

Publicerad 2020-01-25 22:25 av TrollTörnTrappan

vars innehåll är direkt hämtat ur en vanlig märklig dröm som jag drömde ikväll, alltjämt i januari 2020

Tomiro's Diary : Friday 42:nd of Yanu 2050

Today you tried to steer a real car from other streets where you walked. You almost lost sight of that antiquated Toyota, but managed by mind power to manoeuvre. As slowly as possible, so no human being would get hurt.... Before that, you discovered a dog stucked for two minutes in it's shitting position. When finished, there stood a big sculpture instead of small poop. Like a horse with eight legs the sculpture looked. As curious tourists were about to touch this piece of art, you warned them. What seemed to be public, nice chocolate, was something private and messy.

Later your old teacher of social anthropology helped to get the car parked, now steering from the inside. But that went even more unsure, since he confused your map interpretations with your questions of how to book a ticket. It would be needed for that more esoteric, secret lecture. Anyway your Uncle Timolas already had left a bouquet of tickets lying open, on someone's veranda where labyrinth wanderers would pass occasionally. How do we end these threads?? With Timolas grandchildren who have grown two feet taller than you... though only teens, they manage uplifting your body. Ancient discs still play.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren TrollTörnTrappan med Poeter.se id #28800 innehar upphovsrätten