she was felled by a violent blow from a truncheon. Others were annihilated; it can be said that the entire crowd was decimated at once.

As for me, I put down my camera: am I still a journalist, or am I just a piece of vomit?

Performing my bowel movement, I pick up a brick, I grab a stone; a heavy stone. (A very large one.) And I swing.

The gutters were running red.

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