

# WE CAME ANYWAY, IN BARRLES.

By Pablo Larios for Marlie Mul



So We Came Anyway, In Barrels  
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There will be no party, said the Internet man.  
So we came anyway, in barrels.  
He brought a shovel. We brought beanbag chairs.  
We sat for a while. A casual flurry of eggs. Miniature pon-  
chos. We felt like moving in.  
There were like millions. We were company larvae moving  
in stealth, through smoke  
machines, through glitter.  
I have never felt such emoji.  
From behind a bourgeois curtain, our girl fled. We blew  
kisses at her.  
Although she didn't smile back, she was still a good queen  
bee.  
I had always wanted a helicopter for my birthday, yuhu.

Later the chairs exploded and it felt good. Have you ever  
witnessed 30,000 flecks of trash,  
dandruff, flickering?  
Of course not, you were there too, in nothing but lip gloss  
haha.  
We played don't-show-your-face with the camera people,  
and our props were inspected.  
The wisdom of crowds!  
Clever enough to leave before the orange peels, plastic  
slushies, outdoor containers, and/or  
medium outlets.  
Alas, to the victors belong the spills.  
  
They say you, yours is a terrible, vicious tribe.  
They ask, How could you do this, as if under a virus? Have  
you had it with youth? With the  
Eurozone/suburbia? Why do you all keep drinking  
Breezers?  
We keep telling them, We are so lucky!

## TENSION IS GOOD

Maayan Danoch

Step into the realm and root yourself.

I am not interested in finding a way to survive, a whole in a  
fence, a compromise, a piece of bread on the floor, a penny  
on the ground, a light in the tunnel. I'm not interested in  
making it work, or work it out or through or on – manag-  
ing it. I'm not interested in passing by. I do not want to  
ask myself nor others to be creative about finding inventive  
solutions. I want to have it all and now and fast. And we  
should all want and have and go and change the rules to  
make it happen.

Life is OK when the sun is out and red, when balloons are in  
the skies and ping pong meets running, when skaters turns  
in the air and even a child, when smoke goes up and when  
sitting in circles, and some muscles come out, and even po-  
lice and Carlsberg shake hands, when the hangover pumps  
and the book arrives and also summer, when the music  
plays and I'm silent, when the wrist touches a cheek and  
when shifting positions.

Tomorrow I change my mind again. Tomorrow I will come  
down. I will be more smart and driven. I will get out of af-  
fection. I will relax. Be less angry. More concentrated, less  
of a student, or exactly the same. Think straight and be re-  
sponsible. Ask for help perhaps in filling applications or in  
staying over. Tell some lies and be self-sufficient, take care  
of my own business, call my friends for invitation letters or  
to borrow money. My parents will get a flight ticket and I  
will forget. Fall into complaining, especially in Slovenia. It  
is fun and addictive and belongs to everybody. It is social,  
comforting, a fashion through which we come together,  
identify with... exhausting. annoying. disgusting. Do not  
tell me. I do not want to know. I am not interested. Maybe  
tomorrow. No maybes. No maybes at all. Responding and  
sometimes also just letting it go. I know it is old, boring,  
but so what? We have a smoke outside when the sun is out  
or in the kitchen after midnight and DJ.

## HOROSCOPES QUO- TIDIENS

Jules Herrmann

manic tiredness wheels the peacock fortyoune

