

The Stamp Enthusiasts

To kiss is to devour, to assimilate in pain, you say. The other side is reached. I have never understood those who take pleasure in each other's company. I've never understood people who badmouth each other. *I've never understood people who badmouth each other.* I have never understood people who devour one another without tearing flesh or spurting blood. Maybe love is all that matters. In the depths of love—when the love would be commensurate with an ordeal, and I had reached it. That is a flawed premise, because it is the pain that consumes you.

Is love exactly like pain in the order of the relation to oneself? They are two blocks of screaming—of a kind that is impossible to bear. Some will say that this is not love. Oh, well... They will say that pain imprisons, while love opens up. They have likely neither passed through terror nor been consumed by grief. There is something beyond dread in love; there is another side to love in pain. Believe it or not. To embrace, but solely for the sake of another host body—a transit soul with whom to swim amidst the colored shadows: an other space, a realm beyond, on the other side.

Oh, well... Well! When spat, ejected, or spewed out of comfort into a familiar space I once thought was mine, it feels as though I could devour everyone and everything. All of it was counter illumination of thoughts!

From the thought and the surge toward withdrawing, from the dread to reaching it. Does the pain that has just arisen seize you? *Used to it?* Stretch out your intern limbs. Do not close off the emergency exits—and with them, the horizons of the senses. Lips don't just come in the form of a kiss sent by mail! A semblance of life within a comfort hostile to any experimentation, to any novelty. There remains within you no will, no strength. Like an... an out-of-tune instrument, a guitar that was never played. A guitar that was never played. You've never kissed anyone—neither a buddy nor a girl.

They chase away the light's colorful shadows—some bursting forth with brutal sharpness—and—wham!—a new row of teeth springs up; it is exactly what you had always thought about lovers. No more will within you, no more will. You have encased yourself within, in a shell of conventions. That's why you're so boring, why you're so fed up with yourself. You've shut yourself inside a shell—a deceptive shell. A stamp, an envelope, and half your dehydrated heart inside. It freaks me out!

There is no will left in you, no strength at all. No more will within—nothing but evil. And madness. So you cry. You cry like an unborn child. It must be the one you found late in a closet. But now, listen: that weeping soul you hold in your clumsy arms is already dead.

The world has moved on. And you're left high and dry. With your life of nothing. From emptiness and fear—from dread to the moment it strikes. Even contemplation from within your small, narrow world has become odious. The heart inside. It freaks me out! There is no will left in you, no strength at all. No more will within—nothing but evil.