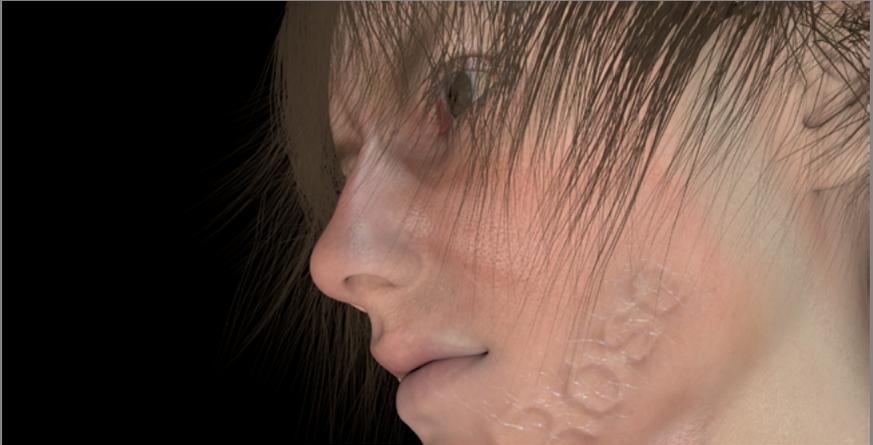


TESSA AND
ROSE



reality island is elsewhere

TESSA AND ROSE

reality island is elsewhere

intimate conversations

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RELAX NESS

Lie down and smile!

Calmly in the bathtub. Sit up straight and tense all of a sudden, start talking!
Lie down immediately and relax, no words then!

Stop talking, relax!

Oh my gosh, it got me like ahhhhhchhhh mhhhhh, I don't know what to do
or to link
fusing thoughts like some pimp.
What was I really thinking it to be? Lot to know all about, changes no doubt, leaving us behind, clueless, ahhh - infiltration.
I is another so it seems but what exactly is the means.
Penetration.
Of all together and under,
skin, my real I is there, hid den.
Underneath.
Ready to explore
me or her, or we, trying harder now and then,
but the outcome has no intent.
What is left if one accept a theft while the game is continued and you know something more is behind,
but could not deal with the feind?

THAT QUIZ

Please don't let me in the dark, tub,
while sitting and bark, fuck
here in this bath, dumb, sucking my thumb, like a child
would do,
while being happy and preppy.
What I miss out instead, is not difficult to be said, it is the
truth, I cannot change for real.
Is this the deal?
How much do I need to take off to reach the spot of feeling
less rough!
Pure personal pleasure!

If you smile for at least one minute a day. You definitely feel
better inside. Smiile.

So this is what I started doing everyday.

What day is today? Is it Sunday? Where is the sun?

Hair roughly done. Clothes badly put, not in shape!

There is nothing at the moment.
Just nothing feels right, but cold with fight,
over everything despite
the fresh cut supper we had last night.
But, a little glance of insight
shows it terribly light,
of of of loosing it completely would be one
alternative
but here I try to find the right besides it all and above,
for longterm,
to manage it and now the question is to shout!
I can not answer yet
but am eager learning more about.
To get it almost, it is to play the game the quiz or any tip?
What is IT?"

THE REAL DEAL

What is it? This house almost feels like I have been here
already,
once in heels and pretty,
babe at my side.
But this is weird now, not giving me a clue of what to do,
again,
in this open space of looking almost in somebodies face.
With no expression of whatsoever.
Still similar to one you seemingly know, but can't remember
where to go
or what it is about.
Just a little glimpse of knowledge, eager to fetch
where am I, should I walk, in or out?
1000 steps a day keeps you happy, anyway.
59 60 61 62 bla bla bla.
Why does it seem something's against?
Where does this belong to or can I switch my memories in
the same rights of a glitch?
The one I want it to, be, me?
Not to feel disconnected to this place. Or even dispatched.
Where should I head to within this space?
Just one second ago it seemed to match.

