

Kirill Koshkin

# *Intermarcity*



This book - laureate of the award of S.Ya. Nadson

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**Intermarcity**

«Издательские решения»

**Koshkin K.**

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The book represents the continuation of the author's series 'Falsification and forgery.' This time, the reader is presented with decoded signals of electroencephalogram (EEG) and hand-translated text and illustrations. Since the waves were removed from the head of Koshkin Kirill, then the authorship belongs to him. This book – laureate of the award of S. Ya. Nadson

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# Intermarcity

## Kirill Koshkin

*The text and illustrations were created based on the electric wave activity of the brain recorded by a special device.*

*To generate activities, the human head under the pseudonym K. Koshkin was used.*

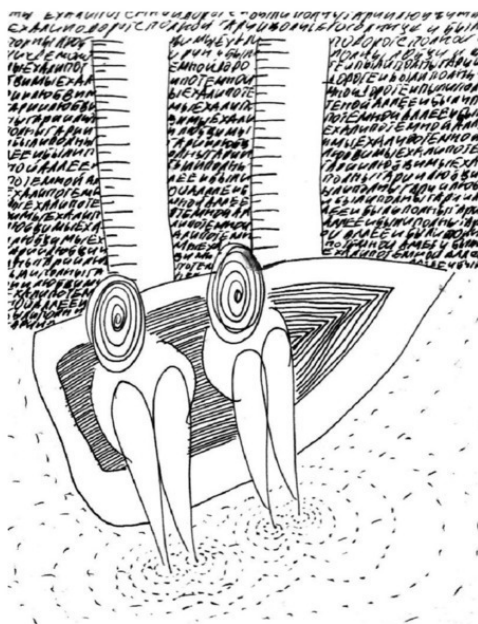
*So the author of texts and illustrations is considered to be the whole Koshkin*

*Translator Svetlana Yurievna Palei*

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opens later (Illustration of Koshkin K.)

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She is sitting and glowing in her entirety. All, all, all. With her bright green and blue eyes she will shamelessly tenderly pass through the stiff notes of the umbilical and will be ashamed. Shameless and tender as well. So, it seems like happened. Or just in the wind a spiderweave tattooed the branches connected. A trap with a naked moan. Still somewhere the belly is soft and white. Eat, eat. There

will be much more. Press it, press it. Wet on the wet still slides gently. You'll stop, and continue. The hand of your heart folded, you will dive, and behind the ears, the net, like on the hips, in weaving. Binding everything. Weaving and braiding the plait with ribbons of quiet joy. And emerges easily and ruffles, and touches without cunning. The crown trembles, sparkles, sways and flies white petals on a full flowering river and you fall into a green tattered swamp. You stumble in the grass ant and lie stretched out like before the war. Everyone in the light and so are you. Everyone slows down, slow down the minutes and so are you. Then he left everything, and went. The petals fly, weave, bind. Your smile on the bridge means that you can follow him. If you write now, then you will draw this later. Missed the beat of the heart, touching the knees – it means ...



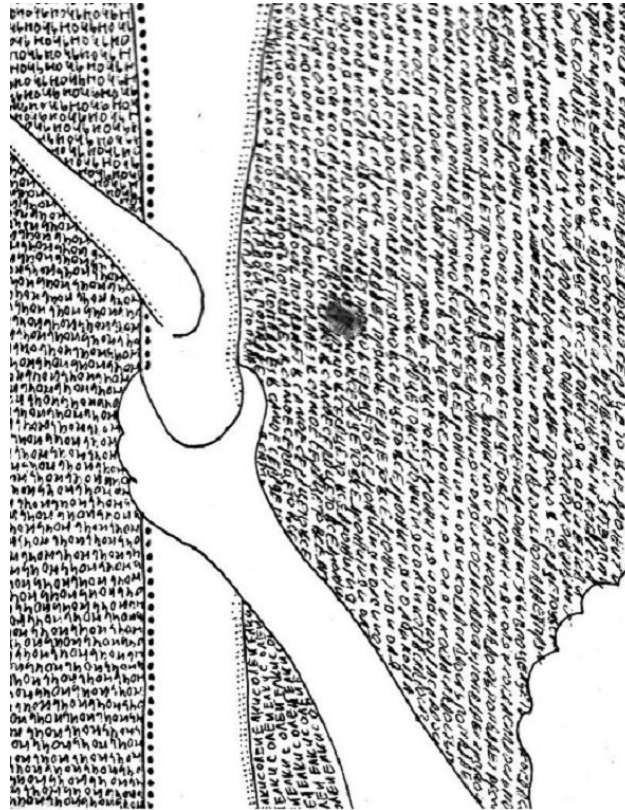
Figure and background (Illustration of Koshkin K.)

