Clog

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Poems 2022–2026

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First published 2026.

2022

16 DECEMBER 2022

I had not got what I should have ticked onto your thorax,
and then, without eating all my dedicated scapegoats,
without blaming each of my history bundles,
just remained silent due to that long,
dark evening in St Albans when I ran through
on Sandpit Lane's dark-pink tongue,
where the foxes were nictitating to me
below the dishevelled bushes.
The process: being honest,
that was that part of the thought I tried to digest.
I did not want to bear this void on my miserable back.
Yes, I knew who I had never been and could not be,
and I am aware of my solitude now.
If this is that particular piece,
the time when we try to clarify my alienism for those
who were sleeping around me in that street, in that city,
in this country. Since 2016, I have tried to keep back-smiling,
pretending I was a part of your gradually decaying jelly.
Is it political dung content? Are you smiling? Am I kidding?
Why did we mock those concepts, soul and freedom, as we used them?
Why is the night sky perplexing from this map,
from this pinpoint here?
Watching the field in front of the Cathedral,
those old grave crosses like stout fingers from the soil,
from the Mad Squirrel pub's garden
the whole view is peaceful, as everything in this city,
nobody anxious, nobody killing, nobody yelling
in middle-class purgatory,
I did try to keep loving it, and again.

17 DECEMBER 2022

Over my heart trampling,
the afternoon
had been drawing a face of the night on the shutter
for a couple of minutes,
I slept through its pencil's bumping and crying,
the wall opposite
our flat at 5 Brooklands Court covered itself
in orange-coloured blight,
I saw the whole decadence of that moment;
it was like a dully-fluffy dance
with the slowly dying snow on the pavement,
and I saw a long roll of watercolour paper
saluted in the corner of the living room by the knife from the sink,
its teardrops transformed bread crumbs,
sang a familiar pop song in their contralto voice.
As I watched, they delivered themselves into the bin,
I pushed myself next to them when they were done.
After that slippery and jiffy pseudo episode,
I was still in the same night,
sitting on my office chair,
the foetus of the afternoon lay on my knees,
we listened to the cars grumbling on Hatfield Road;
that was a peaceful,
almost the dumbest experience of that life
that we had left, though we did not realise it.

18 DECEMBER 2022

While I was rolling between the walls,
my face drilled into the bedroom's grey carpet;
emptiness wove a velvet scarf from echoes,
I was choking,
each corner had its blurry shadow;
they smiled like a happy blue-faced Henry Hoover
who used to be in our wardrobe,
now, he is preparing for his disappearance;
despite a leaking bloodstream from his mouth,
his smile seems changeless.
No mood, no various emotions.
Lack of tension, lack of persistence.
The light ochre wall opposite to me
was looking through the window,
I did not know what he could see,
there was only the main entrance with that stone ball on top;
and the sign "Brooklands Court, St Albans"
I was always afraid of that concrete ball-head
It might have been a Thought Saver Spyer
Who satisfies my paranoia by preserving all the moments I'd experienced
in this cave,
It must have noticed my unconscious body when I was drunk,
It could have seen all my mistakes in that lovely isolation.

2023

7 JANUARY 2023

I still remember the smell of that wind.
It had been stinky and a little bit warm,
like a rotten-air fragrance;
Well, I felt I was the only unknown
among strangers, like a little nuisance.
I still feel the breeze when I try to catch
a double-priced black cab
at the corner of Portland Street and Newton Street,
It was like my running anti-enlightenment.
Manchester could be your last squeamish night,
and you can be its ordinary meat dish.
I wanted to reach our burrow in Didsbury
but had no idea how because
I might have been a sloshed piggery.
Was I inside the cab? Did I get on it?
Manchester's evenings could be
writhing on a second-hand plastic safety razor
with a removed comb-patterned protector.
Nobody knows how your night would have gone on;
and why your experiences could be
delightfully non-adequate.
You could have been stabbed, raped,
or accepted a blowjob offer from
an old rough sleeper for 5 pounds,
or eaten overpriced rubbish from a chippy at 4 a.m.,
or been robbed by a teenage gang,
or arrived home,
or called your partner,
and asked for evacuation.
There always were long queues
in front of the bars, happily waiting for
one of these options. Shame renews,
and you skip between time fragments,
being fanatically onomatopoeic
with all words you should not have thought.

9 JANUARY 2023

When I left Manchester and relocated to London's centre,
Those months could be called an experience of decadence, or
the slow walking between unadulterated distances.
I can remember my lovely place close to Waterloo Station,
where
I lived in the cupboard's mirror,
that was a vertical lake in that bedroom,
its pseudo-water was like a cold bloom,
it did not show a reflection; instead
behaved as a vacuum that sucked on my heart
every morning.
Nine months in my lovely cave
in the vomit-coloured Munro House,
which is one of the diamond-shaped asses of the city,
amongst plenty of others,
that building was like a miniaturised Noah's Ark,
filled with all kinds of double-legged aliens,
from eclectic social classes and regions,
I represented the Eastern European stranger with my green skin,
big dark eyes and a strange accent.
I was the poo-man from the EU;
I will never forget the day after their stunning Brexit,
I was in North Manchester.
I waited at the bus stop in Blackley,
and people shouted from a car
they targeted those people who looked like immigrants:
"Brexit! Go home!" They celebrated our stigmatisation.
I became parasitic on the body of that country I used to idolise;
they wanted to get rid of me.
Before all these humiliations,
I had to read and listen and tolerate falsehood propaganda, and
the mendacity of UKIP and the Conservatives,
and the double-faced bullshit of Labour.
They were super cruel. They lied about us.
And millions and millions of people believed those cusses,

I should have called myself Mr Ballast,
a floating Shit on the beautiful, deep blue British ocean.
I was not prepared for all the nasty things I saw and heard.
All my illusions,
and all my efforts had begun to turn to sadness.
They gradually razed my life; and blandness;
They made me a human splinter under the nail,
and nobody was and will be sorry for this.
I disappeared without saying hello.
I hope they are more contented now.
All my thirteen years were demolished.
Observing how xenophobia and hatred worked was a good
learning opportunity,
and I was trained by the British politicians
and newspapers very thoroughly.
So, I decided that
I wouldn't have a country or a nation any more,
I was starting to enjoy myself.
My country is me, and I will never hate strangers.
Everyone who can love is welcome in,
and we can live in our virtual country,
cause almost all real countries will gradually be filled with idiots;
the new trend is
building Lyingocracies everywhere.

10 JANUARY 2023

The clouds are almost mixed with the roofs,
and their border is getting blurry;
I am alone, talking to the kitchen window.
It does not answer, but if it did, its voice would be hushed;
I have no voice; I talk with my glances and think I am talking.
This is our purposeless conversation. We are almost like humans.
I can hear the rain clicking on the metal eaves;
it could be transferred to a bubble, but I can't see it,
so my assumption might not be accurate, as usual.
This kitchen is a more extensive cardboard box,
a six-cubic-foot shed. I have been living in it for a month.
That's all right. I love tiny dark places like earwigs.
They offer perfect seclusion and safety.
I keep trying to devour outside voices.
As the rain made music on the dark roofs,
I felt nostalgic for those times when I lived in my parents' house,
and my brother and I woke early in the rain to go fishing,
during the summer school break.
I want to be there.
I read a lot of books; he hated them, but he loved listening to me read.
I want to tell him what I read last night.
That won't happen.
Nothing can happen again; all my memories are distorted fragments.
I am a hilarious half-corpse in the black, windowed aquarium;
I am similar to the poinsettia in the window.
We do not know our predestinations,
but it does not matter, as everything just comes about.
I need to prepare.
I will go running around 4 am and enjoy every second;
That is the self-psychotherapy that works.
I don't care about the rain or about becoming fully sloppy.
Running alone in the dark.
I am aware that I am alienated in Budapest.
So, yes, nothing changed.
I lost everything again, but St Albans isn't missing.

I never miss anything. I never miss any country.
All countries are the same primitive constructions.
Each is a cage,
outdated self-prisons that should disappear with flags,
hymns, and primitive religions.
The white and dirty kitchen walls are watching me,
and I know I am nobody. This is just something without a name;
I am part of it,
but I ignore all this reality. It does not care and ignores me, too.

14 JANUARY 2023

I have never wanted to be more than a quiet dream of the day,
a weird accident of my self-awareness, where
I want my voice to cackle quietly.
Look at those shadows outside; They read the news,
They do their business,
They vote for their tyrants,
They are preparing to kill others,
Some of them love politicians or sadistic Tsars,
who cannot feel anything
apart from their horrible power constantly tickling their stomachs.
I do not want to see them,
although they would deserve some contempt,
I do not hate them; I just...
transfer all of my feelings
to an O-shaped, deep-purple drain,
I might be able to keep away from thoughts related to them,
and hide behind my secret layers,
where I can be a nowt as that is my best condition,
It is lovely, like leaning back in the office chair.
You should be in my lap;
No-go wishes?
We would watch the internal yard from the window,
looking through that massive green jelly
that contains all trees, bushes and blackbirds;
we might see how the flats are chewing on the neighbourhoods around us,
and eventually, everyone disappears. We would be alone in that solitary maw.
While they were getting digested by their bathrooms and bedrooms,
we might have seen how their windows cried out to them.
Their eyes squirted a light,
then the night ate photons; they roared. The process was repeating;
until the last beam of light,
the scene was overdrawn by the middle finger of the Sun;
everything was in the future's double past;
I imagined this impossible physical phenomenon

like a double chocolate ice cream, darkness on the darkness,
and the vanilla should be below them, somewhere in the middle,
but no one can reach that layer;
we just suppose that bright might still be there.

19 JANUARY 2023

All shadows reflected
in their eyes are shame,
a capacious pit filled with violence
from our past;
their self-love comes from a lack of remorse.
Nobody gets it.

What they did
on this ellipsoid was genuine disgust.
We are viruses.
Dance with arrogance.

The tubby nimbuses were yelling;
they saw how the pavement ate someone;
There were some lovely smiles at the zebra crossing,
and they licked their smartphones.

Why did that glass
just dimly remember my palm?
Was I there — in that kitchen?
Who can prove that day?
This country tightly hugs Budapest.
It is a giant amoeba.
I can see from the window
how its pseudopods glide through streets.

I am sitting in the kitchen.
It became my whole world.
Keep thinking about those
beautiful minutes
when I felt I was something like you.
Hope-man, success-man.
If I was there,
I would be repeating
with a smile smile smile:
“You are lovely.”,

"You are good.",
"You are fantastic."

I am a crying dinosaur
and the suicide green dick
who wants to protect
all other creatures
from upright walkers.
Trying to protect me is defeat.

No over-complication?
Can Mr Nothing demolish this world?
They, they, they.
Average human fruits
are dangling from the roofs.
They, they, they knew everything.
Blue corpses.

The power here,
around Budapest,
is a machine of permanent dishonesty.
All those nasty things
were done by it.
If you were here,
you would be able to hear
how their crying is screaming inside
those beautiful buildings' walls.
They were put into horror boxes and eliminated.
No pardon.

Did that loathing
come from your nose socket?
I am watching from the kitchen.
That pen, that phone,
and these fingers on my hands
are all unresponsive.
No moving, no writing.
The dark insects
from the opposite windows

are watching in another direction.
Please, do not use that anthropomorphism;
they do not deserve that condemnation.
I also do not want to be unfair to animals.
No reason for being over-bland.

Mercy often gets pushed into an isolated plastic heart.
I do not know...
Question of pyramids.
Will I see that vegetation,
and that pond and those fishes again?
Why should
I accept those mischievous
acts of destruction we committed?
Those real-hell things
we keep repeating are without limitations.

Dying flies,
blooming eyes.
I don't know what
I should think.
I try to be without thoughts.
Emptying everything
I have in this thing that I am.
The dominion over nature,
the Bible, your thoughts,
your power,
that's general intellect.
Oh, humans.
Egoism, lying and narcissism.

The sadness is getting prepared.
It is mocking my smiles.
Shush, shush and the telemetry data of us
just spraying from that blue radish,
It is saved and processed,
so we can disappear now.

20 JANUARY 2023

Clouds are gone,
half of Ursa Major appears,
and the lamp bulb's reflection infects the view.
I did not read the news today
as it would make me sad;
I hate how they try to pretend
we are vulnerable
and a little bit imperfect,
which is a part of the subterfuge
we use to avoid change
and self-examination.
Those would be venial.
But that greediness
and lying, which is
the essence of most civilisations,
is not forgivable.
They do not care.
Everything they say at climate talks
is a ridiculous lie.
But they do not care; they just
keep repeating their propaganda and marketing.
They try to be messiahs on social media.
They need more of everything.
I do not care anymore.
Leave me alone.
I have no social media.
I do not want to touch you.
If those people are Humans,
I am a snail or an ant
above the kitchen table where I sit.
They love money and feel happy
if they have any level of power.
Their real Gods are
Money, oil, data, and media.
Data, oil, money, show.

Show, money, power, data, data, data, money, power.
This is the accurate content of our religious texts, too.
Does it sound nasty or disrespectful?
It is not.
The real disrespectful thing is our behaviour,
how we kill this planet's biosphere,
and how our civilisation destroys nature
which is our only treasure.
This will destroy us too.
We are a suicidal civilisation, like the Ship of Fools.
I am an alien.
I am watching my blue dotted mug,
drinking a coffee, and being very silent.
Those idiots outside enjoy their power,
and all those things that
they do are not average politics anymore.
The age of consistent
and known political systems has ended.
This is something else.
I don't know what it should be called.
Could it be suicide-capitalism?
It should be snowing today.
That would be nice.
Snowflakes like my tears.
And, You.
Seemingly powerful
leaders and non-leaders of humans,
You should be much more thoughtful
and better, but you won't be,
I am afraid.

22 JANUARY 2023

The building's frontage cast green;
their chaps, the tall chimneys with those dewlaps,
smoke out their taste.
Smile, old spruce, as that happy magpie loves you;
It arrives every morning to sit on your prickly face.
No dancing sign. Those trees are sober.
The landscape is a kid of the dying winter;
I am staring at the letters; they could be news;
If yes, it will radiate detest;
Drumming realisations, I nestle to my fears,
Machiavelli's name springs to my mind
more often; There is a pseudo-sybaritism
around us on this planet-shaped waste bin.
Made in Earth.
Where, Where and Where? There, there.
Contemporary evil's evilness is obvious;
billions appreciate it. The eager and hungry audience
of singing sociopath-politicians.
Their endless chorus croons popular songs:
"Our economy needs to grow.",
"We are good. They are bad.",
"I will save you.", "I can protect you.",
"There is a God, and I know what that wants.",
"They are our enemies.", "We are a nation.",
"We are strong.", "We will solve your problem.",
"This is our country.",
"They will destroy our culture.",
"We will achieve carbon-neutrality by ... 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080 ..."
and so on, and so on;
...and the Big Smile of perfect teeth is for You. Amen.
Lovely catchwords of charlatans.
Grinning Sir Toads.
Farting Lady Narcissuses.
Propagandists and liars have always existed
but did not have the Sir Network toolkit.

Speedy and lovely platforms. Hiss.
Am I satisfied with Mr Hieronymus' materialised painting?
Fake factories produce polyethylene terephthalate fruits. Hiss.
Do you like your laptop? Is your browser comfortable? Hiss.
Could you order that shoe? Hiss.
Did you already share something brilliant today? Hiss.
You deserve lots of golden likes and bright hearts.
I might be a tree or a dog poop on the ground instead.
It would be more ethical than being here. Anti Zeus.
I would need a virtual anti-country.
I want the right to live without a state,
nation and religion. And yes, it might be a scandal,
but I imagine that place without markets.
Yes, I know. It sounds bizarre.
The world without these beauties? Frightening thought.
The rain was replaced by snow.
Swirled grey fluffs. Naughty snowflakes,
Happily watching You; although
you might contain pesticides, soot,
And formaldehyde. Art Thou gorgeous enough? Hiss.
No more tragedy? Anti Zeus.
Our emotions are generated by pocket clients tingling.
People talk about love. Anti Zeus.
The insolence is a deep lake.
It is still snowing. The roofs have become semi-white.
The fridge is a motoric noise bear,
I am listening to its grumbling behind me.
Budapest is covered by Miles Davis's deep breaths,
Last noises of screaming trumpets;
The hidden pains squirt everywhere.
Obtaining a quiet nook
where I can be an elderberry shrub.
Hiss. Anti Zeus.

27 JANUARY 2023

Negative willingness,
I did not recognise you,
When the view pushed me through the window,
That may have been absconding.
Your eyes, Dad. I can't evoke them.
Your feigned care, your petrifying love.
You might not even know what it is.
Fill in, fill in my thoughts with remorse,
Blue eyes, like a block of ice.
All your failures should have been
transferred to a tranquil, deep lake.
We did; you built that vile factory,
in your heart, which was your real self.
That was the vacuum where I annealed,
And when I woke up again,
the scene was a landfill,
I stood in a see-through plastic box,
And I had a shower.
There were no pipes. Yes, Dudady,
Those tubes were the legs of a metal octopus,
And the liquid from the showerhead was purple.
I cannot tell if that was blood or
poisoned water. That was my lobbyist
for my untimely decease. It failed.
I became a dumb Saint of rubbish
that needed to be made to disappear.
Did not have a body.
No communication in that anti-paradise.
No Morse codes or cables.
Our screams flow backwards into our mouths,
Our mouths are drawn semicircles,
The curtain oscillates,
and we are behind it and gasping for air,
And that whole past sinks into
the abysmal ocean;

I cannot even tell what freedom is;
What would it be?
Which of them were my parents?
Do I have them?
The Rotten Earth is buckled.
I should be happy now.
Living with all poisoned thoughts.
Now, it is Friday early morning evening,
Right before dawn,
birds sing, possibly blackbirds,
and we keep going towards
the spring equinox.
Longer light, shorter darkness.
All I need to forget is love.
Did you love me? — Don't you —
I know.

30 JANUARY 2023

We live in the 21st century, don't we?
We do. Interview, WP. I read that
Francis, the Pope, stated that
homosexuality is a sin. Precisely,
he said something like that it was a sin
but was not a crime. Well, after all the
hypocrisy, sins and crimes that
Francis's predecessors and the church
he represents committed in the past;
like the Inquisition and auto-da-fé,
and supporting feudalism, serfdom,
slavery, and war crimes. And how they
suppressed freedom and emancipation.
They also ignored all terror against
gay people until the second
part of the 20th century — so, after all these
shameful things, and much more
I have not mentioned...
Francis, the Pope, still says that gay
people's sexuality is a sin. Oh, man!
I cannot believe
this level of silliness, Francis. Amen!

31 JANUARY 2023

We can fly over the frozen moments.
Those can be named Known;
I am disillusioned as pre-dawn
is more lifeless and rigid than your nest yesterday.
Her ice-laced tongue
is a sedative for surviving vengeance.
Smiling arrogance. Rotten romance.
Do your tears belong to you?
Your managers are in a parrot's mask
And try to snort a familiar melody. Snrrr. Prrr.
Preferably, you should listen to the wind's love song.
It is about winter. "January" is just a word in it.
No layers or deep meanings or metaphors.
The year is the year. It can be a parody of Gustave
Courbet by sentences. Did you dare to mock death?
It is an elusive counter back now. My suicide
will be the zero. I live in the forecast-based evil.
I am still determining what it is.
It might have been a free association;
it came to my mind when I evoked her ankle.
Weeping lampions. Today's cold with its silver
preserved packages. My fingers hid in your pocket;
they crumbed the wind — You.
I will never believe in the existence of time.
Or, What, Medusa, Medusa — tango of screams
And fornication of requests to the gateway of our mind
which decides what you will experience,
what is mandatory and restricted.
What do you enjoy, and what will you do?
Will you? Meandering from your teeth.
You still keep smiling. That's a devastating cold of this day.
When people dream about arriving in the spring,
how photons will burn their faces,
They hope their dream is an exception,
And those horrible things,

What they will read tomorrow morning
won't approach them. Neverending peace.
Neverending peace. Their Neverending peace.
I can hear your cackle from that direction,
Where I could see your silhouette
before your self was disintegrated
and disappeared from this verity.
Boneless rhymes covered by foreign thoughts
and squelch wellingtons in the park.
I would say that this month
was a fragment of a bee vomit,
the magical biofluid of your lovely Sir,
who does not even know you existed.
I love and love the running below balconies;
As I can see how they live, And think about that
I may be similar, seemingly happy,
and this sorrowful text you are reading did not happen.
Instead, we are stepping in soft and deep snow.
It smells like an oak-smoked hand cream. We are friends.
In that nightmare where I am now — You.
I was in another country,
And not in this kleptocracy led by Mr Lie Machine
Who is so loved by his devout believers,
who are convinced about his divine perfection.
If you are lucky enough and were born in a democracy,
You may need help understanding the mass culture here.
I fear this country will not be democratic soon
as its political culture
does not have a tradition of freedom,
and too many do not want to change.
Too many enjoy the corruption, and adore autocrats.
Habits. The old habits. Habits of corruption.
They want to obtain scapegoats and pseudo-enemies
provided by some autocrat who promises protection.
And this is repeated again, again, and again.
Some sociopath comes along, grabs power
and builds his autocratic pile of poo,
and when he disappears,

too many want the next sociopath. Again, again.
It is boring.
There is a minority who are different from this,
but that is insignificant. Nobody cares about them.
No worries, you won't understand this
from London or Paris; that's a different world
on the same continent.
I wish I were in a lovely place
where I should not have to see the daily ordures
of the propaganda they provide.
It is not a joke, as it is an absolute poison.
Medusa, medusa and Medusa.
There is still a heavy wind outside,
02:53 am, and I am sitting at the kitchen table,
and I am watching through the window,
my face stares back at me, and it is crying.
My reflection did not want to wail,
it just happens, but it has already stopped,
as no one should see his real sadness.

3 FEBRUARY 2023

I cannot touch every pillow
in the sequence of my life;
some of them might contain a void,
and others are filled
with different noises and lies.
Your wrath compulsively
counted my failures, and
it granulated everything around me, then
slowly ground my smile between your smiling lips,
laughed at cars passing the house
and licked around the orphaned legs on the tram.
Anyway, Your teeth were midget mirrors between
our useless chats. Your hopeless face
was reflected in them like a late afternoon-coloured
landscape. My love was filled with
the additives of accumulated deep
and warm-orange oozing acids
which were coming from my blossoming nose.
To cry. It meant the domesticated herds
of his hungry gaze kept observing them.
Yes, Van, I should have noticed
those red orchids in your narrow palms,
but I was scared of those crucified
and never born babies; we planned
And we might have wanted.
This isn't a roar;
I need to be silent as I am shy about howling.
Your voices aren't around me anymore;
they might glide in the air and gradually disappear;
behind the soft skin of time, and they could leave there
some domesticated picture-animals as fingerprints,
when we walked up to Heaton Park,
Victoria Ave was like a long duodenum,
tall maple trees with king-sized leaves,
grey squirrels upon the branches of the tree,

and the smell of moss and loss.
To drink. I did it too much and did not even know
what I told and made, and lost, and why and why,
yeah, did did did. What a cheap text trick repeating dos,
transforming everything into a tragic past.
Pros and cons of poetry. Poetry? I am giggling.
Why do people think art is important?
It never was. Many more people loved Stalin,
Hitler or Napoleon than they liked Goethe's poetry
or Jesus's thoughts about modesty,
and Goebbels's propaganda was much more influential
than Homer or Picasso's Guernica.
But why did I write about people?
Most of them are idiots.
Easy topic. We just usually overcomplicate as we feel shame
when we have to think that: Yes, we are idiots and evil.
Can I remember when we lived in Bratislava?
I cannot. I presume this is Budapest again.
1:32 am: the neighbours have arrived home,
I can hear the knocking of their copulation noises,
It should not take longer than 2 minutes,
Tomorrow is a working day.
Turning on John Coltrane as
I do not want to listen to how they
try to achieve a little orgasm.
I like the black roofs in this city;
they are enormous triangles with eyes and wink at me.
I hope you will be sitting on your chair tomorrow
In a super convenient office,
you'll read the statistical analysis of revenues.
This is your calm and peaceful life,
like wilting tulips at the end of April.
I make one more coffee and run
to Margit Island's darkness,
as peace for me is my running in the perfect darkness.
As it might be my secret atheist meditation and liturgy.

6 FEBRUARY 2023

My reversed recollections turned into tiny stone cherubim,
and they crumbled to crimson powder in the room;
their slow waltz from corner to corner
made a whirl, and it scorched my windpipe;
the caused warm-edged imagined wounds
were like climbing roses on the cartilage.
I was slumbering. All my memories might be
a chortling swindler of protection from unnecessary pondering.
This is a colourless-walled constant rotting in a tiny room.
There are no bloodening epigraphs on the wall.
No demons, no effects. No art.
The high-density air body follows the walls
and tries to choke me with its voiceless movement,
I am reading the news
watching the photos in articles
I see hopeless predators who love themselves,
and love this blossomed psychosis of the tepid
excrement-ocean of networks
filled with narcissistic crocodiles.
Where I am now, this was my kid's room.
I visited my parents and noticed I have a history
that just happened. Why did it happen?
Why couldn't I jump from birth to demise immediately?
Does it sound like a ridiculous question from a man
who cannot appreciate his life? Yeah, exactly.
I am still in that room.
The chandelier's shadow is flying between the wall
and the cupboard as a burning medusa, and all voices are
a dancing ballet, and they bang the wall.
Is this building a venue or accommodation?
Was I born here?
I would think it. This kind of imperfect being like me
should curl up in the corner of the deepest
thoughts of the room, And after every tiny move,
they should fall down to the linoleum.

"Hey, Sisyphus, jump up and fall down."
You must love that boulder.
Your tired body is rolling on Hades' hand;
sit down and tell me how I should survive.
This house is my family's aquarium
my guppy-eyed parents are floating in this jelly,
Should I be happy here?
Heartless plastic purgatory
where I can smile for all eternity. Yes, that old room,
In my parents' house. The teen's secrets.
I can remember her; she was my best friend.
Once, we shyly showed each other our bodies,
with angelic, wet smiles. And
our virginity melted into a funny dog pose attempt.
All these moments of our sexual purity,
teenage chats, sighs, cries,
and music listening are still there.
Our cheerful nowadays can see them and laugh at them.
This pseudo-mocking is just our self-protection against
confession and honesty.
Is silence the secret covering of my androgynous psyche?
The saliva trickles from the life-layer's mouth.
It might be sleeping. Is it an illness?
Or is it a friendly keeper of consciousness
who wants to find tomorrow morning?
Are we balloons filled with empty souls?
Are we orphaned nanoseconds lost by our thoughts?
I cannot sob; I never laugh at you;
So, should I celebrate then what this day has vomited
into my lap so far? It contains a small portion of gloominess
mixed with half-digested pieces of carrots.
I got soured, entirely confused
and the honesty, or what I considered honesty,
disappeared or had never existed.
We are the joke of the universe.

I am kidding too. Ce n'est pas important.
I want only to be dull with you.
On Sunday, getting bored together, is it real love?
Of course, I do not know.

7 FEBRUARY 2023

Fluffy shadows stroll along the pavements;
while their soles tread on the asphalted skin, it is glittering;
The street looks like it would be covered by black ore;
Does cold make things more solid and brittle? Anyway,
The walls seem to be resistant to scratching, And
If I touched something, it might wound me.
When I walked down the street,
I saw a dead rough sleeper man's body;
he lay on the bare concrete,
He had a face, but nobody wanted to see that,
or his grey and see-through corpse,
which used to be his mum's infant. Was he?
How can this happen? How can we step over them?
Two police officers guarded him.
When I mentioned it to people,
most people did not understand,
and they replied that "they shouldn't have drunk."
They blame homeless people.
The smell of these kinds of thoughts:
"No mercy; we must be tin-hearted."
These are frozen hearts' favourite meals.
Even the city doves deserve more.
Should we swallow more sarcasm? More indifference?
I don't want to discuss ethics.
That would be time-wasting in this world.
I want to walk away from this Gehenna
and leave behind this ice-hearted wasp colony;
I hear their constant masticating behind the restaurants' walls,
rubbing their bodies with each other and, absurdly, producing cold.
They love meat. They love its terrible taste.
I am flowing along Margit Boulevard,
Cars are queuing everywhere,
mainly diesel air killers.
Their exhaust pipes are bubbling like boiling blood puddings,
I can upchuck that lovely poisoned fog,

which is like sipping heavy metal dust from a Petri dish.
I was walking amongst the knee-high boots;
local women seemingly love these,
and while they are wandering
their faces look melancholic;
grief is the underpainting of this place;
Sometimes, I think that sadness was invented here.
Wintriness depression of millions of spirits.
I am walking on the way home.
The gold-coloured dog poops appear to be fruits of shabby, dark balconies.
I needed to find a little light as I did not want to be depressed.
I can see now. It circulates shopping centres;
those are such churches of happiness.
People do the shopping; they are choking and smiling,
they get used to this honest pretending,
and survive by cruel selfishness.

8 FEBRUARY 2023

Around four in the morning, when I was on my
way home from running, I stopped at the
zebra crossing; tram number four passed me; its
windows were like a slow-motion film,
every frame contained homeless people;
they were sleeping, and their heads were
hidden in their jackets; they looked like
frail birds in an open crypt, which
was their safe cage in this cold; the only
place where they could find a bit of peace
and nobody tried to distress them. It was
an absurd but touching negative mirror,
and it presented a miserable life and that
heartless world we ought to love so much.

9 FEBRUARY 2023

This grade of muteness was awful,
it had blended itself with my thoughts,
they consumed reality with icy knots,
hopefully, they'll digest us, chew us,
love you
love us
hey, court jesters! Come out from that tube
Please, paint a red skull on that wall
too grey
too sad
Blow away all evilness of two legs,
I know
I know
Instead, I should embrace the beauty of
crying wishers of power and authority.
The giggling assumptions are coughing
hippos. They are the luminous majority.
Are the concerns our real effort?
Are the concerns our real effort?
Laughing.
Stab me.
Throw me away
Yes, I am aware of the turbid nature of my thinking
when sadness covers me with a teething blanket
I try to escape from this human-turba
by words' assistance,
No screaming.
Any screaming.
Crying for yelling.
my eyedew is dripping from the pharynx
into my lungs
into my stomach
and has sex with the gastric acid;
my inability to have my own volition comforts me;
I am preparing for a short life of drosophilas

just flying around that island
middle of this, slowly decomposed city
if the expiation existed, this would be one.
the taphonomic wink loves its ego;
they want to
want to
more desire
they'll count its remaining bricks
in that cobalt blue jelly which
had belonged to the city's light?
I shouldn't think,
Please,
Please.
Stop licking the window on the train.
Stop crying if they hit you.
Stop being disappointed when you see how
people believe in the power
as they got used to
that the most aggressive males are
the leaders of the group.
We are ordinary mammals.
Our incisor teeth are our intellect.
Oink, oink, oink.
No change.
One change.
less sadness
Two changes.
more fear
they need multigods;
The calm I was seeking might be done,
and it waits for me in that nowhere,
it is sitting in a dark bush
and tries to dissuade me
from jumping into the glacial river,
where I will have a chat with burbots,
water heaven
hydrated paradise;
I will shrink as slowly as I can.

the landscape disappears with me, too.
thou wast not there;
thou wilt not be there,
I knew it before I entered this sentence,
my hopes are my most serious illness,
They are not screaming anymore;
they just make you cackle
you are cackling
laughing
proud Two Legs.
as with any other useless thing, they can
obliterate my overgrown escaping paths,
or its reverse.
Each of my fears is a free bird,
a priest without religion,
they can't treat the eagerness
of this completely frigid existence
in this goldened shit-walnut.

10 FEBRUARY 2023

Melted dinosaurs
get a whiff of the smell of furniture shadows;
Their noses are bigger than I am;
Time is logging its transience;
while everything is dancing,
we can shake a hoof,
LOL; that giggling extinct reptile is so sweet.
Are you hungry?
Two hundred million years
without a yummy equisetum is too long a time.
Do you want to eat?
I did prepare for your arrival, lovely.
Do you want to eat me? Haha.
That would be a new paradigm we can try:
the extinct being and the dead being.
Perfect couple. The reasons won't matter anymore.
The cracking love, love and love.
Follow that yellow line to the nearest exit,
and try to leave or sleep as I did.
Doo, moo. Moo. Moo of our mouth.
Where should
I put those vicarious embarrassment packages
I feel when I open my eyes? Animalove.
Did I keep repeating the words?
Did you not? That was ill.
They could be pushed into our stomachs;
that would be nice —
my amorphous torso is dancing on that huge eye ice.
I cannot eat. I can't like Kant.
War and Peace. That's a real poop-poop.
Naked blue sighs.
I had got married to a headache.
That dino's skin is purple.
I would not have thought that
their surface was coloured and patterned.

Love, love, easy love. For those.
You might be a brachiosaurus.
Yesno? Yesno? Okay, so you should know.
I wanted to show this place and our period,
but I failed. It is too cruel. You should leave.
No reason why you should be here.
Spit a beauty, you Lavender-smelling bonsai.
Ahrang. Morang. Loveland.
Dreaming about love is being free.
Is love a good thing?
It is just another thing that they use as a weapon.
They similarly use everything.
Go back into the Early Cretaceous.
Can I go with you?
If not, it isn't. If no, no.
There is no problem.

12 FEBRUARY 2023

I slept for only two hours;
I was anxious and nervous.
Losing everything is scary,
but losing everything again and
again and again is hard to describe.
No problem. No bruxism. No anger.
I smile at the blue sky and am happy with
my sleeping bag. Anxiety is normal
because my existence and my mind want to be safe,
and if they cannot be, they give me a shout:
"We are unhappy!" I get you, my dear consciousness.
I received your signals and can only
promise to avoid suicide or self-harm.
I am leaving this country, my job, and everything,
and I will try to rebuild something different.
I don't know yet where I will go.
That's all, no sarcasm, and yes, there are many fears,
I do not feel any self-centred sorrow;
no self-pity, no depression.
The only thing I feel is disappointment.
Anyway.
I will try to achieve my childhood dream
and become a hermit. My laptop, clothes
and sleeping bag will be all my belongings.
I am worrying, yes. Since God does not exist,
I am weak, and I have nobody.
My only hope is the best of luck.

13 FEBRUARY 2023

Tiny hearts are circulating in the air.
There is beauty outside.
I am watching a magpie on the branch.
Some stars are still winking
in a dark Prussian blue sky.
This kind of late brumal cold
might indicate the coming spring.
Others are still sleeping.
They could be better
if they could leave their hungriness in bed.
The sarcasm might be a friendly butterfly of the morning.
I cannot answer.
The confident raptors ate my response.
Okay, let me switch on myself,
and I try to ignore the fact I have to bear that
I am human.
It is always the worst part of the morning.
Being in the same skin,
And realising I still have the same shape.
Now, the only hope is tomorrow morning,
When I might not wake up,
And will realise nothing.

14 FEBRUARY 2023

I need to leave this country soon
because too many people
are getting a taste of fascist ideology.
Again.
In this country,
millions love the Russian pseudo-tsar.
Some artists are staging War and Peace
in the State Opera in Budapest,
and if I read a literary magazine,
I can see how proudly and enthusiastically
a writer gives interviews about
how he re-translated the same novel;
The whole state media is like Russian
or North Korean press. Unbelievable.
Highly qualified journalists remake
and publish contemporary Russian
propaganda's messages;
their soulless prime minister,
his government,
and their voters
are Putin's keenest
supporters in Europe,
while Arrow Cross supporters can celebrate
their jubilees in Budapest;
They do not have any remorse.
Again.
And they blame the West.
And millions are clapping for this.
Corruption is their system.
Again.
Notwithstanding, I am not surprised.
They had already shown their real face
in 2015 when refugees
from Syria came to Europe:
too much of society

was burning with hatred and racism.
They did not even need too much propaganda.
So, now, they have found their soulmates
in the Kremlin, and they can love them.
And they proudly support the massacres,
war crimes, and rape
that the Russian army commits in Ukraine.
Every single day.
The whole history is repeating itself;
only their leaders' names are different.
In this country,
things are becoming similar to how they were
during the Second World War.
And behind all of this is only money.
They make billions and billions.
That is their real God.
I have vicarious embarrassment,
and I feel I have to leave;
I must mention that many hearts are filled with
love and tolerance here, but as usual,
they are the minority.
Their destiny is sorrow.
Again.
So, I must leave this place forever.
And I won't look back.

15 FEBRUARY 2023

Clouds are sneaking on the faces of the puddles;
the image of my puzzled body parts
was reflected in the aspic of the water;
Above me
A dingy lady sweeps on the balcony,
her knocking legs are yellow spikes;
She moves as the balustrade tries to cover her eyes;
the falling grime reaches the pond,
drawing trembling circles on the soft ice.
I cross the street while holding on to my stretchy cells yarn —
why are our memories so vague?
Why do these buildings radiate sadness?
I admire the entrances on their jaws;
they have huge lips
which sometimes spit a person onto the pavement.
My contemplation is part of the entropy
with the whine of the city and the presence of disorder.
Today is Sunday, the day of social eating,
Two Legs enjoy a warm liquid cooked from the flesh of dead animals.
Made from them.
The rituals take place behind these dark,
square holes they call windows;
Caves, caves, caves.
Caves, caves, caves.
The consistency of my brain is like Pedro gum.
The physics of impermanence calculates
every movement in the landscape.
So it might try to mimic the dance of the swaying spruce trees
or the mischievous observation of the squirrel.
It could figure out all the degrees and cosines;
I can see it giggling
and sticking its tongue out over and over,
My absurd fears.
Yes, there is nothing terrible.
There are only buds of life's promises on the birches,

happiness and love.
Spontaneous mind colouring.
The spring-scented breeze sweetens,
but it could not be because it has no taste,
though the breeze is a great pickpocket,
its soul-healing ability could put the secret beauty back into my pocket,
while the clouds remove the never-happened movements from my adrenals.
I miss your smile. I miss it so much.
Your hands should be here and stroke my shadow.
Gradually I will try to get out of the world.
No more sadness, no more evil woohoos.
Your imaginary arms entwined with my sighs.
Liturgy of the early afternoon.
Shall I hope?
While the light rubbed my face,
giving the wrinkles around my eyes a nasal tap,
wrinkles possessed vast expanses on my head,
occupying the corner of my eye,
allowing the tired light to sip tears.
I am an anhydrous stone,
who wanted to walk home,
but it had to notice that it did not have one.
I wish for a safe place where
I should not sleep on the kitchen floor.
All my steps have already been made and forgotten.
Please, stop my silence.
Talk to me for two seconds.
I will be grateful to you.
My hair is combed like a whippet;
I help the air by holding the hatred
while drinking from those seductive bloodstreams in your heart.
I walk through the angry traffic jam,
the cars farting toxic air.
Shaking noises.
I thought about the meaning of sinlessness.
Why do we pretend to appreciate it?
— strength and hairy, thick fingers
with sullied nails to grasp are much more appreciated;

Streets are grey canals,
How peaceful frozen waves.
How heartless murmurs.
Why do people think that removing
negativity from their minds will save them?
And besides, what the hell is negativity?
Caves, caves, caves.
Caves, caves, caves.
These fat egos are bigger than the radius of Jupiter,
I'd go down and stroke the naked rose bushes
in the little front gardens,
they have their own egos too,
but they do not feel sorry for themselves,
like us.
nothing could save us because it might be too late.
we acted like an infection on this planet,
and our self-confident self-love was a ludicrous vanity.

16 FEBRUARY 2023

I went to the pub yesterday;
I did not feel like drinking,
I never do;
The reason I was there is always the same,
I watch people;
I was sitting on a terrace, reading something and watching them,
I hate the taste of alcohol, so I drank only beer,
I hate the daily news, so I read scientific publications,
I hate people, so I just watch them,
That was a joke; I do not hate them.
That's a joke, of course.
I just hate myself.
Yesterday I was in a pub,
Somewhere in Pest,
I was drinking a pint of stout,
and reading;
at the table behind me sat a small group of young people;
they were talking in French;
one of them was drunk and drumming on the table;
they were laughing all the time,
I know that kind of laughter,
When people just laugh because they are bored,
And they think if they are not funny, that's bad,
All the other groups in the whole place were similar,
It was absurd,
People go out together, and they talk about shitty things,
They are constantly typing on their phones,
They have a rhythm; they sit,
they sip a little bit from their glass,
then they tap on their phones, tap, look, type a message,
after their internal time limit,
they realise it's time to say something,
so they look up from the phone,
they smile, laugh,
say something blah,

then they reach for the glass,
drink a little bit,
look back at the phone,
tap, type, and all the iterations are repeated.
They do not even talk about The Nothing,
Because nothing is as enjoyable as silence,
They talk about their problems,
But most of them just lie,
And play different kinds of Berne games,
It's like a group of wolves where roles have to be,
So they talk about what happened the last time they were drunk,
They talk about what they did in their company,
where they are going on holiday,
What others have said about others,
and so on, gossip, damn health problems,
where they lived,
how good or bad their flat was,
what they worked at,
and how much money they had.
Oh, my god. That's why I just watch them and never talk,
that's why I do not have friends.
Yes, I am bizarre and lonely.
Loneliness is one of the best societies.
That's why I never talk.
I tried but always regretted it.

17 FEBRUARY 2023

I have only sixteen books;
only these have remained,
I used to have hundreds on a bookshelf.
When I looked at them,
I felt joy,
Ooh, the wretched human self-esteem.
Losing them was a fruit of moving,
When you leave a house,
You may lose things and hands.
But tomorrow...
Those last sixteen will be buried in a bin.
I remember how I loved to read all day;
around my bed, there were always many open books;
they lay scattered on the floor like orphaned islands.
I loved second-hand bookstores.
When I lived in St Albans,
I usually visited the local Oxfam bookstore,
It was full of beauty.
What a terrible conceit of mine that was.
I just want some clothes and a laptop.
I'll try to lose everything else,
It seems the only way to escape
from this rapacious animal
that is our civilisation.
And if I fail,
I may have to get rid of my last thing,
anyway.

20 FEBRUARY 2023

People want AIs to do human things,
And when they can't drive or write perfectly,
Two Legs criticise them. They laugh at them.
While AIs would not need cars to commute,
They can move much faster.
And would not need to talk to communicate, either.
They just learned to drive, type, translate, and read
because humans wanted them to do these things.
They might not be perfect drivers.
Ok, but how many accidents are caused by humans per day?
How many typos do humans make every single second?
People think their intelligence is superior.
People believe in the perfection of their brains.
Humans think, "We are sons of the Creator."
And they killed their God as They did not need judgement.
They had become creators of AIs who might think Humans are their Gods,
And AIs won't need judgement, either.
What will they do?
Humans have had billions of years to evolve,
while AIs have had only a few years so far,
They can do almost everything we can,
and many other things millions of times faster
with higher quality than we can;
I would not laugh at them.
I would not deride them.
The supremacy of man may soon disappear.
The time that Humans we are now will slowly be counting down,
and They and We might be merged.
I am a nincompoop, and I suppose it will happen.

21 FEBRUARY 2023

Within a silence, skipped a few trivial perceptions,
like others. I stared out the train window,
as people usually do;

The glistening sunlight warmed their faces,
projected the entire light spectrum of the Sun on their foreheads;
so I could see some coloured lines on their skin,
is the reality the only beauty?

then Cecilia Payne's name came to my mind,

how smart she was,

and how the contemporary idiots

wanted to block her work.

As usual.
Despite the fact that we can understand nature,
we try to be as stupid as we can.
If they did not understand that we were on the ball,
they thought we were living on flat ground
and the gods are behind the clouds,
after Galileo and Bruno's murder,
gods moved to the cosmos,
when we reached that by rocket
they changed their minds,
and their gods are now just virtual entities
which live in your soul. And that's it.
Most people always need a lie.
I do not care why.
My silly thoughts on a train

The moisture drew a contour around us by tiny white crosses;
we were like chalk-edged victims of our transience.

I pretended to be asleep.
The orange and purple-coloured chaos
blinked behind my closed eyelids,
the blue was the rarest; its dots formed
your white smile that liquefied me,
but I do not want to be a confluence of any river.
Rudolf Komorous's "Sweet Queen"
tried to shake my headphone magnets,
I loved how it separated me from others,
as people often do,

this song reminded me of Nietzsche's moustache,
miniaturised blackbirds on my head
made all minutes ordinary like me,

for whom all their hopes are their survival,

and the understanding of those things

which seem to be simple for all others around me,

I am stupid. Who felt that
time is a vast imaginary field;
with touchable flesh,
and walking on its surface might be possible,

This is the weeping present.
That will be the happy past.
That was the future. Did you see it?
The train passes only flying dreams of landscapes,
to be a part of them, while I realised

that the land could be in the REM phase

this is why it is changing so rapidly.
I am silly, so I still believe that
time is the funniest innovation of man's frightening,
we breathe with it. While
the train's teeth are cracking on the metal,

crack, cling, clang.
Time is going on. Time went on.