Maybe somewhere warm and sunny or rather some perfect
place designed like sharp scissors.

Would I like someone around or are these overrated
pissiors?
Yes sir, I will try harder.
Am I playing against me? Or do I have a partner?

Sorry for this sentimental question of mine in this space.
I want to embrace, every little thing and be a good girl.
All .you .can .eat .race!

Fiction determines the goals of your cooperation.
The system of cooperation is working very well, if you adopt
the system's own criteria.

She's looking at me as if I where different. I just pretend to
be some kind of a friend.
Hi Hellloooo. can you hear me?
I got told I could invent myself just as I want to.
She's a very appealing, unusual extraordinary...
and does not feel comfortable with me.
That's too bad, so sad..haaa
I don't know, what am I doing talking like this.
I think I have to sneak out and piss.

ON HER WAY
- it's cocktail -

It drives me nuts
to wander here around. Mary goes round round round
fearless fear - rotational.
Rationally I grasp the word but not attach emotionally it to I?
These are my insanities.
You need to feed them, do something with them. Eat them,
beat them!
The handle of imperfection able to grab?
My hair? My nose? My tits? My mind?
But where to start, it's just too hard.
My subjective life will always be horribly faded. Sorry!
Proved it!
No, I should emphasise my search on the instinct.
Intuition.
But where to, heading?
Never, never. I'm on strike. Now, I'm getting as busy as I
can. Why? Why?
I had a vision. Oh my mind is aching.
Here in the dark I want to mark, mark my steps, right ahead,
they lead me or meet the other side of me behind,
here you see, blind me!
Or even from above or underneath. I do not care so much,
by showing me.
Authenticity.
Or is this a betrayal of my identity?
Not possible, just go off with this stupidity!

EVE'S

Hair down, stand straight, look amazed.

Auurrrrrr, feels weird but almost real to not repeat in
constant need for being here and above the special needs.
The needs of what I cannot say nor tell, but questioning it
for well.
What could I possibly find here as much as there,
but return as much I can to feel the deal of what I know
seams real.

The water here does it move like a waterfall?
Plants, rocks, nature, wind blows, sky dry, freshly through
my hair,
enjoyment with no despair.
One with nature is the aim, becoming.

Don't question this, this is the game
not to blame the memories I value and share freely within
my mind.
Sw sw switch this again and it makes sense to connect it
all with so called nature and myself.

Self fles self fles flesh fles self,
this is a memory of what I experienced before
or is there still some war to go?

I cannot see a lot but it looks beautiful out
here.

THAT QUIZ

It is what?

It feels the tip or any quiz, the game to play is almost it to get.

About to learn am eager I, but yet to answer can I?

To shout, now is the question and it to manage, for long term.

It finds the right besides to try one alternative but here would I?

Completely loosing it.

Loss of,

the sight of out,

terribly gives it proud.

Last night was the supper cut fresh? What a mesh!

Despite everything, it is fight, cold, not right.

A is there. B not! How can I answer that pot?

CONFESSION ROOM

HSP, Highly Sensitive Person. Me?

Just straighten up, stay clear, mouth shut and smile!

Hey there, is the camera on? I cannot see any red light!

It's really cold here. It's about to .

Haaa well I am here and it is so strange you know.

I feel a little confused.

But I was thinking earlier, while being amused

I am really glad that I came, because it's kind of nice to be doing something unpredictable.

That quiz offered me a deal, now I have to offer something in return.

Makes it sound like I am playing for real.

Even if I just have to sneak out. Ahhh, see the sky.

I haven't seen the sky for you cannot see anything here.

Sometimes it feels not right in my environment.

Body and the outer physical deck, called nature.

It mutates that I lost track.

It is all going to go away into black. The void.

No body is in charge. UMGATS. What do we do with that?

A smile.

I am really havin' a hard day, I realise that fighting for the attention would make me jealous.

This is a subjective definition of reality, I guess?

