

PETIT ANON

At the garden exhibit in the Crystal Palace in Paris
that is actually a house of glass
anyone who's name was, and they could prove it, that of a flower
got in for free.

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Contributors

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the anonymous

They look the same. Like white ducks on a water field. They all look the fucking same. Like dark shadows under the sun. Color does not matter. Just black and white, dark and light. Every brother and sisters are together. They all look the same.

2

compliments of appearance

hi, hi, hi,
you look terrible no you don't you look fantastic no no no you look like siht no you look look
look look look look oh words fail me i don't want to risk seeing that look in the eye when you
think I'm lying when what I'm saying is not good enough when I can't can't can't just take this
one I hope it doesn't break our tenuous bond, nice watch, where did you get it, nice bike,
please lock it well, nice life, it suits you very well

3

guarantee of realness

[prinserne og prinsesserne af blodet]
Unable to find visible link or button
time and memory efficient
[ej mod muren]
A set of rules and requirements that dictate
symptom in the source
[hvorfor]
I want to change a value in this new record
[tag hvad der er dit]
first evaluate an expression
for a true or false value
and then execute
one of the two given statements
depending upon the result of the evaluation
[hvad der er mit]
it will be in memory

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guarantee of realness

I literally still have goose bumps
guarantee of realness
"Believe, believe, believe
Turn and turn your tongue in your mouth
Trust and the guarantee of realness
will wake up us <3

5

the new age of trust

....gaia, terra, earth
posthumanist, humans
and non-humans
The 6 th extinction
The 4th Revolution
activated politics
to be post.....

6

names of flowers

the thing that gets me about having frolicked with more flowers than i can remember is when I'm looking at my phone and i see the name of any one of the flowers that won't give me the time of day anymore, let alone do any kind of ritualised fake pollinating, or the other ones that I never got to smear yellow stuff with, or worse still the ones that wanted to make a real nice garden with me but I couldn't, there was just no way, and I know I would have just ended making it die, by some lame accident or by setting it on fire or by stopping all photosynthesis via eclipsing the sun forever with my butt .

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spoiled associations

yin-yan

8

names of flowers

Pick a name.

9

compliments of appearance

Hey what's good? You talk a lot of shit but would you be my gentleman? Stop talking about your nice shoes, your hot pants, your bright smile, your silky hair. You look better if you don't talk about your features, when you forget about them. Be then my lady.

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compliments of appearance

Hey what's good? You talk a lot of shit but would you be my gentleman? Stop talking about your nice shoes, your hot pants, your bright smile, your silky hair. You look better if you don't talk about your features, when you forget about them. Be then my lady.

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the first time I saw your face

You walked towards me, without me seeing you. You said hi, and I saw your face for the first time. Saw your face from below. You saw my face for the time from above. We saw each other for the first time. Since then we keep seeing each other for the first time everyday. I saw what we saw. You were the first one I saw. I would like to be the first one you saw. Now when I see you, see your face, all I can see is our common eye.

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the first time ever I saw your face

.....we was invited to the same Gay party.
Friends in commune was introduced each other
I will never forgot that time
Who is this beautiful creature?

13

compliments of appearance

oh i love your style!
U know if a gay guy told u something like that
it's mean, your style is really great

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names of flowers

The flowers of Poets,
Red Poppies,
White Poppies,
Daisies,
Thought,
Pope's Currency,
Irises and
the Climbing Roses
one of my childhood gardens

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names of flowers

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Rose and Lily and Crysantemum
I don't think anyone is called Crysantemum, but I can't think of names of flowers
I don't have the name of a flower
and thus had to pay
I got covered by my older lover
as old as he could be my dad, and I had a very old dad,
at least back then, I had

My dad died a few days later, just as I had left Paris,
and that guy that reminded me of my dad, but I didn't find out
I had bought a postcard in Paris
and written it but never sent it
to my dad, in my lover's apartment
while he was nervously in love with me from behind the glass on the balcony

"Oh bucaneer
can you help me put my truck in gear?
can you take me far away from here?
save my soul from sin?"

Some year after that I looked up a nunnery, outside Berlin
I thought I was ready for less heartbreak, less sin
But I changed my mind some nights later and posted a picture
of a sloppy nun with broken brown stockings and a small brown suitcase
jumping out the window of a nunnery
but tripping and falling cos she's so clumsy
I related
she had a big smile on her face tho lying on the ground
escaping for adventure

Yesterday I found out that in Amalfi
on the Amalfi coast
there is an old nunnery called "Paradise Cloister"
and a beautiful villa who's terrass is the "Terrass of Infinity"
- maybe bucaneer
can you take me there?
save my soul from sin?
can you help me change the clothes I wear?
maybe something sheer

16

the anonymous

it's been a while. you've never seen me, i hope. you always walk down that street in that
disgustingly orange vehicle. the crowd cheers with me with desire to paint it black, or fuchsia,
or pearl gray. i put you in my pocket where i squeeze you gently. I hope you will never see me

17

the new age of trust

We have nothing to lose. We have to tell the truth. It is time to get on with our lies and to take those away. There is no time to lose. The news are rather sad. The radio does not talk about love. All we can do is trust each other and believe in peace. We are paying for the mistakes of our parents.

18

the anonymous

without name
the care
think we must