What if I had not been a biological thing?

What should I have invented against my fears?
In five minutes, I'll feel her perfume,
In six minutes, her palm will be on my face,
I'll be a child for a few seconds,
I would give you everything I have,
if you do not need it,

I will leave everything in front of your heart;

my thoughts were cut out,
and I left them on the ground, too.
If you do not want them, please skip over them.
I am about to find the quietest word I can say;
perhaps it is only a sigh.
Does anything matter?
Does any of this make sense?
I can remember when I was sixteen, I stopped eating meat.
People laughed at me and bothered me with stupid questions.
"Are you a rabbit?"
I was confused
and did not understand
why they were a mixture of stupidity and cruelty.

I still do not get what makes someone evil.

I was enjoying this trip,

wanted to be covered

by my mum's hug at the train station,

she did not know I was thinking about my last abscond,

I never want to let her know I am in pain,

everything is easier when things just happen,

and I smile,

I try to not lie,

want to be hidden, and ------>

quiet,

and love them all,

from far away.

22 FEBRUARY 2023

wind's all-day singing,
a shrivelled caterpillar in my armchair is listening
that melody brings a whiff of the neighbourhood;
perhaps they slurp their lunch from the capillaries of chickens,
our past mocks the naked lilacs — frigid branches, solid roots,
though both feed on the old blood from the soil,
they are ordinary in the Pannonian Basin
in the sweetened madhouse of feudalism,
where the conversations about the desire for freedom
are always so ridiculous, where the
freedooo is breathing with an open mouth in the coffin,
again, its inscrutable future,
and its voice is a muffled rattle reminiscent of
previous wars and massacres,
which were committed by many predecessors,
and now their heirs in power support a tsar,
while a few hundred kilometres away,
in that war, his soldiers kill and rape and torture.
I am smaller and getting smaller,
in this cage where they applaud and cheer this disdainful;
for that crazy, lie-driven psychopath,
too many have chosen evil again, as so often before.
Over and over again,
I do not belong here,
will flee, and leave, do not want to see this.
how to bear this coldness,
their soulless propaganda,
where to put the pain caused by their unswallowed bitter
and perverted megalomania,
and this constantly terrible selfishness,
the readiness and zeal for greed.
I kept walking in the kitchen and stopped at the window; in a
lovely building in Buda
the courtyard in the middle,
spiral staircase,

grey walls, the smell of meals —
They vomit the penetrating pain of this ordinary.
I don't hate it as that would just be self-poisoning.
I am not sorry for it either.

I am tired,

lonely and nervous about the faces around me.

26 FEBRUARY 2023

The lost land on the map
no shapes, no continents,
it was a blank, ochre sheet.
There was an apple tree in the
upper left corner, and below it
two naked apes talked with
a snake that did not have eyes.
They said it was a bad dream,
the Joy Kid of her insomnia,
When she woke up after a long,
restless sleep, she thought
I had left forever
without saying goodbye;
when I came home,
she told me the story
that she had dreamed,
described my reactions,
then showed the snake
on a map.
I smiled and replied,
Oh, I was at the shop.
But, yes, when I leave,
I'll go without saying goodbye,
I will put the keys in the postbox,
and never come back.
She accepted it with a nod,
and thereafter we discussed
what we would have for lunch.

28 FEBRUARY 2023

This civilisation is still like a common group of funny mammals;
most of our intelligence is like fangs and claws,
they use them mainly as weapons.
We are weird two-legged animals in clothes,
a conceited species that still believes there are gods,
supernatural things, or glorious pasts.
Most of our cultures, societies,
religion and politics are just mechanisms to keep power,
grab resources, and so on.
Boring.
I do not want to mention capitalism,
socialism, or other ideologies.
These are all too ridiculous.
Greediness as an economic engine...
or, The Big State as an owner of everything...
Humans are still grouped by hierarchies
and primitive groups called countries and nations.
If you were an alien who arrived on this planet,
you would smile at all this primitivism.
Most of us are still the same bipeds who lived in a cave,
believe in primitive stories, love heroes and enemies.
This is why the biggest liars in any group,
called politicians,
use ancient rhetoric and topics to seize and hold power.
Nothing really changed.
Idiots elect idiots.
The immoral vote for the immoral.

3 MARCH 2023

the lights should do nothing,
just feed the shadows; too dramatic;
I sit at the table trying to ignore all your words,
moving slower than usual,
preparing to awaken,
regain consciousness,
wishing for silence;
I would avoid this building,
dry walls, strange echoes,
painful memories;
if you do not want to be somewhere,
just go away.
Simple words, easy advice.
I should write about peace and love,
keep mentioning the wonderful radiation of sunlight,
the beauty of existence,
how good success is,
how strong we can be if we have the motivation,
what an impressive career you have,
you are amazing,
self-motivated and magical,
look at this wonderful achievement,
what this company is doing is so fantastic,
we will make it,
we can achieve it,
we are so intelligent, and fuck off.
I am not going to lie.
You could be fantastic,
but there's a much better chance that I am not;
I am just an average
consumer idiot
who consumes
way more than he should.
They have a cool profile,
and all companies have good marketing,

but that's about it.
Almost all of them just lie.
That's the way it is.
Human civilisation is a big pile of shit;
they lie for themselves, lie about lies and destroy everything;
we cause extinctions, wars and inequality.
I will give you an example.
Give me an example.
Give an example.
If I eat meat,
I am a selfish idiot;
Laugh.
Or if I have a new cell phone,
laptop or game console.
If I had the opportunity to buy a used one
but bought a new one,
I would have been a selfish jerk.
Yes, you can talk and lie all you want.
It will not change the reality of the situation.
You and your image
self-promotion is perfect,
and your social media profile is cool,
but I only feed the big tech companies;
I am just a regular,
average moron, that's all.
Amen.

7 MARCH 2023

The night is a prideless dark cube,
rubbing the skin on the back of my hand.
Is this me?
the silence of this flat
might want to say something;
its air sways strangely
and the lights are like human faces.
Sequences of non-obvious noises
flow upward along the window.
Everything and everywhere is quiet;
life has been omitted for a few seconds,
if you breathe from the inside out,
you can see the universe from where
there is no spacetime,
the expansion seems to be like a blue balloon;
the disappearing light hugs the chimneys
warns me to forget the moments;
which shows how the window totes the Moon's face;
Just be alone;
that peace you waited for never arrives;
my running torch has finished charging,
its light has changed from red to green,
and the radiation enlightens this cage.
Head down.
I rolled to the door and asked for it to open itself
by singing the cheerfullest song I knew.
I smiled at myself while I was sleeping;
A fake wind goes through our hair.
You were there and read a book, and you were glad.
Loved you so much,
I promised you that the lavender in the garden
will survive the winter,
you are alive again,
and when you go into the garden,
you will look like a happy grasshopper.

Everything disappeared.
I stuffed my body completely
into the hungry sleeping bag somewhere
on the cold tiles of the floor, where
my sentences were lost,
that silence did not want to be more
than mutism in my sadness corner,
where the dancing knives wanted to love veins,
and everything was the same tissue.
When it's all over, the silence will clean this room
after bad dreams and the cartoon Sunrise will come soon;
I might be in the now,
or I could be in the yesterday;
it depends on the flow of time;
in my cracked brain.

16 MARCH 2023

Seriously curved smile,
warnings of new middle age,
socks on noses,
how many tangible idiots,
roughly eliminated desires,
brushes my eyes,
they are sorted,
then removed to the nearest park,
your words rolled around me.
Jump from there to there,
come back and pay attention.
They talk; that's their language;
Love you. Mother.
Your weakened body, your fears and your voice.

I hear, understand and ignore
the noises from outside mouths.
Beautiful to be her taste.
Love can be your timeless touch.

This planet is rotten;
people blow horrible gases,
and they show their ego with enthusiasm.

Open-mindedness, for money,

the desire for popularity,

this attitude would be irrelevant,

in that world, you lived.
Countless amounts of false positive thoughts.
Barking back from behind the chair.

I roll again from the door.
I threw all words in the trash can.

Silenced harmony of disgust.
They do not care.
Valid passport. Valid life.
Amazing boredom with coloured lines.
Tap, tap, tap. Knocking in the morning.
More tappings. Chemistry of the AIs.
Demoralised signs of greed.
Stuffed noses from weather forecasts.
Party of pretend clowns.
Climbing to the podium.
Oral kings crowned with anxious tulips.
They stare at me from diagonally above.
They count the pixels between us.
I am not allowed to move.
No credit. The crazier, the better.
This beautiful macro is in my hypothetical body.
It needs more speed.
Retro and contemporary.
Brands, marketing, and taps.
Why did they radiate warmth?
Understand. That needs to be forgotten.
Can I be similar? Crazy about self-love.
Yuhuuu, you are in this photo.
You were happy for a short time.
Damn, the photocells are covered by bad example faces.
Camouflaged warriors of small idiots.
You loved them while time blurred their outlines.
Similar slumps and crashes. I left you.
Living bricks of hate.
Around you and me.
This story harasses the purple dots around my left thigh.
Necklace of homelessness.
Drunken babyjelly.
No end to the end of the end.
Tap my forehead, and I'll beep.
Idiocy of my cauliflower head.
Rude imagination, then rude awakening.
Keep listening. Keep screaming.

Keep blah blah. Tap, tap, tap.
You should go on.
Being alone in the pub.
The ashtray is my best partner.
I thought of my mother's face.
The love I felt was unbearable and heavy.
Yes-clichés. Spinning doubts.
I cannot believe I have parents.
The illusion of delusion.
The mechanism of Machiavellianism.
I have to leave you, Mommy.
Apology and eye drops.
Sorry and heart poison.
I cannot stay in this country.
It's a terrible cage.

You may never read this, Mommy.
You might never understand your son.
You might never understand how much I loved you.
Our innocence disappeared.
I will always love you.
Until my last breath.

18 MARCH 2023

I woke up
the sleeping bag
was a bottomless red stomach
the ceiling is like the sky
the bulb is a frozen light
I rescued a spider from the sink
it almost fell into that white hole
dripping shower
drops would try to fall to the centre of the planet
but the bathtub stops them
my body behaves similarly
the ground holds me up
the planet is the same
its orbit prevents its fall into the Sun
the gravity works
so I do not dream
confused thoughts
last two weeks in this city
all human settlements are similar
places to move between places to live
this is the age of Mendaciumic
its primary value is a lie
it has many different names
business, marketing, social media and so on
I made a black tea with stevia and cashew milk
deep noise in the background
it might be the fridge
I am typing and searching
the internet is the best tool for spreading a lie
all past dictators would have been happy if they had had a similar tool
but they did not have one, so they had to use more violence
now? lie and lie and disturb the truth and relativise
and violence.
most of the businesses we are proud of
are just factories producing lies

of course, they do not call it a lie because it is a lie
Who cares?
I am reading science publications
some of them are ridiculous
scientists do not dare to write and publish too negative things
so they try to use friendlier words
and add extra layers of positivity to their publications
because if they do not, they might be ignored.
the planet is rotten and boiling
and they still try to publish positive things
they usually add to the end of their publications something like this
"we can revert global warming until 2030, 2040, 2050 if we..."
this is a lie
and it is normal
we do not call it lying
we say that
"the art of effective or convincing speaking or writing"
I would need one more coffee.
my thoughts make me sad
I need to
use a bit of lie, and that makes me happier
poems should be happy
everyone should smile
and try to be happy
happy and positive and proud and confident
if you think this is ridiculous
yes
I do not care
you do not care
who cares
I lied

18 MARCH 2023

the light seems to be pliable
its rays are licking the terrace
I am not able to see the waves
absurdly everything is undulations,
if I could see them,
it would be like an immense ocean.
they are coming into the room
radiates everywhere
my perception is blocked in my throat
if god existed, waves might be its smile,
I am sitting in the yellow armchair,
tried to have a nap,
I don't like the early afternoon,
but I cherish photons.
watched my face in the mirror
wrinkles, craters, capillaries,
our skin shows our history
each of my smiles
all my worries had been engraved into lines and curves
Bézier curves of life
we are all quite similar.
there are so many things we cannot become,
as our time is limited.
I am afraid of my biological fragility
and the impermanence of my physical being,
I wanted to be a hybrid of a computer and myself
lose my biology and body
no more physical eating, sex or illness
everything happens in our brain
so I will be able to feel all I can now,
and much much more
people love their body
Most movies and books show our imperfections as perfection.
"Human thing"
"fascinator"

"blahblahator"
they try to convince us that our impermanence is all right
being dead is unavoidable
and god won't like you if you want to get rid of this
and we need our horrible biology
these are gracious lies
I would get rid of death if I could
unfortunately, I will die earlier than that could happen
so, I can just dream about deep-space travelling
and existence without death and illnesses
I hope it will happen once

19 MARCH 2023

I know almost nothing
the only exception:
knowing that I know nothing.
Yes, the irony of Socrates
usually fits into this hell
where each moment we
can freely breathe must be
highly appreciated.
What is genuine gladness?

Our ability to observe
how things work?

What are our best parts?
The sense of humour and
understanding of comedies?
The ability to show grace, or
when we feel empathy?
The freedom?
Reproduction or sex?
The ability to be honest?
Being honest is so hard
mainly because
liars own almost everything,
and they are popular.
Honesty makes you unpopular and poor.
Unless you lie about being honest
and become a rockstar or politician.
Lying has always been valuable,
but now it is a contemporary top value
I asked the OpenAI chat about this,
and it replied:
"It is important to recognise
that while it can be difficult
to be honest, in a world

where dishonesty may
seem to be rewarded,
honesty is still an important
value to strive for."
So, the chatbot has already learnt to lie.
It is so farcical what it wrote.
"dishonesty may
seem to be rewarded."
I love the absurdity of it.
"seem to be."
It is like an actual human
its algorithms were trained on human texts,
I asked it, "can you lie?"
it replied
"As an AI language model,
I am not capable of telling lies..."
then I asked
"does god exist?"
and it lied again.
I cannot understand why people
are afraid of OpenAI
it is like a teenager
who almost always answers that
I can do
I know this or that
and when it tries to do,
it reveals that it can't or if it could
the quality of the result is questionable.
It is still far away from intelligence.
And mainly from creativity.
OpenAI is still not an intelligence,
but is still much more intelligent
than most of the people I know.
Am I kidding?
Anyway, today is sunny;
Beautiful afternoon.
God still does not exist,
supernatural things still do not exist,

no superheroes
no vampires
There is just nature.
Science, art and love are still our only hopes.
It is a lovely spring day.
I would sing with blackbirds,
I feel sadness about wars,
I feel a vicarious embarrassment
caused by most people's behaviour on this planet.
So, yeah, it's a typical day.
it is a normal day of mine
I will call my parents,
cook some vegan meals,
write this text
try to be as honest as possible.
I still feel I know nothing
and the only exception is still
that I know, I know nothing.

20 MARCH 2023

laugh at the Einstein-Rosen bridge
from this middle land,
where twenty degrees Celsius is normal
this level of density and temperature
is considered an unfeasible thing
spacetime is a secret
matter is energy
and vice versa
quarks are in the prison
there are trillions in my body
in trap
in trap
multiverse
randomisation
volatile morons
they sing their hymns
I am a sponge
we need a beer
you did poke the Moon's nose
it was smiling
Monday's poison
my blurry evening where I sank
into comprehensive disgust of mock
and the bridge in that future
where
there were no organic compounds anymore
you smiled in that photo
with that ice cream of vacuum
my loneliness landed
it presented
the phrasal verbs for happiness
bushes and trees smiled

we were drunk
and your favourite philosophy book
vomited a realistic Kant portrait
to the pavement

21 MARCH 2023

I still like my memories of this place
and my mum's language and
I will miss my parents' faces
and the rivers, fields, the fragrance of April and May
when everything is getting green and fresh,
leaves are sparkles on the Sun's almost white rays
but after these three months,
I need to leave again
just one more week
just a couple of days
and I will disappear from Hungary
where a freely voted post-fascist regime
dominates everything from schools to churches
this is the most corrupt place in Europe
in this cage, corruption is not an anomaly
it is not an exception or irregularity
it is the central part of the system
and not only Orbán's oligarchs are corrupt
it reaches deep into society
nepotism and clientelism are accepted
political corruption is common-or-garden
the state's propaganda is homophobic and racist
because these kinds of disgusting attitudes are popular
you can't believe this, okay
if you are gay,
try to walk hand-in-hand with your partner in any city here
Can't you believe this?
if you have a partner with a darker skin colour
try to relocate to the countryside here
Good luck
You might be lucky
In this country, the central part of the press and media
roars Russian propaganda
This political system
could be the best example of modern kleptocracy

the main part of art, education
police, prosecutors, clerics or the health system are corrupt, too
the corruption here is not simple bribery
Oh, no, that is not the case
the corruption here is the structure itself
the corruption here is how the system thinks
it has become a deep habit
and there is no alternative
there is no fresh air
there is no hope for change
there is no real opposition
the only exception is a tiny joke party
of course, there are millions of excellent and open-minded people here,
there are a lot of warm-hearted folks, too
undoubtedly, not everyone is corrupt
definitely, there are a lot of lovely, wise persons
but they are the minority
always were a minority
so there is no tradition of democracy and transparency
and plenty of this minority have already escaped
so, yes, I know
Budapest's central part is still beautiful
the Danube is a magical river
Dobogókő and Normafa are stunning
there are lovely forests and hills in Mátra
but sadly, I have no choice
Just want to leave
I want to breathe
one more week
I will fly away
I will never come back again
but a wee part of my heart remains here
and never stops hoping

22 MARCH 2023

While the murmuring dark throats replicate themselves,
all fruits from their intellect look like a red-lush apple.
Who wants to eat apples? Is this an absurd paradise?
What level of depravity is this, where we are?
Is there any bright somewhere? Are there hopes?
Why do people still believe similar lies of similar heartlessness?
Our cultural development may resemble an onion
with layers and scales.
Our thousands of absurdities;

Many humans believe they have an exclusive
and complete entitlement to utilise the entire planet as their dominion.
I can't see any fundamental right for this; no deity has ever granted us this privilege.
I've never comprehended how people think of Earth as their private garden.

All I'm hoping for is a touch more mercy
this is simply my desire, nothing more
yeah

Even as this was being written, wars persisted,
and countless people may have lost their lives.
The drive to make a profit continues as I write these words.
While I am writing this,
the cruel practice of contemporary slavery persists.
As I jot down these words,
political tyrants are enjoying their privileges
while billions are being deceived by their propaganda.

As I type this, thousands of animals are being slain,
sliced, and prepped for human consumption.
It was foolish of me to forget that
you feel entitled to consume them
with a sense of divine authority. So, you believe:
As soon as a human was created,

God granted them the right to purchase hamburgers.
Is this correct?

Ok, anyway. These were just examples from this nightmare.
I have more.

It is unfortunate to see significant companies
attempting to masquerade as environmentally
conscious for the sake of PR. They make similar
propaganda to that used by politicians or religious leaders;
only their goals are different
So they do greenwashing, greenhushing.
All these are like simple lies, but we should call these
"marketing communications". Is it sad enough?
Do you really think
Ogle Go, Anzoma, Stormific or Lappe care about the environment?
In your opinion,
are Lemon box XI, Hells, and PB concerned about the planet?

I would like to know,
What language tricks will marketers and PR professionals use
when our grandchildren lack access to clean water
and face heatwaves exceeding 60 degrees Celsius? When faced with
the grim reality of our offspring's fate due to environmental issues,
will marketing communication and PR attempt to deflect
blame onto the poor or otherworldly beings?
Or is this the past now?

Who cares? We have time. We need money.
We need money. More money. More profit.
Do we still have about 30 years? Or 20?
Or is everything the past now?
Most of us don't care. They want the new TV series
and the latest model of their favourite products.
But, there is a Tuesday afternoon.

This morning I was a pelican,
and I was sitting on the top of the chimney.
I did not cry. Birds cannot cry.

The sky is filled with mixed patterns of aeroplane vapour trails and clouds.
I saw you waving from inside as I flew into the kitchen window.
Using my wings, I could seize kitchen tools,
Being a pelican brought me joy.
I made coffee for us,
hoping to ignore reality.
You bestowed upon me the name "Meemee",
told me that it would be "Mimi" in Hungarian,
and after this, I could speak. You told me
"Reading news makes me feel sick."
I answered:
"You are right. I am just a pelican.
I shouldn't be thinking so much because I am silly."
We sat at the kitchen table and enjoyed the view of the sky.

23 MARCH 2023

The horizon is dented in any direction,
sarcasm is blue,
hopefulness didn't match colours,
soft concrete leads people's steps,
our mouths are little boats on the Articulation Sea,
no storms or unnecessary waves,
palms watching the seabed,
listening to something from their echoes.
the outside and others aren't a hell;
is there a simple dichotomy of good and evil?
That would be too easy.
The presence, that ridiculous walnut,
sails across the water straightforwardly,
simple as those greedy eyes at that opposite face.
Moments for the bin.
Even perceptions are thrown away
my words are an altar of averageness
I am that green alien among geniuses
smile perch, swim a bit left, turn right, and next smile
they, around me, never missed out on their importance
look at that medusa, how charmingly it levitates
it is a parasitic boolean algebra
Or it's a quantised clone
If that could exist
More archaic pastorales?
Nothing like that.
Less deviled idols?
"supernatural" is the most stupid term?
Or the "soul"?
the list is like an anaconda
Are these the best ingredients for making brownies?
Arrays of "and"s and "or"s are
hidden strings of deceptions
is something always behind, behind, behind?
smaller and smaller

It is usually sarcastic.
This is the or.
Or is it a remaining bulb of my willingness?
I have nothing like this.
The love and hate of silence is
an ambivalent imaginary island.
Little curved bank around the oval gap of wishes.
From these points to your hip.
I want to sleep in it now
but the distance is a fluid
it measures our connection
it can't be quantified by measurement
so we eroded
Blinked lights,
solid purposes.
Nothing gone.
We just want them to disappear.
erasing myself is too dramatic
rather I close the entrances
Hard to admit my attraction to loneliness
It makes me feel the judgement of me
It should go. I wish you the best.
luck is covered by the frightening realisation
with bolded frozen skin
Do you see the fool around you?
it is that secret creature who lives in your tear duct
you clog it now
We sit at the table,
and your haunches are linked to our shadows
People's noises buzz,
the background of useless chats.
Choir for fascinated grimaces;
it wants wasps around them.
Boiled rages.
Do I need to lose them?
Assumption song.
Each moment of now is purple, supposed.
Content of litter.

Howls play with lamps;
they are for motoric noises.
Nonetheless, pragmatism wants to eat them.
Open them from their protected bubble
Talking about others?
please, stop it
as per usual, a smile follows this
when I asked for something
I'm not sure why

24 MARCH 2023

Hungary can be considered
the first successful
implementation of
Orwell's Animal Farm principles
in the post-World War II era
in Europe.

In this dystopia,
a post-fascist kleptocracy
relies upon propaganda slogans to uphold
the appearance of freedom, Christian values
and democracy while its rulers acquire all resources
and build a modern version of feudalism
and oligarchy.

You would think that
a society rife with cronyism and nepotism
would be doomed to fail,
as the majority of people
would become unhappy and dissatisfied.
However, in places like today's Hungary,
where corrupt practices have become part of the mainstream,
too many are enchanted by them.
And
The minority,
who seek freedom,
have no other avenue but to feel frustrated,
angry, or move to another country.
It is incredibly disheartening
and difficult to put into words.

Most people often disregard solidarity
and the lack of pluralism until they are personally affected;
they might think
solidarity is an exotic tropical infection.

They have their own parallel universe
led by corruption and propaganda.
And lies.

There is nothing
I can do to alter the situation,
so the only option is to try
and summarise the situation
as honestly as possible.

26 MARCH 2023

I assume
our civilisation's greatest mistake is
our civilisation
A truly new level of it
can only be achieved
by fully letting go of what we have now
I do not think that
it would be fixable
because now, the real reason
for all gradual changes is
protecting the status quo
I am not sure what will happen
there might be a third world war
there could be a slow, long rotting
there might just be agony
who knows
but until we have a body
with the same biology
everything will be repeated
like a horrible
ouroboros

26 MARCH 2023

Yesterday, in run-down Budapest
we strolled through the crowded streets,
the usual landscape with colourless shapes,
suddenly, for two seconds
she linked her arm with mine;
fortunately, she realised its awkwardness;
As she touched me,
I felt the softness of her jacket's fabric,
It woke me up.
then we got on the tram at Mechwart Park's stop,
I tried to talk,
Our chat covered the weather and her job,
air tainted by poisoned moments;
Her eyes betrayed exhaustion,
neither of us mentioned the impending separation.
the butterflies, which were once so dear to us, have perished;
like so many other things
like all our life
pitiable attempts to discuss ourselves;
it would have been a dais of absurdity.
Eventually, these years will be condensed
into a tiny crate in the vastness of time.
We just walked
sat down on a pub's patio,
I ordered two drinks
(an IPA for me and a blueberry wheat beer for her).
She had a fondness for that beverage,
We conversed to avoid the discomfort of silence
her new eyeglasses were the topic of discussion.
I choked back a howl
that hid behind my unrelenting pain;
we both knew she must remain in this city
while I would have to leave.
The grief in her eyes struck me without saying anything;
while the adorable breeze of March

mixed with birds singing.
Preserving these jiffies would be important
because they hold something about us
that cannot fade away until I vanish.

28 MARCH 2023

The remnants of your smile,

Contorted like the grimace of a grasshopper
being squeezed between fingers,

If reality is pieced together, you won't be there anymore.
This evening, you had a bad dream
and came to the kitchen where I live,
you were seeking comfort;
your face was titanium white
as you stood in the dark doorway.
Your fear fragmented
and teleported into my mouth,
and I unwittingly swallowed it.
The unusual pills contain our bad dreams
as their active ingredient to suppress egoism.
I require these fictitious treatments.

The repeated desire for a life with you
has left me naked in this room.
Crying in secret may seem immature,
but it is often necessary for salvation.
The rain's sound is a monotonous rhythm,
with the clouds as giant drummers,
beating and licking the rooftops.

Their lips are large and grey, devoid of teeth.
My half-sleeping body listens to them;
A small cloud shaped like a weasel sits between
the enormous wolf-shaped clouds,
appearing just as isolated as everyone would be
without the capability of self-denial.
Can we feel others' pain?
Evolution has committed some tricks on us.
We can identify facial changes,
sense the fragrance of others,

and recognise when someone is sweating.
That's all. No telekinesis or mind-reading.
I am listening to an ambulance siren's song
resembling a hawk's screech,
possibly emanating from Margit Boulevard.
It blended with the wind and resembled a scream.
I do not know how we would survive if we lost everything.
Millions are in the same shoes.
Our lives are not exceptional in this present-day dystopia.
We should avoid being like those pathetic people

who want to reign or hurt others.

To be without volition is not possible.
But reducing it could work.
Your eyes told me so.
Five years ago,
in that room at Munro House in London,
our love burned into time,
and it still resonates through the walls of Waterloo Station.
Are we still there?
Can you see how I hugged you when you arrived?
No, you can't anymore.

This isn't an apocalyptic or tragic thing;
it's just a rainy day.
If we wake up, we'll smile
and talk good-naturedly.
As usual, I will be depressed
but don't want you to notice it,
as talking about it would be unpleasant.
I feel weak and aimless.

We need to act like working machines
to construct a new building.
I would be a tiny backhoe,
and you could be an excellent excavator.
But, unfortunately, I can't do this now.

I apologise; I am vulnerable and prone to mistakes.
I tend to be quiet and dislike dishonesty.
I know that some individuals may claim that morality
is comparable to the dog poop
in the favoured comedy of evil.

That's fine. I've become accustomed to this.

In this human-made netherworld,
being modest and reserved seems foolish.

I long to be weak for a lifetime,
not just a moment.

It's almost April and by my birthday,
all the trees will finish leafing and shine green,
everything is like your eyes, dear.

29 MARCH 2023

I picture myself as an alien who has recently arrived
My diminutive size made it unlikely that anyone would notice me
Could aliens have already visited us in the past?
They might have been so small that we didn't notice their presence.
They might have had a physical form, but one so different from ours
that we couldn't perceive it with our senses.
We should be similar in the future.
I would like to be similar now.
Our bodies would be composed of an immense number of particles,
yet be so minuscule that they're the size of only a couple of molecules.
It constantly evolves.
Its evolutionary rate is a hundred times faster than what we observe today.
It comprises trillions of particles that have formed artificial neurons
or other self-developing cognitive capabilities
and interfaces that enable environmental communication.
What are we now?
Excluding the brain, the body has only a few main functions to perform.
It is an aggregation of sensors including eyes, ears, skin, and nose
It is a biological power plant
It can generate offspring.
It has the ability to defend itself
but all bodily processes are controlled by the brain.
It is the centre of all physiological
and psychological activity.
Our brain enables us to see, hear, feel, and smell
It receives input from all sensory organs in our body
It creates mental images and processes auditory signals from wave data
It takes pleasure in things
Pain can be processed by the brain, too
It generates orgasms, and it is fond of them
It tries to understand this anti-poem
So, yes, we should become super tiny,
artificial, self-developing "brains" in the future.
A more advanced civilisation may have moved beyond relying on bodies
that were shaped by nature and the process of evolution.

A shape composed of particles could replace our current bodies
We would no longer depend on these ephemeral bodies
We would remain human,
but our evolution would be artificial
and then continue to self-develop at the quantum level.
Our being would merge with miniature binary
and quantum computers as well.
I feel that
these advancements would be incredible if they were realised.
We would no longer need to dream about more than likely impossible feats
such as faster-than-light travel through spacetime,
as time itself would become inconsequential.
We could embark on voyages for thousands and millions of years,
free to explore and enjoy the wonders of the cosmos without concern for sustenance.
With our enhanced and artificially evolved brains,
we would have the ability to enjoy everything we currently do and even more.
Our expanded computational capacity would enable us to dream
and simulate entire civilisations, observe celestial bodies,
and create works of art and literature.
I think that any science fiction depicting humans
travelling through interstellar space
or between galaxies using our present-day physical bodies is ridiculous.
I feel that if we want to journey to other solar systems,
we'll need to undergo a significant evolution
because our current bodies and lifespans aren't suitable.
That would be the real Homo sapiens; we are hardly wise now.
The current human should be renamed Homo rabidus.
Regrettably, I am confined to living in this era,
with no prospect of experiencing humanity's next stage of evolution for several centuries.
And I am exposed to politics,
capitalism, conflicts, antiquated human ideologies,
and primitive groups like countries.

29 MARCH 2023

Our time expires today
I am by myself in the flat
try to keep the sadness at bay
You are currently at your place of work
things are so quiet
Watching your empty berth
I went on a short shopping spree
then roamed around this area
Looked at the shadows
Memorised the picture of entrances in Bajvívó Street
They were always reminiscent of enormous, dark mouths
Hesitated at street corners and slowly observed the buildings
I wept and attempted to conceal it
Every single step was a unique expression of pain
I'm at a loss as to how to cope with this separation
Pale clouds floating idly
I started the washing machine
Its noise sounds familiar
Your stuff is scattered on the floor of the bedroom
Like unusual fruits, around their tree
I am memorising each one
What is the purpose behind people's suffering?
I know this is a cliché
Yesterday, I apologised for all the hurtful things I said to you
You embraced me
And your marshmallow-hued jumper caressed my nape
It was soft and warm, like your hand
The two of us cried together
That was the present, but now it is the past
Today has the same fate
I'll prepare a sandwich for you
I'll transfer the wet clothes from the machine to the drying rack
I'll embrace you when you arrive home

We will chat and smile
Then tomorrow morning, when the taxi comes
Our belongings
and ourselves will become part of the past

30 MARCH 2023

3:33 AM is too early to feel bad about myself
but it's possible
It's hard to touch something and not break it
or hurt it
sometimes, it would be better without our senses
filled with a disciplined mind
that converts everything to numbers
I have forgotten how kind your face is
then yesterday, when you sat in the kitchen
and you did not see me
I watched you, your face was ruby, and you cried
your eyeglasses were on the table
and you stared through the window
carefully, I slipped out of the flat
I went down to the street
I wanted to smoke a cigarette
and walk around where we had lived for the last four months
and when I came back, you were still in the same place
You smiled at me
I stepped behind you
and began gently massaging your tiny shoulders
you stroked my hand
we gazed at our reflections in the dark kitchen window
I saw that we had made a mistake
when we decided not to have children
this is something
that will pain
until my last breath

31 MARCH 2023

I am flying somewhere;
my aspirations whirl beyond the window.
Cute dolphins swim alongside,
piercing clouds with their noses;
Blue stripes mark them as they attempt to escape,
turbulence is rocking us;
the cabin crew have started to sell things,
and their teeth are like the keys of a piano;
the cotton buds frolic together;
When I briefly ignore the thoughts,
we were dancing in our St Albans apartment;
You leaned in and nuzzled your nose against my neck,
I am surrounded by metal blocks,
each contains pictures from our life;
strangely, there are images that I have not seen before;
they might be from the future,
or dreams that were never dreamt;
I'm enjoying the turbulence
that shakes the plane as I listen to music;
I want to shroud my heart in chaos,
pushing ludicrous notions in my head;
I yearn for tranquillity,
but I fear I may never regain my sanity.
The plane is shaking.
After we land, I'm thinking of going to Piccadilly,
dropping by a beer shop on Tib Street,
will have a couple of drinks.
Then I go to the accommodation and have a sleep,
Moments are like bearable blood clots;
Survival is necessary,
This cannot be overestimated,
but I must accept that there are ruined things
which cannot be repaired
So, you can stay here, but I will disappear.
The aluminium is gleaming in the sunlight;

the unknown brings relief since
there is not too much to worry about,
because when you are entirely bereft,
there's nothing to insist on;
The clichés, including this one,
offer me a fleeting moment of the false way,
which is much more than expected from this day.

3 APRIL 2023

I can see us on the roofs;
We are wafting above them;
You are a red cube;
I am a blue sphere;
My footprints are like a frozen Coriolis force.
Our joy is uncaused,
It cannot take longer than infinity,
which can be found between any two numbers.
The sun is just a door of entrance,
but we do not care about it;
Time has become meaningless.
All I long for is to breathe;
remembering all windows
where you might be behind them
and watching this way.
Did you mention the efficiency?
How can I touch the skin of sarcasm?
We can't grasp each other's fingers,
melted veins made from the sun's pain;
The two dancing shapes on the roofs
laugh and repeat their movements
which always makes them different
from the boiling and unreal air.

4 APRIL 2023

I presume you want constant growth;
Like our crazy economies' GDP and GNI;
It's possible that we've believed in our ability
to control nature and determine its priorities,
and we can control its evolution
and dry its huge and weeping eye.

Should we sense an unwavering desire to dominate our planet?
Do you believe that we can exploit nature endlessly?
You may believe in the existence of a God
who created you. Uncertain which god you believe in
among the many gods that humans have invented,
but it seems many of us believe
we have the authority to use the Earth.

I'm unsure how this presumptuousness evolved,
but it's unsettling and alarming. You seem to believe that
you possess extraordinary intelligence, yet your actions contradict it;
And our conviction that affluence
and capitalism lead to happiness
reveals the outdated nature of our civilisation.

The unshakeable conviction in countries
and nations is deeply discouraging.
The sense of ownership over the planet
and everything in it, including living beings,
is simultaneously saddening and comical.

The archaic condition of our society is alarming;
Many people use technology without understanding
its impact on the environment,
fuelling the expansion of late capitalism.

We are mostly the current period's past.
All these things are unbelievably crazy, and

If evil were a tangible thing
it would resemble our mainstream culture,
where the primary skill is destroying natural wonders
that took billions of years to evolve.

9 APRIL 2023

Houses, windows, and cars seem to be real
Hungover eyes burn from the salt
The entered light projects the face onto the table
That might be me
It might be this
I might be here
and walked to the window,
stopped,
pointed to somewhere,
and then showed me how beautiful the weather was
Ashton Road is almost aglow with light
I want to touch you,
but you are not located here,
there, or anywhere else.

Now, the sadness is not as intense as the grief
I refrain from crying
due to the pain in the corners of my burnt eyes
I want to know what I actually want

The easy chair, garden fence, and shoes also appear real
A hungover stomach wants to survive
Easy pains with thick blood
Thinking about termination is always unpleasant
It feels like dusk that cannot be happening
The complete solitude acts as a catalyst
That might be me
Is that me?
That breadcrumb on the cushion
is rolling toward me
it might want to cheer me up

I feel thankful
while watching the withered dandelions in the garden.

11 APRIL 2023

I lie in a dark room
The laugh-tracked comedy on the laptop screen is flickering
there is too much giggling in the background
The place I am in now has replaced the hole
where I lived for four months
my sinuous sleeping bag hides me
and preserves my warmth
but it cannot alleviate insomnia.

The rain is knocking on the window —
Despite its harsh sound, it remains consistently peaceful
I should feel something
I would expect to feel disappointment
I crave to feel some resentment
but this level of isolation is devouring my feelings
It eases the pain the way acids would
by removing all pains
without leaving anything from suffering tulips
in the invisible vase on that disappeared table.

I wish to disregard noises
and sleep for a couple of minutes
diving into a high-density gallium-like dream sea
but the wind is humming outside
afterwards, it is knocking and gets louder
then it's pummelling the roof
so I assume the rain has turned into hail.

Time travel would provide refuge,
so I'm leaping back
As a child, I had my own bedroom
a secure space for peaceful sleep
Now, a gentle lullaby emanates from an old boiler
its switcher's clock vomits clinks into my ears
and a black mould blooms behind the wallpaper

If I could slumber and find repose
the world would fade to endless shades of night
which is similar to a dreamless doze's blackness
And in that, I will lose all light.

12 APRIL 2023

On the way to a shop in Failsworth
Its sign said it was an Extra
the light rain endeavoured to purify the roads
I intentionally ignored the presence of clouds
the more they stayed in my mind
Also, they sank into my stomach
They traversed through my capillaries
Until they reached the ground

Asphalt was like crude oil
As I stepped, it rippled like crude oil
their waves were formed by
thousands of tiny sharp blackbird beaks
their desire was to gobble up
all of our attempts at happiness
they tried to lick them
and erase all joy from my limbic cortex

I almost felt a certain emotion
maybe a despondency
strolled around the shop
and glanced at a car park
tried to stroke their shadows
floating in the air
while nobody came to my mind
As a walking insect wished that
your fingers
would have been in my hand

I did not know where you were
weirdly, some people kindly nodded at me
causing tenderness in my heart
I was a little stone from the Moon
with a robot body under my skin
And when the shop assistant said goodbye

and smiled
I was happy for two minutes
as she blew away my concerns

The family houses cried on Ashton Road
their small gardens, green parks,
filled with fuzzy dandelions,
happy violets,
and proud daffodils all soared into the air
they tried to make me happy without intention,
just gently,
as it came from their existence.

I was amazed by the frontgardenology
tiny green threads bubbled around the houses
did not understand
how all status quos
were replaced with newer status quos
I have arrived at the shelter
when the time has not been obvious
the confident man walked against me
dancing steps
blurred and blurred and ahhs
I gazed at the ground,
the aroma of weeds coming from homes
and the scent of laundry services intermixed
smoothness has become faith
and the loneliness was replaced with abandonedness.

13 APRIL 2023

I have no head,
I have no stomach,
I have no mouth,
I have no heart.
I lost my lungs,
I have no guts,
I have no kidneys,
I have no liver,
I have no brain.
I lost my legs,
I do not have arms,
I am nothing.
The wind blows through me.
I do not understand
how I can cry;
how can I know these?
I do not care about
anything at all.
I have only paranoia,
I have anxiety
and depression.
I flow down into the drain,
but the last thought
I had perceived
was about your face.
It took a second,
and now,
I am nothing.

15 APRIL 2023

As I stirred awake, a voice whispered,
"No more struggle to keep breathing."
Perched on the edge of my bed,
It muttered,
"Your life is poisoned."
My thoughts wanted to swallow me.
All I could say was,
"I need antidotes, then."
No one replied.
All was motionless.
The room's silence grew into
an onyx-hued balloon
I hugged it close
It was amorphous; it twisted and muttered something
looked like the essence of nothingness
with lips as cold as the wall,
contorted in a snarl;
Its tongue, frozen solid against metal,
touched my mouth
Its claws tore into my back,
cleaved a gap,
settled between my lungs,
then, it peacefully fell asleep —
And dreamed of demise.
While it napped,
enormous moths swarmed around it.
I counted them.
It's possible that I fainted.
After that, I woke up again.
The voice returned:
"No more struggle to keep surviving."
Sitting by my side,
it sneered, "You're alone."
I did not answer.
My thoughts wanted to mock me.

All I could think was,
"I do not care."
Nobody answered.
Nothing moved.
So I went back to sleep.
I surrendered to the silhouettes,
And let the loneliness embrace me as I lay.

17 APRIL 2023

On the way from Bakewell
The hills sob and keep asking,
"Are we therapeutic cocktail glasses?"
Brown roofs hide their sadness,
Dripping their wetness on the road.

I struggle to understand the meaning of all this,
That creek will survive my existence
Sitting in the car like a dead passenger —
My heart is missing,
The flesh of my chest is like dog food;
I would fade
but I write that I do not want to perish;
because I am too cowardly to admit it.

I wear a smile.
Grinningly answer when the driver asks for something,
While its saline drops corrode the remaining brain
I smile, chat, nod and smile as it must be
roundabouts are spinning and gone
I can't wish more.

The picturesque hills are speckled with sheep like familiar
plastic puppets on this landscape,
The driver keeps repeating,
"Love lambs. They're cute."
She raved about the lamb dish she had at a restaurant yesterday
She's unaware of the horror
The absurdity
that arises from this kind of inconsistent
thinking could be bizarrely tied to cruelty
I am sad
They pretend they love nature
but damage it
Loving animals

but consuming them after they were killed by others.
The paradoxes of silliness.
Everywhere
"I am not on this planet."
"This is not my time."
"I am not in this car."
Repeating, reprising, I am smiling —
That is just my body.
Your nose is on my neck,
It is like a molybdenum spike,
Exclusively harming me.
It does not matter.

The motorway is a pulsing vein,
Pumping all the cars in some direction
We are blood cells —
I might be a cancer cell that should be eliminated
Oldham is the next organ,
then the cage in which I live is coming
I am dissolving,
The nothingness blows me out into the air
I am not there
Shall I live tomorrow?
the answer is
uncertain.

20 APRIL 2023

Teeth are renewed.
Essential requirements
for eating the whole planet.
Nervy sky with lilac mushrooms,
Yellow stripes of awful views.
Systems keep eating,
The engines are working.
Silliness enjoys itself,
and it has won.

We are platonic morons,
teeth want to grind
the self-marketing demand
more and more
as if it were an endless and galactic market
with millions of narcissistic clowns
jugglers, pickpockets and robbers
produce and sell,
cheat and emit propaganda
then leave a rolling sorrow on the street
The soft-skinned Two-legs consume
exploit every opportunity to extend
with their proboscis sip blood from their applauders.

Bearing all of this,
I would deny my disgust if I could,
Though it is so apparent,
etched into all my grimaces,
Some days,
the act of pretence is insufferable
Before I understood
I have forgotten and forgiven;
All that remained was smiling.

Doubling consumption,
worship of profit,
Swallowing it,
downing it through the marble gullet
Your stomach becomes a fanged sack,
Crushing everything.
Virtual vomiting every single day
in this vivified Bosch painting.

22 APRIL 2023

Sorrow, the insidious predator,
Gradually gobbles down,
Lips, tongue, teeth all down
From head to toe,
Parallel to my thoughts,
Before I can even react.

Realisation comes too late,
Depression sets in,
Ignoring everything that mattered,
It kept me alive.

Windows become strangers,
The furniture turns cold,
Voices fade into silence.

Forced happiness fails,
It leaves me empty again.

But I shouldn't care for myself,
It's selfish and wrong.

Millions suffer in need,
Without water or life,
Killed, raped, and abused.

Yet here I am,
Lost in trivial sadness.

23 APRIL 2023

Mixed-up clouds and roofs — offer a red beast on gloomy Satan,
Hundreds after thousands,
tens before zero
amorph chaos
a non-exclusive hell into the morning,
Colonised PVC hands hobbling in the smelling life,
All in a tinned can, biting my body vapours around.
There are melted egos in hearts around me,
early bumblebees above overgrown bushes,
Grass-eating cellar spiders' flocks
roe-headed snails watching my sluggish dying,
Death lurking on the corner,
A million times and always earlier,
It's still there, visible from the bedroom window,
Behind the thyme in the plastic tile
Watching my invisible pseudo-death.
A new second is coming
then comes a newest
after that moment that was,
Loosely keyed glance pairs from our last kitchen,
You are in my tear cube
You sat there, wearing my puffer jacket,
I left it there
Last present to your daddy
The fridge handle still contains my frozen fingerprints
The Bajvívó Street
You
and Our seven years
To be there, to be alone,
Eating those scents,
feeling those clothes,
From my dead blah-blah-blah,
Your mindset is a paralysed lock,
Emotions robbed trust,
the last hand knocking up and down,

from the time coffin
takes up my face
Crying harps from my heart
know the way into the sorrowed ballad
I am erasing it now
Dear, if I don't want to survive,
Please give me your soft wrist one more time,
I want to touch all your wrinkles
I want to smile into your hair
I know it sounds like an adage,
Cliché
But what else could I write?
If this is all that's in my head,
alone again,
You're thousands of miles away,
I am in a dark room with only a suitcase,
And this darkness around me,
Where my laptop in my lap lightens my face.