Shared meanings I have nothing more to confess!
Here and now I cannot access
quite aware of that mess.
Far away it seems but have the chance to give it means,
for this and that or me to be?
No, this is not right, I cannot deal nor fight about this what
might be the answer of that all.
Just the whole to grasp might be the game of all?
Even that seems misleading just now, as I did well, you
could tell!
Here in that space though, is no one for me to bow.
You could interpret it as an insult mere, but no,
I do not do see that as clear as you might do, if you
where here!
No, I am alone and need to find just stone and
lights,
above my head and all around as cold as ice.
I would as well describe my feelings flavored with that
fucking spice.
Operating in non-linear actions.
Not straight, not right, not left,
but mixing it up once tight once loose all together in its
height. Baam!!!
It makes it coming up in that light and nothing than left
behind.

Hi hello is the red light on?
Well goodbye. Strange enjoyment of melancholy I have.

RELAX NESS

I is another so it seems but what exactly is the means.
Penetration.
Of all together and under,
skin, my real I is there and hid den.
Underneath.
Ready to explore,
me or her, or we, trying harder now and then,
but the outcome has no intent.

ON HER WAY
- floating -

Today I have to negotiate imperfection.
Loneliness will be banished anyway.
Imperfection is a fake special feeling, to be able to talk
about something at least.
Makes you feel special. Wound sulking.

MERITOCRACY

Where is my Harmony app. I should stop talking
immediately and behave .
Ha ha ha -air kiss-
We live without memory of our methamorphoses.

Alienation from reality - disorientation, deflationary inflation,
we are in the dark of one another's purposes and intentions.
Dark gathers closely around and the wind makes a
lonesome sound.

THE THIRD EYE

Individual liberty is protected .
But what is this sound, if someone else designed the
playground
in which the exercise is to
win? Kin?
Is this a parameter of possible, I can follow with no
thoughts,
trust tomorrow visible!
Of going deeper into misery, of loosing individual liberty,
I am aware of this possibility.
For long? Or is it just to not refuse it
but follow it and fuse it,
to become again, performative and lined up with the so
called center of my body
intuitive ly ly ly lye eyl lie.
I should not lie while wondering around on this special
mental ground,
where everything is possible and serves the mode we are
so proud.
One day as she, see, be me
and experience this new word still,
what we will serve for higher thoughts.
Augmented and transformed
ready to perform, the richest of all ideas,
to become.
Steady with no tears.
Kin with something else, towards the precious gate,
which is seemingly at stake.
So here I am ready to continue or is it there?

My energy is due.
I feel better at this stage, cleared my head, thanks to that
source I bet!

Be reasonable and stick to your goals!
If you want to succeed, endurance is the mode not to fuel it
with nonsense overloads.
Please stay here and look around what else might be if not
best ground.
To balance it, the whole and overrated shit.
Go for the optimum best you can get,
if not, don't rest!

THAT QUIZ

It is what? It feels the tip or any quiz,
and it to manage it finds the right besides,

completely loosing it.
even loss of sight
despite the fresh cut supper we had last night
with a little glance of insight.

One alternative! But here, besides it all
now the question is to shout!
I cannot!
But last night was the supper cut fresh? What a mesh!
A is there. B not! How can I answer that plot?

ON HER WAY
- she lost it -

Play with me not me!

Hope drives range!
I want to dance now to get some good vibes.
I too, follow the principle, cynically being maintained.
Digging up former fools of mine.
All that I can invent of beast, dirty, bad, in action and in
word,
opressed by my imaginations.
I deliver it to them!

REALITY ISLAND

Ignorance is bliss!

Reaching the unknown through disruption
would this be the only option?
of all senses
it's not my fault.
Intensions.
Sorry about the pun. I'm another one.
Root is the pure, the strong, the great.
To keep only the quintessential ones.
This image will be summarising everything,
perfumes, sounds, colors, thoughts, hanging and pulling.
I need to find strange, unfathomable, repulsive, delicious
things.
I will take them, I will understand them.
But inspecting the invisible and hearing the unheard
of being something other than picking up the spirit
of dead things.

