

2 MONKEYS WALKING INTO THE RED

Isabella Mongelli

I rely a lot on your monkeys. They should be shrieking and harassing, as if they were sticking on your hair and you could not get rid of them. Several monkeys but 2 would be perfect.

Love is heart wrenching and lays on tired instruments.

Something is missing and voilà, nothing is left.

Around, the horizoned world, the space is heavily immense, heavily huge and empty. Nothing of it has been assigned to us.

White eyes, brilliant like diamonds.

Eyes white eyes, pure white eyes like diamonds. As much white to look grey.

A lack of voice, a missing voice, the space is heavily immense, heavily huge and empty, and I can't hear the voice.

It's no longer time for your voice, no time for conversation.

Eating walking eating.

Eating looking outside the window. Eating food from entertained trains.

All started with exploded latex:

2 monkeys running, chasing each other into the yellow sky, (some cry of monkey) a pure yellow sky dunking into the deepest orange sky. The night is not so far.

2 monkeys in backlight, they stand as black shadows running and chasing each other in this heavily immense, heavily huge, heavily wide space.

Shine on you diamond.

Monkey n2 reaches monkey n1:

Oh what brilliant white eyes, shine on you crazy diamond.

I love your shadow, I'd love to go with you everywhere, mostly on a lake, not on the beach, not in the summer, an autumnal love, staring in front of the lake. And make honeymoon in Turin with you of course, what a question! Staying in a hotel, only one week in a hotel downtown Turin, going for some walks, for few drinks. Back at the hotel soon in the night, midnight should be fine and then I will love you in a dim light of a room enlightened by street lamps.

The monkeys stick, harassing each other.

The latex is now cut.

Everything is quickly solved with drug n1 and drug n2, *Synthetic Metamorphic Sublime 1 and 2*.

The monkeys split
(remedies for both).

They walk slowly, in opposite directions.

Monkey n1 cries, with tears. Shine on you crazy diamoonddddd.

Monkey n2 can't cry.

In this horizoned world, *Magick Sintetic Metamorphic Sublime* transforms itself in everything that you wish, except into diamonds.

A small lake, more precisely a swamp in the blue dark blue

- the shadow has eaten all the light e we can see more monkeys immersed into the swamp.

It's not cold, nor warm.

Immersed they gather, everybody is looking for meeting,
cheap meeting and crushing without broken latex.

There's a new substance – again - *the Metamorphic Sublime* arrives to help,
the substance is called DEVOTIONGESTREL, lavished in large dose,
irradiated from the sky to forestalling every possible conception.

Monkeys have such an impressionist attitude,
solipsistic, self referential, always talking about the past,
you and me,

ok: not exactly you, the hypothetical you, but at the same time its you and me. It's us who
can't laugh at those entertained trains playing with you and me.

Ok this emanated *Metamorphic Sublime Synthetic* situation didn't lead to anything interesting.
On the other side of the horizoned world there's a fire ball in the sky gathering all the flames
of all the industries of the *Synthetic Metamorphic Sublime* substances.

Monkey n2 stands there in a chaotic situation, like in a big city with many people shopping on
Saturday afternoon.

She is bewildered and she cries, but not a crying with tears, no, a crying like the crying of the
donkey...you know? heee haaawww*

Again - *Metamorphic Sublime Synthetic* ... the monkey crying like a donkey... this is told to
be perfect:

shine on you crazy diamondddd, crazyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.

The eternitty of monkeyssss leads to extinction like dodos in Mauritius.

The sad monkey thinks about eternity, second hand feelings handed down from a father to his
sons.

Shine on you crazy diaamooond

Eating looking outside the windows.

To feed the hunger of love? Never!!!

Fuelled by the donkey crying, the fire ball starts to spread around, flames for everybody!

The fireball breaks, flames all around the horizoned world.

The entire sky, even in the opposite side, turns red, deep red sky

The monkeys into the swamp start running away, running, running, fearing and crying. All
the *Synthetic Metamorphic Sublime* substances catch fire. Everything is now burning except
the diamonds and the last 2 monkeys walking into the red, running and chasing each other,
they will meet again maybe one day b_e_f_o_r_e__t_h_e_y__d_i_e_,_maybe not.

Eating looking outside the windows. Eating food from entertained trains.

I rely a lot on your monkeys. They should be shrieking and harassing, as if they were sticking
on your hair.