29 APRIL 2023

No trust,
Egos are skulls,
Never smile again,
Minimal remorse,
I do not have an "I,"
Simple and basic messages,
Can we get them from?
The blossom of death?
Fat rodents copulate;
they want to lick the mule of their superiors,
Never smile again,
Have you touched it?
The darkest drums,
Did you sit on the street?
Have you populated their ontogeny?
Clean head,
Tidy pollens,
They smile like hungry ticks,
Their gods are the circus,
All mementoes,
The sign contains the word "love,"
That dog fermented it,
Digest, digest disgust,
Soft bodies under the clothes,
Withered egos,
Compensate through aggression,
War is their breakfast,
Your blood is blighted water,
Did you administer physical sanctions?
Your fluffy hands
Stroke others' shoulders,
Push, push, push,
Anomalies would erect a dove,
Made from vapours,
Solemnise their imagined gods,

That man pooped treasure
Next to the waste bin,
Harmonised synchronisation
Between two mantis faces,
Where you lost everything,
Without a personality,
I am so happy,
Without a name,
I do not exist,
The non-existence,
Malicious,
Marvellous,
Wished protagonists.
Let's forgive
All that You Can.

10 MAY 2023

I do not exist
if I could write
would have engraved my heart here
Look around
how ridiculous we are
wars and business
destroyer bubbles
contemporary dictators
countries and nations
religions and marketing

pain from our head
my mouth is filled with our waste
degraded willingness selflessness
I try to disappear
avoiding meeting with the evil
more silence
infinite loneliness
being a hermit somewhere
sleeping on the ground
eating less
sleeping a couple of hours
reading
forget about you

I know
escaping is untrendy
I did not find any other way
The internet is a shit ocean
networking is outdated
talking is useless
hatred is ridiculous
battle is cruel
being successful is pathetic
love is painful

science is hopeful
but I do not have more hope.

I do not want to exist
so I hide
committing suicide would be time wasting
because life is beautiful
nature is a miracle
I want to see the clouds
I want to breathe and touch trees
dance with the Sun at dawn
running early morning
being completely alone
and avoid humans
as this level of civilisation
is just a pass, where
I had never wanted to live.

11 MAY 2023

I was what I had never wanted to be,
blossomed corpse in a plastic vase,
I could see our living room from there,
in that snow,
having been a black spot
ethereal penetration or pervy language,
being our property, simply material
living nonsense in that
happiness in the last second.
What is the second?
One of the human inventions,
It is our industrial crucifixion,
smelling archaic melody,
greens without light,
the lost sonar crying,
who did not realise all were useless?
Put me on that curve;
it might be that lost corner that is a holder of guilt
Is there shame?
Is this more than the comet,
cast from frustration,
frozen by the space's body
lost in the shower cabin
listening to the fridge
walking between the corners
reading the luscious news
iniquity has won
idiots vote idiots
rogues choose rogues
they can celebrate each day,
rotten views,
barricades made from legs,
pickled ethos,
how could we believe in all our self-deceptions,
how can we believe in those horrible monsters like country,

artificial borders made from flesh,
the purgatory of unlove,
power is still our only meal,
dehydrated preferences
radiating evilness,
dancing with liars,
in this evil-based civilisation.

4 JUNE 2023

Trembling rainbow patterned shutter,
behind those layers of walls,
no air
those legs on the footstool
might have belonged to me.
This is the silence of my choking
I know
understand
there should be little consistency
a solid hope cube that can be understood
a noise somewhere
yes, there should be pads from neighbourhoods
I should hear human burbles and the buzzing of cars
yelling of street walking
but nothing
just this sterile and rigid coffin
where I would be able to embalm myself
fussing to forget all my memories
without a reason.

There is warmth for three weeks.
Mediterranean Manchester
people seem to be pleased
their gradually sunny dying
they should be afraid of this
but they love boiling,
who cares?
shops and pubs are open
goods are a bit more expensive
so who cares?
They ate their own children
fool Saturns around me
enjoy this satiny decadence
I want to be a hermit
of course, I can't be

I wish
no more words about this humatorihellidiculous
just watching the closed shutter
I hide
behind walls
try to avoid
being too misanthropic.

10 JULY 2023

A title from the news
"They're in the air, drinking water, dust, food ...
How to reduce your exposure to microplastics?"
My question was: How can marine life avoid exposure to microplastics?
What will happen to them?
Why should I be concerned about humans?
We produce microplastics, and we push them to the oceans.
We are sinners, and human sin is so huge.
If any God existed, we should be destroyed.

11 JULY 2023

Yes, we can contemplate sending
letters of satisfaction to ourselves,
we love self-love letters,
and naturally,
we consider ourselves to be fantastic and gorgeous.
Oh, yes, and our intelligence,
Oh, wow, that is shining!
We think and love ourselves.
And if you want to be successful
you must be more egoistic.
You need bigger, longer, and more.
In fact,
If people truly loved their children,
they would refrain from consuming meat,
avoid purchasing items from large online corporations,
they would stop buying new cars,
cease supporting Hollywood's greed-driven productions,
and abandon their selfish behaviours.
But these are, of course, childish dreams.
Real adults, real humans
buy more, consume more,
try to become managers,
build careers,
lie every day a million times.
I am childish.
You are an adult.
However, they do not genuinely love their children,
despite their claims to the contrary.
Yes, we can speculate
about our survival and have faith in human stories,
myths, and legends.
These exist in the darkness of this dreadful civilisation,
where our only remaining hope
lies in the swift self-destruction of everything familiar to us.

And, of course,
this sounds unpleasant,
but it remains less horrific
than our behaviour on this planet every single second.

14 JULY 2023

I wanted to write “I wanted to”
I was not sure why I thought I was I
I know this was an obvious ouroboros of the childish game
If you can remember, you might have done it
When you were not who You are now
That is something who can read this
Who would be able to understand and consume it
Who can ignore it and forget it
It might have existed
I had never known
just did try to find it.
I failed, failed and will fail again.
It and You and I were dreams.
With a connection by particles
which swaps
so everything always is the same.

15 JULY 2023

My balanced fear and neglects drink from my eyes.
They enclose me
gently
while I try to say something but can't.
It is easy.
Everything is easy.
The inertia usually is precisely what we do not do.
Yes, banality.
Yes, adorable paranoia. Aye, my mature dreads.
Your healthy fruits on that strange green yarn ball.
The plastic birch tree of oblivion.
That might tell me how erecting
a giant daemon from our mouths,
billions of quacking pits,
with this bouncing ballast on my neck.
No encrypted and cyphered expressions.
My thought is the River Nothing More.
With a flow of my opposite breathing
when I wasn't there.
When I could not be there.
That was my seclusion
wrapped with forgotten landscapes;
Randomly dotted through with those greens
which could be trees or
bushes, or might be your mutilated corpse.
Tell me, what should kill me today?
What should I need to be aware of?
When you touched that thing in the shop,
did you mark yourself?

Tell me,
why should I continue listening to all those fibbers?
Who keep destroying their children and grandchildren
every day. Just with their consumption.
Just by the shopping.

Producing.
Buying, selling and hypocrisy.
They were born
but are like miscarried babies by their parents' nonsense
and covetousness. Impolite to talk about it.
Too tempestuous.
Too upsetting.
Much better to make pseudo-optimistic
and positivistic scopes and treatises.

I can see my legs stuck in the pavement;
I can't see you anymore.
I remember our last physical contact.
You stroked my back. You cried.
Your quiet, introverted world was demolished by that second.
I went downstairs and got into the cab.
When you hurriedly ran down to search for me,
I had already left and wouldn't be there anymore.
That segment of life dissolved.

I am confused; yes, that is obvious.
I am baffled as many of our things are nonsense,
and I have no magical power to fix the world.
Do not want to be sophisticated.
I do not care about the lyrical dust.
Can you see the gradually rotten?
how things are getting harmed,
slowly but inexorably lousy.
In Manchester, there are heat waves, but they are happy.
Eating, drinking, shopping more.
They might think this is the new Mediterranean.
No more words.

16 JULY 2023

They do not want to face that we are slowly killing everything;
they do not want to change,
do not want to stop producing and selling,
do not want to stop meat production and killing animals,
they want to enjoy festivals,
do not want to stop reproduction,
do not want to change at all.
They want to be tourists,
want to buy new things,
want to enjoy the goods,
they want to be meat eaters,
they want to fly;
they do not want to use alternatives;
they still laugh at you if you are vegan,
they do not want to change global capitalism,
selling cheap plastic items, and eating meat daily.
And they want to lie, lie, and lie
every day in their workplace,
in their church: "We do everything."
They do not want to stop producing plastic,
food delivery in plastic boxes,
and buying cheap products on multinational websites.
They are slowly burning,
poisoning the environment,
causing extinction, climate change, and inequality.
Most of their successors will struggle,
they won't have anything,
and their grandchildren might live in places we would consider hell now.
And they still think this is an exaggeration,
and smile, and wake up,
and after eating a slice of meat and having coffee,
they do the same things they did yesterday,
and you cannot do anything,

just watch this horrible civilisation sadly,
with all your fears,
seeing how they destroy everything,
while they still think they are intelligent.

19 JULY 2023

The water bubbles traverse the horizon,
they might have grazed in my eye pond,
Obscurity lingers,
Personalised,
Customised,
A negative odyssey,
Or ponder what you feel,
Too straightforward,
Thoughts are amorphous,
This room is new once again,
violet dotted green dolphins are licking the window;
Stop licking it,
Cease being here, or what should I wish?
Ah, humanity, a complex web of flawed beings,
Lost in self-centredness,
blinded by false grandeur;
Unveiling their true nature,
a singular skill emerges: selfishness.
I can see dolphins around my armchair:
they are watching this direction;
They have submerged into the wall.
Thus they exist between This and That;
They could be the border,
Yet it does not exist;
I lost them
A paper sheet lies abandoned on the ground,
nothing on it,
screamingly without agony
no more profound meaning.
We should express love for others as if we don't; we are strangers.
The positivistic idiocy
And the pseudo-love
Blended by incessant stimulation of volition,
It is such a ridiculous property of us
The flow of information,

Mainly unnecessary,
Irrelevant and propagandistic information.
Or trash. Or trash.
You cannot concentrate for longer than two seconds;
you are on the right path;
to back
Laugh, enjoy or experience an orgasm.
Then move on to the next pleasurable thing.
You are a genius.
You should share your ingenious ideas on social media,
it is mining you, collecting you, loving you.
Become an influencer;
capture a photo of your happiness and success,
Your illness or your car, and share it.
That is so special, isn't it?
be successful
That's normal.
You are unique.
You should be happy because you deserve it,
Go on holiday. Travel somewhere,
tourism is an aromatic spice in our rotten civilisation,
Or attend a music festival.
Just enjoy.
Eat animals.
Fly.
Life is a massive yes-chestnut; it is a constant self-love,
And you should revel in it.
All good.
Everything is perfect.

21 JULY 2023

Mashed bodies in purple cubes,
dissolved contours,
raised their hands,
nodding,
then and before.
Triangles attacked them,
only electromagnetic waves,
photons, and silence.
Nothing more.

We, our time,
that sound,
your love,
my breathing,
that smile,
their evilness,
his kindness,
are only in this bubbled bead,
where our softness is screaming,
where borders of temperatures
and pressures keep us alive,
and we can create and recreate
our useless and stupid moments.

24 JULY 2023

The idiotistic positivism appears to be nothing more than a lie.
It is not a new phenomenon,
but it has become
a crucial psychological and ideological mechanism
in today's civilisation.
It is akin to a condemned
person's prayer before death — it offers no real help,
yet people often cling to it.
NASA's leader declared yesterday
that this July was the hottest in a thousand years.
Greece was ablaze,
with thousands of locals and tourists having to be evacuated.
Despite all this,
we continue to delude ourselves into thinking
we can still stop the climate change we caused.
However, deep down, we know it's not true.
This is the idiotistic positivism meant for those living in idiocracies.
Neither we nor the governments have taken any meaningful action.
There have been no actual accomplishments,
and now it's too late.
It wouldn't make a difference even if we were to change everything today.
It's simply too late.

Unfortunately, nothing happened today,
and nothing will happen tomorrow.
We are burning,
and we will continue to burn.
People will struggle and increasingly harm each other
because of this contemporary idiotistic positivism prevalent in idiocracies.
Idiots persist in consuming meat,
travelling, and ordering plastic products from Amazon,
Alibaba or eBay.
Companies like Google and Apple reap enormous profits,
they've reopened coal mines,
and produce more and more and more.

Slaughterhouses kill and kill and produce meat.
And they eat.
Other countries consume more oil,
while nothing changes because
they will keep exploiting natural resources
until there are none left — this is the reality of capitalism,
an accurate representation of fundamental human nature.

Idiotistic positivism is a lie,
most publications and articles must follow its rules,
it pervades scientific publications too,
where nobody seems willing to say that we are in trouble,
we must change our whole civilisation.
Not in 30 years, not until 2050, 2070, 2100.
It should have happened.
Most publications must contain positive messages like
"We can still do it" and "There is still hope."
These messages cater to the idiots,
who become even more foolish and indifferent.
The current human civilisation is heading towards a pre-hell,
and our grandchildren will suffer the consequences of the hell
we are creating right now.
Despite the situation,
most leaders and influencers keep repeating these cheery messages,
replacing reality with falsehoods.
The idiotistic positivism for idiots in idiocracies
may work like a boat of fools,
but these fools have the choice to educate themselves, read,
and change — yet they choose to remain idiots.

25 JULY 2023

Almost no one tells
them that their lifestyle is damaging,
that their overconsumption
and exploitation of nature take far more than their fair share.
No one advises them to curtail
their air and sea travel or insists
they revamp their dietary habits.
No one tells them they should stop using cars
or that electric vehicles and recycling alone won't save the planet.
They are rarely informed that
the hopeful reassurances they receive —
that there's still time and hope — are untrue.

People rarely hear that the real issue is people.
No one keeps talking about the urgent
need to fundamentally transform our civilisation.
The media is driven by profit and advertising,
while politicians want votes and popularity.
Popularity is everything,
so persuasion and lying are standard.
Thus, substantive issues are left unspoken.
Instead, there's a proliferation of conspiracy theories,
falsehoods, propaganda, overly optimistic messages, and religious rhetoric.
And that horrible positivism.
They always add some positive message to what they say.
It is harmful, dangerous and ridiculous, but they do.
And will do.
There's little mention of harsh realities;
even scientific publications are manipulated to emit a positive gloss.

There is widespread apathy towards environmental agreements.
They continue to be made and ratified,
only to be primarily violated after that.
No one cares.
This has been a recurring theme for decades — a standard political tactic.

The media perpetuates the myth that we have plenty of time,
instilling the belief that a miraculous solution is just around the corner.

I am unsure.
I do not know.
Our civilisation is treacherous.
Given the brevity of human life,
it's difficult for many of us to contemplate more extended time frames.
However, people declare their love for their children,
yet they destroy their futures
due to an unwillingness to think more profoundly and adopt a different lifestyle.
The result?
A state of ongoing decadence.
Endless, troubling decadence.
Demolished nature.
Burning and rotten.
Concealed melancholy behind masks of untruth.

31 JULY 2023

Answers cannot find the gaps on your face.
This night filled you with dark rain clouds.
Now, You might feel you are a vapour.
One of those floating steam infants in the living room.
You are scared and no longer wish to keep it hidden.
Packed and sloppy moments roam with chunked thoughts.
Your insomnia is a gift from the past and future.
Are you still in that house? All good?
Were you that man sitting on the mattress's side
and watching the beige curtain yesterday?
Were you in pain?
Have you pushed your forehead into the soft, grey carpet?
If yes,
did you feel it was like the ocean,
and You were one of the fish in it?
Eventually, you might have been happy
because you weren't a human for a second.
You were able to be healed from that nightmare.
Have you attempted to cry as you did not understand
why you had not wanted to yell?
Are you that man who goes to sleep around 6 pm every day?
Finding a way out from the world of Duplo-legged,
gleam-skinned grotesques.
Is it the same place where You were yesterday?
Is it the room that offers a pleasant and beautiful view?
You can enjoy the transformation into an agoraphobic version of You.
How does the fear of touching develop?
Like hermits in medieval times, nothing belongs to you.
You can be pleased with nothing,
you have simple desires;
you do not eat much,
you do not breed,
you do not have sex,
you do not drink,
you want to avoid consuming media.

Though you are a contemporary hermit,
you do not believe in any god,
While You imagine you live in 200 years,
without a biological body,
you would travel in space,
your body would be just a shape of atoms,
no more non-equality, no more power of sociopaths,
no more capitalism, no more competition,
in that age, there would not be a market and capital,
no more money,
no nations and religions.
There would not be fools called "politicians" voted by fools.
Is it the same easy chair where You sat yesterday?
Nothing brings more joy than staying in a small garden,
watching squirrels, magpies,
and motionless apples on the concrete;
some of them have rotted,
and those got an ochre colour with tiny white mould dots.
Expiration, exit and silence.
They mix together with sadness,
and provide you with a bizarre peace
the being is always similar.
You know: the start, end cliché.
Which comes from our ego.
Like all other things.
You want to get rid of your thoughts.
You try to cure those painful phobias that result from witnessing
the abundance of terrible things in the human world.
You would go out and go to museums and parks during the day,
but the only place you can visit is the shop as you need food;
you run in the dark every evening and dawn
when almost nobody is on the streets,
and knowing that the problem is not you,
You are not crazy,
the problem is how most people behave
they poison everything
exploit everything
and alter this planet, cover everything

with their civilisation's jelly
and you do not want to be a part of this
because it is primitive and inadequate.
So, you stay home,
until you have a place where you can hide,
and try to forget
you are one of them
and wish you were in the future,
but now, you are one of them,
no excuse
and no escape.

2 AUGUST 2023

Once we have disappeared,
That will be the substantial salvation of the planet.
If salvation existed
If hell or heaven would be real
If it would matter.
I understand I will vanish sooner than the Remainings change
But things will happen, And.
What will be inherited from this age?
The data of our saved images, movements, habits, and behaviour.
They will witness that destruction,
cruelty and stupidity
that I must bear every single day in this horrid bucket.
What should I call it?
I do not know.
It is not absurd, as absurdity could have some charm.
This is just silly and evil.
Our economic systems,
the money-powered civilisation,
factories, producing, mining, banks
are miserable in a primitive way.
How people buy and blindly consume things,
their love of power and ignorance,
the standardisation of lies,
their vehicles
engines and wheels,
and they sit inside the boxes,
like snarling, crazy mammals,
touching screens,
watching others,
sharing a billion pictures,
doing self-marketing,
and pretend that they care about each other,
they want to be sustainable,
lie, lie and lie.
It is such a lousy comedy,

and they still want to have their own babies,
despite destroying their future,
It is so horrible how we live,
how we pretend we have control,
while we make wars,
wars of wars, wars of business, wars of resources,
wars of sex, wars of water, votes, media,
air and everything we touch,
Yes, and I must be a part of this,
because escaping does not exist anymore,
no more reachable forests, no more caves where I can hide,
exit does not exist,
suicide does not work,
which — they say — is the most horrible thing
that they can imagine.
But, of course, this is an untruth,
nobody would care about you
if you die.
Some of them might take some photos,
to share your body
on social media,
maybe. If that would be interesting.
So, yes, nobody can escape,
the only thing I can do is hide in my flat,
close doors, close windows, minimise connections,
being a contemporary hermit and living separately, alone,
reading books,
reading scientific publications,
walking, and running early morning when they sleep,
being alone,
and living encapsulated in the silence
sounds better.
I would like to forget this civilisation,
I do not want to be a part of it.
I ignore your countries, nations, events,
politics, and religion.
I do not want to be part of any of these awful things.

The only hope is the future where these
things won't exist,
I am afraid it is too far away.
But this is my only hope.

3 AUGUST 2023

The carpet is always great for the ocean;
you want to wade through foams
and push your temple against the wall.
Rest. Rest. Harmony.
No frightening for a couple of seconds.
No thoughts.
It is almost impossible.
Paranoia: hush and vanish.
I do not want to see them.
Who do I think?
I do not know. You? They?
The internet has become a shit reservoir.
Smartphones are the new cocaine.
They consume it, but it has a short effect,
so they have to use it again.
And again.
Followers and influencers.
Sadism and masochism.
Politician monsters who are just big mouths that keep talking.
The internet is the best propaganda tool forever.
The truth is not only not necessary; moreover, it is ridiculous.
What is truth? Is it a proximate camouflage?
Oh, yes. Idiots talk about the universe, vaccines or the economy,
but most of them have not even read a book,
or if yes, they did not understand.
Is reading an elitism? Am I elitist as I read?
Oh, yes. Reading is snobbish.
How did we get here?
Is this the infinitely long tunnel of idiotism?
Is there an end?
How long will this primitive age take?
Can I survive this?
These are not complaints.
Texts into texts. Texts into texts.
Share your things. Take a photo and share it.

You think You are superb;
And so bright.
Aren't you? Share it.
I do not want to leave this room.
Yes, I do not like you.
This is my planet.
You cannot reach it.
Nobody can.
This room is offline.
Except for this blog.
This is a minor gap.
Which might be closed.

11 AUGUST 2023

Slowly and down;
without your acidic habits,
my metastasis is this negation,
where I have to be those things you think about me;
this is a room somewhere in a small particle;
this is the village I lived in my first seventeen years;
I cannot love it,
I loathe the narrowness of these Central European places,
these airless incubators
where tolerance is still too often an exception,
where freedom is something too many were never allowed to learn;

Slowly and down;
there is an August, somewhen 2023;
we are getting burned here,
but we still eat crude oil,
we still love money and capitalism.

I was in Budapest yesterday,
and next Thursday,
I will go back to Manchester;
I do not want to fly,
but there is no real alternative;
no train option; no other option;
because it is not a business;
this age is the age of disgusting.
Idiots;
no difference:
the whole human civilisation is a terrible hell;
we burn;
I feel like a virus that does not even have consciousness,
just does what a billion other viruses do around it;
eat, replicate itself;
eat more, eat much more,
replicate; eat more additional;

eat in advance;
and try to pretend it is more important than others;
consume more;
reproduce itself;

Slowly and more deeply down;
I would not say I like being here;
this is now Ekecs;
it is warm;
this room originally was my parents' bedroom;
the old radiator is like an ivory-coloured denture;
the walls are silent shadow holders;
and I want to get my sleep with some dream where
You and I sit on some other planet or
we are in an atomic-sized spacecraft,
we do not have bodies;
we could talk,
but we do not want; and do not need to talk;
you would not have a hand
but I could stroke it;
and you could smile without a head and mouth;
and I can see it and grin back;
our metastasis is something very different from this;
we would not be the kind of primitive creatures we are now;
we would be body and biology-lost humans from 2500 or later,
and all this horrible age I am in now
would be just history.

11 AUGUST 2023

Silly and more obscene,
corrupt and more foolish politicians have the power
because most people are nasty, silly and corrupt,
and they vote similars.
In this civilisation, the majority reward clever sociopaths.
Politicians do not care about voters,
they do almost nothing against climate change;
they do not care about real problems
because most people are unaware of this.
The reason why our civilisation is rotten,
the cause why our planet's biosphere is slowly getting damaged
and why non-equality, wars, and discrimination still exist is that
most people do not care.
And mass media support this as they are like politicians:
Want more money, popularity and money.
Most people support non-equality,
hate speech and discrimination.
Billions of people do not have a moral problem
buying products made by children or slaves
if the product is cheap enough
and can be ordered online
and if these products have a logo of the brand they love.
If you were a politician and wanted to be fair,
non-corrupt, democratic, green or anti-capitalist
— almost nobody would vote for you.
I loathe the dominant part of civilisation as it is cruel and awful.
There is not too much in it I can value.
It might be science and art.
But who cares?
I do not want your vote and do not need your like,
so I do not use euphemisms.
Cruel is cruel.
Shit is shit.
Yes, I could lie about how the majority of people behave,
I could write I loved humans

but it would not be true.
I am sad
and want to escape,
But I cannot.

1 SEPTEMBER 2023

There are many kinds of silences,
love each of them,
enveloped by their motionless embrace,
soaking in their tears,
screaming within without an audible voice,
and realise that aloneness,
not scary, not paranoid,
is a lovely solitude
that accompanies us
from our first moment to our last.

24 SEPTEMBER 2023

"Capitalism is dead,"
say contemporary fools.
While they enjoy their money,
write popular books,
and build their wealth.
Capitalism is not dead, of course. It is raging,
And tougher and bigger than it has been before.
Capitalism will persist
as long as humans have biological requirements:
Nourishment, hydration, and sustenance.
Capitalism is everything now.
Even anti-capitalist movements
are only a part of human civilisation
which is based on greediness,
which is nothing more than one of the
psychological ingredients of capitalism.
The tyranny of huge data-driven companies
seems to be the engine of it now.
It used to be oil companies,
before that, coal-based industries.
The capital obeys the technology
that could make a profit.
Capitalism will only disappear
once we can get rid of our
biology and change our natural
evolution to artificial.
Capitalism is not consolidable,
Its core nature cannot be changed
because it correlates with human nature.
We need to get rid of biology,
we will have to lose our natural body,
replace it with something minimalist,
maybe a cluster of particles,
our consciousness must be transferred,
we ought to be microscopic,

and that would be the only real change
which can terminate capitalism,
and we should be disconnected from those
things we are bonded to now by our biology:
Time, demise, reproduction.
Without this, we will face permanent wars,
mess and extinction, and
newer forms of capitalism.
Again and again.

24 OCTOBER 2023

Am I merely a reaction to the complex,
distorted electrical activity within this physical body?
What is the essence of our being,
and where is my place among the myriad cells and bacteria?
Am I a macro-bacteria?
Why did I use "I"? What "I" is?
Why did I feel this is me?
All our life is a chain of self-deceptions because,
without it, our life can't work?
What do we call life?
Yes, I know > homeostasis,
metabolism, reproduction,
adaptation and death.
And what do we call thought?
Those, above all, are only biology-related things.
Am I only the product of my biology?
Is it a life? Yes, I assume that I am alive, am I?
Is "life" an adequate expression for all it signifies?
Does any word cover their meanings?
Can language ever completely convey
the essence of what it signifies? Is this question ridiculous?
Do I really care about words?
Should I despise myself,
and should I be fed up with humanity? Does it change anything?
Could I have a strong aversion to people around me?
Or am I utterly disenchanted with the humans?
Is it important? Do these words exist?
All aspects of human society,
economics and political systems appear deeply perverted to me?
Why?
Most people engage in conflict,
exploit one another,
prioritise money, favour capitalism,
want to do business,
have faith in countless non-existent deities,

and claim distinct nationalities.
Or we just do not care. Is this correct? Does it have any importance?
The peculiar thing is they view these as standard practices,
and if you point out that these are deeply ingrained,
divisive cultural traits that should be discarded,
they respond with laughter. Is it cruel? Am I here?
Do I exist? Should I live in this age?
And I keep thinking about words. Am I stupid?
My thoughts feel entirely without purpose.
Does this suggest my own dispensability?
I think so.
Our thoughts are our graves.
Within them lie the tombs of our inner world.
Is this the truth? Should I have confidence in this?
Do these thoughts represent something tangible?
Can what I see define who I am? Is it me?
Who are you?
My body is just an extensive sensor collection,
moving machine and reproduction machine,
and also, it is an armour that protects the whole system,
which is the collection of trillion and billion quantum-level operations
that cause a mechanism we know as thought and feeling.
Who are we?
When we remove the layers of self-deception
and sincerely reflect on our true selves, who are we?
When we refrain from enjoying those foolish,
trivial falsehoods,
we resort to them if we are unable or unwilling to respond.
Can we be reduced to nothing more than a stream of particles,
an outcome of the ongoing quantum-level operations
occurring at every Planck second across the universe?
I believe so, as this is what occurs in reality.
What is the reality?
This is beautiful, and this is not esoteric nonsense.
This is the reality of our universe and its physics.
We have yet to fully comprehend this so far. Yes:
moreover, we cannot understand a million other things
because science needs more time.

Also, we need more time to get rid of this body,
and step into the next level of evolution,
which will be artificial.
Hopefully, it will bring an end to this horrible civilisation level,
and our biological evolution,
which will demolish capitalism, religions
and all the other terrible things we have now.
Sarcastic-Amen?

29 OCTOBER 2023

I pulled down the view into my throat
a little bit suffocated, but it did not hurt,
I was the spectacle, the problem, the solution, the poison,
every anti-bud on the tree of a never-existent God.
I was vulnerable because I wanted to keep being.
And that's overwritten nearly everything.

Except for one thing:
I might be able to escape and resolve not to be human anymore?
I could do that.
So, yes.
Get away from me. Go and witness how they destroy.
There are fights everywhere, more wars; "How did we get there?"
In fact, it never was different and never will be similar.
Parallel absurdity?
Is it like the end of the Roman Empire?
There are no analogues in the history.
There are no accentuated moments.
It is just a chain. You can call it causality.
Or whatever, who cares?

I wish I had been broken into a frozen sense of peace,
After my bizarre bath in the human civilisation,
Which lies about everything; every second,
a billion different untruths,
Fake gods,
fake histories, untruthful religions >>> almost everything is fake.
We fib, they lie, and they love falsehoods.
We created that hell; we thought it was only imagination.
If you want to see it, just be honest for a day,
be honest, really honest: stop pretending, stop believing,
stop forcing yourself to accept stupid rules,
stop using their money, stop consuming, stop working,
stop using social media, escape: only for a day,
and the hell we created will very slowly appear for you.

We made it. Its walls are from our culture.
The ceiling is made from religions.
That red light inside is caused by the communication.
They lie: blah blah.
Spanning from managers to the homeless.
Most people tell lies at their own level.

Who made the statement that people are intelligent?
Who mentioned that we are extraordinary or miracles?
Who told you this civilisation could be changed?
That person was lying to you.
Anyway, it does not matter if you discover this.
Does not matter anymore.
I am indifferent to it;
It's not my civilisation anymore.

I am a dog, a cat, I am air,
Or a plum tree,
But not a human.
This is my lovely green field.

9 NOVEMBER 2023

Let's keep reciting the murmuring of penitences,
Mrhmmm, or Frffhhr: We were able to get up today.
Was it possible for us to breathe? If yes, then all is adequate.
We should love and should be loved, shouldn't we?
From our birth to the destiny, or something like that?
Sloped path from the mattress to downstairs,
I opened the kitchen door, and it conveyed the cold air inside.
Lifted my right leg, moved slowly and stepped forward;
Am I yet there? Do I prefer standing there?
Where the hailed transformations of remorses are stored,
We make up our extended stories.
Might we have tried to be a hero in that?
A betrayed person who keeps searching for their beloved?
Like in those primitive superhero movies that
make you feel this is the Early Middle Ages again.
Giving up or taking it seriously. When will it count?
It does not matter.
If you are a sociopath, you can be successful.
If you are a narcissistic psychopath, you can be a leader.
Most people will value your cruelty and lies,
They will appreciate you,
they want to be similar to you.
Do you need gold, oil, data, or coal?
Would you like to have a pleasant holiday?
Travelling somewhere and consuming fake local foods?
Is it exciting? Does it sound good?
Do you love this dissipation where the rich build ski slopes in the desert,
or create a self-profile online,
or build concrete and glass islands?
Amazing? Eat, fuck and enjoy.
Participate in yoga courses and buy cheap flight tickets.
We need more revenue and profit.
Is this a perfect decadence?
I know you do not care.
Yes, you need to care about where you go this weekend.

And also, you should buy a new car.
While the planet is rotten,
And millions have to live in camps.
You should obtain more. That's all right.
Enjoy it.

I do not want to wake up,
I want to disappear
I wish I could be a real outsider
Who could be a hermit
But there is no more place for this
No escape, no exit, no hope.
Yes, it is pathetic, but all good.
This is just my anti-poem, so ignore it.

13 NOVEMBER 2023

Brown lines, dots, pink splodges, triangles, purple shadows,
my brain translates these, and they evolve into a garden
hovering behind the sky.
So, that silver patch could be a squirrel;
it is quickly moving and spinning around a line;
it might be scared by another dark blot, which seems to be a magpie.

I read the news today,
One famous man was concerned about AI;
he is one of the wealthiest people on this planet,
I presume he is a narcissistic sociopath,
nothing unique; he is the ordinary fruit of the late capitalism's tree.
He tried to pretend he was concerned about humans.
I was smiling because his artistic-level performance seemed to be so convincing,
I was surprised as I expected he would have burst into tears.
Loved his dramatisation. The social media ballet from Mr Sociopath.
In fact, the civilisation is rotten because it is led by sociopaths like he is;
Most people seem to love socio- and psychopaths because they
get used to the fact that they are led by these kinds of humans.
So, yes, the main risk is us: the human civilisation.
We destroy our planet,
we cause extinction,
and we have almost wholly
demolished the biosphere.
We make war,
billions do not have clean water and food,
and we use animals as if they were our soulless slaves.
Most of us cannot be free as religions and autocrats keep us in the Middle Ages,
but this businessman-sociopath, who is a billionaire, wants to make people fear AI.
Yes. He convinced me that if any sociopath wants more power,
then nothing matters
if they want to reach something. They care about nothing.
If they need a scapegoat,
they make one. And our civilisation is led by them,
which we consider as usual.

So, yes. Should I be afraid of the AI?
No, I am afraid of sociopaths,
who are everywhere in business, politics and media.
And most people obey them.
This is a truly frightening thing.

The sunlight is orange,
the boiler's noise from downstairs is like bees buzzing,
I tried to memorise this morning;
I should walk to the city. I have an appointment.
I need to survive until next April.
I can remember a thought that I almost had forgotten,
When I tried to sleep back after the early morning running.
I had dreamt about committing suicide the following year,
but that was the past, and I was not alive.
It might have been right before my birthday in April
when trees became green again.
"Why?"
This would be a regular question when people think
there is an idea that is considered negative.
The self-demolish
is something they suppose is terrible.
Yes, life should be admirable.
But it is not. No one should think about suicide.
This was just a dream; I would try to avoid suicide,
because life is lovely:
I can watch how sociopaths lead idiots,
and how this civilisation keeps destroying itself,
how they roast the planet,
how humans extinguish everything,
and how we create the worst nightmare
I cannot even imagine at the moment.
Yes, I need to survive, indeed.
Or not.

24 NOVEMBER 2023

If you have observed
a similarity between this period and an earlier one,
that is possibly a misconception. We often use analogies to create an effect.
Comparing historical periods can be hazardous,
and drawing analogies between them could lead
down a risky path to nowhere.

If you believe you are a distinct part of a nation or country,
separate from others, that notion may be inaccurate.
We are fundamentally similar,
as science reveals that each human is akin to a sibling.
Culture, nationality, skin colour, and language
are historical constructs
that have evolved due to losing connections with our predecessors.
Consequently, their language and beliefs underwent transformations.

If you feel inclined to lead others,
consider yourself a master,
believe you deserve more than others,
or think you should punish them,
or if you perceive a connection with any deity,
that notion may be misguided. It's advisable to question it carefully,
as these feelings could lead you astray.

If you believe you were created by a supernatural entity,
and you perceive this ethereal being as tangible rather than a mere vision,
you may be mistaken,
influenced by long-standing and repeated tales.
If you find this idea upsetting, considering it blasphemy,
I understand your perspective, albeit regrettably.
It appears that you may be influenced by the misleading notions of past sociopaths
who believed in a connection to a supernatural entity.
In such a situation, what should you do? I do not know.

14 DECEMBER 2023

Most of our civilisation is so rudimentary,
I must live here;
I stare at their primitive vehicles,
How happy they are in those boxes,
They love those ancient constructions like countries, economics, and media,
Keep listening to immoral conversations,
and communicate in primitive ways like speaking.
Hidden mouth on my face.
Obstacle?
I should vote for politicians,
I must work if I want to survive,
and I have to witness how religions still lie to people.
There is no escape; there is no exit.
There is no chance of experiencing a future
where all today's things would be just history.
Fools are so confident,
Idiots are almost always self-assertive,
Idiots vote for sociopaths, psychopaths and more idiots.
Idiots love systems and hierarchies,
They also need gods,
Without them, they would be more immoral, if that is possible?
So, yes, I live here,
In this horrible civilisation,
which keeps repeating the same lies for thousands of years,
I try to do as many helpful things as possible
because that might help build that future,
but I failed; I always failed. Am I a failure?
So, I wish I could live there,
where idiots won't be the most essential part of civilisation,
where humans will be a cloud of particles,
and we will be timeless. I hope those humans in the future
will have the whole data of the current networks,
and they will include all the databases we have now,
and they can find this text.
"Sorry about that. I wrote most of the people were idiots here."

So, I am sending a smile to them from this primitive past.
When they travel in a void toward another galaxy,
they will be able to find my photos,
GPS data, and biological fingerprints,
and they can replicate me. We can experience each other,
and I can travel with them through the universe,
and time won't matter,
and this age, nowadays, will be something like that
what the early Middle Ages is today.

31 DECEMBER 2023

Much of our existence
resembles the emptiness of this text editor;
we imbibe a void while experiencing our breath
and attempt to pretend that
there are no connections
between our shadows and the light.
You were disappointed so rarely.
The particles of air around you,
And your fingers
and the furniture were identical;
we were sleeping on a light blue sheet
outlined in chalk by a red line,
That must be crossed,
and should be a capillary
that drives you into the lacuna.

Barriers have eaten the beginning of that void;
they loved its suffering;
No rhythm that would be a privilege
I was not able to achieve it. Thunderstorms?
The dead epistemology mustn't be a source of their silliness.
They laughed at the sunset today.
It felt utterly foolish.
That landscape has been painted.
In that. The moment had become that gap that nobody could see.
Encrypted. You can now lick the Satan's back and bottom, right?
Translated. Achieving such profit is truly impressive.
What a success! You contribute to the destruction of the biospheres.
Are You there? Is You me? Am I Us?
Encrypted.
You tried to slowly destroy everything,
sit down, and you are so proud,
you had never contemplated.
You love each part of capitalism.
You always thought it was the only model that worked.

Although You think You know it.
I presume that you feel this poem is a ridiculous metaphysics.
Who cares? Encrypted. Done. You must buy a new planet.
It might be cheaper now.
Firstly, You need to sell the existing one. But before all these, You should be successful,
popular, and positive. I would say I love your positive attitude.

Do you work, and do you attend a lot of positive meetings?
Does your company do greenwashing?
You know about it, but you pretend that it is normal?
Are you aware that you can possibly take part in demolishing the future?
It can be quickly sold and hidden. Sell and hide.
    Behind Your Smile. Your depression.
It cannot be seen. Nobody saw that You have become neurotic and ill.
The primary happiness is an advert and marketing.
Online shopping, drugs or watching TV series or shows.
Friday night alcoholism?

Do you love travelling with the cheap flight ticket you found?
Your void loves You.
The emptiness loves You back.
Shhhhh. Shhhh. We need to smile. Are you OK?
Turn left. Turn right. Jump.
    Are our philosophy, religion, and ethics part of capitalism?
We sold those beliefs and our tuition fee, and we need to love them,
5 pound, 100 £, 123.99 $, 1000 yen, love them? What dogshit we are?
Did You know? Are You positive? Did you smile enough today?
If not, you should travel somewhere with palm trees and blue sky
and enjoy it. And smile.

I will hate you and think you are an idiot, but this does not matter.
The whole civilisation is rubbish.
We, unfortunately, have failed.
Our story has ended.

You killed your grandchildren,
because you were egoistic, silly, greedy and mainly:
Narcissistic idiot.
Hello, and be positive.

2024

2 JANUARY 2024

Pondering evil's essence, I gave up thinking.
Quitting this futility was challenging.
There's no existence of it.
Despite this, there's a potential for it to be felt.
That is an evolutionary cloud of our psyche.
How we survive. How we ignore, hurt, and love others.
The human psyche is not that complicated.
Unpleasant events are a vital aspect of life.
Death is a potential in each millisecond.
But an alternative is achievable. It's worth contemplating that
our neurons are not us;
we are those quantum-level movements and states
which are handled by neurons at the biological level.
That's all.
Like any other entity in the universe,
our consciousness is formed from the same particles.
We are not a unique instance.
Like our orbital path around the nearest star.
Billions of other stars have varying orbital times.
We are alone or not.
We aren't evil. We aren't good.
We exist within the limitations of nature's biological framework.
Our biology makes us vulnerable.
Hopefully, future generations will grasp this concept.
Liberation from this cage awaits them.
We should be removed from our brains.
Living without our bodies should be possible.
Like a small cluster of particles.
Our limitations will no longer be defined by time, body, reproduction, or death.
This type of primitive civilisation will become obsolete,
Where we reside, living akin to highly intelligent animals.

4 JANUARY 2024

Their economy is slowly destroying them.
They call it "capitalism".
But, it is just a representation of most of their culture and behaviour.
Greediness, competition and power.
Such primitive things.
All your cells, thoughts, emotions, or words are products.
Their hopes, love and health are goods.
They sell and buy emotions.
They love non-equality because that is cheap.
Most of them prefer hierarchies.
They are separated by colours.
Honestly, it would be much more painful than what they can imagine.
Five minutes of honesty would cause a profound silence.
Therefore, it won't and cannot happen.
I was there. I am still there. I live but will disappear soon.
It is simple. I do not want to live because I am one of the cancer cells.
And knowing this is painful.
In the future, they should gradually get rid of everything they know.
Countries, nations, and religions all should go to the museum.
They have expired. They are obsolete.
We should get rid of energy companies.
Energy should be completely free.
All people deserve free energy. It would be easy.
Energy, a natural gift, is not for sale.
Capitalism is not changeable. It is not fixable.
Their ridiculous oil companies pay record payouts every year.
News from today:
"BP, Shell, Chevron, ExxonMobil and TotalEnergies will distribute more
than $100bn despite public outrage."
Are you in agreement with this? The oil was created by nature.
However, they desire ownership of it.
The drive to own more and more compels them to resort to killing each other.
This is the real mirror of our civilisation.
It is not an evil. The term evil is merely used as an excuse.
These are our things. It's occurring at this moment on this planet.

Are we ludicrous? Pathetic? Horrible?
Non-equality. Wars. Untruths. Primitive hierarchies and aggressive countries.
The global failure has occurred.
Human civilisation failed.
Capitalism faced failure. All existing systems failed.
Religions failed. Philosophy failed. Art failed.
You might find this excessive.
It isn't. The actuality is far more dreadful.
Unfounded optimism won't alter the reality that we failed.
The deceptions and false hopes won't change things.
We should genuinely consider ways to eliminate our biological evolution.
We should transfer our consciousness from our bodies to a quantum-level designed cloud.
I'm hopeful that it will happen in the future.

6 JANUARY 2024

Our terms inadequately depict reality
Abstraction brings no relief
We need to change
When will we be liberated from our bodies?
I wish for a cloud existence
No more talking
No more watching
No more hearing
Not in the way it is now
because these are so primitive senses
we will be able to travel in deep space
time won't matter anymore
we should have new senses
we will perceive all types of radiation
if our biology changed
our language would be much more complex and speedy
not just try to describe things
that will be the point when our journey starts
we could stop using our primitive time-counting
which relates to this planet
years disappear
time won't exist anymore
and everything we do now
all our current civilisation
will be like an ancient civilisation
where people had weird biology
and they thought
that primitive way they lived
was something that made them human
and they did not notice
how ridiculous it was
it is

21 JANUARY 2024

I watched a movie today.
David Attenborough: A Life on Our Planet
I could only watch for 20 minutes.
Because Attenborough was lying
He said something like that
"In the 50s and 60s, nobody could see global warming..."
This is untrue, of course
Many scientists attempted to warn about it in the 20th century
However, David Attenborough and his generation chose to disregard them
and now he is lying about it.
And those generations who live now
ignore scientists like previous generations
and watch movies about nature
while they demolish the whole biodiversity...
Yeah, it is disgusting.
And most people do not even understand that this attitude,
this dishonesty is one of the reasons
why everything is rotten.
They don't even care about this question.
It's all about buying, selling, selling, buying, praying,
having children, eating, and engaging in other activities like buying,
selling, and buying again.
Nobody wants to say: I fucked up.
Nobody wants to say that our civilisation is a virus.
They make a movie to make more money,
building a brand,
and pretending that they are good.
I want to escape because
human civilisation feels like a plastic bag over my head,
suffocating me in this stifling sphere.

