

Now that the Days Turn Red – a film by Tragic Realist Fiction
– collection of texts

Scene 1 –
Crossing

thoughts
space
sleep
argue - you were there yesterday,
I saw you do you did you see me?

half
of
a shocking
word - against your word that stopped mine
you stopped me do you did you see me?

hell
no
way
out of the street that crossed mine
you crossed me do you did you see me?

inside
your
swampy
body - damn lust that damped mine
you damp me do you did you kill me?

Scene 2 –
Can I use your space?

do you remember
when we first met.
it was, after all, a coincidence;
a time lapse of unconditional curiosity
of two people with no expectations.

you were standing at the right side
of the road.
i deviated from my route,
stood still for a moment
and approached.
i think i remember you.
can i use your space?

there was silence, first,
only the wind.
then there were words
without words, without sound.

you don't have the right to remember me.
there is no space where i can be stored;
there is no place where i can be kept.
i make my own history of absence,
my own story of non-existence.
scratches on the surface should be deep but not
too profound.
i promote the evasion of time through time
and,
to the best of my abilities,
i promise to always stay away from your
position.
i keep on surveying time across time –
not looking at the process of development,
but simply observing the differences.
i record my actions, spheres and situations
and count the days until there's nothing left.

but

one of the days I can remember
was the one I thought would never happen.
it passed quickly, it echoes slow;
slower than it took for you
to walk away.

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Scene 3 –

what hope do we have

we knew what we did there,
before and behind the scenes.
time passed, and the days turned red.
unconditionally,
they captured the first sorrow of the morning,
dissolved it into bits of follies
and moved on, innocent but free,
until the end.
there was no mourning,
no memory of grief,
no perspective on despair.

what hope do we have
if all that matters
is us?
you asked.

there was no need for an answer.
we had this mysterious longing for the evenings
and the ultimate relief of the nights.
wet skin, crispy thoughts,
connection and brittle consolation;
all that freedom, and with no reason for guilt
we made our own history of presence
and that story of the past.
gloomily vague, not knowing what to do,
you were so me, i was so you.
our evasion of time through time,
only to be forgotten.
and i couldn't understand that at all.

Scene 4 –

Now that the days turn red

Who wants to hold me
Until the end of time
Who wants to save me
Before the break of dawn

Now that the days turn red,
And the nightlife folds back on itself,
In terrifying pleasure.

Who wants to hold me
Until the break of dawn;
Who wants to save me
Before the end of time;

Remember the words we said,
In our rooms at the end of the day,
Those feelings hard to measure;

As long as our walks on the tracks were
Straight, and the rules of thought were given,
We could ramble the fields and dedicate
ourselves
To terrifying pleasure...

Save me, too much, baby;
Lover, too much, love me;
Illusion, sore delusion;
Magnificent confusion,
Insane

As long as we dwell on the verge of
Hope, and the plains we cross are given,
We can hide from the world and dedicate
ourselves
To sacrificing others...

Baby, too much, save me;
Lover, too much, love me;
Illusion, sore delusion;
Magnificent confusion,
Insane