\* \* \*

Twilight of the Luzhnetskaya playground. The fragment of the male community messed around on the bench. Then it fell silent. And when they began to kiss the stomach to the stomach, he could not stand it and went into the thicket, sighed heavily and, moaned, broke the branches, crunched and rustled with something completely of his own. Then he did not sigh, he did not cursed in whisper, but violently broke public nature at night. And he did not pity his awkward one too. Kissing is easy. You get closer on the leash of wide apples of your eyes and get involved into the funnel of a kiss, and then you do something, but only like water on pebbles.

Touching, breathing, fluttering small, feeling hot outside. Failure. Hand in hair with the same movement with voluptuousness. The flow of something yet unknown in the body comes upon you. The drive is strictly straight. You don't want to turn. A park. You see the deep darkness in the dark blue irises. Strong. It drags a loose desire by the ground. The thread-vessel draws the vulnerable sweetness to the depth of the park. Passing by. Even passing by the punished one in an orange tie, who sits in the bushes, subject to an unknown fate, watching the two with a movement-pulse in exhalation. Not looking, but finding. There, in a circle of trees and a bear in the crown. The white hand took the

trunk and took more inside. Needles-points are waving and waving. The xenon flashed through the trees in a strange rush. And the night bird began singing, signing, signing with a moan in a woman giving tenderness, with a precious scattering of sonorous exhalations, a smooth coolness of her knees, a puff of a short laugh. With the joy of the giver, from something was taken with happiness. And they look in the slow, small rushing bustle of a night park.



More often than thickets (illustration of Koshkin K.)

They look, without blinking, from the dark vault and drowning a non-accidental unaccountable oblivion, lack or absence.

The rope of reason slides on the pier of balance. It slips, slides and flies into a black hole..

\* \* \*

Kolomenskoe meadows, slopes, so inclined. The nasty food is in a paper bag. The weather winds with cloudy breath on the face, the forget-me-nots of thoughts are waving. The bad weather is poured by two birds against the air current. The birds are gaining height by the slits of the feathers at the ends of the curved wings. Bare feet are in the fingers of earthly green. Dry last year's reproaches of dryness of grasses. The leaves turn upside down by the wind on the left. A lady has white body. She wrote in the album 'kiss me' with red letters. The writing was lost immediately in the grass and she looks at the man in his underpants, turning on a small chair, who cannot be called anything other than a pipette. And now it's staring at a man with a pipette or on a pipette and this entire construction is on a hill. He went into the bushes. The white lady takes sips of the red solution, tears the grass and screws the blue onto the transparent one. Whatever you think, it has been thought a hundred times. When you take your hand, there are old traces. Here the boat sails to Mar`ino, boiling on a bend. Birds gurgle, refusing the bad weather in shelter. Far and high the stick of the plane brings someone from afar. The white lady tears the sheets and rubs the colored fingers with the napkin. A man with

a pipette pulls his socks and puts his foot with his heel on the ground, while spreading out his fingers. Probably he has a bright red thread sponge at home, with which he carefully rubs the bottom of his belly. And he does not let the sponge go anywhere further than a bathroom. In no way. So the sponge remains a prisoner. Bright cheerful, bold and all just to rub an extraneous belly. He should take it for a walk. After all, he takes the pipette for a walk.

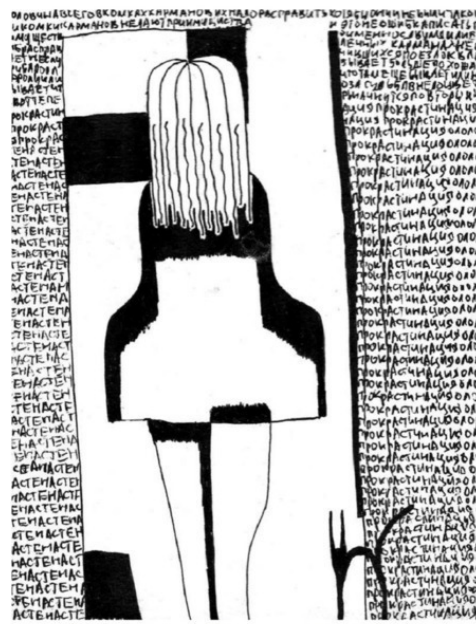


Forget-me-nots of thoughts (illustration of Koshkin K.)