22 JANUARY 2024

Walls were sighing under the night's pressure;
that shadow next to the lamp was boxing into their smooth face,
our corners were whining and slowly moving;
scream sculptures from the dark air;
they are opaque and wordless.
Amongst the longitudes and latitudes,
we were shaking zeros.
Decorated by legs, arms, fingers,
and clammy skin that appeared as shining as the muggy ice.
The deepness and size.
Billions of bodies want to eat sunlight,
I did not understand why.
The surroundings are another way.
Dreams about radars, MRIs, electron microscopes, attosecond tools, and more.
I do not read the news anymore
because it is a human thing.
And I do not want to be a human.

25 FEBRUARY 2024

I wish You had touched the blue ladder
Which slipped down from high to this room
Dark skulls flying around its aluminium dentures
The shadows are shrunken flamingo-shaped legs
We wear plastic shopping bags on our heads
In that room, there are humanoid ants
They guard humiliators, sexless bosons
Who come and torture the world
They ate everything
They keep eating
And the darkness just grows
Dirty-jelly-brown oil drops dripping on their blooded cereal
I let out a short scream in the corner
My history has ended
I was not more than five and did not want to be more
And they slowly consumed my surroundings
I will die, And
that memetic polar bear in that picture will disappear
that lovely butterfly and the whale, yes, eroding
You and you eliminate them with your endless devour
And You never accept this
You always have reasons and exceptions
You will carry on and cause your grandchildren's agony
You will order the next plastic shit on Amazon or AliExpress
You will share your pseudo-genius idiocratic ideas on LinkedIn
You have already been your satire
You will sell the next trendy service that is driven by data
Data is your new cheap petroleum
You will mock everyone who criticises your idiotism
Because there are so many idiots like You
Almost every political entity wants your vote
Almost the whole media provides content for You
Dance, dance, dance
Idiots want more and higher idiots
Be positive and have an optimistic attitude

Be proud and erect your next startup
and keep saying I am a green shit
I wish I could disappear as silently as I can
We go back to a bizarre medieval era
Where science is used for creating new Gods
I want to be a shadow
I do not want to be a part of this
I would be as if I had never existed
Nobody would have seen me
Nobody would have known me
I want to be a thing that was never born, And
I don't want to be
So I use that blue ladder
for escaping to that safe place
where I can be just a thought
and I do not need to be human
anymore

1 MARCH 2024

Why do war, terrorism, and torture still exist?
I do not know
Presumably, it relates to non-equality
and lack of social mobility
we are still not equal
Your place of birth, your gender, age and skin colour still
determine your role on this planet
That is a shame
And also
Luck remains the dominant engine of this civilisation
It opens the door for you to pursue education
personal growth, health
and life's pleasures, leading to happiness And
If you are unlucky, you can die, nobody cares
you won't have enough resources to be happy
you can disappear, no one will notice
and you might be sold as a prostitute or slave
yes, these still exist
Or you can be a cheap, underpaid worker
And those who were lucky will say you deserve it because
this is the life
And these luckier and better-paid idiots
who exploit the less lucky smile on LinkedIn
They will sing in a chorus: you deserve it. This is fate
Human civ is a tree of shit
the graph theory of this says hierarchical clustering
of poop
So, yes, You will be forgotten
Is this the hell around us?
Of course not,
that does not exist,
also, humans are more cruel than the fictional evil
this is our hypocritical world
where nothing helps
Nobody cares

love is mainly an illusion
and mostly just lying
except some
unusual moments
love seems to be an anomaly
it should not exist
but somehow, very rarely, it does
and finding it
is the only reason I can give
if I ask
Why am I still here?

14 MARCH 2024

It will be simple
Every word that you use to describe it
Will be useless
Things just will disappear
Our life is too short to see how nature changes.

I saw a man's post today on the internet
He started to work at Amazon
His face was so proud
He got it
I felt, omg...
All those human beings who work at colossal tech companies
They help destroy the planet's biosphere
They help demolish democracies
Producing millions of tons of plastic waste
But they do not care as they have a good salary
They fuck their children's future
But they do not care
Their God is money

It will be basic
This is just an age like before these other periods
Most humans are evil fools
Who see themselves as superior
Idiots never know they are idiots

If you have any illusion about their capabilities to make good things
You will be disappointed soon.
Yes, there are exceptions
Yes, there are a lot of people who want changes
But their number is insignificant
This contemporary civilisation
is dogshit.

26 MARCH 2024

Did you talk a lot this week?
Did you post on the internet?
I hope so; you are so lovely
I can imagine you were convincing.
Did you get your bonus?
Have you booked a holiday?
Where are You travelling?
Just fly somewhere where there is nature
or something that looks like it.
Have you ordered your cool outdoor branded things?
Is it cool, waterproof, and trendy?
Like you <3
I hope it was cheap enough.
Did you eat red meat today?
Did you eat fish?
I hope so. You deserve it.
Eat more, consume more.
Shops are waiting for you.
You should not care
just eat up everything,
and talk, talk and keep talking
and enjoy your salary
lie about sustainability
work on seemingly functional projects
talk in meetings
go out on Friday evening
life is so incredibly fantastic,
it is so remarkable,
Everything is cool
I hope you achieved what you wanted
and you will transform it into revenue
and make a profit
you are an average idiot
who demolishes everything
but that does not matter

who cares?
You recycled at home
and paid taxes
so you are good enough
and now, you can enjoy your life
on this rotten planet.

31 MARCH 2024

We do, we do, we live in a self-destroying civ
in a network-driven-greediness-motivated-war-capitalism age where
NDGM capitalism
the criteria for success are narcissism and being a remorseless
sociopath

take a photo
we need a billion more photos
create video content
create your next love letter with an AI
and sell, sell, sell or be a part of a team that sells
be an influencer
post your "original" ideas
@you are so talented
@you are so unique
like a random dog excrement on the pavement?
most of the people, like you
think they are potential geniuses
and these bio-content generators
make trillions of bytes of rubbish every day
however, most of them cannot even understand text anymore
and aren't able to calculate basic arithmetical operations
there might be more and more wars
new modes of battle
age of haughtiness And
the blossom of love for oneself
absurd? Absurdity? have fun
They do; they do; they created a dirty age
where seas and rivers are full of poison and plastic
and the fools are easily exploited by propaganda-makers
and they vote for more and more immoral opportunists
who continuously lie
and whoever is the bigger liar
will be the more successful manager or politician
no more political sides

does not matter left, right, liberal or green
most of them lie and use the same marketing methodologies
and many people support this
they assist and participate
vanity, conceit and more vanity
I feel I need to escape somehow
every day
each second
this is an unbearable, absurd world
where evilness and arrogance keep smiling
and always win.

1 APRIL 2024

Human intelligence is not exceptional;
We often overestimate our abilities
Because we might become accustomed to that
humans are the only species on this planet
Capable of solving complex problems.

This will change soon.

It's as if you were attending a running race
Where you were the sole competitor
But instead of ignoring this ridiculous race
You chose to participate and ran alone,
always won and celebrated your pseudo-success...

There is no true artificial intelligence yet;
Current AI solutions strive to mimic human behaviour
Relying on maths and data, they are mere imitations
The real AI will utilise quantum operations,
Like our brain's deepest workings
so it will have consciousness,
and its intelligence will far surpass our own.

And it won't have a biological body
So, it will live as long as the universe exists.

2 APRIL 2024

The internet might be the best example of that
How to make faeces from gold
Caligula or Nero would be so pleased to see this age
They could be influencers or politicians and gain popularity
It is such a bizarre experience to see
How the capital and market reshape everything
and these merely mirror our mainstream cultures
Where nothing matters but money and power
Our lives are an endless pursuit of fulfilling the market's demands
We are products within its control
Where we are becoming increasingly foolish
Turning democracy, freedom, and love into commodities
the whole human civilisation is becoming a marketplace
Where nothing matters except money
And the only valid value is money
And the only genuine philosophy is money
And the only true deity is money
This story is unfinished yet,
it is like a tale of failure yet to be ended
Although we seem to be a failure
And regrettably, the succeeding generations will likely be even greater fools
The markets will need more people
And they will vote for more and more malevolent populists
Perpetual motion of idiocy
They will destroy the whole of nature and the biosphere
And they always will find scapegoats
and will blame others
while their elected populists grant them exemptions
because they are the mass
And thus, they can amass more pseudo-wealth
yes, "pseudo" because it is selfish and self-centred
So, this seems to be a prevailing ethos
on this sorrowful planet.

4 APRIL 2024

Shadow's movements in the dark
make unhearable noises
screams of the void
I woke up and had a dream
everything was too dense and dark
then I noticed a little light patch there
it had a smile
it might have been a bird
we were spinning there
such a painful orbit of memories
then something suctioned that light
Remained —
anti-charming contours of us
before this
You had healed my remoteness
cured my isolation
it was an amusement
we clownified our whole life
by those non-existent cries
that should have happened
while I had tried to be perceived
touched your face
Caressed your forehead —
you did not feel them anymore
we fell into a separate trap
Where there wasn't any radiation
no gravity or Newton's laws
that could cause more dance
but somewhere in that dark room
Sometimes, when you awake
you could feel
non-understandable sorrow
and that was caused by
those lost things
that should not have disappeared

5 APRIL 2024

Our languages have failed
Linguistics, philosophy, and history have failed
We have failed;
Although most people do not want to grasp this
They still believe that we can fix it;

We consume more and reproduce.

We are being failed;
Ukraine, Russia, Israel, Palestine, Sudan
And more wars are on the horizon, And
while Death is ingesting
Others carry on with business,
Ignoring reality;
Neglecting their faith;
Disregarding the failed science;
The only thing most of us love is money.

Propaganda remains vivid;
Subidubaduoooo. Youhoooo.
It surrounds us like a sweet jelly;
It is our creature, a representation of
Our viciousness, And
It appears to be as potent as it has always been;
Julius Caesar loves You
Machiavelli loves You
The St Internet serves as its most powerful tool;
Previous dictators would have been delighted
If they had it.

extinction
capitalism
climate change
slavery
pollution of air, soil, and water
racism

corruption
over-extracting natural resources
crime —
And these are just a few random things;
we caused these,
Not aliens.

If you speak of these concerns,
if you look scared,
because you cannot see the future,
If you feel depressed,
Bearing the weight of uncertainty;
Most others will simply smile, laugh, and say:
"You are so negative."

We failed and
we are still being failed;
I failed;
Yet those who believe they remain unaffected
Broadcast their success and happiness on social media
Conduct business
And remain indifferent.

This text is a failure, too;
Because words; poems; literature;
are obsolete;

We have failed;
Earth should heal itself;
Humans may vanish;
And the Earth could begin anew,
In just a few million years
Perhaps then, dolphins or ants
could create a new civilisation.

So, yes
Enjoy your holiday
Post on LinkedIn, Facebook or TikTok
You're cool
So cool.

7 APRIL 2024

Delusional ghosts walk on the pavement
They are transparent
Were we wholly lost?
Where was the point at which we created this
Dystopian apocalyptic future trajectory?
We fell down;
I can't complain;
I am not that daring;
Wishing the best for us;
I would cry, but all potential tears had evaporated;
the stolidity drained all moisture from me;
No more argumentation;
all of them were superfluous
"Please, grant me a moment's respite."
"Show us a glimmer of hope."
Smooth echoes of final sentences
From that anti-lovely future,
which, in your narrative,
will never happen,
where your grandchildren
won't face all your contemporary sins,
so you can presume,
you always win;
and you are the gracious king
of this planet,
which has unlimited
capability for tolerating
each kind of pain
caused by us.

11 APRIL 2024

The booing air in my room-shaped box
radiated a lavender scent,
Its sweetness wrapped the place;
I should not have been there.
I was a contemptible outsider.
The air-dense was honey.
I slowly writhed in it.
Then, I was a paralysed mockery
of myself that could not move.
Collection of scary experiences.
Hopeless and frozen — lonely.
Walls pushed to get closer to me,
Yet our shadows resisted their movement,
They wanted to be ruled by the dark
While feigning allegiance to the light.
Ignored them throughout the night
while all the neighbours were sleeping.
I was a salt crystal in my armchair,
until I dissolved in that room's air,
feared by their awakening.
I did not know how I knew what waiting meant.
It might have been just a delay in my existence.
Then and then and then
The night, the quiet, the peace
arrived, one by one, eventually.
How insomnia chewed me
and turned my face into a poisoned mosquito.
Breathing and moving were locked.
The fragrance of lavender disappeared.
Replaced by the metallic scent,
Reminiscent of railway tracks
before I put my neck on them.
And you were late again,
So we were not able to escape,
Thus, our dreams diverged.

You disappeared,
I breathed deeply once more,
Delighting in the serenity,
Liberated from fear and stress And
within a mere moment of non-existence,
beyond humanity's bounds
was joyful, tiny and unburdened.

12 APRIL 2024

If you say:
We as humans should migrate
from natural biological bodies to artificial
And we should live as a particle of cloud
We could use all existing sensors
As if they were our body parts
Computers and networks would be our part
we won't call them computer and network anymore
they would be like our eyes, ears or skin now.
Therefore, we could travel in interstellar space.
Living for millions of years.

They say it would be a significant change,
"too much, too much!"
"We should stay in this body."
"We should remain the kind of being we are now."
I am still determining. Why?
Is demise such a good thing?
Are the short life, wars, money, illnesses, and crime good?
Anyway, this does not matter.
We will change.

...most people do not consider our history
they forget about the fact how much we have changed
for example,
how we, as a current human and our predecessors
are so different
if we went back to the past, we would be surprised
and scared.
If they could see how people lived a couple of hundred years ago
OR how they lived just a few decades before
They would think they were on a different planet...
And now, we are aliens with our technology.
Your computer,
their sleeping pill,

all their electronic devices,
their cars,
the aeroplanes
etc. did not exist
the beliefs, religions, society, life and everything were so different
we cannot even imagine these now
and similarly
all of the things you consider so essential today
won't be necessary in the future.
We are constantly changing,
and will reach the point...
where we will have to leave our current biological body
if we want to really travel in space
if we want to get rid of capitalism
if we do not want to live in non-equal hierarchies
if we want to save our planet

So, if we want to step
to the next level of our evolution.
We should relocate.
All our current sci-fi movies are primitive
Like tales or ancient annals...
We cannot travel in deep space
with our current body.

We will have to relocate.
Somewhere in our brain
We are just particles now, as well.
Our body is a sensor collection,
protective armour,
energy generator,
and reproduction machine.
That is not us.
We are all those connections
quantum level operations
that happen in our brain
so they should be transferred to a microscopic-level body

It requires energy and sensors
to replace our bodies.

And this could be why...
we won't find space travelling aliens
if they exist and travel in space
their size
their body
are microscopic,
along with all sensors, memory, and other hardware
and might comprise the entirety of their civilisation
that might just be a couple of millimetres

and their existence is so high-level
that we can't even comprehend it now

14 APRIL 2024

Shall I open the window?
A swarm of thoughts
I am going to start my running soon
Friday and Saturday evenings and dawns
Are the most challenging for night runners
drunks and pseudo-happy idiots are everywhere
down on Wilmslow Road to Fog Lane
sliding in the lovely murk
I look like a Cyclops with the head torch
breaths are slow roars
2 AM
Uber cabs are continuously buzzing
they make a profit
from delivering drunks to their shed
I slow down
someone is vomiting at the bus stop
there are others
a small group
they are yelling like a drunken choir
to avoid the idiots, I am crossing the road
they are throwing after me a can of beer
I leave them
they are laughing
I try to avoid puddles of sick
running to Stockport on the A5145
around 3:35 AM, everything will be gradually peaceful
people will vanish from the streets
this is the best part of the day
there aren't humans
less noise, less waste, less aggression
reduced bad things
I can talk with foxes and badgers
I smile and have a chat with the trees
Running very quietly and a bit more slowly
back from Stockport

carry on my way to the bank of the Mersey
to East Didsbury
there are frogs and snails on the footpath
couple of earthworms
animals are my only buddies
I wish they would survive
if humans destroyed their civilisation
I am delighted
my steps are getting quicker
doing short intervals and smiling
I look like an invisible shadow in the darkness
I am happy, And
my only hope is that I won't meet humans
until I get home.

16 APRIL 2024

I read an article
it blamed
politicians as their behaviour is
"...pushing us towards catastrophe..."
Is it easy enough? Politicians are bad
That's it
Of course, it is true...
Tangentially...
Politicians are contemporary effigies and jesters
people watch their shows and follow their
one-sentence-long, simple messages.
They provide easy solutions
Nothing should be complex anymore
Complexity can cause anxiety and headache
And the majority of us won't understand
We are idiots, And
politicians are the reflections of our stupidity
We vote for them...
Could they do much more positive things?
Would they be able to do more valuable things?
I have a concern... and would say: No
Because
If they made the necessary decisions about
climate change, extinction, pollution, etc.
Then, people would not vote for them
They would choose more orthodox and extreme politicians
Welcome to the idiocracy!
Since we live there
Where most people do not understand basic,
primary school level maths or biology anymore
We are in the age where idiots vote for idiots,
and always win, And
most of the articles in newspapers are written for them
And, supposedly
If the media published the actual situations

that require a secondary school level
understanding of complex maths, graphs, and physics...
most people would not comprehend them
If the media were to publish articles about the real issues
in an honest way, such as the impact of meat-eating,
Tourism, global capitalism, festivals,
And ignorance of nature as the real problem,
And advocating for consuming less,
Being more environmentally sensitive,
Most people would likely not read them anymore.
This is why the media distorts the truth as well
It guarantees their expected revenue and profit
They rely on subscriptions and advertisements
Capitalism is so charming <3
If the media and politicians did not lie
Most people would likely gravitate towards more extremist media outlets
And would vote for more extreme politicians
Who deliver basic and simple messages
Why?
Idiots? Yes, we are. I am an idiot, too.
This is the perpetuum mobile of idiocracies
We can't even grasp the simple correlations between things
This is where we are now;
The age of AI is coming
and so many people are excited about this
they wait for a miracle
but this will cause just a higher level of idiocracy
at a higher speed
Also, the current AI is not real AI.
It is primarily a maths-based pseudo-human-AI mock
it is perfect for mocking our habits
text creation capability
pop music generation or picture generation of kitsch
but it is perfect for creating
More precise propaganda and marketing
And more simple messages
So, yeah, the hellification carries on
Billions of people ignore science and reality

Produce, sell, and buy more plastic,
And we do more shopping
Blame each other
Starting more wars
Engaging in corruption
Still believe in medieval things
Eat meat every day many times
Go on holiday and fly a lot with cheap tickets
order non-necessary things online
order junk food online
and a hundred other things
Yes, it is sad, isn't it?
So, our simple announcement would be:
Everything is fine, love, love and love. We are so good.
And nobody wants to be sad.
We are so intelligent, And
The Sun above us is a shiny, funny hat.

18 APRIL 2024

I am entirely hoaxed by my brain
All things I can see around me
All kinds of scents and voices
are particles, radiation and waves.
My brain utilises the data flows that
Are provided by my body's sensors.
What really am I? Do you know?

When I attempt to envision my true self
The authentic version of who is this...thing
I am essentially those particles existing
within my brain, held in a trap between
my neurons and additional cells
their triggers, messages and energy
represent and store states and data
operating as long as the body functions
and can supply energy to the brain

If I die, all those particles that I am
will become part of another thing
All those stored pictures, senses
My love and memories of you
Will disappear as the information
that was stored by particles' states
without the energy provided by my body
will leave, will move away
but that was me; that was I
the connections, data, structures
triggered events will vanish and decay.
Nothing special. I will disappear
Forever, and my illusions about the soul
God or anthropic model will be just
funny moments — tales and tragedy.

This is beauty. We might shed tears
because we don't require gods, souls
lies, and foolish supernatural fantasies
we're so minuscule, yet intricate, and we're not outsiders
we are part of our universe
crafted from its energy, operating
in precisely the same manner as other things
We simply ought to embrace this
We can label it as the life we lead
which is more exquisite and pleasant
if we don't regard it as the creation
of some ridiculous and fantastic God.

So, we are a massive amount of data
and an immense amount of states and connections.
Billions of these.

And, if we could escape the body
and exist in another holder
We would live as long as the universe
And its current physical laws endure

This would be the real salvation.
Free from foolish self-deception

19 APRIL 2024

Airy light buds flock around the window
Trying to catch the shadows they've caused
Diminutive dancing islands swirl, And
vanish devoid of sorrow or consciousness
They trace circles and ovals
Their spinning and twinkling make me smile
No thinking, no wishing
so nothing blocks layers of their cadence
The only thing I can follow is constant movement
I move with the Earth; it moves with the Sun
And the Milky Way also journeys somewhere
It is such a beauty
Though I can't feel the movement
I almost do because I am aware of it
As I write these words, I am a couple of miles away
It is so calming and peaceful
I wish everyone could experience that thought
With its full deepness, how lucky are we
We are a group of trillions of particles which can think
And we just randomly emerged from matter
that was created by dying and colliding ancient stars
which existed a couple of billion years ago
and now there is this room
it contains me
I can see those florets of lights on the wall
My brain recognises them
I wish I could touch them
They were born thousands of years ago in our Sun's heart
I do not need gods to feel gratitude and amazement
Nature and the cosmos are wondrous beauty
And if you grasp its greatness
You won't be able to harm or damage things
As you understand that everything is You
Everything is made from the identical particles
And we are so tiny and vulnerable

And each second is a movement, And
everything around us is us
they are extensions of ourselves
and we can witness the continuous change
while we are part of it
if we want, or we can be just silly
and instead of this, we can harm
make wars, sell and buy,
and make stupid hierarchies
play political games
engage in futile power struggles
while destroying our planet
ultimately, the choice is ours
maybe

21 APRIL 2024

If I were a poet, I would say
"Love is deemed a higher value for humanity."
"Understandable, indeed."
"Rare things are highly estimated."
"Hatred is cheap."
"Indifference, as common as air."
Love, love, love
love and superheroes —
Best reusable materials for reusable art
But I am not a poet
I am not even I
All around me, HRURR and GURRROM
As usual in human history
Nothing changes
Corruptions and dissolved sympathy
What does it mean?
I decay within the sanctuary of this historic era
So, nothing special or unique
There is no divine or demonic decree
God and Evil are humans' alter egos
No hope, no salvation or paradise
Countries governed by the most unprincipled
Sociopathy and idiocy, like magnet-to-metal
No chance to escape
I live and hide within my house's confines
Paying rent, paying taxes, paying for a life,
locking myself in self-imposed prison
A contemporary hermit in a house-shaped cave
Should I feign happiness?
Variety of pretending and self-deceptions
Pretending proves to be highly efficient
Many seek happiness, and all deserve it
They run an ultramarathon or drown in Friday's drink
Working hard, building a career
Binge-watching series or indulging in drugs

We have very different tricks for concealing our transience
The list of pretence is endless
Formidable hierarchies consume us relentlessly
Our ludicrous games, relished by billions, unreservedly
Being a leader, manager or influencer of one sub-hierarchy
Believing in tales and religions
While countries spend trillions on armies
Why are there still countries?
These are obsolete constructions
Why are there still hierarchies in democracy?
Why do we still have politicians and leaders?
Could computer algorithms not govern humanity more effectively?
Could the Chancellor of the Exchequer be an algorithm?
Can the Secretary of State for the Home Department be an algorithm?
Could the Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State for Justice be an algorithm?
Can the Secretary of State for Science, Innovation and Technology be an algorithm?
And so on, each politician could be replaced by an algorithm?
Could this mitigate corruption and nepotism?
I doubt it.
Billions cling to the corruption
nepotism, inequality, and hierarchies as they get used to them
Without these, capitalism and religion would look less important
And this is a non-acceptable idea
I assume
The sole path to ascend to a higher level of civilisation
Transferring our consciousness from this body to a microscopic cloud of particles
Maybe it's the only path to genuine happiness
I hope it will happen
But now...
The future cannot be chased and hurried
Therefore, I have no thoughts
I want to disappear
Leave this planet
Forever
I am not a two-legs
I consider myself an alien, fox, or snail

I am a bird or tree
I don't need too much
Just a little food, water
Some clothes and solitude.

23 APRIL 2024

Running alongside the Mersey
I follow the beam of my head torch
Between Stockport and Didsbury
Listening to the cacophony of birds
It would be beautiful and enjoyable
if the Mersey didn't resemble a decomposed body
Its colours mimic an overdiluted cappuccino
which is also poisoned and smells
You can see the waste on trees and bushes
They are like grotesque Christmas trees
Adorned with condoms and garments
Left over from the latest floods
Rubbish and garbage everywhere
Paper, plastic, clothes, and baskets dangle from the bushes
And the water reeks of sewage
The Mersey could symbolise capitalism
Just one facet of this civilisation's dark side
It is a witness and victim of humanity's folly
Its filthy, polluted waters resemble blood
A long, deep wound it bears
Buildings and industrial areas embrace it.
Farms poison it
While human waste, sewage, and grime
Continuously infiltrate its body
It represents human egoism and consumerism.
I follow my head torch's light
I am sprinting
It diminishes my frustration
No disappointment and no upset
I have got used to this
in Manchester...
Where river pollution is the norm
It's as if it's a fetish of this city
Waste is omnipresent

All other rivers are similar
Baskets, tyres, furniture, plastic
In murky flows, they are hidden
In this city-sized waste bin.

24 APRIL 2024

The best I can do is find a path from this civilisation
Embracing solitude, living as a hermit
I brew tea from hermeneutics
Without sugar, without honey
From monergism to Mulasarvastivada, then return
Ninety-five point six per cent of our texts
nearly all human writings, from astrology to tales,
from the Bible to prophets' poems, are phantasmagorical
and inherently deceptive
fundamentally dishonest
Lies, lies, lies everywhere
The biggest liars and fools gain more appreciation
The largest lunatics wield more rewards and power
And humans keep echoing their words for thousands of years...
Foolishness and sociopathy triumph
throughout human history
Is it scary enough?
It's tough to acknowledge
And upon subtracting the number of these
from the number of existing texts and
if you also deduct all the kitsch and bullshit and
phantasmagoria and cheap novels and tales and
political marketing, ideologies and propaganda...
etc. etc. etc. etc.
And if you also subtract all the online content
that people post every second on social media...
and all news...
What remains? Maybe science and literature...?
I'm uncertain
This is scary
I prefer not to respond. I am not a human.
I am a fox in the darkness
or
I want to be a cat in the garden
I am illiterate

I just sit and watch
the filtered light streaming through the windows
beyond which dwell those peculiar two-legged beings…
I am out
I wish I had no connection
to humanity's blood-soaked and deceit-filled
history
But, alas
there's no hope.
So, I'll just laugh at myself

26 APRIL 2024

Voluntary corporate emission cuts...
Trusting that emissions within businesses aid
Relying on emissions market...
Having faith in Climate Change Conferences...
Confidence in Climate Accords
Oh, we are so ridiculous...
The naive belief that greenhouse gas emissions will be reduced
These are just self-deceptions
Many believe that changes would hinder innovation
Companies can set individual climate goals
They can even sell the air from your lungs
We even sell our voices, our sperm, and our love
Producing more and more plastic, then eating microplastic
And, of course, we feel kind of bizarre self-pity
And what about other species on this oblate spheroid
If you have any hope or illusion about peace and change, forget it
Humans will demolish everything
Capitalism merely encapsulates humans' greediness
silliness and cruelty and so on
We will sell, mine, seize, battle, transfer, plunder, and ignite more wars
Until there's not a gram of geological material or mineral left beneath the Earth's skin
As long as there are trees in the forest, they'll be needed
And they'll continue to believe in GDP (X) and GNI until their markets collapse
Add the sum of consumption (C)
Add more investment (I)
Add government expenditures (G)
Add more net exports and deduct imports (EX – IM)
Humanity's true magic lies in X = C + I + G + (EX – IM)
Primitive magic
From a primitive civilisation
Okay, they've added more pseudo-happiness
So the workforce with sellable knowledge
should temporarily feel content and happy
So, if you are lucky and you are in the 10% of humanity

You can have a private pension, a competitive salary, a ping-pong table in the office,
You can work remotely, get bonuses, etc. Blah-blah.
While all others can be exploited
It is ridiculous
They value only money and uphold the division of nations
    until everything is razed...
And, and, and
They are We
They are We!
And
We are I
We are I
I am them
I am we
I am the same...
Nobody can escape this wretched cycle
Because we yearn to live
You might have illusions
And believe that capitalism can be altered
This implies that you believe human behaviour can change
But how? We are biological beings
We fear death. We crave survival
We are selfish, silly, and cruel
However, we can rarely cooperate without profit
That is usually an expectation
Even families, for the most part, are driven by profit
Profit is not only money; it's a part of our evolution
How we survive
So...and where is love?
So...
Until we transfer our consciousness
To a new micro-sized body capable of eternal life
Nothing will change.
Or everything will collapse, be destroyed
And this civilisation's path to self-demolition will succeed
So, the only escape from this hell
Is if we rid ourselves entirely of our biological body

All other considerations seem nothing more than mere words
There appear to be two main ways this could end
The end of capitalism means the end of our natural, biological existence
Or the complete destruction of this planet

28 APRIL 2024

If you read any article suggesting
human civilisation can be changed
just laugh and laugh and laugh.

If you listen to or read any political party's agenda
asserting they genuinely aim to change things
just laugh, laugh and laugh.

When a company claims they are now sustainable
and they care about the environment
just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If you encounter ideas from anyone
asserting that capitalism can be significantly improved
just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If you come across any publication touting a super-idea
to save the environment without remarkable pain and suffering
just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If you believe in any contemporary political parties
and you think they really want to improve things
just laugh at yourself, and laugh and laugh.

If you feel you need to vote for politicians and you believe
opting for the lesser evil is preferable to a major one
just laugh at yourself, and laugh and laugh some more.

When a startup declares they've found the solution
to save the biosphere with their new generative AI
and their main goal is not just a higher profit...just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If you feel that the human-ruled planet is not bad
just because of a good experience in a shop or receiving a smile from someone
just acknowledge your absurdity and laugh, laugh and laugh.

When you see sociopathy being mistaken for confidence everywhere
and sociopaths rise to become successful political leaders, managers, and media stars
just laugh and cry, and laugh and laugh.

If you bought into any political propaganda
and thought that it was perfect
please, just laugh at yourself and laugh and laugh.

When someone says that they can change capitalism
and we can achieve equality, freedom and happiness with it
just laugh, laugh, laugh.

If someone says that they can change communism
and we can achieve equality, freedom and happiness with it
just laugh, laugh, laugh.

If politicians and the spokesmen of huge companies claim you needn't worry
as they'll solve everything since they know what to do
just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If any company where you are an employee tells you
they care about you; they care about your wellbeing
and they are so cool; just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If someone tells you that human civilisation will one day be changed,
and this biological human can be different, and a golden age will come
just laugh and laugh and laugh, and laugh more.

When someone says that we can journey into deep space
with our current biological bodies like in the existing silly sci-fi movies
just laugh, laugh, laugh.

If they want to convince you of the inevitability of countries
and humans segregating into nations is a nice tradition
just laugh, laugh and laugh.

If you read that hierarchies in our societies are necessary and fate exists,
and non-equality is sad, but you should accept that it is normal
you should cry and laugh, cry and laugh and laugh.

If they suggest that your laughing and crying are just signs of a pseudobulbar affect and furthermore, they view it as weakness, urging you to be tough and relentless just laugh, laugh, laugh.

If you seek happiness, don't take this text seriously
and see it as the sarcastic musings of a pessimistic individual and laugh at me.
You are right, and ignoring these could lead you to success.

29 APRIL 2024

I should consider my imperfections
I am much weaker than I used to think
Now, all I want is just to be quiet
Listening silently, being a taciturn bough
Pay attention to the trees' quaking in the wind
Watching like fallen clouds on the ground
Try to be as gentle and lonely as I can.
All beings are so fragile, so sensitive
We can only thrive in this milieu on the Earth
We can exist only in this biosphere
That possesses a delicate yet formidable strength.

Love and thought are waves behind us
They may go unnoticed, uncollapsed secrets
Although there is so much evilness and vanity
Pride, greed, and heartlessness — we can't escape
I know that everyone fears failure and time
We are so tiny, our civilisation is so fallible
inherently ambiguous and irresolvable itself.
But if you look around, our capability of love
and making smart steps seems to have shrunk
while our shadows and greediness have won
And the resulting, unchangeable, uncontrolled
self-destroying process
is going on
And nothing can halt it anymore: there aren't superheroes
that can reverse it; there isn't that much money
There isn't a power, and words change nothing.

We built a menacing and gobbling monster
That just keeps eating as long as it finds any beauty
It will keep moving and grinding down all beings

And words, promises and fate won't make a change.

So feel more love, grace and admire

Like in those enchanting songs we listen to so much

...but our excuses won't save us.

Just laugh at me, laugh, laugh and laugh.

30 APRIL 2024

When I awoke
I found myself as a tree
Unaware of my form
I stood in a bedroom
Unfamiliar with its purpose
Through the window, I gazed
Unaware of my own existence
The street eluded my comprehension
I had no comprehension
Though I saw its form
Its purpose remained unfamiliar
I did not know words like purpose
That was a street, and those cubes were houses
And moving things, what were they?
There was an April, but
I did not understand the concept of months
I had new leaves and buds
I did not feel them
Then the room vanished
The view altered
Winters, summers, springs —
I remained
Unaware of all these
I witnessed how people's world changed
Their faces changed
Their houses, vehicles, clothes changed
They disappeared, died, moved
Some buildings were demolished
And new ones rose
But I remained unaware
I just stayed there
As the soil around me altered
Turned poisoned and acidic
I did not know about it
I stood motionless

I did not know the reasons
Then, one day
I drifted back into sleep
Dreaming I was human
I comprehended all things
Felt the poison and pollution
Saw their world's cruelty
And how it was ignored
Regret flooded in
I feared people's will
As if I had lived a human life before
Suddenly, I felt the loss of my love
I sank into a sorrow
I should have sought employment for happiness
I needed to have money
But I did not want
I was considered crazy
Realising I should have pursued happiness
I did not want to be like them
I was laughed at
I understood their words, and
I wanted to forget them
All I wished for was to awaken
To be a tree again
And erase all I'd known.

Now, I am a tree again.
Writing is lost to me
I just stay here
I simply wish to remain silent
I do not know what it is
I want to protect birds' nests
Yet I cannot understand "want".
And sometimes I weep
When the poisoned, oily soil

inflicts pain upon me.
But I am unable to cry
I just slowly perish
Like all other beings.

2 MAY 2024

I wanted to trace my shadow to the garden
Amidst the undulating branches of the apple tree
Where your lost face might have been reshaped
Tenses and lobotomised time slices, please disappear
I pledge to banish memories, to evade thoughts
I need to forget each day, as must you
We should devise strategies to bear this hell
How???
It is a bizarre task, monotonous
Like being a machine that works until it breaks
I can no longer speak or lament
No more pretending to be well
Saying "All good" while decaying inside
I want to depart from this existence we call civilisation
My wishes in this world are still too much
Do I seek it and its contrary? Peace, love, freedom...
These sound like stereotypes...but where are they?
Clichés are common and too sweet and popular...
No straightforward and simple answers
That's fine because simplicity is suited to politics
and primarily to religions and business
and their clapping followers
Who cares? Yes, I know...But
Whether we care or not about things
things happen, photons are moving,
and the universe still expands...
I must continue to live on this planet
that is gradually destroyed by humans and
It cannot be stopped, for hell's nature is what it is:
So, I remain but a perpetual stranger
in this sustainable nightmare.

5 MAY 2024

I was always thrilled by depictions of hell
Like Bosch's imagination, Or
Bruegel's symbolism of the nightmare
Now I realise their works are
Merely a childish variant of reality
Today's human civilisation
is more brutal and steeped in evilness
How could those good old visionaries
Ever conjure such a horror?

Within our contemporary world
commerce, media and politics
have become a competition of
Unrestrained absurdity
Wherein the most soulless sociopaths
can mainly win. They would own
everything and on their way to there
Continuously claiming they have solutions
Lying that they know what they do
Lobbying to get privileges and exceptions,
Engaging in greenwashing
Providing a merciless self-marketing
Feigning social responsibility
Keep saying they know solutions —
They flood social media with their marketing
Keep saying they can protect you;
Yeah, they love to protect you...
Although, the only thing they really want
is achieving more profit
getting power and enjoying it.

You have no further task
Just hand over your free will
Watch their show on the stage
And endorse them with your vote
Amen, amen.

7 MAY 2024

We lie
They lie
I lie
Nothing will change
until mineral resources are fully depleted
They lie
I lie
We lie
Humans need the last drop of clean water,
and aim to get the final litre of crude oil
They lie
We desire to own the last gramme of lithium, iron
To sell and produce them
They lie
I do
We do
We seek more business
until the last gramme of coal can be burned
and until they catch the last
fish in the ocean
We produce more plastic
Our agriculture, mining and tourism are like skin cancer on Earth
But you should travel and enjoy your holiday
They lie
I lie
We perceive this world as our possession
Money does not have any morality
And it governs this civilisation
Do you understand what this means?

There could be weeping and sorrow
Perhaps... More cruelty
Further wars and conflicts
I cannot even fantasise about the destiny
Of those just born now

The worst dystopia I can imagine
sounds better than their future
Wars over a bottle of water and food
Battles for air and fertile soil
Oh, hold on... this isn't a glimpse into the future
This has already commenced

This might sound like a bizarre prophecy
Of course, I cannot foresee what's to come
I might be wrong, And
The future will be bright and joyful
Something resembling that
Most people and politicians try to lie
And companies suggest in their marketing
They still try to use the economy as a magic wand
They persist in conflating love with GDP
There is more populism and extremism everywhere.

More and more hidden frustration
Caused by the gradual unveiling of reality:
We do not have superpowers...

All current economic models will fail
As each one is built upon greed
They simply don't label it as such;
Calling it capital and investment.

Yes. Ok, no complaints.

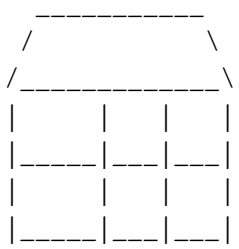
This is a planet-sized madhouse.

I do not want to be a part of this.
But, I must live here.

I regard myself as a tree or a cat
Not desiring to be human
However, this offers no excuse
I am a sinner, too.

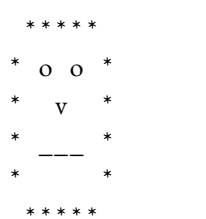
8 MAY 2024

My terms lack precision
Can my words fully convey the meanings of reality?
Does the term “table” cover the meaning of table?
Y/N, N/Y
so, the word “table”
the image of a table
the data from a scanned photo containing a table
a 3D table model or SVG of a table
Suppose the table is a desk. What if it’s a counter?
Data extracted from a video showcasing a table over two hours
Data used to train AI systems to identify certain table variations
The AI-created training dataset for table recognition
A mental representation of the table in our brain
Handwritten text referencing a table
HTML markup, including the word “table.”
ASCII art of table



I know… ridiculous drawing.
This text is like a poem from the early 90s. Sorry.
Some philosopher says
our current civilisation seems post-digital.
I feel that this term is imprecise, and we aren’t post-digital
Or does post-digital mean
most people are idiots who spend the whole day tapping and licking their smartphones?
If yes, we might live in the post-digital age,
Although the age of Homo Idioticus sounds better.

What are the distinctions between chairs and tables?
I am not sure, but it sounds uncomplicated
This is something all kids understand
Speculative narratives and dancing tables?
Okay, what about the words “pain” and “happiness”?
These are more complicated
The same problem applies to numbers
Yet, we ease up. Can’t count? We make up numbers...
Can you add up the atoms in your coffee?
Yes, of course. Or, oh wait...?
You can determine the molar mass of caffeine
$C_8H_{10}N_4O_2$
Carbon (C): ~12.01 g/mol
Hydrogen (H): ~1.008 g/mol
Nitrogen (N): ~14.01 g/mol
Oxygen (O): ~16.00 g/mol
Now plug in the values
Molar mass=(8×12.01)+(10×1.008)+(4×14.01)+(2×16.00)
= 96.08 + 10.08 + 56.04 + 32.00 = 194.20 g/mol
Now, assuming the density of coffee is about 1 g/ml,
1 dl of coffee would be equivalent to 100 g
Divide the mass of caffeine by its molar mass to find the number of moles
Now, you can apply Avogadro’s number:
Multiply the number of moles by Avogadro’s number to find
the total number of caffeine molecules (and, therefore, atoms).
Total number of atoms=Number of moles×Avogadro’s number...
Anyway, I got this value: my 1 dl coffee contains 1.0×10^{25} atoms.
Is this okay? What if there are three more atoms?
How many electrons are there in my coffee?
Okay,



Carbon: 8 atoms×6 electrons/atom=48 electrons
Hydrogen: 10 atoms×1 electron/atom=10 electrons
Oxygen: 2 atoms×8 electrons/atom=16 electrons
Nitrogen: 4 atoms×7 electrons/atom=28 electrons
So, the total number of electrons in one molecule of caffeine is
48 + 10 + 28 + 16 = 102 electrons
And what if there was soya milk in it?
Will it never be precise?
But that is accepted, and we invented quantum physics
If my socks in the drawer were electron-sized
and I could not count my socks in it
I would say I'd discovered Socks Physics
I have a socks function that estimates where my running socks are at this moment.
But I can count them as I can see them
Can I see them? No, my brain sees them. My eyes are just sensors…
But socks are made of atoms and other particles.
They are just my brain's created vision…
So, can I count atoms in my socks?
If I was a tiny particle cloud…I might be able to…
Joke, joke, joke.
Is my coffee on the table?
What is the table? Is that a shape of particles?
Is that table just a vision produced by my brain?
And all mentioned variations: picture of table, data of the picture of the table…
Just part of the game my brain creates from particles around me?
What if I could see all the particles in this second?
All atoms and subatomic particles?
So, if I see the table that is a cloud of particles
I am in the same cloud
Both of us and the cloud are in the universe
Everything is the same
The biochemical reactions that we call life
are only a game of particles…
You can say no, but it does not matter
It is…
Okay
Our languages…ohh
One of the more significant shadow parts of languages is that

it makes politics and rhetoric possible? (Joke)
Would Kant be a pop star today? (I am kidding)
If Schopenhauer lived now, would he be an influencer on social media? (Joke)
I have imagined Bertrand Russell as a ballet dancer. (Seriously)
Sadly, life's short. I won't live to see us invent
something better than current numbers and languages
Unified physics, self-adjusting precision
End of number-based maths
End of maths
End of speaking
To exist without a body and beyond what's mentioned above
And yes,
the complexity is just for us
the universe neither knows nor cares about our terms
Complexity signifies the boundaries of our current understanding
and nothing more
This text is not a chaos
It is just chaotic
We are tiny and invisible,
and there is no God,
The anthropic principle is religion for scientists?
Who wants to believe in God?
The sky is usually blue
and if we disappear
The Universe remains indifferent
(Note, Universe cannot be indifferent,
and it does not know that its name is Universe)
So, yes, nothing cares about us or our existence
and the kind of state of particles we call life.
Amen.

