

The Black

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Your flesh trembles.
Something is happening to you.
You know.
But you do not understand.
The fear is deadly.
Something is happening.
The light is fading.
What is this?
Step by step the light disappears.
Or your vision?
The fear grows.
Disturbing, silent.
Impenetrable darkness.
A sound strikes the earth from among the stars.
BLACK.
And silence.
And deadly unrest.
Your stomach growls.
You hear others'.
Terrible hunger strikes.
And yet you just ate.
A hamburger.
With fries.
And a liter of sugared shit.
And still:
the hunger intensifies.
It tightens.
It gnaws.
You are thirsty.

You are starving.
You dry out,
your stomach empty.
What is this?
You just ate.
A fucking huge double burger,
half a kilo of fries,
a liter of sugared shit.
And still you starve.
You scream that you are hungry.
Water — even from a puddle.
Around you — you hear —
everyone begs.
For food.
Wailing.
Then even the sound
is swallowed by the black.
You are left alone,
stripped of your senses,
hungry, thirsty.
What is this?
You just ate a quarter of an hour ago.
A burger from a thousand cows,
half a field of fries,
a bucket of sugared shit.
And now
you are about to starve to death.
What is this?
What is happening?
What is this?
What is happening?