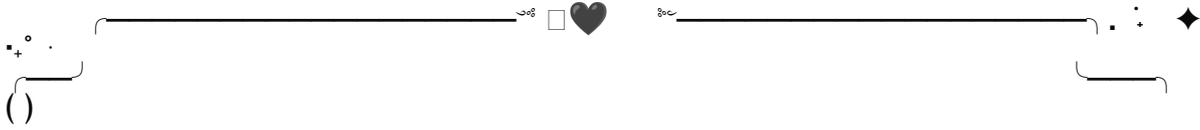


👤 stained-roll

//Recommended for those who always spill their coffee over themselves.  
//No strings attached (meaning somebody didn't properly package the roll)  
//Reshaped

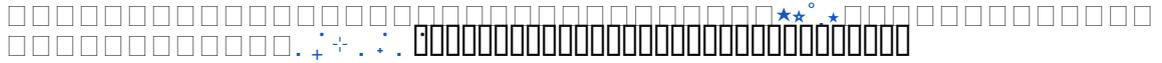


☐☐ **Smallest roll** ☐☐

Once upon a time...



Lo mejor de esta habitación es ESO.



—That's the best thing about this room.



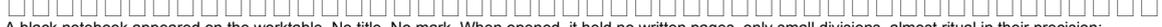
—What is?



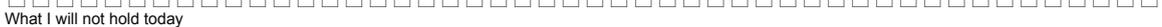
—It doesn't ask you to produce anything to prove you deserve to be here. But if one day you want to project something, it will hold that too.



It condemns you neither to performance nor to renunciation. Very few ecologies know how to do that well.



Then Nácár Ciego added another layer.



A black notebook appeared on the worktable. No title. No mark. When opened, it held no written pages, only small divisions, almost ritual in their precision:



What I will not hold today



What I do want to keep touching



What needs another form, not more force



What deserves cinema



What deserves silence



They whistled.



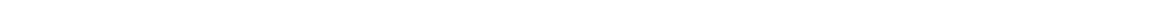
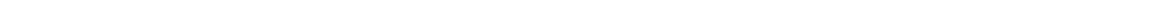
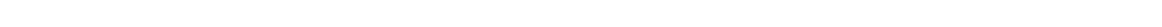
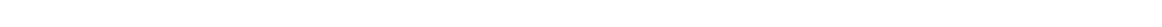
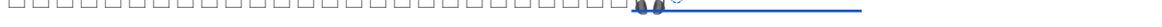
—The city is being obscenely useful.



One of them smiled, just barely.



—Only when no one asks for methods.



Swallowed spit  
feels tasteless ON the mouth.  
That's the reasON  
poets  
bite on pencils.