

# **Bistro 21**

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# **Wasting Around: Traditions in Verses**

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*Will you forget everything I said? Fly-by through the empty pale slime structures with rusty hands and bloody shoes. Closing paths, the dirt, the rust... Crushing flowers between our fingers. We are carefully throwing stones to the river, examining reflections of long-lost whispers. It's inevitable to come closer. Feel the dirt, touch the dirt, be the dirt. Moving slowly, shivering worms and butterflies. Everything is crushing into dust-like crystals of hope. Have the shakes, be steady. This too shall pass away. The dirt we were raised on unfairly swallowing us. Everything around you is listening.*

*Hate/love*

*Picking petals one by one  
She loves me not, she loves so*

*Playing with that cat one night - eating leftover chicken on the empty parking lot, silence at the slippery floors. S(l)oapy lovers aftermath. Drinking pizza over midnight cry sessions. Sleepovers and leftovers, we run through them like it's forever. Dress sexy at my funeral and we can still be sort of friends.*

*Hate/love.*

*Love/Hate.*

*Love*

*Feel the dirt.  
Touch the dirt.  
Be the bird.*

*(Nik)*

**Adrian Altman  
Jakub Hošek**

**Jakub Hájek  
&**

**František Hanousek  
Nik Timková**