

[The World fell silent]

Somewhere in a parallel universe Nick Cave has died of an overdose, lying in his own piss on the floor of the back room of the "Risiko". His breath slowly fading out while his eyes rolling around in search for this infinitely remote spot on his mental horizon.

Searching for this exquisite final poem. A perfect expression of his deep and unfounded hope for resurrection spiced allegoric references to female genitalia. In this universe the world still speaks to me. Whispers continuously into my ear that all of those emotions it is able to conjure up were meant are for me and me alone. But the world fell silent. Nick Cave now has reached what they call his wise phase and I get informed about the superior qualities of Kerry Gold Butter before watching a short interview with him pondering about his Berlin days. At least he tried to fail. I never did.

Autumn equinox has just passed, my brain is full of white noise and I am desperately trying to figure out which of my personal memories actually belong to me, but now my experiences are reduced to being picturesque and somewhat archaic.

- Did I really feel "at home" once, or did I extract all pf this a commercials:
Wide take slowly panning over the pristine coast of the Algarve. Color scheme:
Azur, Ochre and the brightest wide you can squeeze into