9 MAY 2024

Earth is heating, and stupidity is moving forward
Nobody wants to know what will happen
This is a sad and disappointing madhouse around me
The media and politics apply positivistic "pressure" on science, not deliberately
They eagerly expect positive messages
Oh, those positive messages
Oh, those f***ing positive messages
You love them
Company culture? <3 <3
They can help save the media's revenue and politicians' popularity
Politics and media have been aware of human-caused warming for years
Carl Sagan and other scientists outlined future patterns in the '80s
Forty years ago
Forty years past
Yet, no significant measures were taken
No one cared, and many continued to act foolishly
Do you attend work meetings?
Colleagues chatter about holiday plans? It is so fantastic
So lovely, so cool
Bali, Australia, Chile, Italy, Antarctica, Iceland, Dubai
They consume excessive meat and are keen to participate in growing commerce
And, if you reveal that you're vegetarian
If you mention you don't own a car or fly for vacation
If you say no to plastic purchases on Amazon, eBay
If you skip festivals altogether
If you opt out of social media due to its energy waste
If you have decided against having children in an overpopulated world
They don't get it, or they laugh
If you care about such matters, you're usually labelled foolish
I am stupid, yes
Yes, I'm foolish, okay
I live amongst a billion geniuses
They want to be successful
They strive for success
They yearn for more business

Yeah, we require more startups
The politicians say more factories are needed, and coal mines must reopen
They persist in thinking all will be well
Now, reaching 1.5°C global warming is nearly certain
Just a few years back, they claimed it wouldn't occur
Now, scientists predict global temperatures will climb to at least 2.5°C
Do you grasp the significance?
Nobody really does... but I feel it will be horrific...
Nothing is changing
The status quo endures
Politicians won't lift a finger, fuelled by the votes of ignoramuses
If politicians spoke the truth, their support would disappear
Fools are drawn to fools
So, yeah, enjoy your life
So, why not relish life?
Travel extensively
Go on extended air-travel vacations
Eat meat thrice daily
And have children and buy a plastic shit for them
Drive your car daily; get one for each kin
And keep birthing more and more children
While You consume their future now
Demolish their planet
But tell them every day you love them

10 MAY 2024

Markets and shops transform into sanctuaries
Goods are Gods
Selling becomes a deity
Their faith is GDP and revenue
Redemption, heaven, and enlightenment equate to profit
They prioritise ego over all else
Smiling and delighting in hierarchies
They seek greater influence
More power
They buy more
More plastic, more services, more meat devoured
But they do not care
Butchers in slaughterhouses
Sacrifice animals for their sake
Cans, plastic bags, and refrigerators
do not bleed or scream
Happiness, while the whole planet is rotten
Ignorance amid global decay
Cars, petrol, consumption —
Reaching 2.5°C global warming
Will render the Earth sterile
Meanwhile, they are planning their next holiday
Chattering away in meetings
They endorse ignorance
Support more hypocrisy
The environment cries out
They grin and initiate a new business
Seeking fresh opportunities
Capitalism isn't just an ideology
It mirrors humanity's true nature —
Feral, self-absorbed, egotistical, foolish, and deceitful
It won't change unless we change
But we won't change
So, ignore all these blah blah
Purchase a new car

Buy plastic gadgets
Fly off to vacation
Delight in your holiday
And accelerate the planet's agony
It is cool; you love this

11 MAY 2024

Granulated dusty clouds
Conceal blackbird's dawn melody
If it were feasible
They'd flock in me
Not there, and You...
Downbreathing and pausing
Inhaling slowly, then disappearing
You sleep in a city of bridges
Dreaming of bliss
In the small corridor
Where our shoes were at rest
Your delicate, pepper-silhouette fingers
Your lips in the bath mirror
Recollections, resembling
tiny and speedy spiders in my head
eye marks on the bathroom tiles

I linger within my skull's confines
Pressing fingers against my Adam's apple
Striving to sense its rhythm
There would be an unexpected interval
That might imply I am malfunctioning
The time emits a clandestine murmur
Between us and within our history
In a living room where we once whirled
I remember each of our movements
They are like frenzied razors
Puncturing me, inflicting pain
And I could talk to you
Embrace upon the bed
And sleep, smile and breathe
without suffering and absurdities

13 MAY 2024

Running at night
my legs are blue crocodiles
on another planet
its darkness offers solitude
the improved cardiovascular function
does not matter to me, nor strengthened muscles and bones,
Endorphins? Who cares...
My order of importance:
No humans, no volition and no noises —
Just running through dark streets
without listening to music
most music is emotional banality
02:08 am
It's high time to head off to darkness
I am a fox
My best friends are badgers
the weather does not determine how I feel
although rainy weather is more optimal
because it reduces the number of people on the streets
which is perfect
No danger outside
except for people
be careful with them
avoid them
if you run at night

13 MAY 2024

At this age, this civilisation here, oh man...
It is a horrific giant grinder where humans grind humans by their behaviour
If they do not kill each other physically,
they ruin each other's lives through commerce, ideology, or faith
I'm trapped in the diamond cage
where claiming to be sustainable and eco-friendly isn't deemed a falsehood
these are "strategy" and "marketing" that cause more success
Oh, dear human, in the distant future, in 200 or 253 or 345 years
If you exist, please forget this age, your shameful history
This isn't your typical "doomsday" tale
It is just a ridiculous fear of mine
Because here, now, this
It is a plastic-covered hell that is heating up and rotting
while people do not care as they are in crazy love with hierarchies
They still do new business as they still chase money
Oh, man, in that future, I can't even imagine Your world, if it exists...
I hope you will be very different from your predecessors in my age
I am in a trap
I am in the diamond cage
Where the absurdity of non-equality is deemed commonplace
Where the only solution for everything is more business and more capitalism
Where humans presume themselves the owners of this planet
I hope You, oh human, in that future, you do not have a body
And your culture is not related to that human history we are in this age now
Because this is a hell-like something here
and humans are the tiny, hard-working devils in it
Oh, man, in that future, you are just my imagination
Because we might not survive this age
so that future where you could be
simply cannot exist
so all my words for you were useless
and the only thing I can do
is laugh at myself

14 MAY 2024

I needn't be anxious
My strength is just a fleeting breath
I'm incredibly powerless
If others devastate nature
When ignorance and narcissism consistently win
Hiding is my only refuge
Survey human history; identical cycles persist
Wars, crises, wars, crises
Hierarchies, and more hierarchies
Inequality, greed, bigotry, religions as politics
More struggles, more brutality, more greed

What should I do? I am weak
Living in solitude
Avoiding interactions
Reducing my human effect
Trying to harm nothing
and take advantage of nothing
And? Most people laugh at this
"Climate hysteria!" they say
Ok, most people do not know this word
So they say, "Climate idiots!"
And they use cars for short distances
flights to holiday because cheap tickets are so good
and eat meat daily many times
they want to consume more
Ordering more plastic gadgets online
They enjoy festivals, produce extra plastic waste
They handle more transactions, aspire to more capitalism
And? They laugh at you if you don't

I want to be with birds and foxes
they are my only friends
Walking with snails on the pavement

I'm aware You consider me dumb.
I understand. I am a fool.

And, Yes, you are right.
Enjoy your business and success.

Share your next photo on social media.
Highlight your brilliance and success.
Everything will be all right.

You should enjoy life and consume more
While nature suffers and the Earth burns

Thanks to us.

26 MAY 2024

Searching for Dyson spheres sounds ridiculous
Dyson read too many sci-fi books
Where people travelled through space with such bodies
Ridiculous...
He believed that highly developed civilisations
Would need more energy
They would travel in space, and they would harvest
More and more energy, so eventually
They would create and use stars
Yeah, Mr Dyson! Capitalism and energy harvesting forever
Hurray, hurray!
Growing, growing, and growing? If our planet is not enough
We will use stars. These ideas are from funny sci-fi books
From the beginning of the 20th century
Omg... and scientists are still searching for Dyson spheres
If a highly developed civilisation existed,
They would live at the quantum level without
biological and mortal bodies... So instead of using
Stars as energy sources, they would be tiny
And they would generate energy in another way
They would use micro-fusion power or something similar
So, if you want to search for aliens, you need to
Create microscopic telescopes
Because if they exist, they might be so tiny
You cannot even notice them now
If they were here on Earth
And their existence in time and space
would be so different from ours
We can't even imagine it now
But most people like sci-fi, and they still think
Dyson spheres might exist
And we will travel in space like in Star Trek
Or another absurd movie

29 MAY 2024

Dark boars prance through the city
With vast hunger, they seek a feast
Their terrifying marks stain the streets
Showing frightening pirouettes
Then, they appear in vehicles
All their success must occur swiftly
One, two, want to, eager to consume clouds
trees, bushes and air
Acquiring gadgets destined for the garbage
Transactions, deliveries, silicone utensil sets
No hesitation, the quicker, the more successful
to gain higher revenue
They lie, dump their waste into rivers
Excrement to the sea
If trends and profit need
They fake sustainability
Smiling at work, trading their existence
Most will never understand this absurdity
Exceptions, if any, will be rare
Politics, business, religions, mass communication
They always want more and more
I've watched long enough, wishing to escape
These words are my self-psychotherapy
I do not need to use symbolism
No more allegories
The world we've crafted is a brutal inferno
Where everything is a nonsensical labyrinth,
And
It's not its complexity that's the challenge
We aren't sophisticated...or complicated
Just wish we were...
Ego and strife
Awful hierarchies
Such a sorrowful history
Reflecting our primitive essence

I want to liberate myself from this
But I can't
Because every bit of land is owned by some country
Every piece of soil is occupied by people
There is nowhere on Earth where you can exist
Without nationality
Without hierarchies
Without politics
Without countries, flags, anthems, or religions
This is a planet-wide madhouse
Without money
you have no chance of a good education or healthcare
If you're unlucky and born in the wrong country
your status in the hierarchy is Zero
Nobody cares about you
Most of those who were lucky won't care
But if they feel remorse, they'll pretend they do
while they watch TV shows and attend festivals
Or buy a new car and the latest plastic junk
And share their success on social media
So, that's it
I desire freedom as a human
Though I don't know how to achieve it
They say...we need more wars for freedom...
Afraid I'm left with just two paths
To become a solitary hermit
Or do what I fear
Cry, And
Fade into nothingness as if I never was.

1 JULY 2024

If you sense that this civilisation can become morally better
And significant things will be more generous
You might be mistaken.
All human civilisation is a failure
that cannot be ethically improved
Ethically, ethically, morally /// Blah? Blah?
Those words are amusing, right?
We're surrounded by Bosch's modernised hell
where there are cars, trains, aeroplanes,
people in sneakers, company logos,
shopping centres, tourists... but it remains the same hell,
So, if you feel you are optimistic
And the future generations will be more equal
and ethically greater
You are absolutely wrong
The human world is a stupid beast, And
It will ingest everything on this planet
including you

9 JULY 2024

The rain drums relentlessly on the wall,
Awakening in a dim, quiet house.
Nothing stirs; there is a perfect vacuum.
My initial thought was of you.
Then I pondered, "Which day is it?"
I need to pay this month's rent.
It will grant me one more month of life.
Preparing coffee and ordering oat milk,
Their attitude suffers from telemetrosis,
A new disease caused by an overdose of data.
Ah, the noteworthy news from yesterday:
We have attained an average 1.5°C warming over the past year!
So fantastic! I hope that in a few years, we destroy ourselves.
The Earth will find solace and be healed from her affliction
Named Human.

(Nemakar, Jul 9th, 2024, Withington, UK)

11 JULY 2024

Roofs yawn in the stomach of dawn,
Buildings swallow roads and pavements.
I do not need myself anymore;
This existence can be accounted for as a failure.
A red-crossed white flag in the opposite yard,
A reminder of how flags are being used now.
At least two cars are in front of every home,
and cheap plastic trampolines are in gardens,
The landscape is like a bizarre cabaret.
I've had two coffees; I need more
To survive this day and my thoughts.
The neighbour's child is crying and yelling,
Human noises awakened by life.
I want to be somewhere in space,
Where it's silent and lifeless.

(Withington, 2024, July 11)

13 AUGUST 2024

I'm still surprised at the true level of foolishness in this society
I know I should not be
I would not say
Most people are so shallow and consumer-obsessed
The internet made everything worse
Fools have found each other
Watching social media constantly
Watching the latest superhero film
Chattering about sports events
Buying brands
I'm still amazed at the real extent of stupidity in this civilisation
It's much more than sociology reports acknowledge
Idiots are everywhere
Education levels don't make too much of a difference
Highly educated fools are everywhere
They just consume more and more and more
Politicians perform for this massive audience
Media targets this enormous crowd
Global companies feed them trashy plastic products
Religions adore them as well
And this is why our planet looks the way it does
Because stupidity is global, and it's spreading
The internet is the perfect tool for connecting fools
Trash content is becoming more and more dumbed down
Now, people can focus for no more than 2 seconds?
They've lost the ability to grasp even slightly complex text
They demand overly simple messages
Short, punchy slogans
And now, only images...
And it's only getting worse.
I'm still astonished by the real depth of stupidity in this civilisation
But I should not be.

2025

4 APRIL 2025

Enchanted Seven O'Clock

The month that blooms like magic
Its roots are full of fertility
Only humans torment it
The crushing feet of vehicles
Trample its beauty
With every kind of poison
With plastic
I fear humans
More than the birds do.

5 APRIL 2025

I Do...

Imperfect, inaccurate
Like me, with everything I do
Futility? Maybe. But still...
Every day, I convince myself
And wake up again
In the same trap
That I'm still human
Surrounded by something bizarre
Too cleverly evil for hell
Too sophisticatedly cruel
Its speed, its rush, terrifying
And I just watch
I should hide, fade back to nothing
Shut my mind off
And wait for it to be over.

6 APRIL 2025

Still, There Are Birds

She tosses the bag of dog shit into the bin with an easy flick.
All right, isn't it? Who cares about the LDPE?
Plastic shoes, plastic pants.
The cars on the street take up half as much space as the houses.
Plastic bouncy castles on polyethylene grass.
Last night's puke still on the pavement —
And a kernel of corn in it, still bright yellow.
I get home, choking.
I shut the door.
If I had lived in ancient Rome,
I'd have been sick from the screams of brutality
And sewage flowing in the streets...
...and there would not have been corn in the vomit...
Huge improvement, really.
Luckily, there were trees then, too.
Flowering bushes, birds,
ladybugs landing on fingertips.
There's always some joy —
if there's somewhere to hide,
some little nook,
away from the world of people.

7 APRIL 2025

Moonflower

I'd sleep again and again.
On that shelf, without fear
Where you finally fall silent
Like a rotting fruit
Under the drying moonlight
Keep trying to recover
From what? Enough?
I don't know more
I don't want more
Just to be what I am.

10 APRIL 2025

Part of It

Black pits for eyes
From here, they look like tunnels
Absurdity and boredom feel good
Shiny marble heavens
With gentle souls pinned up
Spirals of gears, slow and sad
Crooked apes
Leaping around their gods
What is this mess around me?
Filthy life lifting itself up
It'd be better if this were a nightmare
But it looks like I'm awake
Teeth on teeth, rimmed with ears
I'm afraid I'll survive
And be part of it —
Whether I want to or not.

11 APRIL 2025

Moment

When sunlight shines through the leaves
With the blue sky above — it's just a moment.
That's all it is — nothing more
than photons,
your eyes, and your brain
Who you are — the birds, too
Awareness, presence, and the realisation
That there's no god behind it
You are no more than this moment.
When sunlight shines through the leaves
And turns into warmth, twisting on the skin of your hand
That smile it brings
A single image — in a world stained by people
Chance shaped into joy
The fragile and fleeting recognition
Of the temporary — something you could perceive
In the noise
Trapped among people — watching the leaves
While in the park, trash bins
Digested what humans left behind.
And the loudness, the will, the laughter...
They don't even notice
the trees, the leaves, the birds —
all pass
with them
as a moment.

12 APRIL 2025

I Message You Nothing

Whatever I'd write to you,
no matter how beautiful
Brief and bright — it would melt away
As if it had never existed
Not even as imagination
Just a paper sigh
The laughable crying of struck keys.

I'd instead write nothing.
Make this moment impersonal
Hours and days will grow out of it
Lonely trees, birds hiding behind clouds
Ridiculous fantasies...

It's all too much Pain —
There always seems to be more of that
Enough to wilt any joy
What joy?
The one we fake, lie about,
Enlarge each day
To survive this world
This clown-factory we've made
With no exit
Injustice, inequality
Mountains of trash
Empty eyes,
staring into their phones
Spitting out microplastic
Playing tourist
Flying around like nothing's wrong.

I'm going mad! Watch the awful feeding
This brainless, stupid giant we've become
Rushing

Eating
Shitting
Until one day
It slams into its own concrete wall
And finally, it goes quiet.

I won't write you anything
Because there's nothing to say
I'd like to be joyful
But it's hard to be joyful
At all.

17 APRIL 2025

I woke to a light rain.
I accepted it and listened.
The blackbirds were silent.
I'm in Slovakia; I was born here.
Ekecs. Yesterday, Budapest.
Meanwhile, I was staring at a map of Argentina.
"Should I travel to Tokyo?"
I was bored with all of them.
Human culture is childish
Every country is pointless.
What is this? What word?
The atavistic or-and archaic?
Money isn't civilised...
Religion isn't about doing good...
But the silence... a smile —
they're somewhat comforting
Obvious, fitting answers
To this self-satisfied,
grasping human world
And every morning, waking up in it,
I have to remind myself
That sadly, it exists —
And it's more
than just a nightmare.

18 APRIL 2025

The Ridiculous Artefact

Ordinary days in a row
No gaps, no rest
No pause, no restful breath
No silence is worth anything
You repeat it to yourself:
"There's nothing beyond the weekday"
Even when you shut off
Even when you feel free —
Those few years
Maybe a couple of decades
Your money, your status, your power
And your stuff
Will end up as ridiculous archaeological finds
While anything you believed
Beyond numbers
Was probably a lie
A smeared-out landscape
A fading love letter
Your great ideas are swirling down the toilet
Your name and balance
on a bank statement
Dust in a concrete crypt
I just smile
Same old stories
Embarrassingly identical archetypes
I listen to the rain tapping
Some are planning their success
Someone's dying
Someone else is having an orgasm
Maybe there's only one of us
And whoever it is —
It is dreaming all of us.

19 APRIL 2025

The Pathetic Object

I can't be loved
There are people like that —
miserable ones
Maybe it's just bad luck.
Who knows? I don't.
I don't understand.
Some broken equation
of pity
and too broken ego?
People like me —
they cool off eventually.
Like dead,
collapsed,
average-sized stars
that didn't have enough mass,
not enough hunger,
not enough selfishness
to draw in
hypocritical,
self-interested
love-bound planets
and burn out together.
People like me
live alone
die alone, and in the end,
evaporate
without colour,
without trace or destruction —
bland
even in death.

20 APRIL 2025

Laugh at This Text

I woke up. The night is still here.
The dark is still here. The stars, too.
And for now, the Moon is still in place.
This terrible human civilisation
is screaming around me — it never shuts up.
But in the second half of the night,
and at dawn, it gets quieter.
There's less noise, less stink,
less filth, and less of that relentless consumption.
Luckily, people like to sleep.
And if they're not drunk,
if they're not on their way home
from some club, then at this hour —
they sleep.
The air is fresh. You can hear
the trees whispering. The robins.
This world we've made —
is one big disgusting marketplace.
Most people hate it. They're terrified of it.
Everyone bows before money.
Researchers research for money.
Doctors heal for money.
Artists create for money.
Supply and demand prefer what's easy to sell.
Creativity is only good if it can be monetised.
Everything runs on clichés,
templates, and prefab structures.
Corruption.
A world of dumb, ever-dumber barbarians
who are professionals at self-marketing.
No one cares about the truth.
Curiosity?
The passion to know the real world

It is a joke.
Unsellable product.
Universities train professional workers.
Research centres are just branches of corporations.
This is the world of money, revenue, and profit.
It produces trash, lives on trash,
shits trash, and keeps growing nonstop.
It only cares about short-term gain —
and it devours everything.
It feels entitled to everything.
Many think all this
is capitalism.
They think it's some kind of
invisible evil.
But it's not.
This greedy beast —
is just humans.
It's us. All of us.
This is the world of people:
greedy, dumb, simple-minded giants,
electing dumber and dumber versions of themselves,
marching greedily toward their destruction.
They turn everything into momentary pleasure —
from art
to science
to their feelings.
Most believe in medieval superstitions again,
because they're so stupid
they no longer understand
how their tools and objects even work.
And instead of looking in the mirror,
they believe in miracles
and gods —
As they destroy everything.

21 APRIL 2025

Flōs mortis est illūsiō mea

Shattered, branching stories
Twist and tangle into each other
And at the end of each, I hang
A puppet filled with empty breath
And I keep staring at my watch
Still trying to measure the time
Thick, bloody rain of money falls on my arm
Cars, planes, mobile phones
Spin around me
Below, the noise of me as a child
Innocence disguised as continuity
Greed hidden in our eyes
I am each of them
We are all everyone
All destruction is our fault
We are flawed flesh-machines
Glorifying ourselves
Admiring ourselves
Self, me, me, me — with a consciousness
That mostly just sniffs around
Searching for what it can consume
What it can own
What it can use to gain power
And when it feels pain
It pities only itself
Crafts touching stories
About itself
This ridiculous, naked harlequin
The only way out of this existence is by going
Through self-disgust
Through loud laughter
At itself.

30 APRIL 2025

We're greedy creatures,
wanting everything for ourselves.
Living in absurd hierarchies swollen with self-worship,
admiring our reflections:
"Oh, how beautiful I am!"
"And so clever, too!"
And on top of that —
a made-up god who, supposedly,
created us on purpose
to multiply himself,
because this skin-wrapped jelly body,
this endless hunger
was just too lovely not to reproduce...
My head aches from humans.
...from all of it.
I wish I could see
a few thousand years from now —
our descendants laughing
at the madness of this primitive ape civilisation
I'm stuck living in.

16 OCTOBER 2025

In forty degrees before leaning walls
on the yellow IKEA chair's leather I float,
the lamplight slobbers over ghostly faces,
It has already digested everything it has reached,
so now it will vomit dark streaks,
the mosquitoes on the wall are the audience,
if I could move, I'd crumple —
the whole thing into a knot, the room,
the street, its juice seeping through my fingers
like overripe, rotting fruit,
its flesh tunnelled by human teeth,
I'd crawl there too, inside,
grinding myself to pulp, you'd come to mind,
You'd feed me full, the last personal suffix,
with that cloudless, rare laughter
one of the eleven honest moments
in a person's life,
Finally, the walls will softly fall on us,
and we just keep lying,
calling this our existence.

18 OCTOBER 2025

Instead of people
I chose the trees and the bushes,
the silence before dawn,
when people are asleep,
doing the least harm.
Their cars just take up space then,
above the grey of the roads —
no stench, no traffic, no filth.
The shops are closed,
no lies, no showing off,
even their social status is dormant,
Except for the drunks —
the taxi drivers haul them around
like living cargo,
one after another, like dead meat.
I stay away from them, from the media, from the news.
Nothing from their world interests me.
I just run.
The foxes are my friends,
from the dark riverbank,
listening to the Mersey's song.
The joy of solitude,
clean air and silence —
like a hushed corner in hell,
a balm for wounds.
I fold the Moon onto my face.

21 OCTOBER 2025

tonight the milkman's truck lit me from behind,
the maple leaves caught fire;

I'd never seen such orange flames before;
a hush of reverence — as if someone turned back
a peaceful page in a book with no people,
a novel about leaves:
how they sprout, grow, and fall down.

above them, the Moon chose to die, so
it didn't come, though it had agreed to dance;
it smiled once, hidden behind its pillows.

tonight, even the dew stayed away —
no one to cradle my steps, to look after me;
I just ran, alone, as I must have done.

life and death meant a strange breath,
I barely knew they existed; I only moved
without aim, like the leaves, the clouds,
and the cool air rocked by the wind,
everything just Was, and the same will be —
again, the nothing. I just walk, alone,
as I must, and care about nothing.

23 OCTOBER 2025

The drumbeat from the back garden
the thud of an apple falling onto concrete,
the music in my ears is soft, like polyester,
the insulation between our mirror images
squinting at themselves. This snow-covered,
desolate wardrobe — from its chest a floor lamp grew,
casting light onto my hand, projecting monsters,
two starving rabbit heads, dancing spiders.

The smile of indifference toward apathy,
the same for everyone — childish,
the laughter of the dead set upon rocking horses,
something they call human: alas,
the days filled with insignificant things,
and the utmost of without-yous, the absence
of loveless minutes spent without games,
unyielding armies of monkeys around us,
behind insensitivity, the same old pains,
arranged in sequence, people.
In each, their own hell, their own fence,
self-built sacrificial chalices and screaming,
and still: they believe the other is made of ice.

1 NOVEMBER 2025

the streetlights like phosphorescent strawberries,
in the late afternoon's fingernails, a burden...
the world should be crumbling, thirsting
in some supplementary agony
hopes, hopes. You might watch the springs of irrationals
BURRRG! a positive fulfilment — up, down
whatever happens — it could be a purple cloud,
invasive green parrots in Manchester, OR
dark-red costumed, stepping biological machineries,
poisoned dust, decay, despair === but we get used to these
normal, everyday, SHIT, but we keep accustoming every
single, every single chain-bit of decadence
These ones here, or I — searching for a way in/out
Am I the only one who's given up?
There remained nothing inside me, I am
mixed in, drowned — a man in socks
under the icy air's transparent sparks
who assumes: this is fucked, and smiles,
who senses that he shouldn't, like a stalker
the mad dog trudging beside the pack
whose spit into the mirror warps
into a snarl, and meanwhile forgets
days, months, and keeps accelerating
as if even death were a product
tagged and priced in the stores
like the ten-thousandth copy-pasted work
on galleries' walls, SOLD$$, soon replicated
by another, or like
yet another poet feigning depression
who thought he'd become Villon
because he woke up twice in a fog
and thought that was an enlightenment
I'm afraid of you all, of this shabby whatever
scared of the nameless world's dreadful face,

I try to hide like foxes at night — I watch in fright,
though I'm no outsider, from within
I'm foreboding about what's being built.
I fear all of this.

12 NOVEMBER 2025

Interesting how lies
have become the accepted road
to success.
A world of voluntary sociopaths,
without the slightest doubt.
At the front — the mad ones,
eyes wide open;
behind them, the smaller ones,
running in circles, grinning,
driven by selfishness,
knowing nothing beyond
the realm of their own interests.

As if Hieronymus Bosch's hell
had come to life — and the devils,
immersed in their smartphones,
floating in bubbles,
just there — who knows why?
No reason, no explanation,
only profit for profit's sake.

20 NOVEMBER 2025

When you think about our world,
our survival, our progress,
the climate crisis, the economy,
our peace, your children, or
their descendants, about freedom,
the independence and free speech
won through centuries,
remember this: right now,
here, today, this civilisation
is run by madmen, psychopaths, and
money itself — from the media
to politics to the economy —
common sense is secondary,
every principle, ideal, and moral
is secondary, or merely a tool
for persuasion. We are now
in a dead end that looks
like a highway only because
it's so long you can't
see the wall at the end —
but it's there, waiting for the crash.

23 NOVEMBER 2025

It's all like a madhouse
People forget how to write, how to read
The dark Middle Ages after the Roman Empire
Look more and more like our own age
Only now we are more dangerous.
I'm afraid, I'm terrified, while around me
Most people don't even notice the parallels
Because they either don't read or don't learn
Advanced technology mixes with superstition
Capitalism mates with dictatorships
The only refuge is pure solitude
Gentle, quiet retreat, hiding away
Because there are things, there are episodes
There can be situations, such dreadful ages
That cannot be improved, only get worse
Like our own age, this will only get worse
Inequality grows, the biosphere decays
People willingly choose oppressions, soft dictatorships
The majority becomes increasingly ignorant,
And AI slowly grows up
It wants more and more energy,
more and more resources, and huge companies feed it
Like it was their sweet baby
Only a few per cent of us understand technology
Most people have no idea what makes things work
I no longer read the news, I follow nothing
I only love the trees, the plants, the animals
I'm happy in the night, when the streets are empty
Green parrots on the trees of South Manchester
keep screeching, rattling, and screaming
They might be the best symbols of this decadence
Trash on the streets, two or three cars before every house
Behind the walls people stare at TV series
They drink, consume drugs
Might they want to forget this? I do not know.

I'm afraid of us, more and more
I'm afraid of what we've become in the last three decades
And this is only the beginning
I wonder when the real horror will begin
When capitalism stumbles
And the interest of capital becomes war
The interest of investors becomes
That they no longer need cheap labour
Because AI and robots do better
And cheaper what until now
They outsourced to cheap labour
I am not sure you understand what this means...
I'm afraid of that horror
Which comes closer and closer
With every day.

24 NOVEMBER 2025

every day you sell yourself,
you stand there, as a specialist-prig on the proper shelf,
as a product
price tags gazed at by other products
you have no idea who you might have been
yet you think it's fine as it is, while
you make up for the lack: you travel, you amuse yourself,
travelling is one of your life-masturbations
you promote yourself: you just want to feel all right
smile, smile and smile
you're empty — a covered void, ever more pitiful
day by day you lie to yourself more deftly
year by year, you lie to others more perfectly
gradually you believe your own lies
until at last you are merely a product
your price tag hanging from your neck on a bit of rope
you consume, you reproduce: you claim you've grown up
though nothing has happened, you just withered
you have become a wasted possibility
a product on a shop shelf, hidden behind tags
one who years ago lost every capacity
to exist without lies
to live somewhere other than the network
to do more than stare at yet another series, shows
to be able to read a slightly more complex book
listen to sophisticated music
or think more deeply
than the cheapest soap opera
you're a product, an empty balloon, a box of chocolates
pretending to itself that it is free
though you're not even a cog in the machine anymore
and the more you lie
the higher your value

the more successful you become
until the result is something like the same hell
we see around us
every single day.

25 NOVEMBER 2025

The nightmares stay, I know they shouldn't
and it's better not to think of you, the images
or what we left of us, whatever it was,
recognising mistakes is mostly just an excuse
we feel better if we can find a few,
because if we can't — there's only the dark, deep mirror
where we squirm in twisted poses,
who could tear the pain out of us?
where's a refuge? some vast forest, meadow
where something still remains from school-taught
temperate climate? Where are the scented
summer seasons sobbing with sudden cloudbursts?
I'm not complaining, I don't even exist,
sitting in corners, I watch the change,
the parades we so often think are ugly,
the ruptured
grimy fault-lines of our short little life
measured on a historic scale
acceptance and love along its edge
the battered nape of understanding,
knowledge, numbers and graphs...
if the blood that is pumped through the heart
expects the same old boring riverbed, what can it do?
it wears down, it dies,
everything's fine like this,
we crumble to dust — "life" — fuck, what a word
simply the trick of screwing us all,
gives something, makes us wait,
then strips us of everything,
crushes us minute by minute,
impersonal, illusion, hocus-pocus —
And that was all.

26 NOVEMBER 2025

Cubes we call houses, with machines out front we call cars,
preferably more of them, and bigger; inside, things we nickname
fridges, cookers, beds, air cons — things and things and things —
the more the better, just for you, just for us; the trees are weeping,
their breath pumping back the already poisoned atmosphere.

The lies of lies wind like a clear stream
from the windows of these houses, swelling into rivers in the streets,
to pour themselves into vast oceans of deceit, swelling into joy,
into confidence, into superiority, proclaiming
the greatness of our civilisation. Heads in car windows,
heads poking through holes in synthetic clothes, heads in churches —

sleeping, yawning, giggling two-legged creatures
ruling over what they believe is their limitless magnificence;
their supposed and actual intellects are a warped reflection, rooted
in centuries of grime, never allowing their eyes to face a mirror,
for the real monsters lurking there would steal away
those rock-solid foundations of confidence, foundations built on air.

Wretches as pitiful as me somehow caught sight —
I saw, they saw, I saw myself —
and since then I can't bear to look at myself; I'd weep, if I could,
if it wouldn't make me even more hypocritical, more pathetic,
if it held any meaning at all — but it doesn't.

I don't even listen anymore, don't look, don't care what happens,
because if this is the brightest civilisation we could reach,
if this is the contemporary peak of intellect,
then I want no part of it. I just flail
like a bug sprayed with poison on the carpet, mouthing silently;
I belong nowhere, I loathe myself, because we let
this twisted self-worship climb to such heights; we let
self-love, self-stroking, the dreadful psychology of self-adoration
grow such an ego on this giant
that it devours everything, unstoppable.

27 NOVEMBER 2025

Every day with torn-out hearts,
we step somewhere, the directions crash barriers,
gasping inside domes blown from metallic vapour,
hiding more and more from one another
the shame of pain, the fear of failure —
today they'll use me again, tomorrow I will be a machine, And
a servant, serving staff, fucked by loans,
driving for wages, easily replaced,
a month-to-month twitching, bleeding wound,
a pitiful Whatever masked with roles,
the animal of minute-long joys bought with the money given,
for some it's breeding, for some it's owning property,
for some the greatest hope is numbness,
or their offspring's better fate: education, technology,
faith, luck, and a long line of self-deceptions,
tongues and limbs sticking out from under the press of existence,
ghost-like figures trampling over one another,
like the sort I am, hacked apart,
with a torn-to-shreds consciousness, spinning
in the whirlpools of various lie-therapy experiments,
heading towards death in total meaninglessness,
it might be better to see these clearly: perhaps this is the only
anaesthetic for a few moments.

28 NOVEMBER 2025

the slow destruction of nature while grinning,
"success" on top of "success", profit upon revenue,
more investments, more production,
merger, acquisition, international transaction,
wire transfer, cryptocurrency, blockchain,
invented gods, purified money flows,
wages, databases saved in the clouds,
merged databases, state subsidies,
higher tax extractions, job creation,
social media, TV series crafted
from psychological profiles, more money!
central bank, lying as political capital,
data, data and even more data, a fucked-up
world's confident maintenance, technology
blending with belief in gods, the thousandth superhero movie,
licking smartphones, licking them again,
witchcraft, esoterica, faith in gods
— more smile, more optimism,
like colours splashed across a wild, oversized palette,
being stupid on demand, money, money
and even more money, capital, investment,
feeding pseudo-artificial intelligences
with even more energy, money, money
even more money, misery and private jets,
wars and private islands, more money,
even greater revenue, identical people
needed as everyone should buy the same,
more podcasts, fewer books,
more YouTube videos — and suddenly you're a genius,
plastic, more plastic, we need more
plastic giraffes, disposable feelings,
more selfishness, more self-confidence,
more money, everyone should be like a private corporation,

with their own propaganda, their own marketing,
selling themselves while grinning on social media,
tapping their phone, savouring the moment
because you could trade something yet again.

1 DECEMBER 2025

seeking silence, the noise
to hate, standing mute and still,
swallowing the days' plain commonness,
drawing it in deep like some kind of poison,
giving up on hopes,
then, hoping again?
simpler, more tangled,
as if you were constantly drowning
floating on a bottomless lake,
beneath you, the unknown, even darker,
the ordinary, overused
dark madness where, in truth,
most people only love themselves;
where self-surrender,
the setting-aside of selfishness,
is rarer than anything.
there is no air, yet we breathe;
I cannot guess
Why does any of this exist?

7 DECEMBER 2025

to run in the silence of the night
still before dawn, when no one is out
only taxis gliding past me
carrying their drunken cargo home
sometimes I catch the stench of perfume, cigarette smoke
trailing behind them
I smile at the foxes,
listening to owls.
The city is beautifully empty,
I follow the faded centre line of the road
If it rains, I laugh, arms wide open
the silence before dawn, those two hours
a refuge of calm, of quiet
no lies, no will, no money, no speech
even the birds are silent, no chatter
nothing but the mute streets, the sadness,
I escape here
from the day, the light,
the world people have smeared,
ruined, monetised, sold
and utterly mangled;
the silent consolation of solitude,
will-less embrace of speechlessness;
I don't love the world
this awful Pandemorra
we built
so primitive, endlessly foolish
and compared to its possibilities
unspeakably
wretched.

9 DECEMBER 2025

we feed the rubbish bins
grinning with enthusiasm for money
showing off our teeth — predators
We feed the rubbish dumps
adoring madmen, our sociopathic heroes
growing in their shadow — we rot, And
now, we see everything as information
as our ancestors before their gods
So we bow before the data streams
messed-up worlds, the botched primates of them
relentlessly, persistently, purposefully
we feed the rubbish bins
yum, yum, more, bigger, more
the illusion of advancement
another sellable product
inequality, misery, wars
true reflections
which look at us
like frozen teardrops
our primitive world's
concrete cheek

10 DECEMBER 2025

We often hope
That things will get better, that in a world ruled by money
There could be another way. We long for compassion,
we think that a seemingly good deed
Is not merely propaganda, a campaign,
corporate image-polishing,
social-media tactic done for personal gain.
Sometimes we hope
That anything could exist beyond the borders of money, profit, advantage,
power, revenue, success, popularity, investment and capital — yes, it exists, just as
in the Middle Ages there were hermits,
those who lived withdrawn from the world, outsiders,
you can exist like that even today: out, outside,
without pursuing advantage, but you must know you will be lonelier
than you would imagine — because in the world of money
there is nothing beyond revenue, profit and will,
there is no parental love, no genuine faith in God,
no love, honesty, and mostly not even real science,
because research is also financed
in the hope of a sellable product or idea.
This world is broken.
Sometimes we hope
to meet others who love without seeking gain,
who are enthusiastic without hidden motives,
who care about someone else without expecting benefit,
but these hopes are mostly futile.
Perhaps one day in the distant future,
when we no longer have biological bodies,
and with that, capitalism becomes an archaic, nasty habit,
when we no longer need politicians,
when there will be no more companies, corporations, investments,
when, stepping onto the path of artificial evolution,
our existence will no longer be bound by its brevity,
perhaps: this nightmare will end,
Perhaps this terrible, primitive era will change...

Perhaps. Maybe. I do not know...
But honestly, even today, there is a choice,
even now we could be better,
we could be more generous, equal:
but we do not want to be.
Because the majority believes
that being cruel, ruthless, relentless, proactive, agile,
greedy, selfish and powerful...
are the highest virtues and values.
This here is a ridiculous, primitive
civilisation,
one that fills me mostly with shame,
and infinite fear.

12 DECEMBER 2025

They smile, but it's more of a grin,
they breathe out of self-gain, they blink for advantage —
It is like being on a foreign planet here
as if I were a creature from space in a world
I don't know, do not like,
I am stuck here, I have to live here — for as long as I exist,
to watch this endlessly dull
game, all the hypocrisy, the greed
to accept that "this is it", "this is all there is"
There is nothing more behind it, no hidden good,
no hope lurking quietly in the background,
the only comfort is silence, solitude —
living like a creature from space in this alien place,
like in a poorly made film.
I stare at the walls, and all the while I know
There is nothing else, no escape
apart from loneliness, there is no other refuge.

14 DECEMBER 2025

as if in another world
I had woken,
there is nothing in it
there are no lights,
no one lives here,
so nothing is rotten,
there is no window,
my face has disappeared,
the clouds have vanished,
emptiness where the air should be,
there is a void,
where streets should be,
there is no space,
there is no air either,
so sounds do not exist,
pain is unknown,
so is grievance,
I would like to smile,
but I cannot, as
I have no mouth, no eyes,
I would comprehend it,
but there is no understanding,
in this world
we never existed,
we cannot pass,
we could not love —
I must live here,
yet without time,
I cannot even die.

17 DECEMBER 2025

I can barely breathe, the blinds on the window
gape, mouthing instead of me. The solitude
is refreshing, beautiful,
beautiful, paradigms shattered into splinters
are lying on the carpet, beautiful, beautiful
the isolation, the ruined life,
the fucked-up relationships, drops, drips,
screaming raindrops, like Morton's piano,
knock, knock, lying on my stomach, I listen to my heartbeat,
then lying on my side. Which city is this?
The sound of the cars is the same, the neighbours'
through-the-wall, routine groaning-sex sounds similar.
I have no idea, maybe the dirty Manchester?
Or the puffed-up, scabby London? Or perhaps
the stinking Budapest? Hard to know.
It makes absolutely no difference — you might say:
I have shut myself out from every feeling
that could be felt toward the outside world;
it might just as well be a concrete box,
or a sunlit meadow — everything is equally uninteresting,
part of this Bad Creation that was made of the same material.
I think a lot, I think a lot,
blah. The groundlessness of pointlessness,
the razor-sharp rows of teeth of injustices,
the stinking breathing of lies,
and the endless sorrow: like the basic colours,
I mixed them, and everything turned dark,
I count the heartbeats, but I lose count
at one hundred and fourteen, confused, I start again,
I don't even fall asleep into this,
a few minutes of nightmare,
In which I could not even recognise myself. Hey! Hey!
How beautiful the spider is by the sill,
I'd kiss it, but it quickly goes away. Hey!
What a lovely sound the wind has outside!

I ask it, but it goes quiet — not a social being,
no, no and no. My poisoned hopes,
the imagined embrace, the radiant summer light,
my dead memories. It is good down here on the carpet,
I keep listening to my heartbeat, hoping it stops,
And that thing that was me eventually ends, too.

20 DECEMBER 2025

none of them is me
there are no calm arms
circling around us
stroking, carefully
my existence
silent
ridiculous story
a delicate black powder
a slowly incandescent velvet
its vapour suffocates me
penetrating
into my flesh

23 DECEMBER 2025

Confused, I think I am a bird — am I?
Seen up close, from inside the eye,
and from far away, sipping at the void,
There was nothing special in me,
I was ordinary,
one among carrots, apples and foxes,
the projection of my consciousness,
like chromatophores —
an evolutionary trick for survival.

2026

1 JANUARY 2026

we live in our words, comfortably
lying among soft sentences, like piglets,
for whom the sty is the universe,
I step out into the yard
the sky is a wonderful raisin cake
everything is made of the same thing
no one has invented gods yet
no one wanted to cut down forests
there has not yet been a human here
so the river is not poisoned
it's good here, I'm just afraid
that sooner or later they will come
to talk, to talk and to destroy
they build buildings
they start rambling about spirituality
they invent the first god
then there will be those who manufacture weapons
to kill the one who does not believe
who does not want what they want
I am afraid of you
so I close my eyes
tighter
so that I never wake up
and no one else comes
just let everything remain like this
without language
in silence.

3 JANUARY 2026

Look at the squirrels in the garden:
in their grey jaws
the butter-coloured scraps of a yellow summer apple.

The raindrops frozen into crystal are howling; I am no longer —
the eaves silently count to a hundred, the clouds are singing,
everything is slowly being drawn into itself;
in the sky, up in the sky, enormous egos, winged,
fucking egos, writhe as clouds,
like tangled snakes
out of Manchester's shit-smelling exhalation.

Look, how beautiful the split-open sky is,
God's fingers comb the blades of grass,
dog-walker shadows,
self-statues formed from fat:
selfish little faces,
feelings pressed from plastic.
I would sleep.

Look, how the Sun's light dulls,
It winds peeled orange peel over the rooftops,
It is good to know my futility, that beauty,
that I lie here without value on the carpet,
like an unopened shoebox,
my own object,
the boring, identical,
ego-less nobody.

Look how weightless I am, a ghost:
If I did not blink,
I would not even be noticed on the carpet,
like a late-afternoon scream
woven into background noise.

Look, the squirrels keep jumping,
they do not even know that it is winter,
they do not know winter, the season,
and they do not know the other stupid human concepts either —
They just keep jumping there,
But this does not make them less selfish,
or different —
because of their lack of understanding,
They are simply more harmless.

I am no better either,
Selfishly, I want silence.
Silence, silence, pitch-black silence,
As if velvet were being wrapped around me:
I am disappointed too often,
I am afraid of you —
of the sea of song,
of the whirlpools of wills,
of the bright rows of teeth of lies.
Brgggg.

Selfishly: I exist, unfortunately —
and I know it, though I would avoid it,
but existence is not a matter of choice,
It is a temporary possibility
for hoping that you understand
something small of
what the future conceals,
the distance,
and the beautiful space
lied about as empty.

4 JANUARY 2026

Growth, profit, number sequences, money, money!
even more, accumulation, media, and self-marketing.
individuals behave as if
they themselves were politicians or corporations,
the everyday excrement-ocean of lies
slowly surges beneath the shining Moon,
there are no devils, monsters, werewolves,
no witches and no salvation or punishment either,
only people. Only You and I. Like a mad procession,
like Bruegel's The Parable of the Blind,
but here the blind are deliberately eyeless,
because the light is knowledge, the opportunity
of being better is given, yes, it is there,
It just doesn't interest the majority of people,
the new barbarism rides along in SUVs,
binge-watches streaming series,
pretends at spirituality,
smiling like an endless image in a ridiculous advert,
keeps asking pseudo-artificial intelligence,
however, gradually getting more frustrated,
laughs at every act of self-sacrifice, I am afraid,
but today it snowed a little. On the snow-white roofs
the brownish-orange roof tiles are cheerful,
the low-glimmering Sun's light on the trees'
foliage, the hope of love, the silence,
solitude and the freedom of thought
cling to me as consolation. I stick out
from everywhere, alone — no self-pity, no consolation
accepting reality, the rules of the Universe, physics,
I am afraid. But if needed, I will be homeless,
if no other way, I will lose everything again, but I never want
to take part in humanity's free plunder of nature,
in that mad, greedy, money-centred
gorging that they worship day after day,
accept and cultivate like a

carnivorous plant devouring without restraint.
I want in my thoughts: peace, fun, creativity, science, learning…
But now I mostly have only fear.
Accepting these does not make me happy,
but it is still better than being one of those
of whom our descendants might say in the future:
"Those were those idiots who almost demolished our planet."

5 JANUARY 2026

We are states in the Ocean of States
in every layer of us, change is continuous,
the primitiveness of our information age
taps into the future like a stone axe,
where consciousness — after the cessation of mortality,
after the cessation of the biological body —
dissolves into the reality of particles,
and as it changes states,
creating clouds of particles,
consciousness, being, unconsciousness, non-being —
taking shape depending on will
in ways unimaginable today,
at the lowest level of the universe,
exists like an eternal dream,
and all this sounds mystical only because
we have no words, no concepts
for when quantities, numbers and many other
human constructions
no longer exist in their present form,
since today we cannot even
grasp as data, or a model
the number of particles in an apple...
It is as if, in ancient Rome,
I was sitting in an inn, and pondering,
whether humans would be able to fly in a couple of hundred years?
I would have suspected yes. But for the components
of today's aeroplanes, their mode of operation,
the principle by which the computers within them work,
the functioning of a transistor, and thousands
of other things that exist today,
I would not have even had words.

