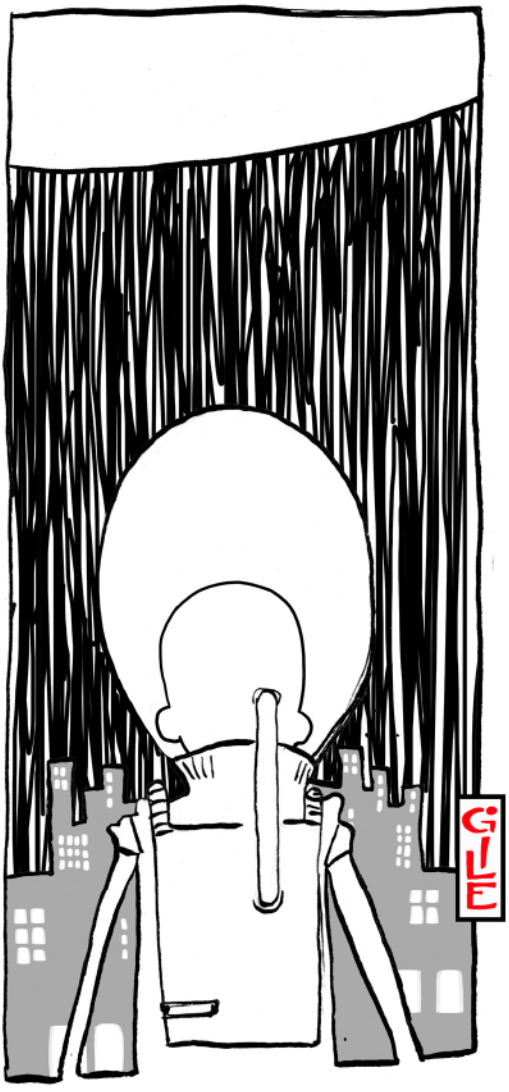
There will come a time...



DANILO URSINI

Self-published zine, Toronto 2026

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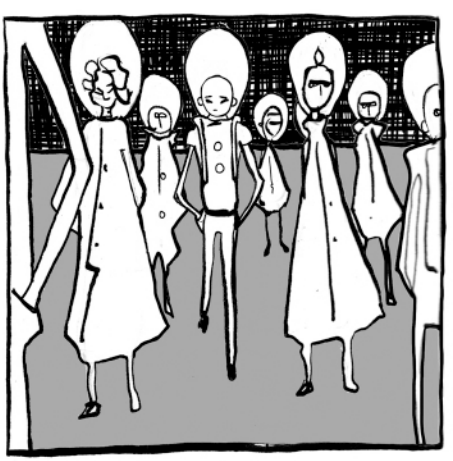
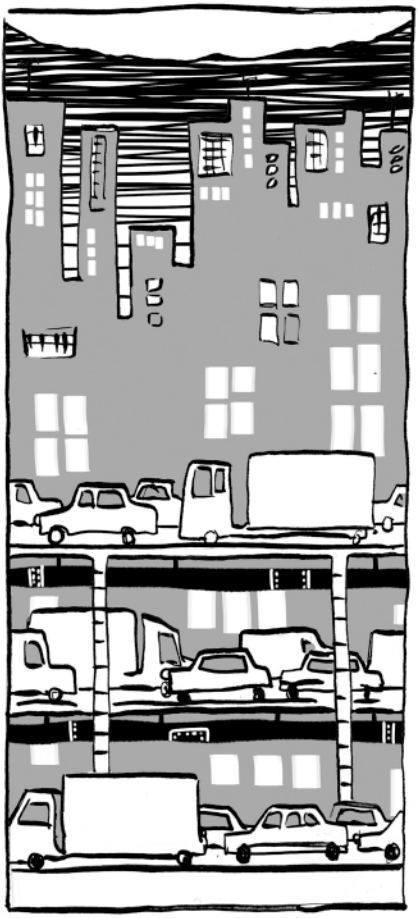
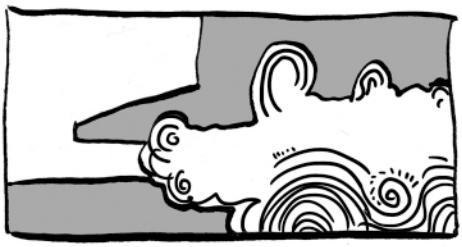
2096 TORONTO.
THE AIR WAS COLD,
THE SKY WAS BLACK
EVEN DURING THE
DAY THE SUN WAS
A GREAT
COLD SPHERE.



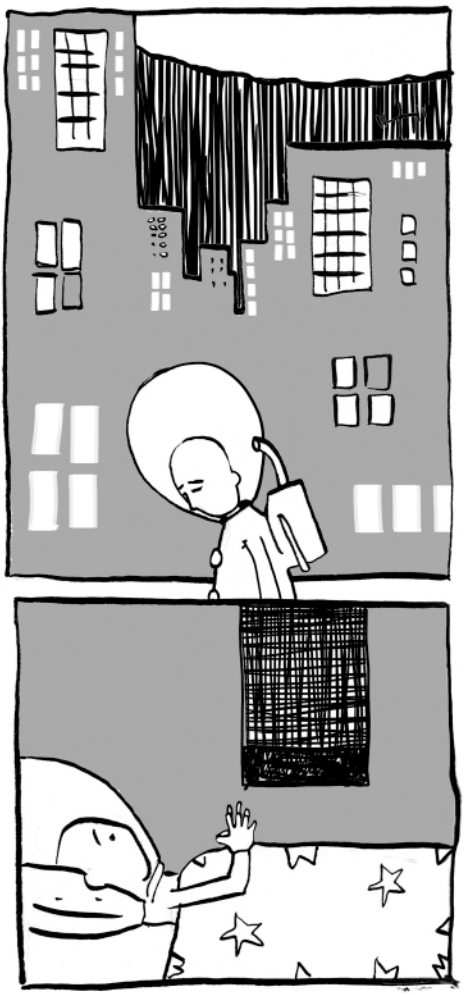
IT WAS ALWAYS NIGHT,
BUT THERE WERE
NEVER ANY STARS.



EVERYONE WAS RUNNING.



THE SMOKE CONFUSED WITH THE AIR.



ANXIETY AND DREAMS WERE THE SAME THING.

THEN I STARTED TO SLEEP, TO DREAM,
AND EVERYTHING BECAME BEAUTIFUL AND REAL.

THE END

PLEASE FOLLOW ME!!

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