

## Casino

'Cause they show you how to fly, dive, read, write, do math, but never ever someone taught you how to grow, love, relinquish someone. We look, we share, we strive, we fail, you hand out something you never wanted, search for something you always haunted. I'm feasible, sensible, sensitive, lovable, cynical, skeptical, fanatical, fresh. I seek for the best, for things that are different from the rest. I don't look for, I just find and sometimes I wish I did not try. 'Cause, are we simple puppets of life? Is there someone out there listening to my replies, my cries, my filthily rich supplies? Let me tell you what I think, what you ought to drink, with whom and why you should never sink, what others will tell you about me. I already know and don't even care, whatever if they want to be heard, I'm lost in my own frost, tossed by someone I used to ignore, but they tricked me into adore and I don't know how to stop.

Turn me off. I need to find the switch that stops my brain from thinking, my soul from bleaching, my eyes from blinking and all those stupid thoughts and emotions from feeling. A toast to this motherfucking life, that plays with my existence as much as she does with yours. To my disgrace, to her displace, exchanging pawns as if it were a race, some sort of vase misplaced in the house of some rich, old dogface.

A bootlegger was placed in my life, sharing my path even if it were only for a start, or a middle, or an almost end part, where I chased after my own tail, not considering the repercussions of it all, but there was life to make me fall. Prank, I was never a good girl, *how do you do that?* I'll need to learn the new rules of a match I was introduced to without having being asked whether I was sure to want to play. I found myself immersed in this lame game, sort of old pastime with rules of others, foreign decisions that regulated my destiny. I never wished for these cards, I only wanted to search for the batch and the large sums of money that came after that. If you happen to call, I'll be playing in the casino.

And so they say somewhere out there -even if we would prefer it other way-that *good things come in small packages*.

*Alea iacta est.*

