

I have a presentiment that life is a problem we have in common

but I only know how to live it through my own problems

staring at my belly button

running away from things that last

dressing up the emptiness

avoiding, when you look at me, your anguished eyes

I have a presentiment that to involve oneself is to work oneself to the bone

but I scatter my attention in a thousand projects

I need to consume intensity

to collect contacts in my address book

open processes without victories or defeats

I satisfy myself, in the end, with mediocrity,

feeling good amongst my own, without demands

I have a presentiment that there is no going back

that I am a body which lives in the hands of others

those that I know nothing about, who perhaps I don't like

that I am involved

that I am poisoned

that my luck is yours

and my world is not mine

I have a presentiment that the time has come

to commit my commitment

to believe in what I say

to hold my gaze on yours

and make it last

I have a presentiment that I am scared

I have a presentiment that I have time

still

to inoculate my poison in your veins

to be delirious together one more time

so my world can be a common world.