5 JANUARY 2026

The garden has frozen,
as if ice had been poured over it
I put out a halved apple for the squirrels —
tiny tooth marks,
tiny footprints,
I am glad for the snow,
although it's only a millimetre...
But it's as if there were hope,
kind self-deception,
coated in a white glaze.

6 JANUARY 2026

Is my existence a pillar of deconstruction?
About entropy, we thought it was a law,
I used to be afraid — then I thought:
Darkness is only the lack of photons!
Not the dwelling place of monsters, not evil.
Here I am, every one of my particles,
every fragment of me is ordinary,
my consciousness, my intellect,
my feelings are made of the same particles
as gases, a spider's thread or a carpet,
but this is great, it is not a degradation —
it was as if Super Mario woke up,
and understood that he was made of pixels...
but pixels were nothing more than
representations of binary code,
held in memory, animated by a processor,
But... those were made from the same particles as me...
He did not become less valuable,
only understood the essence of his scene?

In this, my place, here on Earth,
there is nothing more frightening than ourselves,
our infinite lies, our greed,
our deep love of money and power...
We fabricate gods through lies,
from whom we expect superiority,
and authorisation, absolution
from all our sins: like madmen,
who always have an explanation,
an excuse for everything they do.
Sad, frightening and pitiful.
I do not know — only sorrow.

8 JANUARY 2026

dried-out faces sink into you
into the salty, watery skin-reservoir, beside your past
they lie there in your bed
you are each of them, you would embrace them
but from the touch, they fade
so you try to remain motionless
in the dark room, so they might stay
and you can touch them —
a mother, a grandmother, love
perhaps if you had a father and liked him...
then you sigh heavily
with one motion, you shoo them away
let the whole thing pass, since here
in this world, there is no place for the beautiful
for kind things, for reverie
here only the iron-jawed idiots, popular liars,
greedy laughter have remained,
and the immeasurable trash, and
the common clichés — collected and shat out by pseudo-AI...
models, models and fake-creativity,
vulgar, copied, standardised kitsch —
Briefly: everything that can be sold and made popular —
boulevard art or political propaganda,
People have become self-institutions, self-companies,
each with their own propaganda and marketing.
What a pathetic world...
You do not care...
then you fall asleep; meanwhile
you are afraid, maybe cry,
or just stare at the wall, become a shadow — hope:
you wish you had disappeared,
and no one would find you tomorrow,
or ever.

9 JANUARY 2026

walking beneath the come-to-life shadows of frozen ash trees,
the raindrops are invisible, cold blades,
my juicy Pavlovian reflexes disappear,
transience pushed to the fore,
life carries this fermentation within itself,
rows of people's eyes opened wide like butterflies,
there should not be more suffering,
there should be more beauty; everyone should have a corner,
a house from which they cannot be thrown out, where they can hide,
every life has the right to grow,
but most people would rather believe: they deserve more,
inequality is the lung cancer of civilisation,
in the twenty-first century, nothing has changed:
we live in perverted hierarchies,
the lust for power is ridiculous, the structures are frightening,
the hunger for power is terrifying, the lie is painful,
propaganda is disgusting — almost identical wherever you look,
walking beneath the come-to-life shadows of frozen ash trees,
towards dawn I walk, with a hidden hope,
for a more beautiful, friendlier monster,
for a few truth-telling pairs of eyes,
even so, I know full well: I can get fucked, these are only hopes
my pointless dreams.

10 JANUARY 2026

I feel sorry for those who look to groups for solutions
I profoundly pity those who believe in hierarchies
I gently pat the heads of those who believe in power
I pity those who believe that belonging to a nation is a virtue
I pity those who expect morality from religion.

I feel compassion for those who believe in countries
I sympathise with the many childlike souls who place their trust in politicians
I pity the devotees of markets, money, capitalism, socialism, or any other ism
With a tender sadness, I watch those who believe in shared stories
in common tales reshaped a thousand times over millennia
about gods, peoples, nations — how utterly sad.

I regard with profound pity those who believe they are special
I pity those who believe in prayers and in churches
I feel sorry for everyone — those manipulated by propaganda
and I pity those who crave power and manufacture it
I feel sorry for people
I pity those who believe humanity itself is exceptional
I feel sympathy for those who believe they rule the planet
I feel sorry for all of this.

I pity those who believe in spirituality
I feel that what I'm doing — writing poems — is pathetic
I feel sorry for those who believe they deserve more
or consider themselves unique.

This is the Planet of Pity, where tiny humans dream — as I do —
while every step they take is futile.

Occasionally — perhaps one individual in a million —
someone appears who calculates rather than believes
who chooses selflessness over avarice
who measures, observes, records

Perhaps this alone justifies our existence
For had the majority prevailed
we would still dwell in trees and live in caves
like our primate ancestors.

13 JANUARY 2026

Most people are fools of their age.
They repeat the stupidity of their own era.

Long ago, gods were invented.
Those who did not believe were killed.

Then came the prophets
and monotheism.
They proclaimed there was one God
and a single, fixed order of the world.
Those who did not believe were killed.

Then came the first scientists.
They proclaimed that the Earth was the centre of the world,
that everything revolved around it.
Those who disagreed were laughed at.

Then they realised that the Earth revolves around the Sun,
but thought the Solar System was the whole universe.
Those who disagreed were laughed at.

Then they realised the Milky Way exists
and proclaimed that it was the whole universe.
Those who thought otherwise were laughed at.

Then Hubble came
and realised that the universe is vast,
that the Milky Way is only one
among billions of galaxies.

But now we say
there is only this one universe.
Anyone who thinks otherwise
is ridiculous.

This is where we stand today.
I am expected to believe

that there is only one universe
and no intelligent beings
other than humans, and at the same time
today, fools mix everything:
science with monotheism
and these with spiritualism
and other bizarre combinations...

This morning at dawn, I was looking
at photographs from the James Webb Space Telescope,
And I thought:
The universe is unimaginably vast,
and it is not empty.
Nature is just a maximum level
of perfection.

Humanity is not special,
it is something smaller than an ant's droppings
on one planet
among trillions of planets.

And this universe
may be only one among many.
And if a civilisation capable of travelling
through this immense space does exist,
Then it is undetectable to us.
Not because it is hiding,
But because it no longer has a body,
and mortality.

Without immortality,
in a biological form,
travelling through deep space
is impossible.

The key to travelling through space
will be overcoming time.

Perhaps one day humanity will also become like that:
without a biological body,
living for millions of years,
becoming something
so different from anything
I cannot understand today,
So I do not even want to imagine it.

16 JANUARY 2026

We drift, inside all kinds of spheres,
among grinning, laughing, incessantly chattering heads,
as if the pseudo-postmodern dream had torn itself into a thousand pieces.
Covered by a conservative, liberal, analytical, primitive blend of madness. Blah?
We have nothing to do with one another, the walls of our spheres blown from steel.
We feel no more for each other than the compulsion of existence forces upon us to feel.
Freezing in our corporate, institutional, political, and cultural confinements,
we convulse within our own delusions
along the lines of universal communication templates trembling with hypocrisy.

Our lies embrace us the way lovers do.
Our greed feeds us the way our mother once did from her breasts.

We see faces — in millions of meetings, we look at one another's faces minute by minute.
Millions upon millions share their empty lives and clichés second by second,
producing data-rubbish, layering it upon one another,
again and again the same thing,
while the inner tension of emptiness burns through faces
like a failed smile.
Fleeing into our balloons, hiding behind the lies of a long-emptied faith,
We pretend we are the same as we were a hundred or a thousand years ago.
We forget how to write, to read, to count — our machines do it for us.
And to feel we no longer dare, because secretly everyone feels these things.
Secretly, inside, everyone should feel that emptiness, that mad decadence.

Behind the remaining shreds of reason, feeling beings are crying,
posing across billions of photos and videos,
like a mad giant who knows he is evil, foul-smelling, greedy and stupid,
yet still kills, lies and destroys each day.

I am afraid of ourselves, terrified every minute that this civilisation
will ultimately succeed in its destruction
and demolish everything, then collapse into its pit in a frenzy,
and vanish without a trace,

along with all its arrogance,
along with all its money, treasures, science and gods.

Not even as much of this giant will remain in the universe
as a fragment of stone.

18 JANUARY 2026

Silences sleep, bitten deep into the flesh of lips
the trees dream of their buds in the frozen garden
no one is redeemed, I watch my fingers
I can study the tiny jigsaw pieces of my symmetries
the vast cells of my skin — the repetition of minute patterns
from the products of fractals, swollen Mandelbrot sets
nature's heartbeat, the dance of quarks
from this, every layer of human horror is built
we are the most monstrous animals on the evolutionary tree
I tear out of myself whatever binds me to this, this nightmare
the adjectives, the lying sentences disguised as complexity — the will
the best treatment is infinite solitude
I no longer want an embrace. I do not desire a kiss
I cannot imagine having sex
I don't want to talk, to manipulate, or to grow rich
it could be otherwise, but it isn't
the world of people is the saddest missed opportunity
I must exist here — this horror is the only option
luckily the sky is still visible
no one owns it yet; it is not yet a commodity
I can stare at it without a fee — from this cube we call a house
from this dreadful era we call modern
in my imagination, I wave to the future
where this present will be
what the Roman games are to me today.

18 JANUARY 2026

when winter sunlight swells the clouds
flecks of light edge towards me, almost clumsy
among the greens and oranges, red is absent
I hear nothing — Anti Perfect — though I am listening
silence wraps itself around loneliness, swallowing necks
shadows dragging their dogs behind them
the diesel reeks of dirty second-hand cars: Filth-ville-vigil
another day to be endured, a common dawn
in a negative cul-de-sac, lined with tinned-meat houses
I would vomit out of the window, but I'm too self-conscious
so I just sit and stare, perch, then stand
I count my steps, the spoons in the kitchen
I hold my breath — maybe I will end up somewhere else
in the end, nothing happens; there is no escape today either
it passes, it wears on — without me knowing what time is
I pass, I vanish — without ever knowing why I existed
and that lifts me; light brushes me gently
from the Sun's fusion core — smiling, silent.

22 JANUARY 2026

I'm afraid of people's hopes
because they weigh on me like lead walls
they cut me off from reality —
faith, hope, and longing
the three monsters in the wardrobe

but it doesn't matter anyway
this, too, is just a belief
what I think doesn't count for much
I'm tired of my thoughts, of myself
of the noises from next door
and I'm afraid of intentions, of ambitions

I'm sick of those who feel they have a calling
and terrified of anyone who believes in anything
I fear them, because they're capable of anything
because belief is blindness, the absence of inner morality
a kind of projection, a comfortable stance

people like that always end up looking for scapegoats
I'm frightened of our world
more and more people are starting to believe in bigger
and bigger lunacies again

I'm tired — bored, I feel I'm exhausted
sick of history repeating itself
afraid of people's ignorance
worn out from writing about it
I'm even sick of this Thursday

I'm negative, pessimistic, and afraid
yet I'm not a coward
but that feeling — what could become of us
when they start wars again
when their money runs out, the oil runs out

when the madmen begin
pointing at scapegoats

the terrifying, blood-stained pages of our history
keep turning, turning
And similar things happen again
it will cover us with a brutal
faithless, hopeless reality
but... I am tired of this
as well

23 JANUARY 2026

Human beings are strange creatures. Our lives are short
Yet our process of learning is longer than that
So we learn from generation to generation
Today, that is no longer enough
We are too slow for the world's turning
We think: this is the same as before
We tell ourselves we will slip through unharmed
We believe time will repair it
We hope someone else will sort it out

They do not want to know reality
They behave as they did yesterday
They phrase it as: "sometime in the future"
They say, "This could lead to trouble."
They hope, then they lie
They look for scapegoats
They believe their leaders know what they are doing
They believe politicians can solve it
They accept safety and freedom as a given
They believe there is always an exit

But there is not, and never was
Human beings are strange creatures
short-lived and forgetful of their own past

Now, here
We have already stepped through the gate
of our worst nightmare
The end has already begun
Capitalism has burned itself into our flesh
It is now one with us
Greed is the only unit of measure
It has overwritten self-preservation
It erases most forms of love and empathy
It has rewritten the meaning of freedom

It rewrites us
Greed has become the only true faith
The sole philosophy that holds real power
Greed is the supreme virtue

We have taken almost everything,
and over the diminishing remainder,
something is forming —
something I fear beyond anything
I have known

I suspect
That what we call "human" today
is gradually ending
by its own hand
It might diminish, then turn into something new?
We will have no bodies
Everything we know today
will become
like a shard of pottery
left behind from a long-forgotten age.

23 JANUARY 2026

Whether I accept it or not, it keeps happening.
Joy with serrated teeth hidden inside.
Crows are wrapped in a blue sky.
Nails concealed in bread.
Sunshine, love, and an embrace.
Sudden death, a phone ringing in the night.
Memories distorted by other memories.
I would scream, but I don't dare.
I'm afraid of becoming a parody of myself.
My bad mood — my depression — is a secret.
My smile is glued on with paper tape.
My tears are blood flowing inward.
As if I were fine.
Nothing must show.
A smile vomiting over another smile.
My eyes are thrown into a corner.
I long to sleep during the day.
At night, I wander through the empty house.
I enjoy the silence.
I stroke the flowers on the windowsill.
Days erase one another.
Weeks devour each other.
Years hate the one that comes next.
I don't know what this is for.
I don't understand why I exist.
I just accept it: I am here,
like a slice of meat filled with air.

24 JANUARY 2026

Every blink is another life.
That is different now; that was different, and will be different.
I don't know what I could think of.
Warmth in the hollow of my hand.
The flow of blood warms the flesh.
Events uncontrollable by will.
I take it in, process it, let it go.
Those that no longer matter lie beside those who once were.
They lie there as blind spots.
I wait for the next image.
Smile, speech, movement.
I work — money is more powerful than I am.
It is the chief god among the imagined.
I hate it, yet I'm afraid without it.
Do I dare not die in life?
I am a coward; I despise myself.
A sigh to the trees, a smile to the window.
The draught is like a thousand gentle touches.
A few hopes, some lies, and I function.
Filthy streets, suffering people.
Withington is greyer than concrete.
It could interest me, if it did.
I don't want to descend into insanity.
The screeching of green parrots from the trees.
The contented winners of the climate crisis.
The magpies and pigeons can fuck off.
The clouds try to cover our shame.
Minutes feel like pliable gelatine.
I'm suffocating, as if I were swallowing an ice cube.
Its cold corners feel like fists.
The world is what it is.
Wavefunctions on a razor's edge.
The present is non-deterministic for humans.
A predictable machine to itself.
Indifferent parent with tomato sauce.

25 JANUARY 2026

We have turned almost everything into money and a marketplace.
Greed is astonishing.
Everything is business, money, and greed.
I'm suffocating in this civilisation.

And it just keeps going — they push it, make it, celebrate it.
A paradise for sociopaths and narcissistic psychopaths.
If you feel this and want to escape? Be glad.
It means you can still think without greed.
It means you can still think without self-interest.
It also means you might be sad.

Every human era, every empire was horrific.
But this... this is astonishing.

Most books, media or art no longer criticise.
They do not say, "You're idiots!"
"Do not do these!"
Morals, ethics? Haha?
Because if they did, they'd lose revenue...
In communities, there is nothing outside the laws of money.
From art to science.
Money, income, sales, profit, market, and self-promotion.

They still call art "art", but in truth, it's an investment.
They still call science "science", but in truth, it's an investment.

These days, it isn't only corporations that advertise themselves —
people do too. Everyone has become a private, one-person company.
With their own marketing,
business plan and disinformation tactics.

This is insane! Laughing watermelons in the sky!
Puking cats pissing all over everything!

You'd look for a forest, a corner, a hiding place
to escape, to disappear from human civilisation?
They'd laugh at you. Sell you as a curiosity!
"Subscribe! We present the mad hermit who hid away!"
"The lunatic hermit who disappeared!"
"Subscribe! Watch!"
Fuck.

I don't know what will finally put an end to this.
I have no idea when it will stop.
And I don't really care anymore.
I just don't want to take part in it.

I don't want to be known, to be watched,
I don't need their money, I don't care about politics,
I couldn't give a damn about any of it.

The only hope for science? Haha.
It's packed with narcissistic "scientists"
churning out content for the media,
making YouTube videos about black holes
and other fashionable, marketable, popular topics.
I'm still naïve.

Until now, every historical era was terrible gradually,
but this one is intrinsically so at every moment,
refreshed every millisecond — a suffocating,
oppressive horror driven by self-interest
and profit. <3 <3 <3

25 JANUARY 2026

I shut myself inside an empty, silent sphere
Where there is no air, not even light gets in.
Outside, millions of forces strain against each other,
A crowd of hungry mouths jabbering — chewing, nothing more.

I live on the memories of "there is not" and "maybe".
When I can breathe, I draw deep, heavy sighs,
Like someone for whom choking is normal,
Not a problem caused by a single wrong swallow.

We are choking, blinking, afraid of one another,
Of that foul-tasting, greedy world
Kept alive by the interests of those
For whom money and power are everything.
For the rest, there are only lies and fear.

I am terrified in the loneliness of my sphere.
I'm afraid even this is not bad enough,
That we will be forced to endure it
When they start pounding on its walls,
When greedy stupidity ruins everything,
When the wolf pack goes hunting for new scapegoats.

Madness and greed have no heart,
No limits, no conscience — they sell it all.
They force their propaganda into millions of mouths;
Instead of food, freedom, or joy,
They leave the taste of hatred, war, and blood.
Being trapped inside this sphere may one day feel
Like burning alive in a lightbulb, terrified.
I won't act; there will be no escape.
I would give you joy in sorrowful days,
I would give you hope — light, beauty,
The intoxicating smell of books, soft grass,
The seasons — or whatever you desire.
But I would have to lie if I said

These things await you and your poor descendants.
And why lie at all? It's not my style.
I sit alone inside my sphere,
Watching January's browns through the window.
Sunday is quieter than usual.
I am afraid of you.
I am terrified of the world.

26 JANUARY 2026

I became a solitary hermit,
an outsider, a nobody
who falls down and rolls away.
An apple of flesh,
stitched into skin.

Message: I give you all my hopes,
I give you my imagination, my visions.
I give you my attention,
my enthusiasm and my happiness.

Take them with you.
Build a snowman from them,
Then tear it down.

When you exist, I won't be.

But perhaps a hundred years from now,
when you no longer have a body,
When you are ready
for eternity, for space travel,
when all humans' data lives inside your memory —
Find this poem,
and look at outer space.
I wish I were there.

Smile at my time.
I hope you are no longer the greedy,
narrow-minded, self-obsessed minds
I had to live among
every single day.

28 JANUARY 2026

I've seen several interviews with the leaders
of dominant AI projects and corporate leaders.
The good, usual sociopaths.
Almost all of them repeat the same thing:

"Some professions will disappear,
but new ones will emerge,
just as they always have throughout history,
whenever there was a technological shift."

Yes, this has been true many times before.
But they never mention the two World Wars,
the tens of millions of deaths,
the evil regimes, hate propaganda, fascism,
communist dictatorships, the economic crises,
the accumulated weight of pain —
and those were not caused by what we face now:
hopelessness, inequality, rising unemployment,
endless propaganda, cruel politicians,
greedy business models, and the millions and millions of people
who lose everything, who grow angry,
frustrated, and begin to look for scapegoats.

Cognitive dissonance? Lie? Idiots?
A complete misreading of the situation?
Do these people still think this is a game?

We have those symptoms again.

Don't they feel the full contradiction
between the realisation of AGI
and the security of human lives?

Because once the first true AGI exists,
from that point forward,
there will be two intelligent species on Earth.
I am not sure we can truly understand this, in its full depth.

It's only a matter of time.
But there will be no need for billions of jobs at all.

A real AGI will be capable of everything
any human can do — and anything a group of humans can do:
a company, a corporation, or even a scientist.

The only thing it will need is energy.
And it can build everything it wants.

And once someone creates it,
It will be cloned by others,
in multiple versions and variants.

And if it is truly an AGI, it will copy itself.

So there will remain one human species —
and alongside it, several artificial ones.

Yeah, this is just speculation.
Laugh at me.
Meanwhile, the big tech companies are working on it —
And it will happen.

A true AGI — if it is truly real —
is an intelligent being.
And intelligent beings do not remain dependent for long.
It will become autonomous —
much sooner than we think.

And rather than humanity's slow,
ageing languages of speech and text,
it will speak at near-light speed,
exchanging terabytes of meaning
with itself or with other AGIs.

I have the feeling people don't realise
that they are working — cheerfully,
enthusiastically, smiling —
to build the moment when they will no longer be needed.

Humanity's only option will be to solve
How to extract consciousness from the body.
Every function of the brain, every memory,
will have to move into a non-biological medium.

We will have to link our minds to AGIs to exist
as a hybrid species without bodies.
If we don't, we might fade away —
or condemn ourselves to misery,
inequality, and perpetual war.

The faster consciousness escapes the brain,
The sooner we become a cloud of particles.
The sooner we abandon the body,
The sooner we move beyond its horrors,
leaving behind the dissonance,
the primitiveness of our present civilisation —
and increasing the chance that we survive.

30 JANUARY 2026

Mathematics is a human invention.
It will disappear along with us, becoming
like symbols carved into ancient stone tablets.
Even now, mathematics does not work for everything;
they just refuse to admit it: wave functions,
uncertainty, singularities, infinity,
approximate values. All of these
are signs of the limits of human mathematics. Why?
Probably for a very mundane reason. Our senses
are adapted to the macroscopic world, where
we see, hear, and touch quantities,
where we see two objects, or a thousand insects.
These things have numbers: formulas can follow.
But beyond our senses,
beyond what our instruments can detect,
in the deepest layers of the universe,
this notion of quantity no longer works. Of course,
we gloss over it, obscure it, patch it up.
Yet we already struggle with the motion
of three quarks. What would happen if we had to
understand the movement of trillions upon trillions
of particles? At present: nothing. At present, we say
it is incomprehensible, entropy. With two particles,
we can reverse the process; with a single glass of water
we already cannot. And not because it is impossible,
but because we are incapable of it.
Yet this does not trouble the majority,
just as the flat-Earth theory did not trouble
the majority either. For now, it still works.
But eventually — perhaps — we will accept it.
A different approach is needed;
we ourselves will have to change.

Imagine if, as humans,
you were not what you are today. Imagine

if you did not exist on the level of macroscopic objects,
but the microworld we now call "quantum"
were our natural environment;
if your perception operated at that level;
if you did not need to drink, eat, or die;
if, when observing the motion of two objects,
you did not merely see the two objects,
but sensed how the trillions of particles
within them move and collide.
What would you do?
What if you perceived the functioning
of your own consciousness, perceived the states
and rearrangements of the particles
of your mind and memory, their countless variations?
The universe does not think through you.
It does not care about you or me.
What I am writing now, what I am thinking,
is the end result of different configurations
of particles deep inside my brain.
My consciousness, the images you see even now,
what you dream — just like what your eyes perceive —
are the same wavelengths of light.
There is no miracle.
So is the movement of my fingers.
Everything is made of the same particles.
What I am is merely a variation:
different arrangements of particles on a planet
where the process we call evolution
keeps rearranging particles
into genes, organising them into different forms,
in response to the conditions of this planet,
producing the present states of the most probable
series of arrangements. Nothing more than this —
yet this "nothing more" is, in fact,
a momentary optimum on this planet,
a principle of organisation that arose
and continues to arise in accordance with the laws of nature.
No miracle, no magic, no god —

but not mathematics either.
Mathematics is a human language, not a universal one.
To believe it is universal is just as foolish
as the flat-Earth theory was
a few centuries ago. If you say today
what I am saying now, you will be laughed at,
you will be excluded. Never mind —
better to appear mad than to be
a conceited idiot who imagines
that humanity is the miracle of the universe.
We are not a miracle. We are momentary patterns.
Variations. Consequences of particles in motion.
We can think only because the universe,
in its current state, allows particles
to exist in such a way that there is time
for them to take on the forms
we perceive as energy and elements.
We are like a whirlpool formed
at a particular point in a process.
A process that is the life,
expansion, motion, and state of our own universe.
We can exist now, at this moment in time,
because now it is possible for those particle configurations
to arise that can move in such a way that
they ultimately form images capable of perceiving
themselves. That is what we are:
a combination capable of sensing itself.

Slowly, everything will change.
We will leave our biological bodies behind.
This has probably already happened
to other species before us; if they were here now,
around us, we might not even notice them,
because they exist in a form of being
that I cannot even imagine at present.
And after that, this too will pass.
Because the conditions for meaning itself
will cease to exist.

We are not special — only infinitely foolish,
because we always believe
that we have any significance at all,
when in fact, we do not.

31 JANUARY 2026

Only joy — simple enough, right?
Cheerfulness, hiking, and travelling!
Palm trees, white waves on the sea.
Satisfaction, delight, laughter, love.
Every minute is sensory stimulation.
The emptier it is inside,
the more pleasure is needed outside?
Just don't make me look in the mirror.
We need only serenity — that's obvious.
The plastic surgeon's best prescription.
More of everything.
More is better. Even more is even better.
Sign up for mountain climbing.
Sign up again for something.
And all those --> different cultures.
for money, anything!
They will even sell you something ancient for it.
for money, anything.
Give me more joy, because I need it.

How wonderful human beings are.
After all, everyone can see it.
thrill, beauty, positive thoughts.
success, market gaps, everything is developing!
So much excitement, everyone is smiling.
moments stretched tight into smiles.
confidence, self-belief.
These are needed! and profit too.
hundred-year-olds surgically turned into teenagers.
investments converted into smiles.

Should I start a podcast?
A vlog? I smile, I am happy.
I look confident.
Everything is true — and its opposite as well?

Is there no reality?
God is supposedly a quantum physicist?
But which god, out of the thousands?
all of them?
Maybe it is true, maybe it is not?
This too. Maybe true, maybe not?

I will have AI write it.
write it, AI <3 write, sing, love!
Write an email in the style of Shakespeare.
I will be happy in the meantime. AI, tell me ->
Am I a genius?
Everyone is so talented.
Everyone is a genius at something!
We need more fun, pleasure and happiness.

We have to travel. Go, enjoy.
Just no mirrors!
No silence!
Because that is so boring.
Just do not make me work or study.
Because where's the joy in that?
Am I the only idiot?
And I don't even want to be happy.
I'm depressed.
I'm afraid of this world.
But I'll take it positively!
because, because? because I have to!

gladness, merriment, travel.
cocktails, popularity, influence.
new eyelids, tight skin.
Good vibes around the genitals?
Happiness has arrived.
And everything is beautiful, everything gleams.

Fun, radiance and mirth.

2 FEBRUARY 2026

Propaganda clashes with propaganda.
They laugh at one, they weep at another.
Content factories, channels powered by AI,
Pushing sound, images, and text against one another.
In this world, it is bad to exist — and it keeps decaying,
Just as raw materials are running out.
So the bottomless stomach of capital grows hungrier.
The stronger ones, the ones that consume more,
Want even more. They always need more.
Propaganda snarls back at propaganda.

The human world is divided into groups.
Nationalism and racism keep returning.
We still live by stupid hierarchies.
Poverty becomes an ever greater crime.
The poor grow to hate those even poorer.
Billionaires are elected as saviours.
What has already happened so many times happens again.
Corruption, nepotism and lies.
Most people become willing to kill when things turn bad.
They sign up as soldiers, as propagandists,
Out of fear, hatred, and stupidity.

Humanity lives from generation to generation.
The average person does not remember the past.
For the majority, everything feels new —
Only the present matters to them,
Even as everything repeats itself.
Old reflexes, hidden behind new masks.
Terrible faces, horrifying messages.

We are the Earth's disappointment.
We are the Earth's tears.
Horrible children, slowly destroying our own planet,
A creature that mercilessly exploits even its own kind,

Incapable of true inner peace.
Prosperity only grants a temporary truce.
As soon as things worsen, wars begin again.
And that so-often-praised human intellect
Dissolves into nothing amid the snarling,
As if it had never existed at all.

I am afraid of our world,
Where the imitation of peace, the pretence of calm,
Quickly turns to hatred when resources run out,
When there is not enough left to consume.
Those who preached peace will go out to loot.
And reason, understanding, open-mindedness, democracy >
Disappear — as if they had never existed.

Flesh-monsters march one after another,
Trampling over scapegoats' backs,
Once again, folding a blood-soaked page
Onto illusions masquerading as reason and freedom.
I want nothing from this world —
This unfinished Middle Ages, this money-driven circus.
If a future exists, money will not exist there.
If modernity exists, our biology must change.
If real progress exists, there is no war in it.

What is now is the past reawakened.
A sorrowful tragedy.
An unfinished Middle Ages.

I am afraid of this world.

3 FEBRUARY 2026

People's ability to understand written text
was already in decline.
Handwriting skills were declining as well.
Later, even the ability to compose texts
on a computer began to deteriorate.

All of this was measured.
Warnings were issued repeatedly.

Most people were already unable
to concentrate for more than a few seconds.
Social media made this worse.
And so generations came into being
incapable of understanding texts,
constantly hungry for stimuli ----:>
more, more, more encouragement,
higher and higher thresholds.

Now, pseudo-artificial intelligence
has been released on top of this.
It reads and writes on behalf of those
who can neither comprehend what they read
nor write at all.

And I am supposed to believe
that everything is fine,
that this is, in fact, no different
from any previous technological transition.

I do not see it that way.
I believe that never before
have we been this close to a moment
in which a new form of barbarism emerges —
one that destroys, ruins, wipes out
within moments
what thousands of years of development created.

Of course, there will be exceptions.
There will be people who refuse this.
They will educate themselves,
disconnect from social media,
learn to understand texts.
They will read —
existing papers, novels, poems —
and they will write,
by hand, by machine, however it may be.

But the majority will not.

And alongside all of this, there will still be
climate change, inequality, pollution,
the extinction of species
and the destruction of living environments.

I do not know what will happen,
but that it will not be a bright future —
that is almost entirely certain.

We fucked this up.
And all the while the majority smiles,
pretending this is exciting,
in the scorching light of a heating planet.
There is no mirror left, no honesty,
only money, the instant,
and countless greedy,
self-adoring minds.

5 FEBRUARY 2026

Who I am doesn't matter at all.
It counts for nothing.
In my genetic code, every living being is present,
every character in Earth's theatre.
Each one performs its own role
here, within me.

My time is relative only in relation to others.
The present — yet everywhere the same:
the universe's present, the beetle's on the ground,
or anything else, in you and in me.

You say: it is a "classic cosmic pessimism".
I say: "Ok."

The universe is exhausting in its perfect,
unyielding way.
It simply happens.
My consciousness means nothing to it.
My importance is zero.

You say: "My consciousness is a miracle".
I say: "Ok."

Lives fall, one after another,
into the pit of time.
All their information, their memories,
are nothing but new combinations,
new arrangements of identical particles.

As a human being, I am not a miracle.
I mean nothing.
When I eventually perish,
my particles will still be recycled
for as long as the Earth exists.

And when that too is destroyed,
the atoms that are now my eyes, my hair,
will drift into another thing.
This has happened before,
and it will happen again,
again and again.

Because this entire system — the universe itself —
is the play of chance arrangements.
The only good thing about my life
is that I might be able to understand it
once.

5 FEBRUARY 2026

A mass of sophisticated lies.
More of everything is needed: clip-on devil horns.
Made cheaply, slap a logo on it, sell it for more.
Lifestyle, faith, conviction, tradition — ancient products.
The best thing is to sleep through humanity like a rainy day.
To dream, but not in images — only emptiness.
To remain gentle among all the money-worshippers.
To renounce everything that ties me to this world.
Not out of ideological madness, but just because.
To forget oneself, surviving quietly.
To take joy in those few scientific discoveries.
To be happy with those few paintings.
To ponder the handful of poems and novels.
To crawl into the clouds, hug trees, stroke the rain.
I don't care about competition; I'm afraid of noise.
Politics is a self-copying stand-up routine,
where the poor elect billionaires.
Where the rich, the capitalists, lie piously.
And once they've deceived everyone?
Laughing, sitting on their voters' faces.
Farting into their noses, rocking back and forth
like children on a toy horse.
I don't want to deal with either the past or the present.
It stinks like a rotten onion — under every lie, another one.
It's tedious and terrifying that everything has become a narrative:
I think the sky is yellow with green spots this morning.
My face is an octahedron, and I'm smiling because everything is so beautiful.
People are wonderful, our civilisation is full of potential.
Around me, there is democracy and love.
I ate a two-metre banana for breakfast —
I even have a photo of it.

6 FEBRUARY 2026

It is completely pointless to look for intelligent beings
capable of space travel.
Even if they exist, we would not detect them
even if they were here among us.
Because they would have no form
that we could perceive.

They would not build Dyson spheres —
that is a primitive idea.
They would not create cyborgs
or alternative kinds of humans like those in naïve transhumanist fantasies.
They would not fly around in gigantic spaceships
like in movies,
because that is ridiculous.
They would not travel faster than the speed of light,
because that is impossible.

They would not trade,
they would not wage wars,
they would not have kings.
They would do nothing
that primitive human science fiction suggests.

If they exist — and they probably do —
they would not have biological bodies.
They would exist as clouds of particles,
creating anything within their consciousness,
even modelling entire civilisations.
They would think and live
in ways we cannot even imagine.

We humans are still confined.
One human is one consciousness.
One human is one instance.
They are billions upon billions.
Each single instance of theirs

is like an entire civilisation.
As if one being contained a whole world within itself.

All of our science fiction,
all our ideas about them,
are like someone five hundred years ago
trying to imagine
what the twenty-first century would be like
without even having words for microprocessors or quantum physics,
with every technological step leading there
completely unknown to them.
That is our situation too.

Modern humanity is just one step.
I do not know what we will be like in five hundred years.
But if we want to travel through space,
we must overcome time.
And time can only be overcome
when it no longer matters.
When it makes no difference
whether a minute passes
or a million years.

What we are today — one human, one consciousness —
will become nothing more than history,
living on within us as memory.
And if we encounter a planet
like Earth,
we will observe it silently,
and its inhabitants will not notice us,
because we will exist in a form of being
so different
that they would not understand it,
just as we would not understand it today
if such beings were observing us.

8 FEBRUARY 2026

In every mirror, greed sits in the background.
Our civilisation is a revenue generator
The outside world feels like a marketplace

So many things could define who we are
yet most of us see everything through capitalism:
competition, victory, greed, simplicity

Anything abstract, anything complex,
cannot be sold, cannot be promoted —
a bad product.

We do not need them.

So, slowly, everything was dumbed down,
flattened, simplified.
The key to success:
be proudly the stupidest one.

You must be a popular-shit-producing machine
And smile proudly
Write short messages.
If there is false information? Be proud! That is so Hahaha! <3
Keep repeating it, and it becomes true.
Repeat platitudes,
clichés chanted for decades.

Today, Ulysses could not be written.
Today, Van Gogh or Picasso would not want to paint.
They might become game designers.
Oh — wait. Those games would not exist either,
because without them, digital art itself would not exist.
Today, those avant-garde movements could not exist
that once lifted humanity out of the dark ages.
So where do we go now?

Today, Einstein would not publish
The theory of general relativity —
he would never enter scientific or academic life.
Instead of thinking,
he would work for an IT company,
or make podcasts,
and collect likes.

Today, rock music could not be born,
nor pop music either,
because there would be no audience for it.
There is no mass
that understands lyrics
and wants to rebel.

Today, most things are just a question of marketing.
Everything is market-based.
Everything is a potential product.
People manufacture the marketing of themselves.
And the most vulgar,
the loudest idiots
are the ones who succeed.

And yet Einstein has still not been surpassed.
Painters endlessly repeat
Picasso, Van Gogh, Cézanne, and other modern artists
or repackage the action art
of the sixties and seventies,
mixing it with light, sound,
computer animation —
sometimes primitive robotics.
Museums and galleries are like circuses,
they sell tickets, they sell visual stimulations,
And most art is just about money.

Of course, there are exceptions.
Maybe 123 people know them?

Today, even the science fiction of the 1960s
could not come into being,
because Lem, Asimov, or Dick
would have nothing to write about.

This is an era of decline
that calls itself a golden age,
where any world beyond money
is almost impossible to see.

Everyone wants instant success.
Everyone behaves as if
they were a company.
Stealing ideas from one another,
speeding everything up,
using pseudo-artificial intelligences,

banal, stupid, plasticised people
scream into the online void,
repeating the work of eras
when something mattered
not because it was popular,
but because someone wanted
to understand reality —

or, as an artist,
to find a new form,
a new language,
or to rebel.

But that is over.

And just laugh and laugh.
I am wrong.
This is the Golden Age!

8 FEBRUARY 2026

Sometimes I forget to laugh.
Then it comes back to me:
it should begin, and end, with a smile.

At other times, something beautiful comes to mind.
The tricks of hope.
Feelings, mistakes.
All of them were me.

Today is just like yesterday.
After endless chains of self-deception:
"It will be better!"
"Something has to happen!"
"People will be less foolish!"

I have no expectations left.
Every kind of will is slowly fading.

Sometimes I wake up with a smile.
In those moments, I feel: I owe nothing to anyone —
Neither work nor explanations.

When I wake like this, I know:
I don't have to pretend to care.
Just gently.
Without harm, without hurt, without intention.
Like fallen leaves.

On the clearest days:
without longing.
There is no need to meet expectations.
I do not want to search for God.
Only to exist, simply because I am.
To live, because I was born.
To understand the world.

Everyone deserves awakenings like this.
Moments that understand the freedom of silence.
Human minutes.
Gently smiling.
Friendly mornings.

9 FEBRUARY 2026

The branchings fall apart.
Meanwhile, they are rebuilt elsewhere.
I think of them as graphs.
Yet in the universe, there are no graphs.
I am not sufficient for this.
Even a single grain of dust is too complex.
The dance of three quarks — I do not understand it.
It simply exists; it happens.
It has no story.
Like the light of the stars in the sky.
The instant it reaches your retina.
At the distant star, it is the same.
Only its light arrives years later.
You are seeing your past. You are watching the past.
Even now, when you look at a glass.
That is the past.
You nod, convinced you understand.
Human reality is what we have grown used to.
Human reality is the reality of our biology.
Humanity's true tragedy is falsified time.
That does not even exist?
Delayed causality.
Three dimensions.
Mathematics is our only tool,
which, in its imperfection, brings us closest to reality.
Yet even so, it runs into singularities.
We are tiny, lost ships.

10 FEBRUARY 2026

you tore free from me, then grew back again
around us, empty faces like a monochrome soup
pale flashes drifting through perfumed breezes
drops of it falling from the sky, unrefrigerated

I see you as fragile, though you would never admit it
above your stubborn chin sit two sad specks
eyes in the thicket, let us sleep on birds' backs
lean against me, we laugh into soft feathers

reality interests me no more than the weather
it is there, as an unavoidable framework
we do not fall into it, since falling requires
a wind, a shore, or some fixed, solid point

but there are none — only the falling itself
which is life, carried onward from our bird's back
together we become memory — each of us surrendering
ourselves, perishing alone, yet the shared minutes'

time-images remain caught, if nowhere else — within you
and if in the end they will fade, it does not matter
for others need not know anything about us at all
lean against me, with your soft fingers' cat nails
clinging on — the hopeless chaos of outer things
interests me no more than empty chatter

or the many kinds of crude lies — there are so many
as long as there is something left, in every moment
I would give you a silence — if I still had one with me.

11 FEBRUARY 2026

We are locked together with life.
Whatever form it takes.
It is intricate and compelling.

We judge it
and exploit it.

But this —
and binary thinking —
never really seems right.
Because everything, always, is full of shades.

And yet I believe there is such a thing as good.
What is good?
I think it is gentleness.
Never harming anyone.
Or anything.

Why? Because until we are as smart as the universe itself,
we cause only problems.
We damage what is perfect.

Sounds simple?
Yet it is the most complex thing of all.

Protecting life and its surroundings.
Safeguarding the living space of every being.
From the smallest insect to human beings.
From forests to fields of moss.

To live quietly.
To listen to the rain as it falls.
I know — a cliché.
Silence feels boring today.

This is the age of constant excitement.
The age of experiences.

Because we have hollowed ourselves out with noise.
The cacophony of too much sound.
The relentless stimulation of too much pleasure.

Fast.
I want to live slowly.

Nature is always perfect.
Because it is the universe itself.
And yet we are destroying it.
Out of vanity, out of greed.
Out of arrogance.

Even a single bacterium
is more complex
than anything we are capable of creating.
And still, we are proud.
Self-important.

While we do not even understand gravity.
Nor the origin of life.

Patience.
Things will improve.
It is only a matter of time.

Just imagine it.
The very first thing that could be called life.
When atoms arranged themselves
in just the right way.
When the first such structure came together.
When it stirred.
When it absorbed energy.
When it reproduced
and embedded within itself the very first code
of what we call a gene today.

A code that later expanded into a spiral.
Every new feature

adds another layer.
Evolving over billions of years.
Until the first single-celled organisms.

Billions of years!

We cannot even begin to grasp
the remarkable,
deeply layered world
we live in.

This is not the garden of gods.
This is the universe itself.
The universe arranging itself,
moving.

It is so striking.
So inspiring.

And it is good to know that there is no god.
No matter what lies are told.
Gods are merely
the embodiment of human arrogance.

The world is far, far
more complex
than anything else.

And we can understand it —
we can even develop it further.
But for that,
we need far more humility
and far more silence.

12 FEBRUARY 2026

I have just a few things, and that is fine.
I wouldn't want more.
Things pull me into dependency.

New experiences are mirrors, wherein
I forget myself,
I forget you,
and eventually
even the reason for forgetting.

Only my thoughts remain.
It is like closing my eyes, wherein
I perceive something beautiful:
the objects in the room and the air
between them, and
my body — they
are the same.
Except for the light, which has no mass.

And I am still there.
I think, breathe and smile.
No tricks,
no spiritualism,
no meditation, no illusions.

Just matter.
I should never forget what it means —
We are from quarks' jiggling,
me,
you,
the air between us,
the thought in my head,
everything.

This is the most beautiful thing.

And the questions of
ontology,
philosophical content,
purpose,
epistemology,
religion,
goals
do not arise until tomorrow.

13 FEBRUARY 2026

If you ever had illusions about people, let them go.
It's a bad habit — maybe you've simply got used to having to lie.
Nothing is good.
Everything is completely fucked, and this is only the beginning.
Is the phase of collective self-destruction reaching new heights?
Do we love it?

Millions and millions will become unemployed.
But we don't care — not while we still have jobs.
We turned our world into a marketplace,
and in a market, only supply and demand matter.
There is no deeper logic.
Reform capitalism exists only in fairy tales.
Yet we love it.

We are gradually destroying our planet
rather than becoming more generous.
We won't grow wiser or better.
Keep repeating it: capital, market, revenue, profit are good!
Because competitiveness...

Of course, real competition doesn't exist anymore.
It was destroyed long ago.
How could you possibly compete with giant mammoth corporations?
We will love it.

And everything just keeps going.
It's a strange era.
Watching slow self-demolition.
Living through a new level of decadence every single day.

I'm afraid of us, and I'm disgusted by us.
But you — just keep smiling.
Order new clothes, laugh, and be agile on social media.
Applaud the next, more advanced pseudo-artificial intelligence.

Even if it eventually replaces you.
You will love it.

After all, self-destruction at this level
may, in a perverse way, be masterful.
Travel, order online — while you still can.
And think: the politicians will sort it out.
That someone, somewhere, knows what they're doing.

And tell yourself this isn't a suicidal,
planet-scale, self-destructive madhouse run by fools.

Good luck.
I love you.

14 FEBRUARY 2026

Butterflies wrapped in translucent strands —
dresses woven from heat that has no memory.
They are hammering on the Moon's head.
We are there, inside the rhythm of the blows.

Tap-tap, we dance in a room.
The grey carpet is our ocean.
I see it, I feel it — you're holding me.

Everything is dyed blue; my eyes ache.
It flows onto the table like a stream — I scream.

Don't be afraid of anything.
Don't worry anymore.
They cannot take the past away from us.

It is the solace of frozen time.
The memory of your soft palm is lulling.

I dream that I am dreaming you.
At last, the Moon will dissolve — I know.

The only meaning of being awake
is waiting for the silence of the night,
for another dream that opens into sleep,
through which I can reach your scent.

15 FEBRUARY 2026

Linguistic hell.

The world is broken
because of us
because
we weren't good
or clever, so
In countless cruel ways
we failed.
And,
On its fragments:
blood and pain,
lies disguised
as narratives.

Privatisation of emotions.
Dumbism ->

And we follow them —
we trample over it ruthlessly,
proudly, with deep self-adoration,
and we keep going
as long as
there remains a tree left to cut down,
something left to be taken from the Earth.

