

Hope Is Not
Stefan Alexandrej Cvitanic

Mery Gates
1345 1/2 Dekalb Ave, Brooklyn,
NY 11221

2024
45°48'34.5"N 62°33'12.3"W

Concomitant Tinitu [E#,]
[3:46.1 F 200-13.576k HP G#-B]
[G-1.2c]
[E-17-18.4c]

[23:52]

In the latest article of what we've remembered, we remember we are tortured by ringing alarms. Some are lucky enough not to hear. Though, through collective and chronic methods of abuse that can excuse themselves as pleasure, we temporarily drink it away, bury our heads into the carpet and yearn for the arrival of the sensation in another nerve ending.

Who, let itself immolate, let itself ring and ring upon what it hath and what it sought. Venomous and thirsty, there is poison in my ears. By the antenna, in this yard, placed solely to discourage urination. There is a plastic doorbell on the handle of a 7/11, a warning not to become comfortable. People squat and sell puppies spray painted to look like cheetahs on the tile out front.

-N-9-PLL-zz-4QK

The memory rattles of this device makes me seem hungry and lonely. I'm lonely. We laid in bed and tried to listen in our throats, it was so loud in my head it hurt, it tickled my throat and my ears at the same time. Thought it could be from the dosage that was given to me at the supermarket in Salt Lake City. Sometimes I hear the same tone and sometimes it goes away on its own and sometime they conjoin. The voice in my ears is Stosspapeng. Silence is subjective and used for torture selectively in the same way excessive volume exists in every industry.

I have no memory of silence. I have never heard silence in my life. Since the age of 11 or so, my life has been either a constant experiment with psychoacoustics as a lifestyle, or a bombardment of psychosomatic ailments. I find immense pleasure in these consistencies that are in my ear. I have not ever heard silence once in my life and I'm thrilled. Baka and Nono would tell me about their relationship to salt and blindness and eating sand in the desert. Andrei, made his bullets from the sap in the trees on Brač, he took these gifts to Spain and to the ghosts that hid in the hills behind Mosor.

Aja, told me about the Stuka.

What hope is can be hope is not and I have none, for me or you to exist in a silent world. What help is hope is not, therefore this device shall ring.

- Stefan Alexandrej Cvitanic
19163

Everybody, everybody, everybody
Leave me alone, alone
Leave me alone, alone, alone
Leave me

Everybody, everybody, everybody-,
everybo
-everybody, everybody,
e-e-e-e

Leave me alone, alone, alone
Leave me alone, alone, alone
Leave me alone

Leave me alone
leave me alone

I am a party
I don't wanna leave
I-I, I don't wanna leave
I-I, I don't wanna leave
Leave me alone, alone, alone
Leave me alone

Leave me alone, yeah
Leave me alone, yeah
leave me alone

I don't wanna leave
I-I, I don't wanna leave
Lea-leave me alone
I-I-I, I don't wanna leave
I am a party

Everybody on a little mission,
mission
Money make a-, go-go, go-go
missin'
I can turn you on in an instant,
instant
Everybody battlin' a-, battlin' a-,
battlin' a

My mama tried to warn me, try
to
My mama tried to warn me
not to break my heart again
Not to break my heart again

Everybody, everybody, every body,
everybody
Everybody, everybody, every body,
everybody
Everybody, everybody, every body,
everybody
Everybody, everybody, every body,
everybody

Leave me alone
Leave me alone

Leave me alone
Leave me alone

Everybody on a little mission,
mission
Money make a-, go-go missin',
missin'
I can turn you on in an instant,
instant
Everybody leave me, leave me,
leave me alone

Everybody on a little mission,
mission
Money make a-, go-go missin',
missin'
I can turn you on in, on in, on in,
on in
Leave me, leave me, leave me
alone

Everybody, everybody, every body,
everybody
Everybody, everybody, everybody
Leave me alone, alone, alone Leave me
me alone, alone, alone Leave me

Everybody, everybody, everybody-,
everybo-, every
Everybody, everybody, everybody
Leave me alone, alone, alone