Oceanic Motion

Ion Dissonance

all around, back and forth, the sickening smell of insignificance.
I'm used to it now, I must reek of it.
the density of the air was tangible today, it was way too heavy for me.
I woke up an hour earlier,
I am eager to amaze myself for all the things that I could do,
but most definitely won't, during this loose hour.
another day, predictably mundane,
another scratch on the surface of the 7" ep,
that is my life... it keeps on bouncing!
(all around, back and forth)
my "columbian (medium roast) full-bodied with rich flavor" coffee.
expensively tasted like sewer water today.
the "normal and subtle" sour taste couldn't be sweeten at all,
no matter how I sugared it.
how many times have I wonder if this taste wasn't impregnated in my mouth?
and once again (and as always),
I'm having a delightful conversation.
with the refrigerator by my side, he's always complaining,
I'm used to his point of views now, his constant mumbling...
drastically sarcastic, almost has bitter has my coffee.
he seems to have an opinion about everything?
an instant passed, then I remembered that I have an optic sense.
ah, there its is, my 4th floor morning-view of a sunlit back alley.
down there, an ant-like man is wandering,
nervously looking all around, back and forth.
and once the tension is gone, sure that nobody's there
(Unaware that he's being stared at),
unzip his pants and ungraciously expose himself
in order to piss his way trough my alley.
I am almost has relieved as he, once he's finished,
but for obvious different reasons.
happily confined, thoroughly hollow and unfulfilled.
I think I'll go back to sleep.
(Is it possible to be sea-sick on firm ground?)

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