

Garbage Truck And Other Clouds

“Look, she trews something into the bin!
— Yeah, it looks she threw either a small shooter or hand sanitizer out.
— Let’s check.”

“Lids lifted”—here is a riddle for you, a puzzle to pose to someone. So: find a coin, toss it, discard it, and take its place.

“And so the cops let you in peace!”

All I would have to do is open your eyes, “and the world is behind”, uh!
They think it’s in front of them.
But it’s false; ergo, if I lift the two curtains of flesh of my optical trade, it’s only withe a single necessity, it’s to flee this world.

“And here comes the police!” But not merely in their standard-issue uniform—that emblem of societal semiology.

Ah-ah!

The psychiatrist and the juvenile court judge—terrified mom and dad!

All of them, and so the cops! All of them—they’re all the same. It amounts to the same thing: They think it’s *before* them— they’re convinced of it, *they* experience it firsthand.

But why do I open my eyes—isn’t that’s silly? Aren’t they already open! Always open... and not at all shut! Not closed at all!

“Look, she trews something into the bin!
— Yeah, seems like she ditched either her brain or a puzzle piece...
— Oh no, *another* teen in a tin can!”

Behind these curtains, *my eyes* see what they had not seen before, and devise worlds—real places to explore, build, create and destroy.

I call them “curtains,” whereas in Earth, Life and Environmental Sciences class, the teacher calls them “eyelids”! Eyelids, my ass! They’re just two shutters.

“Give them what they want, and there you go!”

Some even have three—three eye-whatever that close horizontally or otherwise. One of them, nearly transparent, serves to clean the eye. Just imagine: three trash bin lids!

“For an atrium, this is known as a specialized maintenance worker—a rope access technician.”

Tell me about spiders...

See: there you have it: students are incredibly attuned to environmental, agro-ecological, and agri-food issues! Damn, I’m already an expert on the subject.

Father has got the ones of a frog. He’s the perfect rubberneck! As for Mum, she’s the eyes of a scallop shell.

And so are the cops!

“Lids lifted” is a puzzle that must be solved by snatching someone else’s spot.

Find a piece, set it aside, discard it, and grasp the void. Here is your own place and your blinded eye: next time the emptiness.

“Fuck, I already know everything— No class no more!”

Here is your own place: next move the morsel: a piece, a body: a body, a somatization; a piece, a soul; a soul, an alienation; a piece, a mind; a mind, a depression. A piece, a corpse.

A bit, and so on.

“Lids lifted,” that’s a puzzle where you’ve to give a kick to anybody. Who still cares? Automatization, the technical speech, the bot talk!

Open it their ways and there you go—the cops are leaving you alone!

“Hey! Take a dekko at her, she fetches something from her skull!
— Yeah, looks like she grabs either a delightful spoonerism or a stunning anagram.
— Ugh, another teenage girl going off the rails!
— Hmm, let’s get our tonfas ready!
— And the pepper spray *too...*”

Who cares anymore? A piece, a corpse: a corpse, a piece. A kick or a kill. Career pathways are just industrial krill for exploitation.

“Kiss my piece! *And sucks hard* on the lethal milk of the vicious circle.”

“Ugh, cause it’s just another teenager straying from the beaten path!
— *Yep!*
— Ready to fulfill our societal duty...”

Your parents, your teachers, the supervisory authorities—even the police, if you run away—come to get your ass, because you have to go to work.

Find a piece, throw it away, garbage it, and take the void. Consumption, production. Production, consumption. “Kill my ass!”

“Lids lifted”: that’s a puzzle to you, a one to put to someone. And so: Find a slab, throw it away, garbage it, *and take* the place.

Behind these curtains, they see what they had not seen before and imagine worlds—very real places to explore, build, create, and destroy. Destroy.

“Look, she’s pulling something out of her skull!
— Yuck! It looks like she was holding an Aline Fares *and* a Thomas Piketty!
— Oh no, not again!
— Yep, another budding eco-terrorist!
— Humph...
— Yeah!
— Ugh, just another teenager who’s going to commit suicide in school!
— *You mean jail...*
— Yup! In prison”

I call them “curtains,” whereas dictionaries call them eyelids! Eyelids, my ass! They’re just two shutters.

But what the fuck, I already know all about it. So talkative! And so... *Ah-ah! A-ah!* full of S-H-I-T! *Mhm-Mhm-Mhm.*