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*Ingen är jag, jag är en annan...*

### **Miss Nobody**

Leaving this room of panic.

Everything is breathing on Her.

With it's disgusting air of nonsense.

Nobody cares - nor today, neither tomorrow.

Tears never end.

They are playing with the surface tension.

The glass that belongs to Nobody.

Fell with a crash this morning.

Fingers let go.

Floor got hurt in an area of Nobody.

Nobody knows when She will become real.

A meaning on earth - for Her green Y.

Does Somebody know if Nobody is going to reach?

(Climb to the right profession).

No fire without smoke.

Nobody's fire - undisturbed.

Disagreeable situation of filthy footprints.

The soul feels it's uncomfortable spectators.

The factory is Nobody's jail.

Trying to focus on what She is expected to do.

Just want to enter during silence.

(So magical that the sky turns (into) pink).

Enter (to) the world of Somebodies.

Where agony and fear stop to appear.

Nobody's joint owner has collapsed.

Nobody's army is empty.

She believes no one will be a part (of it).

Her wistful eyes - a social danger.

Nobody's conscience is probably clean.

Not as dirty as Somebody is thinking.

Imagination?

All She sees - a mist.

Hide and seek.

Her invisible friend of faith - disappeared this day, hour and minute.

Miss Nobody will remain alone.

(There is no way out).

Somebody is not going to catch up in time...

(Learning is a treasure that follows it's owner everywhere).

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