

## MANifesto

I don't want to be sweet, or funny, or cute. FUCK. I want to be fucking raw. And I want to feel a deep hard core that is strong and shouts out (not screams, shouts) and be powerful and frighten myself. I want anxiety to submit to rage. I want it all to be fucking real and I want to own the aftermath and the consequences that come later. I want all that for a period of time, I don't know how long. But I want to be extreme, my real self radically expressed. Open as a fresh heavy force that makes things fight upstream against my current. Suspended there in the fight. Not because they deserve it but because I deserve a fair fucking fight. That's what I want. To transmit and impress the environment and the people around me. To be unignorable, unashamedly unapologetic. To be the opposite of pathetic or pitied. To be a burning fucking bright light. And I don't want to perform it. I want it to be real.

That's what I want.