

## **Irish coffee**

There was no coffee in her *baileys*, no passion in her work, no more energy for her search. All seemed gloom and boring, depressing and meaningless. Not even the trips were exciting any more. Love had taken it all with him. Lust disappeared, loneliness took over. Big misunderstandings, attracting the wrong, paddling towards the right, buying numerous tickets to the clouds and beyond.

All was wrecked, everything was shattered. Boats sunk, memories drowned, mysterious goals collapsed and tea no longer tasted good. It was a matter of endurance, survival of the fittest, brave lack of communication, isolation from the media and its fucked up ideals.

*What kind of world are we living in?* Twenty years seem a light year, bullshit is not tolerated any more. Girl friend, stop crying, for your crocodile tears will only flood a river of incomprehensible past desires and forever gone futures. Because no one is existent, no one in existence deserves to cry more than the water carried by a creek.

Draught flooded her heart when he left. Actually it was she who did so. In despair, or scared, flying away from herself, trying to escape reality, which always seems to run faster than the quickest horse in the race track.

*Stop those melodies in the radio, she wanted to cry out loud. I don't want to be reminded of a what could have been, what if, marry me, let's have kids. For fox sake, let me alone with my thoughts, my creepy ideas and futuristic prayers.*

She was dead, and it was only she who had killed herself.

