

## Greatest

This is what I told you, what I expected, what I thought I'd see in a future. I wasn't mad or angry, not even happy. It just was. I just felt it, considered it, glimpsed it.

Fuck 'em all bitches out there who no longer care for anyone but for themselves. I wasn't made to love but not either to hate and now I'm suffering the negative consequences of a war I didn't want to break into. Give me a break, will you. Stop interrupting my thoughts and ideals and go on with your fucked up moral values, that no longer rule this world, even though you think they're leading you to the top of the hill. You'll have to jump from it soon. So keep an eye, 'cause I'll be watching you from down on the ground when you fall, my feet firmly anchored on earth, whilst you smash your brain open as you hit the hard floor.

Land steady or the boat will hazardously lurch you from one side to the other, not rocking you like a rock star but more like a confused punk.

Spit the venom, viper, 'cause your tongue is more vicious than any rattlesnake I've come across with, but still, you don't scare me. I tell you, watch out for yourself and your beloved ones, 'cause I'll be waiting round the nearest corner, unexpected, lingering patiently until the moment is ripe and I can pick the fruits I've been growing for years.

I know that fallacies run this world and its people, but I do not belong to them so can't even care. There was once this myth going around about a country of *The Dreams*, a Dreamland to the rich and the poor, the intelligent and old. I'm not young anymore but have no experience in life and wish you didn't think yourself of having it either.

There was once an empire that fell like so had others many centuries ago; the greatest are not free of sins or errors. There was once the greatest liar on Earth who thought was being untruthful to me, when actually I had already unveiled his false tales even before he had opened his big mouth. I kept myself from reporting it to him; avid to see what his behavior would be, how his network of stories would mature, addicted to his fibs and surveillant to his acts.

I looked for the right moment to escape. I wanted to run away, leave him, mouth open, thoughts revealed, brain reflecting, worrying about what he would say to me. But I'd be far away, unable to be hurt, incapable of listening to any more fiction romances, accounting only for my own health and that of my newborn.