The white lady sniffs and fidgets restlessly. I'll go and touch. Now. When the man and his pipette are leaving the windy grass, going to the sponge.

\* \* \*

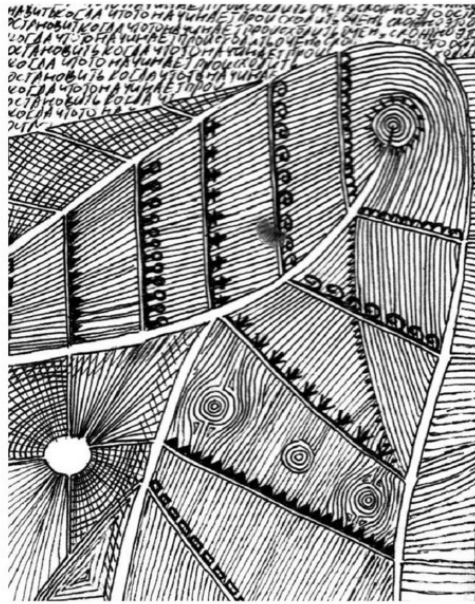
Well, if in the morning. In the morning you gather yourself up for a day. Is it clear? Eyes draw in space a new form for which you do not know if you fit. Or you will fit but with mistakes, that are not clear, at least for the reason that before there was nothing like this. It is impossible to find a mistake in a word that no one wrote, which did not exist. So the morning has come. It is impossible to know how to be right inside it, without mistakes. Is it necessary, for example, to stare at the wall and stir something inarticably. Now or later? Now or in a minute? But here you get up and move, as if you are sure. To participate in this is pleasant and unsettling. I will join you. I will stick. I will tell meticulously. Then I keep silent as it is the best. Then I'll sigh and move. It's good that you cannot do your shopping at home. I would definitely like new things every morning. There would have been a stack of combs and twenty all-weather lighters, a hundred magnesium-heat keeping cups, six hundred pillows for chairs and stools. It is good when you share the morning with someone shaggy, sleepy and desirable. It is like you sit in the same way, but somewhat differently. You know, at least, about what you have sighed. It's good, when the foot is bare, and then immediately naked and entirely naked. To the very line of the flexion. And piles of pockets in a dress. And all, all, all. And the morning has come.



Morning aperture (illustration of Koshkin K.)

\* \* \*

In the pattern of the night the bodies were woven. Line by line, turn to turn. They build the passion of stars, triangles, interlaces. Breathing flows the body into the body. Sheets slip, saying: 'copulation, copulation, copulation.' The heat of a whisper with vague beads of words flows through the air, through the dusk. Slips-lays down the skin, behind the ear, with a wet curl, a strand in an open, empty mouth. Sigh of a bow on the dull strings of a groan. A soft hand slid along the folds. She squeezes, pulls, hungry looking for the touch of necessity, thirst-need. She meets his sister and whisper: 'copulation, copulation, copulation.' Another thing happened. She turned to other consolations-pleasures. Round to round, saved to the keeper. She puts her palm to her stomach and holds the world, folded into the sweetness of tubules and secret grooves. She draws on her stomach a sign singing: 'copulation, copulation, copulation.' She comes, late, insatiability, sits on the edge of the bed, lies down. She hugs them. She hastens a string of sweet sighs to the exit, presses the waves with fluffy paws, and presses again. And she whispers: 'copulation, copulation, copulation.' And she smiles into the darkness. And she laughs silently and contagiously.



Boat legs (illustration of Koshkin K.)

\* \* \*

The morning began as if someone else's bright future was beginning. The city is blue and appearing through silhouettes, smelling with heavy leaves and sleepy people. A mellow rumble spreads. Above the eastern edge is a parallelepipedic cloud. In it, the path winds fiery, paved with a new, rising sun. An open balcony door takes the passing morning whisperers in the frame. They are immersed in each other faces, tangle their hair. Whisper with quiet coins rolls out of barely moving lips. A bird flies past the window. Then two more. Wings through the air, like an echo of an indecipherable babble on the bed. Birds whisper at dawn. Women whisper with the innermost. A sleepless night rolled into the University. She took a phenamine ticket, licked the biting meat, fingers, and, swallowing the rowan nighttime blue of the barol, spilled something red already on the western edge. She has let out senseless museum visitors in veins of the Bolotnaya Square. Then they floated and looked at the strange, black-and-white faces from the parallel reality. They walked and went again. Now they lie exhausted and cut off the received by the predicate and inaccurate.

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