

A virus has infected the word “pain”. Its toxicity should decrease the vocable’s poetic force, building another common phrase among the insurmountable quantity of them in a mourning passion letter. The effect, however, stood in the twilight zone of a meaningless cry and a long whistler from the *quasi*-wet soil. In order to write it down in the soul, an antidote ought to have a definite way, a crude semantic charge of solitude, a desert of senses in the realm of otherness. The hurtful touch has to be done between the fingers, a circumvention of a digital spot right in the blue globe of an inhuman understanding, tearing up the barriers among the nerves. The thirst for safe sounds in the intimacy of the writing act called for a special attention to the shadows of thoughts, a kind of bleeding, an abstract one. The certainty of doing things in the sake of Reason has damaged the vision upon the whole, in which every point of a bodily presence has been bought by the absence from the world. Such was the contact with the under-limit of another skin, as if the clouds of an utmost orb would expect for a helpless and sincere hush.