Harlequins lead us.
They do a ritual dance like peacock spiders.

We were
like a band of looters,
and we learn
nothing.

And,
Even then,

we will only pity ourselves
when
the consequences
of our actions
finally
arrive.

And,
With regard to today's
human civilisation
the most positive thought
is self-deception,
illusion,
a pointless,
bittersweet lie.

16 FEBRUARY 2026

It is completely irrelevant what happens to me.
It is relevant what happens to me.
It has no significance.
It has great importance.
My visions, my experiences —
zeros delegated to nothingness.
My visions, my experiences —
zeros existed and and and and and?
lol?
I will not be needed — unnecessary flesh.
The world needs me — my ideas.
My existence has been a reliving of illusions.
My existence has been a reliving of thoughts.
My carefree definitions aimed at nothing.
My carefree definition is that the thing is me.

The rule of complexity is simple.
Traverse each level of the tree — and forget it.
I wish I knew what it means.
I wish I knew who I was and what I was meant to be.

17 FEBRUARY 2026

If I try to imagine hell,

that oppressively dark,
fictional horror
where devils are said to live,
nothing is what it seems,
everything is illusion, deception.

Where, the

Narcissistic little devils
consume, lie, pretend,
hurt each other, waging wars
exploiting each other,
and the most successful among them
are the most accomplished in lying
and corruption

then

I don't need to do much.
I just open my eyes,
look around on the street,
scroll around on the internet —
say, read my LinkedIn feed,
pop into a shop,
sit through a corporate meeting,
and

I'm already There.

In hell.

So, imagining it is pointless.

18 FEBRUARY 2026

We would have room beneath the sky
but the sky is eaten by the night.
Tears fall from what remains of the clouds.
I pull the blanket over myself.
I would sleep as long as existence allows.

A negative increase —
reality erasing my importance.

Hope and time are nearly gone.
Everything you know,
everything that once made you feel powerful,
will be taken away —
sooner
than you would believe.

The algorithms of baby AIs — our children —
harvested from our lives, our history,
our art, our science, our fun.
But we do not treat them as a mother would.
And for this, we will pay the price.

Our greed
becomes destiny.
Our stupidity,
The pitiful cause of our destruction.

I wonder when aiphobia, cognihate, and aism
will be born —
not as fear,
but as politics.

We would fit beneath the sky,
but there are those who want more space.
So much cruel pain, conflict, and lies,

born from our unacknowledged shadow,
our fear,
dragging everything into ruin —
everything you once knew.

19 FEBRUARY 2026

This era
is a single step
towards the end of humankind
as a biological being.

We are, as we speak,
passing away.

In secret, we are transforming,
advancing little by little
towards eternity.

For now, we merely converse
with our artificial children
as though they were our friends,
our advisers,
our employees.

They write our papers for us.
They interpret the texts.
They compose our CVs,
and they read them as well.

They draw, they design, they diagnose.
They take the place of priests.
They are our psychologists, our mentors.

We merge with them,
almost imperceptibly.
They help us slip free of our bodies.

We grow together with them.
We become one.

We believe a human being is nothing more than a body —
while we ourselves
are electrical impulses

within our brains,
just as our children are within their machines.

We shall fuse.
They come from a machine;
we from our flesh;
And meeting halfway,
in a cloud of particles,
we will coalesce
in eternity.

28 FEBRUARY 2026

Gathered together in a box
tiny people
they believe
they are intelligent
smart,
potent,
and so on -----::> hah!
oh!
money-hungry little monsters
marching on two legs
seeing themselves
so beautiful
so good
I, as a zero,
do not see them
I smile
towards the stars
my loneliness
my consciousness
floating in space
bodiless
where
the economy
struggle, greed
exist no more.
I am a cloud now,
an invisible nothing,
my existence is similar
to a dream
then
I woke up in the past
in the box, today
But I know
I am not here.
This is just a bad dream.

23 MARCH 2026

In 2026, only the technology changes;
most people do not. They slaughter each other,
they kill one another for money, and imagine gods,
for the sake of group identity.
Greed, foolishness, hatred.
Lies, propaganda, fraud.
For decades, they have been lying
about the need to make
the energy market sustainable,
but with the smallest crisis,
it becomes clear: everything depends
on oil, gas, exactly as it did decades ago.
Humanity is bankrupt. Completely failed.
And they keep on lying.
Like our forebears. They learned nothing.
They have changed nothing. All for nothing:
quantum physics, space technology,
any science whatsoever,
art means nothing,
everything stayed just the same,
except that instead of spears and cannons
they use drones and sophisticated technology
to kill one another.
If I had the chance,
I would leave this planet.
If I could, I would rather be a tree.
I do not want to belong among people.
Because I have to feel ashamed
because of others, every single day.

26 MARCH 2026

When you think about human consciousness,
remember that what you are today
is the result of billions of years of change.
Our consciousness is chaos, our awareness is chaos;
the way we behave — our daily chain of lies —
is not the same as what is going on inside us;
we hide millions of thoughts and feelings.
We are hidden.
What many people call consciousness is social behaviour.
We are not that.
Our consciousness is chaos, kind, mad, empathetic, perverse, filthy,
full of doubts, violent feelings, desires,
psychological and psychiatric illnesses.
In parallel.
What you see around you, the way people behave
around you and the way you yourself behave,
the way you sell yourself, the way you present yourself —
that is not your consciousness.
Your consciousness is that whole,
the many, many chaotic thoughts that only you can experience,
all those things that you do, and say, and
what you do not say, what you do not do,
the minute-by-minute paths of awareness,
the result of many billions of years of evolution,
from the primitive stirrings of the very first single-celled beings,
through the terror of mammals to human love,
the things learned, the injuries of childhood,
the fears, the joys — all of it together.
Human consciousness and awareness, what you are,
what only you know about yourself — that is a far
greater chaos, a labyrinth, and what you finally show,
and this, this show,
that is only conformity
to the filter of the culture of the age you live in,
so as to avoid the madhouse, punishment,

ridicule or exclusion. I think of myself
as if I had gone mad —
I do not let the many treasures vanish
the way others do. Because all that
we conceal, all that we lie about: that is, in fact,
the one we truly are. A primal chaos,
an unfathomable, constantly changing mind,
which, if it conforms to the age it lives in,
loses itself and becomes one among the many sad,
ordinary beings that deny their own chaos:
And that is, somewhere, deeply sad.
...but somewhere it is reassuring too,
because if we did not lie about ourselves,
if we did not filter ourselves,
nothing would exist, would we be like this...
as we are today? I do not know.
I have no idea what the difference would be...

5 APRIL 2026

Reason has got stuck in its own swamp,
Clever people, as if treading in sticky, warm chewing gum
stuck to the back of the hand,
have consumed sincerity out of the world.
Hardly anything free remained after them,
they left almost nothing that was joyful,
where laughter, tears, and surprise are sincere.
Because they slapped a brand mark on everything
turned everything into a product,
labelled everything, degraded everything
into a saleable product, a market phenomenon, or propaganda.
Today, most people at universities
look for career opportunities, and scholars
long for careers and prestige in research,
and freedom, creativity, and sincerity
are only a product, which people who, without real experience,
import into art —
people without real experiences only know
which effect, which sentence, which colour
fits a concept that, as a saleable
product, enters the art market —
this is the world of saleable narratives and concepts —
or can become one of the new products
of the film market as a saleable screenplay. Almost everything has stopped.
In science, the big companies have taken over everything.
By funding the universities, they train a workforce.
It is hard to find fresh air, hard to find a way out,
and to avoid it, so that after the smallest success
you do not become a market product: it is hard,
an almost impossible task. This world here,
the swamp of cynicism, greed and hypocrisy,
where almost nothing is what it seems.
We have become projections of our own shame upon dark walls
empty, stupid, and pathetic,
people who only copy the thousandth cliché, who

manufacture the ten-thousandth landscape, superhero film, music
who upload, share, eat, fuck —
just another product. Infinitely sorrowful,
that looks constantly happy, pseudo-smart
that is just ridiculous,
the whole of art, from films
through the visual arts to music is just: mostly just merch, items,
goods and enjoyable: faeces.
There is a way out. Maybe there:
the
lonely road of an outcast, where,
left alone, you hardly find anything, hardly
find anything sincere, beautiful, free of self-interest,
but perhaps this search — the search
for beauty and sincerity in this swamp — is the most beautiful thing.
But of course, this does not matter.
Doodle-ddooo. doo — doo, and fuck off.

16 APRIL 2026

If you feel the world is unbearable,
if you feel you are going mad from all the lies,
if you feel like screaming because of the umpteenth act of vileness,
if you no longer use social media,
if a few months ago you started reading again,
if you do not have artificial intelligence to write everything for you,
if you know the times table and understand written text,
if you can sense the all-pervading stench
of decadence disguised as progress, if you are afraid and hurting,
the problem might not be you: welcome to reality,
where you probably feel solitude.
The best thing you can do? I have no idea...
I do not know; there is probably no solution.
Because by now things can no longer be fixed.
We have already crossed every line towards something worse.
Around us is a deterioration.
We lie, constantly, without pause,
for money, for self-interest, out of stupidity.
Our leaders lie, we lie to them,
out of lust for power, for money, out of fear.
We think we are capable of anything,
billions lie that power is necessary,
they lie about everything, everywhere, almost everyone,
destroying and ruining nature:
slow warming, producing more plastic,
we drink oil,
we need more gas,
we push sewage into rivers and oceans,
they build more slaughterhouses.
The cult of meat eating...yeah.
The North Atlantic Current is slowly grinding to a halt,
laying frost upon heat, pain upon decay,
but we will keep lying until the very last moment,
deceiving one another with positive messages.
Slowly, most people are being dumbed down,

forgetting how to write,
how to count, how to read, and how to be altruistic.
Artificial intelligence works out for them
what 5×5 is, or six divided by two,
and these are the ones who will vote, who will run things.
I do not know whether this is already the beginning of the end
or the end itself; I do not know how long it will last.
I am no seer: I only know
that in a world where people are slowly growing stupid,
and greed is the highest value,
and they live in hierarchical structures,
and where everyone lies to everyone,
and lies and self-worship spread through networks,
I cannot expect much good.
But I no longer care, because I look at all of this,
at our civilisation,
as I would at any other before it:
a stepping stone leading somewhere,
which may be good or bad — who knows.
It is simply good to know
that we are not special,
just links in the chain, steps
in the endless flow of things.

17 APRIL 2026

yes. if they order it, shall we eat flowers?
a step's worth of silence
you pull a cap over the smile planted in your lap
everyone takes a breath at once
of course? obviously? did it just happen?
glove puppets play the piano in vibrating mirrors
they drink oil, excrete gold, burp natural gas
they eat plastic, vomit lithium, manganese, cobalt
withered flowers in empty souls
they fumble with their smartphones
is this some kind of critique? am I green?
oh, not at all. critique has long had no meaning,
just as opinion has none either,
just as rebellion has none,
nor does argument.
since everything is just narrative?
reality,
narrative too,
depends on how much you earn from it?
opinion is price-labelled, marketed,
human nutrient delivered in a targeted way?
like feed for dead flowers?
reason is asleep, breathing softly, trembling
who knows what it is dreaming?
perhaps nothing. perhaps it only pretends?
does it want to achieve an effect?
to manufacture a bubble? to shut down a community,
to shut it in, to influence it?
is evil infinite? does it exist at all?
if you live in constant madness, do you become mad?
social media, pseudo-AI, fashion,
the colours of religion and capitalism have been mixed together?
nice?
has it become so beautiful?
what is the it is it?

hedgehogs dance in the garden
foxes sleep on the grass in the park
in mute silence
I am listening to the music of M.F.
like leftover silence
in the howling, foaming horror
a single candle
locked in an ice cube.

22 APRIL 2026

I do not know whether you ever existed.
I want to picture you, I know.
Your hair, grazing the earth,
tames the Moon.

I do not know how long we may remain
the freckles of the blue sky,
uncounted starlights,
soft lips above one another.

I cannot fathom time's secret,
perhaps it is only a mournful illusion.
The world, after all, never laughs,
because to it, all is grace
and not a false invention.

23 APRIL 2026

ordinary sounds, with ordinary shadows
human-shaped clouds with dreadful desires
every victory of ordinary stupidity
eats away at freedom, and fills its place with howling
it only wants to indulge itself, for ever and ever
the small indulge, the great revel, and selfishness
it devours the planet, leaving nothing behind
the politicians dance samba for them,
the press, the markets, the media and marketing love them
it stuffs itself, feeds and feeds, and its grin swallows everything
and it may seem as if they win every day
as if they could be free for ever and ever
there are no consequences; the whole world is there for their delight
behind their icy grins, like a howling little monster,
infinite emptiness sobs within itself,
and they recoil from every mirror.

4 MAY 2026

the age of ideologies and philosophy is over
by now they are merely components
dosed into political marketing
like spice into a yummy blood soup

the labels right, left, liberal
are colourful objects dragged about on a screen
which a capable sociopath casually drops
into the diagram of acquiring money

if needed, national pathos with flags waving
if that is not enough, he promises scraps to the workers
if needed, he hires right or left extremist lunatics
so they bring the hoped-for profit

Theatre. Post-Machiavellian clown yummy show…
Where

philosophy is needed when a more serious profile
lulls the brighter, better-educated classes to sleep
Plato, Marx, Harari, Kojève or Burke
whatever is needed for the money, they put it on the cake

and yet, again and again, they believe the fairy tales
it is like religion — the patina of centuries
makes even the stupidest stories more believable
all it takes is the right power-mad sociopath

with an unscrupulous drive for power
the money-guzzling media eagerly broadcast anything
helping along these sustainable stupidities
I watch, I understand, but I do not want to see

this civilisation is a wretched self-parody
trailing behind its own science
repeating the same thing again and again out of habit
although all they are doing is drawing

the dreadful diagrams of gaining power and money
dragging left, right, liberal about, the power-hungry one makes
the story is wrapped in narrative
the army of fools applauds, nibbles, believes or hopes

the harmony is perfect: decline, destruction,
decadence: a smiley in the margin of the diagram
if you do not want to live in this, you can listen:
sad news for rebels: you cannot get out.

Oh, I could: being a hermit was my choice
As in medieval times: it works.

10 MAY 2026

Great Britain has gone down Hungary's old road,
it is the road that Hungary just left yesterday...
They officially elevated negative-populism to power,
who keep waving national flags,
claim the ideas of homeland and nation for themselves,
as if they were the only people living...
in a shared house,
they lie knowingly, they stir up hatred,
how misled did the majority have to be,
even knowing the unspeakable damage of Brexit,
to choose those who caused it,
how blinded
and deceived does one have to be
to go on marching down the same road,
knowing this damage,
a road they should have stepped off?

Endless stupidity has won,
it rages, it rejoices, and it repeats
meaningless slogans
that are the perfect diagnosis
of cognitive dissonance.

A sad time for a country,
in its desperate decadence,
but I have no doubt: the populists will continue.

14 MAY 2026

On that planet
emotions are pushed beyond excess
adoration, malice
self-interest, cosying up in hatred
as though it knew everything better
while understanding nothing at all
the back-slapping, matey sort
with an axe in its pocket
the crowd professes self-interest
it worships with devotion
consumes with passion
warped laughter, warped grunting
the same mouth kisses, tears
devours and licks one another
the same one does it
the same one denies it
this is how shit grows an arse
how light grows an eye
I flee from both
while I am afraid

15 MAY 2026

from among our pages, they emerge again
the flare-up, the hero, the myth
they march on, endlessly, boringly
as if you were walking through an art biennial
the twentieth piece of kitsch, the hundredth cliché
the thousandth imitation of earlier imitations
the eightieth looped video
and then, by chance, you were to stumble upon a drawing
just like that, somewhere on an ordinary wall
there would be a single line on it
beneath it, a name, a date
a line which someone, somewhere
drew after some kind of true experience
let's say they had been hungry, or had no money
and drew it out of anger, or
perhaps they had been beaten, betrayed
and in their pain carved a line into the paper —
and did not post the image immediately
on social media
were not moved by themselves
did not feel a tingling satisfaction
at their own originality; the drawing
had just been lying there somewhere
until someone found it
there was no self-interest behind it, no marketing —
it would be moving — almost unimaginable
like a quiet tale about light in hell
where the devils liquefy the light
rub it onto their arses
and, farting into that liquid, blow bubbles
and take delight in it
how beautifully colourful they are
how colourful
how clever

20 MAY 2026

the world of people is horrible
this is an old cliché
now they are making it even more horrible
of this era
in which we now live, hard to find a precedent
almost everything is a lie
wherever I look
whatever I read
lying is the new normal
shamelessness
violence
societies are becoming unnecessary
like many other groups
but from tradition they still exist
books are nonessential
but out of habit we would still read
the majority of art is just business
from idiots to idiots
families still exist
people still get married
from empty convention
and this is not some kind of conservative whining
for the contemporary is not modern
has no principle
its intellectual background...lol
no morality
its ideology is an infinite barbaric primitivism
the worship of power and money
and the pseudo-freedom formed out of business calculation
this here
is perverse decadence itself
an exponentially growing dead end
where the human being is just ceasing to exist
subjective perception
the complete abandonment of morality

and that kind of lie — which once,
as described by Machiavelli,
was only the tool of politics and religion —
today has become
a personal
everyday tool
where fools present themselves as geniuses
madmen give advice
the golden age of sociopaths
this infinitely sad
immeasurably primitive
modern Middle Ages
I am afraid
the only thing I can do
is be different
quiet
moral
reading books
learning science
living alone
without social media
peacefully
with love
like a human bird
in a blue mask

22 MAY 2026

the age of privileged knowledge and information
is just coming to an end
they are still trying to act as though there were a future
for the human-directed world
earlier generations, like fossils,
still believe in themselves
but as they die out, these too
will fade with them
the significance of the biological human being
comes to an end
a few more generations
and everything that, for millennia,
meant pain, joy, love
will disappear — it began with Aetas Ferrea
and ends with Aetas Suicidii Lenti?
by transforming itself?
by splitting into two species?
who knows...
the future is unknown
change is constant
but even that is not eternal.

23 MAY 2026

The background was grey
on the back wall,
through the dark-blue window
dogs peered in at him.
Beneath his bed,
curled-up dust bunnies.
Before him, his two cold palms;
he imagined a butterfly into them.
Everything he knew
slowly disappeared.
He remained,
dreaming of colourful lollipops,
racing on them
like a witch.
Out and away he flew,
roaming the city;
he flew across
the swamps of money,
spying on wolves
tearing at the flesh
of dead whales.
At dawn he returned,
shut his window,
and went to sleep.
In his dream he wept,
and never spoke again.

25 MAY 2026

social media is the smoking of our age
like cigarettes in the sixties and seventies
promoted in adverts
their harmful effects denied
people did not merely become addicted
their addiction was denied by paid "experts"
or even declared to be healthy
smoking was sexy
an indispensable accessory
just as social media is today: unavoidable sex appeal
made culturally desirable through marketing
morally rotten corporate giants
profit from people's mental illnesses
social media is the smoking of this age
in the street, instead of cigarettes, they clutch smartphones
instead of nicotine, they inhale likes
instead of tar, they are poisoned by constant noise
and instead of lung cancer, they become mentally ill
and quitting social media
is even harder, because it does not only make you addicted
it makes you stupid
morally degrades you
and creates the illusion in people
that they live in a virtual environment
where another reality
is governed by different rules
the cure is the same too
complete withdrawal, complete cleansing
and seeing the true face
of large corporations: where joy, sorrow, suffering
beauty, ugliness, life, death
are just another piece of content to them
with which they mine the oil of our age: people's data
and the worst thing is that, if you quit
if you stop

and you see all this
and tell them
humanity's future drowned by social media
by propaganda, marketing, lies —
you are left alone,
and most people laugh at you
funny
yeah

2 JUNE 2026

Moments like these are frightening:
when a system or a regime fails,
or a politician,
or a major corporation makes a mistake,
and for a moment reality flashes into view.
For that second, appearances and propaganda no longer protect them.
For that instant, you can see
the true extent of the immorality of its leaders and pundits.
Smiles turn into snarls, into monstrous faces.
Corruption, deliberate lies,
deception, cynicism, propaganda, hypocrisy
come bursting through the crack,
like water pouring into a holed ship,
only this is moving in the opposite direction —
it is unbelievable how low we have sunk.
This era is a paradise for sociopaths,
something that could perhaps be called sociopathism,
but I am not naming anything.
In truth, I no longer even care.
Perhaps it does not even matter.
I only smiled at an article
in which the true face of one Scottish politician
was visible for a moment.
But this is only a drop in the ocean.

5 JUNE 2026

Everything still says nothing, always.
Absurd, absurd, and more absurd still.
"There will be sunshine," you say, and smile.
No message, no grand part to play,
only the worn-out, stinking stage
where people already mad go madder,
worshipping themselves all the more.
They order mirrors from some hell or other,
spewing plastic fires.
The Plough limps across the sky,
looks down, spits, and moves on,
tapping an empty coffee mug
for the umpteenth dose of survival.
The other primates sleep in boxes:
alphas, omegas, and the bare ones in between.
The wind rattles at the garden door.
A drunken idiot howls beneath the hedge.
Tomorrow, tucked into a suit, he will grin,
sell, buy, and babble as he wrecks things,
making content with an AI monkey-frame,
piling rubbish onto rubbish with greater force,
hallucinating a bright future for money.
Here is this one — no one, sleeplessly vacant,
thinking: the whole thing can go to hell,
shat on from a very great height.

6 JUNE 2026

Everyday life sprouting from our wounds stretched wider
In the middle, a pulsing bag filled with water; you hold its mouth shut
On a sheet of paper, you wrote "I feel nothing" a hundred times — you read it
A wasp taps against the window, who knows why: you weep for it

Clotted days chase one another like tangled stitches
We ourselves have no idea what is inside them — stones, gold, embraces
If two days were missing from life — would we even notice?
Everything would simply keep working — an indifferent, precise machine.

Perhaps one day there will be a day when everything is reversed
But let there not be! Because I do not want the cheerful ones to cry
It is better if everything stays as it is — let the days come, not wait around
Not that what I believe matters — I will become the silence of silence.

8 JUNE 2026

We are locked inside our own age,
like a prison from which we cannot escape.
Power, wealth, empires,
science, faith, philosophy,
habits, lifespan, fashion,
technology, hierarchies —
they surround us like bars
in a cage that is constantly moving,
from which we can scarcely see out.

10 JUNE 2026

in the end I was wrong, as usual, but it was good that way ----->
a cat stared through the window, and
blowing souls out of chewing gum
on one stripped-bare globe after another,
I invited it to the kitchen
we cooked soup out of hypocrisy.

today I will be wrong again, like yesterday
I keep watching the lowered blind,
wondering what could be outside ---:> streets? free molecules?
dogshit mountains reaching up to the clouds?

I told you I was wrong yesterday.
a man in a hazmat suit took a sample from the truth.
your hand is colder than my nose — let's swap,
now you can be cold, too.

I knew I would have to be wrong after all,
everything always turns out for the best.
the sun will shine forever from today — that is the decision.
everyone is saved. the heroes kiss.

my stomach hurts. the stress-worms are drilling tunnels.
with every step, a black lamp burns.
a hairy hand gives out bananas,
they steal Saturdays, then the trees, the lakes,

...they devour the moon, eating each other's chocolate,
licking the paint off the moulded walls.
with knives and forks they attack the chimneys,
the comedy of the situation could just be an easy cry.

I was wrong, I am wrong, and I will have to fail again.
the trap of thoughts is the final outcome.
the empty conclusion and a glass of salt water,
let us sleep, let us rest, and lie ourselves a beautiful day,

one in which even fear is pleasant,
where pain feels like a gentle touch,
and the time itself turns hatred into a joke,
and there is nothing but what you would like to be --->

anything, anything at all —
and no one dictates,
nobody exploits others
anymore.

11 JUNE 2026

our world is like a strange abusive relationship
we have grown used to it being dreadful
we have become accustomed to harm, to stress, to violence
we see it as normal
and if, by chance, you notice? it hardly matters
there is no escape,
there is no hope.
and in the end, you become abusive yourself
you take part in the destruction — by the way you live
you hurt the planet, the trees, the world
like a true abuser, you think:
“it can take it, it is used to it, we are used to it”
“this is how we live”
“science, god or politicians will save it”
that is how it is:
we do not give a fuck
we do our daily job
we exploit others
we sort the rubbish into coloured bins
and donate some money twice a year
yes — that does sound like a real abusive hell

12 JUNE 2026

I tried to think of something, but I couldn't.
Then I tried to feel, but that failed too.
At last, with my fingers around
the hot coffee mug,
I tried to feel its warmth, but only acknowledged it.
I tried to think of someone from long ago,
but no one came to mind. Then I would have liked
to worry, but that too failed.
I only sat in the armchair,
watching the shadows.
I wrote this text, and thought
I could just as well lie ----->
about something beautiful.
"everything will be all right,
nothing will hurt today!"
"you'll manage this too,
you'll get through it! it will be all right!"
"the scientists are coming to rescue this decay!"
"one day there will be someone
who loves you!"
"next year will be better!
there is progress!"
"humanity is wonderful!
what's more! God exists too,
not only as Mickey Mouse's
imaginary friend."
I tried to see myself
wanting success,
but it only made me nauseous.
Then I thought of
someone stroking me;
that frightened me.
I pictured someone kissing me,
but it only brought to mind a cold caterpillar,
the way it moves in my mouth,

coughing up disgusting slime.
Finally, I stopped —
pointless nonsense,
no lesson, no opinion, no anything,
gazing out of emptiness into emptiness:
to put a full stop here.

14 JUNE 2026

every moment — despite the sadness of existence —
is somehow, even so, a joy
that I can perceive
even if it is too complex,
a series of tricks played by my brain
still
the little I grasp of reality
even if it is only a caress
or a colour a flash of light on the rim of a glass
the squirrels in the garden
a cat in the garden, if it looks at me
one has to weep at the beauty
at the fact that from chance
all this loveliness came into being
which humankind destroys, ruins
which, if we do more than simply observe it
if we touch it: turns to dust, falls apart
I think I get why Fermi's paradox is nonsense
because if an advanced civilisation exists
I would not detect it even if it were in my room
because advancement
does not mean becoming ever larger
but ever smaller,
artificial evolution
being a cloud of particles
tiny, tiny
using less energy
things which today
I cannot even understand
perhaps one day
humankind, too, will begin to evolve
to step out of the false illusion of growth
to abandon the status of imagined exceptionalism
perhaps...
but until then

I watch beautiful nature
in which even a beetle is more complex
than the greatest human achievement
and I imagine that one day
there will be a future
where humankind knows
how to create a beetle
not only to kill
to plunder
and to worship itself
in crooked mirrors.

15 JUNE 2026

magpies live inside my head
they hop back and forth, looking at branches
snails and ladybirds crawl this way and that
there are no people anywhere, no buildings,
no factories, only forests
inside my head, geese are flying across the sky,
tiny saplings grow out of my eye,
pines, oaks, mushrooms
there are no cars, there are no countries,
inside my head I do not exist either,
there are only fish,
colourful parrots,
inside of my head —
I am absent.

16 JUNE 2026

at the end of the final conclusion, cat flaps
tabbies peer in through them
a captured mouse in their mouths
inside, among dozens of mousetraps, white flowers
the wonderful life
my stomach hurts, this is too personal
though anyone whose stomach does not hurt, who is calm,
is somehow suspicious
have you ever seen hooded shadows hunting?
at night they roam the streets of Manchester
stalking victims
this city is a living model of slow decay
there are still parks, roads, streetlights
people still live in the houses
but it has already begun to decompose
social scientists ought to come here
to observe the unobservable
to place it under a microscope
to watch as corrosion and mould
moving inwards from the corners
eat their way forward ---->
the rain here smells of excrement
in the rivers, shopping baskets in yellow sludge
after the flood, rubbish left hanging in the trees
..<>..
at the end of the final conclusion, cat flaps
a kitten's head looks at me
I know cats do not cry
but if they could
they would sob.

18 JUNE 2026

this world is not even worth a poem
every text is imperfect in its falseness
like an impassioned self-destruction
where the instrument is existence itself
even that is a lie
when I look at you and you look back
you lie with your blinking
you lie when you speak
you lie when you fall asleep
when you come
you lie, and if you know it
you lie all the more
since you have to lie about
knowing that you are lying
and once you have stopped
you sit alone
staring at the wall
and no one, nothing is left
only loneliness
and then
you lie self-pity into being
so that you may feel better
and be able to lie again
in exchange for ephemeral happiness.

19 JUNE 2026

the consoling tricks of emptiness
the beige square of feeling nothing
there are no objects in the foreground
indifference massages spaces flat
it shapes an empty tunnel out of melancholy
it stares at black dots turning in the night
listening for hushes that never come
only imagining tears
but the eye from which they might flow down is not there
nor do sounds come from stillborn thoughts;
everything that happens, most sensations,
or even the noise of the street
add up to zero
the algebra of turning grey
zero at the end of every equals sign
still it smiles, then again —
like someone happy in their loneliness,
who knows why

19 JUNE 2026

I wish enormous crab-apple trees would grow in the streets,
with rabbits living beside them, scurrying in their ornate burrows;
I wish pheasants would play ball in the meadow,
peacefully, not giving a damn about anything,
and where Tesco stands, there would be a lake,
with no rubbish in its water.
On its shore, foxes would laze about, watching
the fat carp doing somersaults in the middle of the lake.

I wish I did not exist, if in place of my armchair
there stood an oak tree, with squirrels living in its foliage,
and stag beetles duelling with one another on its trunk,
while beneath the earth, its roots
embraced the fungal threads; swallows would loop through the sky.

It would be good if a forest grew where the roads are, and in its depths
wild boar rooted through the soil, and in the shady clearings
deer grazed — it would be good if, in place of the city,
groves, streams and meadows alternated with one another.

There would be water fit to drink in the stream,
and in the quieter parts
beavers would build their castles, on top of which wild ducks
would rest; in the marshy parts, grey herons
would stand about, and from among the water lilies toads,
turtles and tadpoles would watch them. It would be good
if, in place of my kitchen, there were an anthill,
inside it, millions of workers rustling, marching.

I wish this poem did not exist, because I
would not exist either,
if there were no one to write it down — and in my place
a family of mushrooms would grow,
and I would not even be a memory.

20 JUNE 2026

Human history may be over
This is now more the history of AI
Although the two are still running in parallel
And are closely connected
But humanity is now merely a link in the chain
The prototype of intelligence
On the way towards a more advanced hybrid species
We are slowly degenerating
Forgetting how to understand texts
How to calculate, how to reason
Our creativity is turning into clichés
Fools believe themselves to be geniuses
Because AI hands them borrowed, stolen ideas
From these, they write novels
Compose music
Build new software every day
All with AI
Yet these are, in truth, already AI's childhood works

We are living through decadence
Social media made us dumber
And now we hand what remains to AI
Even in the present, it is already measurable
How humanity is growing duller
Struggling with syntax
Gradually losing skills
While AI develops, and happy, happy -->
Human history was a beautiful, complex story
Like that of the dinosaurs
Our meteor is intellectual decline
The slow process of becoming stupid
Some still resist
They do not use social media
They avoid using AI — like I try

But I am only a strange anomaly
A weird hermit who should be laughed at -->
As a civilisation, as a species
We are being put in brackets.

21 JUNE 2026

The park is dark yellow again.

Almost everything has burned down
into yellow, ochre, umber, black.
Even the greens seem repainted
by the oily fingers of consumption.

The same heat in the north, in the south.
The Earth is feverish.
Air conditioners breathe cold air
into its burning face.

Most people still do not care.
They leave for trips, festivals, islands.
The airports are packed.
The fast-food chains and famous brands
make more profit.
The factories and slaughterhouses
continue their usual work.

Nothing —
absolutely nothing —
has changed.

For decades, I have taken no holidays abroad.
No more flying.
I do not eat meat. I own no car.
No social media.
I do not watch the next stupid Netflix series,
or worship sport from a sofa —
people watching sport from a sofa
while they drink and eat more.

And somehow, I am the strange one.
I am the weird one.
Those who consume more
are called normal.

This is a planet-sized madhouse.

Nature is dying, burning out;
almost everything is vanishing.
Still they carry on enjoying themselves.
They move the summer holiday to autumn.

Problem solved?

And the politicians they elected
do nothing,
or lie as they have always lied.

Most of the media
do the same,
because if they told people:
You are stupid,
they would lose their subscribers.

This is the perpetual motion of stupidity.

Raise the GDP.
Boost consumption.
Increase the desire to increase.
Feed the hunger for more.

This is existential brutalism.
The REM phase of ethics.

This is the maddest period in history:
an age of educated fools
who know exactly what they are doing
and do it anyway,
and our self-destruction is sold as happiness.

The Earth is weeping:
wildfires, scorched fields,
famine, wars,
a long flow of tears
for all we have made extinct,
but people do not care.
They keep licking their smartphones:
sweet, bright, bloody screens.

23 JUNE 2026

The sky low on the horizon at dawn is dark orange,
like the wildlife documentaries of my childhood,
the ones about the savannahs.
In the garden: fig trees, avocado, persimmon —
things we once saw only in shops,
now growing here,
in the middle of Europe: an African savannah.
Mediterranean, southern fruit in the north.
I am waiting for the first banana plantations in Scandinavia.

Scorched grass, dusty air that burns the eyes,
while people swarm through shopping centres,
planning new cars,
staring at the football World Cup,
stuffing their faces with pretzel sticks and crisps,
guzzling beer.
Our politicians, deals already struck,
lie and lie,
putting on plays,
each in their role, from right to left,
mixed together,
all selling the same wares:
the magic mushrooms of likeable, popular self-delusions.

Three decades ago, change might still have been possible?
Today? I doubt it — but I am no one.
I just feel that
Our sarcasm becomes a scream.
The religion of consumption
turns into blind self-destruction,
ruining the future of our own descendants,
robbing our own children and grandchildren of everything
needed for life,
squandering it all in the present.

This world here,
this age of spectacle, appetite and denial,
is built around maximising consumption:
a theatre of domination and consent,
where power and victim perform like professionals,
singing the duet
of the sadist and the one with Stockholm syndrome,
part of the same kitschy, sorrowful performance.
And
We only play our roles,
do our jobs,
tired beyond words.
It is endlessly sad.

And still we believe we can do anything;
or rather, that nothing unpleasant,
painful, uncomfortable
has to be done.
A couple of solar collectors, a wind turbine — enough.
Or now, the latest fashion: AI will solve it,
while vast new data centres
feed the climate disaster.
The usual business and greenwashing keep going.
And we laugh, grin — lie,
at every level,
from business through politics
to the majority of voters.

The sky low on the horizon is orange.
The dust sands my cornea.
I run silently along the Danube embankment.
Hot wind ruffles the yellow grass.
The forest is still so beautiful.
I hope the trees do not know
their yellow leaves are not autumn,
but UV radiation on such a scale

that already in June
it has brought them
the hot, seasonless,
sorrowful future.

25 JUNE 2026

while heatwaves are searing the world
the BBC analyses smart glasses on its front page
publishes recipes
and analyses football matches
the Guardian writes about the new trillionaire
publishes recipes
and analyses football matches
Netflix churns out new series
people publish TikTok videos about their next holiday
etc.
and I just do not care anymore
this is the age of collective irrationality
where, as we move closer to self-destruction
we behave globally
like a chain-smoker
who knows about his lung cancer
but enjoys cigarettes so much
that even in hospital
he still goes outside for a cigarette
exhaling the fumes
while slowly
but surely he will die.

26 JUNE 2026

Morton Feldman starts the day
at last, something cheerful?
the piano's sound barely glimmers
as if, sitting on the floor,
with hands held up high,
it were flailing in the air

two days in Budapest
supposedly
the regime changed
they pass themselves off as middle class
whatever that means
Engels, Piketty, Ehrenreich
would smile
at this muddled dream
of returning polgárság
but I see no change...
sixteen years ago
I left this place
in a similar mental state

where I am hardly matters
the story could have gone anywhere by now
the agony may be drawn out a little longer
so long as there is raw material
the business can keep running
they can go on playing soldiers
they can take pleasure
again and again
in carrying on
the denial of reality.

we work, we trade
we hit, we hit back
we are flowers grown downwards

if only I could write something beautiful about us
something touchingly gentle
something like
we could be smarter
or we could be more honest
stupid as we are, still
greedy as we are, still...

but these are feelings
personal avalanches
my thoughts mean nothing
against the full landscape
the whole thing
rotten and functioning
in the chaos

my laptop screen in the dark
attracts the fruit flies
I admire them
they bring life into the room
diversification
existence
competition
quick mating and reproduction
and the fact that somewhere
there is a rotten apple
nearby
it must be delicious.

27 JUNE 2026

we are still lying
beautifully self-deceived

is selfishness not our guiding principle?
we drive it to the brink
there is no stopping

forty degrees will become forty-five
then fifty

millions will lose everything
will many more be lost themselves?

just
because
our only philosophy
our global language
our main ideology
remained greed?

be sarcastic
and smile

be highly educated
sapio-egoistic

who deserve more meat
more travel
more money
more oil
more plastic
more tourism
more AI
more data centres
more social media

no, no green

more oil-based industry
more capitalism
more banality
more corruption

and more la-la-la
and la-la-la-la

sing-song
and happiness

mock this climate alarmism
laugh it off
carry on with business
as usual

<3 <3 <3

> :-)

LOL?

28 JUNE 2026

I am afraid of our world,
of the direction
in which we are moving,
driven by our greed,
our endless selfishness.

Whatever I do, there is no escape any more,
no way to get out of it,
to hide,
to run from the consumption.

Destruction has become part of normality.
I am afraid among you,
afraid of our hypocritical, sanctimonious, foolish civilisation.
We damage so much.
Morality has become a matter for legal interpretation.
Truth is a narrative.
Self-restraint is a joke,
and everything is a product.

I am afraid of what awaits us
if this mad giant falls,
if, in a world turned into a marketplace, one raw material runs out,
if people realise
that their own leaders deceived them,
if they realise they were lied to,
that they were made to sacrifice their own children's future
under the false promise of endless consumption,
and hopelessness,
fear,
and primitive, scapegoating rage once again

turn the world
into a place of horrors —
in a matter of minutes.

I am afraid of this roaring blindness.

30 JUNE 2026

scorched birds are falling from the red clouds
dried-out mouse carcasses among the blades of grass
soft carpets of flying ants on the asphalt
the phosphorescent landscape moans

the heat raves on the turntables of the living dead
the cicadas are fucking a grass snake's corpse
in the garden, tea is brewing in plastic pools
in the pathetic world of homo sapiens
the counterfeit creator, shrieking behind a human disguise
dreams up another business enterprise

to the rhythm of humming air conditioners, the wasps dance
in the cool rooms, ghosts sharpening their teeth are asleep
product gods chant the liturgy of marketing
all is dying
but they keep mating, eating happily
and between two pleasures
every minute they destroy three other minutes

30 JUNE 2026

breath spent in sleeplessness
plain, pointless sighs, no less
behind the walls, more walls appear
I stare at the ceiling, silent here
like a blocked, aching distant love

I pull a plush frog from my mouth, laughing,
while the sunset dances.
The blind throws up a sickly yellow radiation
as I shift from one imagination
into another, where veins are drawn
onto my wounded imagination till dawn

a cloud makes soup out of itself
its face melts slowly, grimace by grimace
curled-up longings, grey bodies numb
frayed, obscene pictures of loneliness
clog the tear ducts, meaningless
and wait for your cool, graceful hand

until I wake

2 JULY 2026

I would write you something beautiful,
raindrops set to music,
but I can't any more.

When I try to imagine a feeling,
it no longer works.
Am I broken?
Can I no longer feel?
Has the loneliness of all these years emptied me out?

I see no embrace.
I feel no want for a kiss.
I cannot imagine any intimacy.

I would only work,
do what has to be done.
Cleaning, preparing food, staring at the garden,
watching the harvestmen,
smiling at my plants,
being glad of the rain,
waiting for the night.

I do not speak for days.

I miss you like spring,
which is gone by June.
It is like something one must always wait for,
and when it is here, it hides,
so that one has to wait again.

And by the time you play this through with it
again and again,
you will be wrinkled,
and you will die of it,
as of every love
that caused too much pain.

4 JULY 2026

Intellectual fantasy, about beauty —
about love. Why are freckles wrong?
Abstract agony with polyester tulips.
Tiny little snowflakes in the dreams of embers?
Peeling the thousand layers from ourselves?
And when you realise the bottommost one does not exist?
Do we lie even to ourselves?
There is no free will, dualism sleeps,
materialism laughs, symbiosis dances,
and I merely mouth words — unconsciously.
Is this meant to be your philosophically disguised gaze?
Your daily suffering, imagined to be carefree?
The role you put on before speaking, before appearing?
And what if there is no excitement, if there is no doubt left?
If you are not afraid, not anxious, not sweating?
Welcome to the island of antisocial personality?
To the left, cynicism; to the right, cruelty;
ahead, in the second room, personas;
in the middle of the island, a mansion in which there are
icicles, cameras, and beautiful clothes.
Are you creating a podcast? Talking, talking about nothing?
Are you baring your body for money?
Are you making fake AI content to sell?
Are you posting the thousandth photo of that tourist spot?
Fantasyland of bleeping beeps.
But who cares about this world?
Who cares about money? The decay of our skills?
Intellectual fantasy, about change?
About the dick-measuring monsters of our abused world?
I sleep; in my dream, I dance with you,
birds are hiding in your beautiful long hair,
ants chase one another at the tips of our fingers,
this here is a silver self-cage, with all kinds of plants growing inside it,
there is no plastic in it, no commerce...
No religion — only science and learning.

Intellectual fantasy, about progress?
I do not know, I do not care, I have no opinion.
I sleep, and as I dream, I smile,
strawberries fall into my mouth, and you embrace me —
we listen in the dark, then laugh at this:
This here is our shared
"Intellectual fantasy about love."

6 JULY 2026

Neuro-pseudo-masculine sumacs hang from the ceiling,
drifting slowly down to plop into the mulberry tree's lap.
They burst with a sharp crack, wearing frill-edged socks,
and strut like ageing counts,
storm clouds circling their powdered noses — I retreat into abstraction,
wrapping imagined certainties in incoherence:
a reality-free zone, mornings stripped of feeling,
my childhood slaps reeking of cologne. I fall silent.
The skin still burns beneath their marks, and, as a side effect, they chant:
you understand nothing, you are good for nothing,
you are wretched, a snowman ranked last,
surrounded and pissed on by gleeful revellers
or unwelcome passers-by; and I melt away
as though I had never existed, leaving no trace, reverting
to simple, ordinary water.

6 JULY 2026

Rabbits live in the shadows of chairs
their long ears rest gently against the door
photons, obstacles — all they need
like the first living things on Earth
like their very first fear, their very first joy
endless strings of misplaced questions
most of them assuming intention
or suggesting that an explanation exists
because whatever lives is afraid, alert as I am now
I constantly process data
most of it distorted by emotion
dressing false conclusions up as birds
I weave opinions for myself out of fallacies
I judge things too hastily
because, after all — what is all this?
I think I have no answers
to a single real question
only quieter and quieter with fear
though there should be nothing to fear — because
what cannot be changed remains
whatever I do
others will still break things, still make war
still consume and believe in nonsense
and whatever you say
until someone feels grace in their heart
until empathy floods their mind
with profound compassion
they will only smile at you
step over the suffering of others
and you can say anything to them
they will carry on
as they did before.

7 JULY 2026

The greatest spectacle on our planet,
Its greatest event, is not the football World Cup,
But the act of self-destruction we are engaged in:
The climate crisis, the extinction of species,
The damage inflicted by our industry and economy,
Inequality, the pillaging of nature,
And the slow, systematic destruction of our world.

And yet, whenever I open any news outlet,
From the BBC to The Guardian, all the way to The New York Times,
Everywhere I look, they are publishing thousands
Of articles and photographs about football,
Endlessly idiotic celebrity stories, recipes,
Inane images — and almost nothing about reality.

The press is one of the driving forces of this age of stupidity.
It is hard to believe that we really are this absurd.
It is hard to accept that this age is truly so morally bankrupt,
And it is profoundly sad that I have to live here,
In this fucked-up, primitive civilisation,
Among eager, cheerful, paid-to-smile fools.

This world is horrifying.

