There is no single one.

Revolutions are infinite.

on literature, revolution, entropy.

Why? What next?


What is love? Bread and envy. Are you afraid?

Crushing dogmas.

Is a man like a novel: until the very last page you don't know how it will end?

Otherwise it wouldn't be worth reading.

Indigenous tribes walk the same few ways and dance the same few dances every day.

And are perfectly happy.
Dear Author. On page 44 you do mention Spiderman as a potential secret visitor of your empty house? Who is actually Spiderman?

Wee spotted, Sergeant Eagle. Spiderman was a hero of a small story for Everyday with a title "Widow Killer." But no more! The story and the Spiderman character are for always and forever cut out of the narrative.

He poisoned and killed
my dog...

He is still my first neighbour here by the storyteller, I do see him here and there in the short distance, he no talk to me... or wave... and if my eyes could kill...

...  

- Again: xenophonic? Protologism?

- Dear reader. As you surely are familiar with the fact that good writers write solely and exclusively only for themselves. The readers... you... are just necessary evil.
Makes more sense now: xenophonic language? xenophonic literature?

...  

TBC

- Is he the brightest, multicoloured, tropical butterfly that most kindly shits on my meadow?
- Multicoloured shit!!