

Impossible

Ismanuelle Dones

It came to me on a stumbling night that I could be impossible. Catch crows on my tongue, and sell hens lottery tickets. I could play an axe, ride dragons across a furious night. I could get so drunk that I don't know my name, and keep trying desperately to paint an egg. I could be so high that I inhale concrete. And I could see screwdrivers driving trucks across an enraged moon. I could be cross-faded and cover myself with anime tattoos. I could love the awful, hate the beautiful, screw with the innocent, and enjoy my absurd life.