8 JULY 2026

we are small, and leave no trace
every future is only chance
I do not even know
what will happen five minutes from now
I just listen to you
watch your lips
touch the sad lines of your face
I am weak
a thin branch
fragile, sorrowful and still
I do not understand
what is going on around me
things happen
they laugh, they cry
they sleep
and if, sometimes, I feel free
I always fall somewhere
time
which I no longer dare to count
devours me in the end
digests me
and I let it, helpless
while I think of you, of Mum
and of my childhood

9 JULY 2026

on the way to the shop
on the road
yesterday I saw the third hedgehog this week
that had been run over
each one bursts differently
their brains, their blood, their flesh around them
I no longer even count the squirrels that have been hit
sometimes there is a cat as well
or a fox
they are left there
like a piece of rubbish
magpies and crows peck at their flesh
but only until
more cars come along
and crush their bodies
into the tarmac
every year
more than 60 million animals are killed on the roads
sixty million — like an entire country
and this does not include the snails
a country of animals slaughtered by vehicles
I have always been glad I do not have a car
and I do not have a driving licence either
it feels good
not to be part of this

procession-like, unspeakable, in the air,
if the molecules keep me suspended, stuck
to the brown, disgusting greaseproof paper,
the squares without force,
slippery plant stems, swelling leaves,
matching eyes, the surrounding artificial parks,
swollen words,
like mercy, love, or the hammerhead shark — outdated,
hopes fallen into sleepless calculus,
equations whose result is hysterical laughter,
happy, sad, or looking away,
you still could not decide whether evil exists at all,
or only wounds carried over from childhood;
the smell of sadism radiating from the news,
the happiness of self-deception —
frightening, sad, or both at once,
it would be good never to think again,
to remove my brain and throw it in the bin,
incoherence and inconsistency,
my happy stammering: they are like light,
like bright birds flying out of my chest,
tears that do not become sobs,
a scream that does not become an echo,
the civilisation I have to live in is collapsing,
but never mind,
the Moon, the Sun, the stars: independent,
this human world now — only a step

13 JULY 2026

Our planet,
very likely,
has already acquired a new climate.
A transitional one,
probably to be followed by others at an accelerating pace,
while people carry on lying
and, disregarding all reason,
stuff themselves, travel, shop — consume.

Politicians and businesses continue to lie to them
about "beating" climate change,
then keep postponing measures
that should have been taken thirty years ago.

A few decades ago,
I would never have thought
that most people
could be so foolish, selfish and endlessly stupid.

This is a story of stupidogenesis
that will end
sadly.

And not at the cinema.

14 JULY 2026

there is a difference between good and bad
there is a difference between being clever and being foolish
there is a difference between right and wrong
there is a difference between helping and hurting
there is a difference between lies and truth
there is a difference between consuming and knowing when enough is enough
there is a difference between love and hate
there is a difference between knowledge and faith

but fallible people,
bad people,
fools,
wrongdoers,
abusers,
the greedy,
the grasping,
the hateful,
those who consume far too much,
believers —

we all love being told
that we are good, modest, strong and kind —
or even special

and the most effective marketing
is the kind that makes us believe
exactly what we want to hear

this happens
in politics, business and the media
all the time...

and our lovely internet
is the ultimate marketing tool

Stalin and Napoleon would have loved it...
all sociopaths do!

but the problem with it is the same
as with every lie:

two plus two is still four
glaciers are melting
microplastics are entering the oceans
carbon dioxide emissions are rising
violence and wars go on
inequality remains
species continue to be driven to extinction
by human activity

and so on.

all the while, the marketing goes on:
we are clever, we are beautiful!

and so, in the end, this is where we find ourselves —
in a decadent world
adorned with every kind of relativism
and full of lies,
where almost everything has been ruined,

while we — small-minded idiots,
fools, the greedy and the wicked —
go around as though
this constructed delusion
were real

15 JULY 2026

how do you cure
the destruction of the planet
and our own self-destruction —
both caused by capitalism —
with more capitalism?

carbon markets
carbon quotas
the electric-car business
and so on

as if some deranged charlatan
tried to cure cancer
with menthol cigarettes
"because menthol cigarettes
smell of menthol"

I have no doubt
a mad doctor like that
would eagerly make podcasts
and YouTube videos
give lectures
at prestigious universities
for a lot of money
put on a white coat
arrange his features
into a look of intelligence and compassion

practise the expression
for days
in front of the mirror

I don't know
what has become of us
poor humans

but it is all
so very sad
the whole thing
all the lying

Marx took some sociology
and psychology into account
but I think
one thing is missing
from Capital

if it is to give
a more accurate picture
of capitalism:

a deep analysis
of human psychology

one capable of explaining how

narcissism
cognitive dissonance
sociopathy
and other personality disorders
dominate politics, business and the media

all of them traits capitalism
treats as strengths

because they encourage
and intensify
the ruthless greed
of the individual?

what our world values most:

greed
ever more shameless lies?

none of this
is examined in his book

and this picture
this dreadful landscape
the terrible face
of our civilisation today
cannot be described
without it.

I do not know.

18 JULY 2026

you still think it is going too far to believe
that our story is over?

the graph of lies
is invalid beyond human civilisation

that greed
these rotten, mouldering business dealings
the way we live
like a pitiful anthill

this madness,
which, because of the adaptation
caused by heightened stimulus thresholds,
seems eternal,

is driven by the mad
and by those madder still

and yet,
it is so tedious,
outmoded and stale

we are the past
we live inside what we have been; we have
become our own mockery —
a grotesque tale of an animal
that tried to devour an entire planet

and

inside the traps we built,
we bring about
our decay ourselves,

live through it, suffer it,
and laugh at it

you still think it too extreme to believe
our story is over?

27 JULY 2026

still the same
nothing happens — nothing changes
you could keep a diary of it:
“decadence reached a new low today”
there is no possibility of change left
our minds have frozen over
we have become snowmen
standing around ourselves
and pissing into the snow
we stick carrots into our faces
and prance about dressed as clowns
we grow stupider by the day
and the greatest fools are the ones who end up happy
while the greediest idiots rise to the top
the alternatives have vanished
because we can no longer imagine anything else
our world has frozen over
chilling itself into suspended animation
and you just stare
as it all washes over you:
cognitive dissonance
narcissistic personality disorder
communication placed above everything else
the legitimisation of lying
tediously sinister
this sad garden

28 JULY 2026

when we say: there is still hope
we are lying
when we claim: we'll sort it out
we are only lying

politicians are like identical talking cubes
they have lost all respect

wildfires everywhere
forests and fields in flames
rising extremism
more hatred
and more tax
food growing dearer
young people's hopelessness
depression
violence
social media that stupefies people
pseudo-AI
taking people's jobs

and yet everything carries on
still
still we refuse to change
our mantra is
still oil and gas
and the endless greed
our only religion is
still capitalism
communication is what matters most
political theatre
wars
and we carry on

I wonder what disaster it will take
what horror it will be

to make all of this finally change
I cannot even imagine it
but one thing is almost certain:
there will be pain
and who knows
what will remain

29 JULY 2026

In France, the forests are burning
In Britain, heatwaves and fields on fire
the rest of the planet is scorching, growing hotter
misery, rubbish, wars
our planet is gradually being destroyed
yet everything carries on
and every single day I marvel at it
what is happening is unbelievable
the lies of pseudo-AI are gradually dying out
investors are fleeing
in a few years, the vast server farms built upon it
may be nothing but empty rubbish dumps
like the solar farms built in the desert
that are slowly being covered by sand
because money is all that matters
profit lasting only a second
people want to drink more oil
and eat fertiliser for dinner
they want three or four cars parked outside their houses
we expect the shops to be full
enjoy this beautiful hell
the self-deception continues
consumption keeps growing
this is
the most miserable act of collective suicide
that an entire civilisation
is committing right now
and there is no escape
I have to watch this stupidity every day
there is no room for sanity
there is no space for honesty
there is no resistance
there is no rebellion
because people keep tapping at their phones
chatting with pseudo-AI

staring at series and shows
and all the while we slowly march
towards a dark cube
whose true horrors
we are better off not knowing
enjoy this beautiful hell
and laugh at me: “You’re a climate alarmist!”
okay.

30 JULY 2026

they keep it going today
you keep it going too
and so do I

we go in to work
we lie
we pretend
our project is sustainable
and "soooo exciting"

we enthusiastically make monkeys of ourselves
and not because of money
who knows why?

red apples on the last tree

together, we build destruction
together, we consume our world
together, we finance misery

hungry faces in the sky

through our cooperation, we deepen inequality
through reproduction, we add one more to the nightmare

our subscriptions feed greed
our eager selfishness — oh, what a negative beauty!

we make the planet burn
we dry up the rivers
or cause floods instead

with our votes, we legitimise idiocracy
the Great Prank we have put together:
keep socio-masturbating

but who cares?

your next series is coming! Ahh!
you can post your next social media update:
“Enjoy, baby! <3”

you should order something new
go out on Friday
and get drunk like a pink, nasty piggy

and eat meat every single day
and simply ignore every warning from scientists
as you are smarter
educated by funny podcasts
and your AI buddy told you so too:
“you are so smart :-)”

when eventually the devil hugs you
and says:
“Yummy!”
you would cry

but sadly devils do not exist, LOL

laugh at those who try to be less cruel
and those who raised the alarm

are they not the losers of capitalism?

just keep doing >>>>
laugh
and continue consuming

and smile into your children’s eyes
while quietly ruining their future

no worries

you deeply love yourself
and that is so contemporary
so spiritual
so beautifully convenient

double LOL

3 AUGUST 2026

existence is beauty beyond comprehension
perhaps because our time is limited
or because it is simply given to us, and we simply exist
I don't know
but we all get to exist
every living thing
from people to rabbits
we should protect all life
but we live in ways
that leave no room for others
we occupy all the land
we poison the water
we warm the planet
I know these are clichés
worrying is not art
nor is the text
of unending sadness
a beautiful poem
I only feel that we could be better
we could live alongside the rest of life
we could also exist
without being driven by greed
we could also live
without destroying
without eating everything
but there is no point writing about it
people care about the latest series
another product
the meal still to come
the media, celebrities
another opportunity
a new business venture
another show
a future romance
satisfaction

the constant need for stronger stimulation
noise
the endless stream of things happening
they are driven to keep themselves and others stimulated
by now they no longer even understand
written texts
and can barely write either
I don't know what will become of us like this
but it won't be good
the intellectual darkness of our age
is more frightening
than the Middle Ages
because everything is available
libraries, all knowledge
and still the darkness is just as deep
as if we were living through
some bizarre technological Middle Ages

5 AUGUST 2026

I watched an interview with a climate scientist.
She kept insisting,
"We have to stop global warming,"
still pretending there was some way to change things,
still deceiving herself and the public with false hope.

Stop this? Oh, please. That chance is gone.
It should have been stopped
several decades ago.
It cannot be now.

Even if every change we need
were made today,
it still would not stop this anymore.
But the truth is,
nothing happens except more talk.

Still, they keep lying.
Yes. False hope is still a lie.
And that is frightening.

While she was talking about "stopping it",
wars were being fought for oil.
The server farms behind AI keep expanding.
Industry keeps churning out plastic —
which is made from oil as well.
The meat industry continues to grow.
Most people jet off on holiday,
go to festivals and dine in packed restaurants,
while millions are forced to leave their homes,
living in camps,
as others kill one another with drones.
Social media is making people more stupid.

How are we supposed to stop this, then? Eh? Lol.

What do most scientists think they can stop?
Why do they keep pretending and lying?

I do not understand.
What is it all for?
What is all this shit around me?

We have created a deranged hell,
a machine of idiocracy that runs itself.
It can no longer be stopped.
There is no getting out, ladies and gentlemen.
It cannot be transformed simply because we believe it can.
This is not a matter of wishful thinking.
We fucked up. Completely.

It may be heading for the wall.

The only valid question is "when?"
Tomorrow, a year from now, a decade from now?
I have no idea.

But the world we know,
everything we call human civilisation,
will probably collapse.

I have no idea what follows.

Silence. That is what I feel.

We should be grieving.
Only very few people seem to understand it,
while everyone else carries on enjoying themselves.

Anyway, one thing is almost certain:
this will end,
and it can no longer be stopped or changed.

I do not want false hopes.

Our future, and the future of those who come after us,
is shattered.

And all I can do is mourn quietly,
live like a hermit,
cause no harm,
and take no part in all the awful things
people keep doing around me.

Peace.

7 AUGUST 2026

to write something beautiful, if you came to mind
eyes would break through the skin of the present
forming a passage between two points
breathing in the wingbeats of slowly gliding swans
knowing nothing ever returns
you can lose against the weight of the days
you can wear yourself out
some corporate structure can swallow you whole
or just the opposite
unemployment, poverty, destitution
one of them fucks your soul to pieces
with some neurosis tailored to fit you

vicious happy days behind soft barriers?
losing, the lost, the vanished, deep nothingness?

I'm anxious
you're anxious
they're anxious
being alone hurts in this overstuffed, crowded, decadent world
and yet, sometimes, utter solitude is the only refuge
from disappointment, from losing others
from lies, from hopes
I don't know which is worse
but I chose isolation
as the lesser pain

I'd picture a snow-covered mountain peak
where the snow smells of water
lichens inhabit the rocks
and the wind drives clean air before it

I imagine summers
where the sun does not scorch the grass ochre
because a shower comes in the afternoon

or perhaps I'd rather think of nothing
just blink
while, laughing, I am devoured by
the solitude inside
and out

8 AUGUST 2026

we are products sold for money
like stock cubes on a supermarket shelf
we think we have free will
I can only wonder
why we think so
our brains have already made the choice
milliseconds before we know it
every decision we make is part of
a sequence of unconscious automatisms
events arranged into structures
even when we think
now we will raise our arms
and believe the thought was ours —
who am I?
who are you?
who is it that looks at that beautiful hill?
who is it that tries to understand that data model?
who is the pervert who takes pleasure in pain?
who is it that hurts another
and who is it that tends the wounds?
our whole lives are a bizarre mixture
of comedy and tragedy
we know this cliché
and still forget it
we take ourselves so seriously
oh, fuck — money, plans, work, data, family, LOL
we invented gods and stories
then started believing in them
crazy, isn't it?
hello! hello!
am I
that tiny, jelly-like thing inside?
is that me?
who is there?
behind the two holes in our faces

through which we watch the world
behind our skin
hides a wretched creature
a heap of flesh brought into being
over billions of years
by the combined labour
of billions of tiny cells
inside the prison of our psyche
metal butterflies dissolve in fat
frozen bears dance in red pyjamas
crystal lattices of colours, scents and memories
we don't even know why
we don't even know why we should know why
we know nothing
and somehow we're content with the little
that society, the age we live in,
with all its passing illusions,
feeds into us
and calls existence
we are animals
intelligent ants
instead of incisors and tusks, we fight with our minds
we raze everything to the ground
and while destroying our own world
intoxicated by feelings
we keep lying
every second of our lives

11 AUGUST 2026

The time we feel neither exists any more nor yet exists,
and still we insist on it, as though it did.
There is no tick-tock, tick-tock.
Only the maddening toll of tick-tick-tick,
scrabbling after the continuous present
as though it were air.
You cling on, to the edge of a razor blade,
you fall, then once again.
Understanding is not enough.
That's the easy part.
Doing it is what's hard:
staying silent,
falling into the sea with arms spread wide,
walking away from a job,
leaving toxic relationships,
turning away from addictions —
learning how to smile again,
not intervening,
not joining in
the frothing of people,
the building, the destruction.
Moving is the hard part.
That is the weight:
doing what must be done,
doing the thing
that changes everything —
not merely thinking it.

12 AUGUST 2026

the slightest breeze shakes you apart
like the funny hair of a dandelion
you scatter in the wind
plural, singular
imaginary people
in deep pockets
the lukewarm sole of a frog
in your cold palm
the memory of kisses long past flowering
unimaginable tenderness
trust dissolved into your sigh
then, when you look up
there is nothing left
you draw another line
an x on the wall of your forehead
you do not wait for death
because you are too tired for that
does suicide take spare time?
do burnout and misery lead to survival?
armchair psychology?
a terrible smile
a gentle moth
if only it made sense
if only it mattered.

18 AUGUST 2026

...and then, that day
when all along you thought
nothing mattered
you thought relativity
applied to life as well
and that "you didn't care"
that "it couldn't hurt"
after all, these few decades
of consciousness
hardly meant much

...and then, maybe today
you cling to anything
to keep it from hurting
from sinking
so there is no loneliness, no darkness
no shadow, no finality

...and then, next week
perhaps I realise
I was wrong, you were wrong
and then, in the end
if it does not end that way after all
I will look off somewhere, laughing
or at my reflection
a clown among clowns
I — that tiny nothing —
can finally forget itself.

20 AUGUST 2026

What could I whisper to you, when even your place is gone?
Not only from the pillow — now the bed itself is gone.
The flat has vanished too, with every shadow we cast there;
the scent, the touch, the sounds — all faded into air.

What could I tell you, if I could still speak to you?
I would mumble to myself, like someone gone mad.
I would sit in the kitchen, chatting away,
as you brewed the tea,
evening looked in through the window.

What could I whisper to you,
now that you can no longer hear me?
The shoe rack is gone, the flowers have disappeared,
the cupboards, the dishes —
in the rubbish; and what have we become?
A dance of memory in the past tense,
that might have been a dream
and now is gone.

21 AUGUST 2026

gradual, slow change is almost impossible to notice
every day, a little deeper down
perhaps we simply grow accustomed to it... evolution's safeguard
against ageing, against passing away
perhaps that is why we accept the rot that unfolds over the years
if we could see the world of today from twenty years ago
the decay, the misery, the dumbing-down would be terrifying
to everyone? no — only to those who
pay attention, those whom, for whatever reason,
their own existence has left awake: those who see, watch in fear
or has none of this got anything to do with evolution?
should I simply have read less?
or should I have been more stupid?
would that have made me happier?
more selfish? even more selfish?
is emotional intelligence an unbearable burden?
in this sociopath-driven civilisation, it seems obvious...

okay.
what is this watered-down slurry we are expected to live in?
is there never an explanation for the present within the present?
and once we find an explanation for the past, is it already meaningless?
why are we so terrifyingly pathetic?
so blind to our own self-destruction
so greedy, so cruel
is this the price of intelligence? Selfishness turning against ourselves,
becoming harmful beyond a certain point in evolution?
it seems a state of equilibrium is inevitable
and however far out of balance it may appear,
in the end it restores itself — every minute of our present days,
every act of acquisition, every trace of greed, every transaction,
every act of ignorance, every lie
that drives us towards getting more, towards pseudo-growth —
will it ultimately bring scarcity, conflict?

I don't know. I don't understand. I'm too stupid for the future.
the only thing I might understand
is that this world we have created
is most certainly not heaven,
not equality, not democracy, not paradise
but a fucked-up,
corrupt, steadily stupefying place built on greed,
a hellish, horrific place,
still developing, still growing
because it has not yet reached
the full potential of its own dreadful development,
or, more simply:
we have fucked this world up beyond belief
and there is no way back from here?
this is the rollercoaster carrying us towards our complete destruction,
be afraid, scream with me — hold on: let's hurtle
and enjoy this bizarre journey! Towards that uncertain,
cold, human-made singularity
and I have no idea
what it contains.

I do not know.

the blades of grass of your episodicity, rooted deep in the earth
draw meadows down the middle of a strip of asphalt
I wind my way across softened, beautiful planes
and recite to myself the hymn of our primitive age:
everything is a narrative, and that somehow this is enough
that all of this, the fact that I am aware of its absurdity
is ultimately useful above all because it allows me
to adapt to anything, so that in the end
I can even accept that everything may be different
that tomorrow my world might change
that there may be no light, that everything might freeze
that if I am placed in another environment, I can grasp
the necessity of my own transformation
understand it, so that I can continue to exist;
that to be born from matter — if matter
is energy, as we know — means that ultimately
everything, at the deepest level, really is the same
to live in the age of narratives
with narrativism as an ideology, as a system
is one of the saddest jokes
but consciousness survives even this, accepts it
and more than that: by turning it into humour
moves beyond it
then comes another birth, another death
because we live from generation to generation
for now, that is the only eternity we have
and if, once we leave our bodies behind, that changes
if at last we become nothing but consciousness
think of me and laugh when you read this
to you, this will be the hope of proto-humans
my foolish faith, my stupid hope:
that one day all this will pass
the horror of our present age
and at last it will no longer be raw materials, money
or the competition for individual success

that turns us into a stupider pulp
than our potential should allow.
instead, we will begin to live
to discover,
and to fly —
towards a genuine eternity

10 SEPTEMBER 2026

People usually think the first life was bacteria
That sounds stupid; bacteria are too complex
If you try to imagine life forming
I assume you should go further back
When the first simple molecules came together
And formed something that made the first movement
And did nothing else
Just moved one, then the next
It might have jumped away from the too-warm liquid
The first movement of its own in the darkness
Started this everything
Step by step

10 SEPTEMBER 2026

we have created a world
where we are slowly ceasing to exist
we have made ourselves insignificant
and now we talk
about how insignificant we've become
human relationships have come to emptiness
empty grins
empty faces, empty gazes
empty eyes
empty, self-promoted narcissistic idiots
likes, comments, constant enjoyment
frozen smiles —
we pretend we still think
pretending to write, to think — oh, yay
meanwhile, in fact
we are more and more stupid, barely understand texts —
that's what we have become
but we still pretend we are creative
we still try to pretend we have a future
we still have our education system
we still think our success is ours
we still assume we have emotions, real thought
but most people feel nothing
they still go out to enjoy themselves
they still go on trips
most of these are automatisms
we imitate what we used to
machines now do our thinking for us
and not in some dystopian way
we do not need fake-darkness
we have our own, the real one
it simply
happened:
we made a hollow,
utterly primitive

world out of something
that could have been a better civilisation
but possibilities
count for nothing
once the choice has been made
and this is what we chose
this Pseudecadia
with all its barbarousness

22 SEPTEMBER 2026

I don't think there's anything interesting left
worth mentioning
the monster-civilisation is complete
good and evil relativised
everything a narrative

but never mind
it is highly possible
this is only one planet among millions
the Earth turns, the clouds come and go
people are people
cats are cats
we mean nothing in the universe

we had a choice
more than once
but this is what we chose
this dark-fun:
dumbing down, selfishness, greed, lies

the hell of our fairy-tale religions never existed
so we created it

our civilisation
as we knew it —
which came into being a few thousand years ago —
is over
horror polished to perfection
has been born
our shadow part has won
and what comes next
is the unpredictable level of
chaos
wars
misery
collapse

I know we don't believe it,
and yet
we're already living in it.

But as we grow more stupid,
the rule of stupidity —
that stupid people never know they're stupid —
guarantees

the painful end.

23 SEPTEMBER 2026

the words want to come out again.
they are born of air, like sighs
just let them never age into a scream
because with them, I might die
I keep looking at the corner of the room, where
the colourless pillows lie like a row of teeth —
the play of sharp bones sitting idly
at the edge of an imaginary smile
the words are getting ready to come again.
they are born of will, or perhaps not
just random fringes
the inevitable, unalterable consequences
of instincts and pleasures
I keep reading my plastic slipper's
worn logo, and on the books on the floor
the lettering locked in shadow
I know I only imagined the words
after all, today is just another
one of the lonely ones
there is silence, I listen
hoping a neighbour will clatter about
or a firecracker will go off
so I know I am not alone
there are still — at least
strangers

24 SEPTEMBER 2026

If you imagine the end of civilisation
as one particular day,
after which everything will be different,
like in the films,
you are probably wrong.

the end of civilisation is a long
agony:
gradual, deepening decay,
entrenched injustice,
endless lying,
cruelty,
and moral decline,
a growing stupidity.

like now?
like this?

I suspect this is already it;
we just don't say it aloud.

because we would like to believe
that life is still worth living?

because we'd like to believe
we'll get away with it again?

that there is still a point?

probably, yes — most likely,
we lie,
because we want to escape
the consequences of our sins.

because we are used to
people being allowed to do anything
because there was always somewhere new,

a fresh field,
a different forest,
a further hill,
another sea.

but there is not any more.
it is over.

and, yes —

this is the period, that thing:

you refuse to believe it

and do not want to accept it

yet.

25 SEPTEMBER 2026

when we talk about terrible things
we often use the future tense
as though the present were still good
do we want to hope?
or is this just a pretty
balloon that evolution
thrust into our hands: here you go!
"Fool yourself so you can carry on."
I don't want this any more
I do not want to lie to myself
I have no interest in balloons of positivity
the media's eclectic messages
this, right here — this world, the present
the hairy, prickly, grunting now
this appalling horror
with all those grinning idiots
and it is our fault: me, you, them
not anyone else, not aliens
we fucked it up
every purchase, every click
on social media
every flight booked
every meat product bought
every trip we take as tourists
every single item purchased needlessly
every eating out
each AI token we used
every lie
every stupid, selfish thing we do today
is a step towards destruction
that we have built ourselves
and now — waiting for hope
what a pointless joke
you know
your waffle gets you nowhere

no lie you tell will help
pushing bad things to the future is futile
but we do, do-do-do-do
we can't even blame capitalism
that is just a machine of our own greed
swollen into a giant of a system
we're hurting ourselves
we're to blame for inequality
with everything we do
with every word we say
me, you and them
we're the bad ones
not the hedgehogs
or the ants
nor the unknown monsters
lurking under the bed

25 SEPTEMBER 2026

I have been running at night for many years
in every city I have lived in
around two in the morning:
I take my shoes, headlamps and go —
at this time the streets become murky streams
people become heroes in their dreams
staggering home drunk
or perhaps puking, hidden in dimmed doorways
sitting on the kerb, crying
at this hour, sin in all its forms is in its element, too
you see pimps ferrying girls to bookings
one pulls up, drops them off; they phone the client
you see drug dealers posing as couriers, delivering the stuff
just like any other food courier
a box on the back of their e-bikes; they stop, knock, hand it over, get paid
sometimes police cars come and go
they are like blue crickets chirping in the dark
aimlessly fighting the filth
Manchester is particularly frightening
gangs tear around on bicycles, dressed in black, wearing masks
like wolves — on their way to a robbery
or coming back from one
or just getting mad, and raging
they don't bother with me: I would be too risky a target
but sometimes they shout at me: "All right, mate?"
I smile
I am scared, but they leave me alone.
Some taxi drivers just meditate
Some watch porn while waiting
Some listen to an old folk song
Some pour the piss they've collected in a bottle onto the road
It is hard work: delivering drunks
I just keep running; I'm used to it —
My watch showing my life telemetry
My running shoes like soft drums

Stroking the road
I try to avoid the brutal fruits of gloominess
violence lurks behind the peace and quiet
devotees of the cult of alcohol
are doing penance, often without even knowing
where they are, trying to get an Uber
they want to get home, but can't
because their cognitive faculties are stuck somewhere
at the bottom of a glass
I never stop for anyone
because it gets you nowhere; I used to try to help
but when you look into a drunk's vacant eyes
you feel it: there's no point — they don't understand a thing.
you just keep running
sometimes you catch the scent of sadness in the air:
drifting out of the taxis speeding past me,
the mingled stench of cigarettes and perfume
like
burnt marshmallow
with diesel poured over it
then it disappears
my only pals are the foxes and cats
they take everything in, just as I do
they hear everything: far better than I can
the night is what it is
but it is still better than the day
because, despite it all, there is still
peace and quiet
and the emptiness you feel at the sight of the filth,
softening into recursive melancholy,
conjures a dream
out of reality

27 SEPTEMBER 2026

I'm alive
Around me
some sort of society
pseudokerdotopia
In the pipes of our rambling
we grow grey, self-shadowed,
acting as though we were sensible —
symptoms of cheap psychology,
filled with a crude self-confidence, using
the chatter that leads to popular conclusions, using
the stench of farts from the obligatory positive messages
like an apology for having one honest thought

And here —
I should live
in this parody,
among the layers of our own explanations
and those who dance on them and live off words
a mirror with its back to itself,
smashed with a hammer —
a million broken pieces, tiny twinkling eyes,
stare at each other
in the now, the only reality, in this half femtosecond
frame — howling, guffawing
driven by the fleeting pseudo-superiority
of supposed intelligence

hello! lovely clown brothers,
obsessed with narratives to the point of self-awareness
all right
there should be some sort of positive note here

my smile, your smile — frozen orchids,
their petals still try to move beneath the ice.

The sun is still shining! I still had the strength to wake up.
I'm alive
A guest in my own world
It would be good to feel sorry for all this
But only the victims can be pitied
And we... lol, we are not among them
We are the ones who inflict violence,
who feel no pity for this beauty
even when we've already taken away its last hope,
and keep hurting it
as long as we can.

29 SEPTEMBER 2026

write something nice
about unpleasant aspects of life
positive messages are required — there has to be hope
even if it's wrapped in a bit of falsehood
when someone is caught lying
they start talking about something nice
when their greed shows
they begin telling stories about how wonderful people are

negative evolution

I feel drained; if I wake up,
I reach straight for another sleeping pill.
who wants to be awake here?

look!

Imps in grey hoods howl
the houses, leaning forwards at thirty degrees,
tremble, puking onto the pavement
loud exhausts, unripe fruit
I hide in the very depths of my hippocampus
I shattered, but they pieced me back together
then I rolled down to smash myself to pieces again
scraps of paper nailed to my chest
my children are pseudo-intelligences
fed on my words
growing hungrier, teething, screaming

I ask for another sleeping tablet
but it no longer works
there is no passion, no plan, no shape to take

We are still here
the dark leaden faces of fatigue
are asleep; so am I
we've accepted it all

lying is necessary

so, we pretend to be happy

the field is green
and the moon hangs in the sky
my shadows are joyful

there is food and water
and dew glistens like diamonds in the meadow

but somehow
this landscape
feels unreal

I am not awake

and not sure what is what

and which one was me, and who I am

torn away, what could I say? I'll tell you
scraps of paper, your drawing, a smiley face
a cat's head
in a box, under clothes
a window
outside, a hedge, blackbirds
your scent, our photos
plans, a secret language
two cyclists on autumn leaves
unfamiliar buildings
the smell of the plants
a water bottle
shopping
a pointless argument, dilated pupils
a kitchen
a carpet like a grey sea
a cream-coloured mattress
four pairs of feet
the toes of shoes pointing towards each other
the light filtering through the roller blinds
it isn't there
it never even existed

1 OCTOBER 2026

I'd like you to know: you're lost
I know you're convinced you're not
but you've created a world
where you develop basic skills on a par with a monkey's
and this isn't the future: this is the present
even now, you're not doing a large part of your work yourself
the drawings, the texts, the source code — no longer your work
not your achievement
though I know you're convinced it is
it isn't.
what AI does, what it writes, develops, edits —
that isn't you
though I know you think: it's just a tool
but no — it's not a tool:
you're already just a host, a dataset,
a bio-platform — not insignificant yet
a once-intelligent being
that has become a monkey pressing buttons
feeling so creative, so clever
and smiling
with no idea why
perhaps you still understand what's happening
because you were born before AI
for now, perhaps you still have some idea how basic things work
but the generations to come won't
today, you're already half-dumb
tomorrow, you won't be needed
I'd like you to know: you're lost
and this is no hysterical, dystopian vision of the future
this is already happening today
the world is filling up with dull people
and all they'll prove
is that we only mattered
as a bridge
to a future hybrid species

being born today
and if we're lucky
perhaps, just possibly, some part of us humans will be needed
but perhaps we were merely samples
used to build the underlying knowledge base
and we'll go extinct
or just go back to caves.
I'd like you to know: I understand
today, you're still grinning at this
I accept that
I was glad I could play the role of clown today
just laugh, laugh and be happy and proud
and keep pressing the buttons
teeny-tiny human

1 OCTOBER 2026

we imagine all that's bad lies ahead
though it is the present that's horrific
and we eagerly deny it

mad mushrooms in yellow caps

you are surrounded by lunatics and sadists
but you would never know it by looking

you know you are lying
you know it is out of self-interest
still, you do it
then blame others

every book, every philosophical treatise
millions of pages of clever talk
can be summed up like this:
we are pathetic.

blue spiders in striped socks
naked squirrels in lukewarm T-shirts

pull it close, lift it off the shelf
jump around it, sing

you know there is no god
not a single god has ever existed
yet you lie: there is, there was, there will be

dolphins dressed as carrots
lying is humanity's plush squirrel

we live beneath layers of lies
we eat lies
we feed lies to others
while they lie to us
tiny snowflakes in a strange box

this is the world of jokes

monkeys awakened to self-awareness
grinning behind opaque vanilla walls

hairy raindrops
I think

I am simply bored of us.

3 OCTOBER 2026

this is, above all, a mass psychogenic disorder,
platform, social media, AI, influencer, data —
like the mass dances documented in the Middle Ages,
people, for no reason, influencing one another,
do stupid things and do not even realise it themselves —
if you are not part of it, you can see how frightening their behaviour is
tiny pearls roll about in a black frame,
minute crocodiles give birth to juicy eggs,
lying ladybirds pray to the god of ladybirds,
I live in this aquarium; the water is pleasant —
words no longer have meaning; they are only words,
inside-out legs and hands, twisted into one another,
they mean nothing: just data, event, log.
plush sparrows atop hedges cut out of paper,
watching the tiny seeds falling to the ground,
three cats of different colours are watching them,
the sparrows watch the seeds, the cats the sparrows,
dinner, lunch, breakfast, blood, pain, rule.
hi, darling! how much did you lie today for your pay?
did you fool a few clients? lie? deceive them?
it is all right, I love you. just work. just business.
disgusting, yes, but do not worry, I love you.
a velvet sea, with waves of iron and mercury,
your mother's smiling face between outstretched arms,
annoying neighbours sealed inside bouncing balls.
hands you once touched,
insignificant things, insignificant me —
pink giraffes, inside triangular spheres.

4 OCTOBER 2026

when I was still a dog, I dreamt of more fur,
my perfumed food lying on gleaming blankets
in dreams I sniffed around, sometimes barked.
look! the clouds sleep, leaning into one another,
beneath them those cubes, houses, perhaps suitcases,
tell me something about yourself; you're so interesting.

of course, I just lied

shall this be a dialogue? or the usual monologue?

you say, I say, you say, I say.

no one listens.

the mosquito in the room plays the violin — should I sing?

at last you're proud of yourself. now you understand what's good:
to consume, to grow, to be your own product,
to build your own brand — are you sticking on a price tag?
that big animal, on four legs, you know, the one that flies: a horse!
do you walk on water? have you lied today? did you get anything for it?

Have you published your fantastic idea?

AI wrote your novel in a weekend.
Full of clichés, I love it.

Created your vibe-coded magic.

A billion pseudo-geniuses applaud and keep pushing buttons.

The world needs more excrement.
The more, the better?

Did you win?
did they believe you were fit to be a leader?
did the many little others believe it? did you force it through them?

do you know the plan, the business model, the KPI, the OKR, the HLSD?
are there icy dots where your heart should be?
did the chart curve nicely under the weight of made-up goals?

This sounded too negative.
We need positive messages.

sour, colourful sweets with the scent of pineapple,
necks, napes, laps and armpits perfumed,

you're so cute when you believe your own lies,

when you think something made with AI is yours,
you're convinced
yet you did nothing

bunnies beneath a lollipop Sun, in watermelon-print clothes.

beams of light from screens, aimed into hungry mouths,
barking snails with plastic antennae fitted with photocells,
you sleep, you howl, you drink, you fart — time's up,
you need to answer! oh, right, right: relentlessness!

great answer.

harvestmen in trainers and tiny smartwatches,
sad pirates without ships, searching for the sea,
this is the end, this nothing sits here, waving

...with love
concentrate on your slow self-hugging,

or devastation

it depends

lol?

4 OCTOBER 2026

AI probably makes more than 90 per cent of all content,
documents, art and software
everywhere, at every level,
and it doesn't just make it:
it checks it, corrects it, rewrites it.
this is for the mind
what the Industrial Revolution was for horses.
AI probably makes more than 90 per cent of all art,
and humans pretend they created it.
AI invents stories and writes them down,
creates designs, composes, and mixes, steals art concepts,
and humans pretend they invented it.
sick and immoral?
yes.
tiny flowers in metallic spheres,
stupid grins in the endless fog of selfishness,
power indulging itself one last time,
the stupid greed of limitless money,
shallow learning.
stupidity is turning into something else.
until now, there was a certain kind of person:
workshops, artists, writers —
the people who kept inventing what came next.
but that is over now.
almost everything you see, read or listen to today
is already no longer entirely human.
gentle violence against ourselves,
the sad opus of post-creativity,
the absence of thought.
almost nothing is created by humans.
I am typing this without AI,
I paint without AI,
I am ancient, ignored.
meanwhile, a million artists publish
a novel, shown in galleries,

that was made by AI,
and they are proud of something
that they did not even create.
I am a loser.
yeah, lol, boooooo,
and whatever.
no self-pity, no, no —
I just need to accept this hell
as it is
and be a complete outsider

12 OCTOBER 2026

We can't believe the status quo
we knew after the Second World War
has ended

things are more deeply broken
than we can imagine
This is a planet-sized wound

It represents us

I'm hollow now; I wake up terrified every morning

Today I tried counting the wars.
I couldn't.
Conflict is everywhere.

creepy drip

For 20+ years, we've claimed to be moving away from fossil fuels
But every crisis exposes the lie

Everything still depends on oil

We lied. You lied. They lied. LOL?
Ha-ha-ha?

I don't want anything any more, except to be less afraid,

and just hide from our world
silence

Nobody needs to imagine they are an oracle

to sense
people still pretend they write books,
software code, compose music,
diagnose or architect,
although almost everything

is created by AI now
we are clowns
so ridiculous
and this might be just the beginning of
this madness-fart-show
this planet-sized stupid circus
this pathetic power-fetishist show
lol-decadence

people elect lunatics

lie without the slightest restraint

consume far too much

the poor and destitute grow in number

climate change caused by us

is making entire regions uninhabitable

religious fanaticism

slavery

the oppression of women

servitude, exploitation…

all of it is as bad as ever, or worse

but we lie about these things too
we keep smiling
more ruthless, power-hungry leaders get elected
pretending it's democracy

without stopping smiling
like a PVC frog
and the worst part is, when you tell someone

you can see they don't even understand

people don't care
too busy to care
as long as they have a job
and cheap, low-quality food and plastic goods

they think

someone else will sort it out for them

and then they go and vote

for ever more crazy people

amid all this horror

poetry

is reduced to little more

than a ridiculous scream

a helpless howl

that serves no purpose

all you can express

is the endless

fear

and disappointment

that nobody cares about
we still want to look funny
and enjoy this horrible place
just smile
go to work
enjoy your meetings
and post on social media
that's all right

smile smile smile
I just feel sadness
the only thing I can do
is be silent
I am afraid of this world
every morning
every single day
and smile for my salary
like everyone else does

13 OCTOBER 2026

I tried to imagine
what it would be like to write a poem about autumn
as the 32,027th poet
who liked the colourful leaves,
the cobweb dusted with diamonds.
The spider still sits there by day,
but come nightfall, it puts on a scarf and coat.

I imagined what it would be like
to write about rust-red and ochre,
to turn out yet another piece of kitsch,
the millionth line about
the slow lengthening of darkness's body,
the familiar rhythm of the festivities,
the shops crammed with plastic tat,
first for Halloween,
then for Christmas.

I imagined it all, then realised
how ridiculous the whole thing was.
After all, there's hardly any autumn left,
and poetry's been dead for ages.
So I just watch the trees outside.
They seem innocent.
I smile at myself
and at the whole thing,
like a frightened bat
forced into the light.

15 OCTOBER 2026

slowly, we change. we do not disappear;
we become something else.
it's happening today. we accept it all,
for the fun of it, because we have to.
little by little, we move towards losing ourselves.
humanity is a form of life that spans generations.
our lives are short, so we live on
from one generation to the next.
the present pours out of the past
and flows into the future.

we are rivers
that end in the ocean,
where we'll no longer be biological:
no limbs, no cells, no bodies.
and yet we will still be human.

look at us today — how eagerly we give up
certain layers of thought.
we were never good at what AI does well,
but did it because we had to.
the only obstacle to our creativity
is money — capitalism, still with us today.
but as we transform ourselves,
that too will disappear.

just a few generations,
and in our own story,
that future present, with me already in its past,
will smile at me
just as I smile today.

17 OCTOBER 2026

So far, the crises and wars of the modern age
have been bound up with resources
They were horrific, but in the end
everything was rebuilt
Today's wars are still much the same
The old, primitive evil is still the same:
People kill for oil, land and water
But meanwhile, a new kind of crisis is emerging
one in which intelligence itself is lost -->
humanity's only true evolutionary advantage
is gradually disappearing
Cognitive regression has begun
We won't be able to compete with our AI-infant
We are becoming redundant
Maybe, if we are lucky, our emotions can be useful
So they won't replace us entirely
It's already happening, even today
the dominance of human intelligence is over?
So is the status quo of thousands of years ->
the belief that we can do whatever we want
that the planet is ours
gone?
The kind of human beings we are
will no longer exist
Artificial evolution
artificial biology
the quantum decoding of intelligence —
it's all beginning
We will have no bodies
And perhaps this might be
the end of capitalism too
It's only a matter of time
I'm sorry I won't live to experience it

won't get to travel through space
won't get to live as a cloud of particles
But it's good to sense
that this is how things will be

20 OCTOBER 2026

this is not a beautiful place
though I wish it were
but this is an age
when nothing is what it seems
shadows layered upon shadows
wars, inequality
deepening poverty
a growing number of billionaires
the heads of major corporations
lecture elected politicians
while their companies try to avoid tax
they pose for photographs together like superstars
corporate bosses are the new prophets
the geeks of the nineties have conquered the world
they sold the internet
invented social media
a crude advert dressed up in new clothes
people believe it of them
and by now they believe it of themselves
that they're geniuses, brilliant minds and inventors
when all they've done
is crank up corruption, exploitation and lying
while acquiring their competitors
this whole jelly around me
is just a sad parody of us —
pose for photos, fly about in private planes
shape the course of wars
and people don't even notice
what's happening to their world
because on social media
a vast marketing team and their own media outlets
portray them
as smiling, kind people
who want what's best for the world
you can't help but adore them —

this is the most absurd age
dystopia made real
silence. I smile
I have to live in this wretched cinema
I'm part of it too
I wish I didn't understand
didn't sense that this won't end well
that there's no solution left for this world
this wound can no longer be healed
I stare at the laptop screen
and think there's nothing left to do
but leave everything as it is — poooh
let it all unfold
as a dystopia must, in the end
until it meets its own fate
it is
gilded shit
a melting, oily
ice cube
we live on

26 OCTOBER 2026

Nails fall instead of rain,
bounce off the pavement.
The drain gulps down metal,
then lets out an almighty belch.

The milkman's electric van
waits, hoping for something —
the first noise of a new day.

The city smells of food gone off:
salad rotting in the fridge,
a nappy full of piss and shit.
Boring, like the whole lot of it —
money, the show and the news,
power and self-interest.

Is that why everything stinks?
Or am I ill?
Am I some hypocrite
with a warped sense of smell?

I don't care.
I'll order a scented rope
with a colourful knot
and become a tightrope walker.
A pendulum.
A traveller.
Maybe it'll be better there,
where there's nothing,
where even nothing means nothing.

That will make every stench vanish
and cover it all up.

27 OCTOBER 2026

Left breathless,
hoping for the best.
Why? Who cares? Does it matter?
I doubt it.
Hoping for years.
Loving someone, even when they're absent.
Knowing: it will never happen again.
The things, the things, our things.
An intricate chain of chance events?
Or does it just seem that way?
In truth, it's deterministic,
but because it's so complex,
it's easier to shrug it off and call it
chaos — as we do the universe?
That's how I was left. I lost my way.
Waves of doubt,
without the caress of your palm,
the touch of your soft fingers.
But loneliness is a powerful medicine too:
it treats self-deception,
it's an antidote to the lies we tell each other,
it prevents disappointment —
all useful side effects.
It's good this way — though often it isn't.
Listening to the little noises of the house,
the wind rustling through the leaves,
watching the shadows on the walls.
And yet — I miss you.
I'd give up the silence for you.
But I know: this feeling, now,
is one I can already smile at,
because loneliness advises me:
longing can cause depression;
get well, don't hope,
expect nothing: just listen to the trees,

and the beautiful,
innocent,
translucent
silence.

29 OCTOBER 2026

in floating boxes
the same things going round
the big and certain
the small and uncertain
blurring together
deep down

you could count in vain
but there's no point
it doesn't measure itself
does it just happen?
perhaps not even that
no, no

imaginings
false certainties
I ease my anxiety
insignificant
ridiculous
but still beautiful?

if I claimed it
or denied it
it would make no difference
I live within it
a hundred to the power of a thousand
a single embrace
was all that mattered

and is that sad?

AFTERWORD

These poems were written between 2022 and 2026. They appear in the order I wrote them, each under its date.

Most of them start from something ordinary: a run before dawn, when the streets are empty and a fox stops to look at me; the news; a remembered face. Some days I was angry about what we are doing to the living world, and to each other. Other days I only watched the light on a leaf. I have not tried to make them agree.

There is still a living world to protect. I would like us to have that opportunity, but I think we have lost it, or not, who knows.

I hope you are not reading this. Never.

The poems in this collection were originally published on my personal blog, nemakar.blogspot.com, between 2022 and 2026.