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Running Away

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So in through the entrance cutting the corner of Jägerstraße and Pappenheimgasse, you might see a black dick, or a purple something that has a whiff of rhino, this all depends on your height (or your mind). Two steps in and you literally have to click the neck back because there is nothing on the walls below 284cm, (lazy bitches). Past this golden line, is a troupe of 7 fillies, cantering around the maximum wall height, in various states and flavours. Two less and we could have the equestrian version of the Spice Girls. Its too bad that the angles of the room get in the way, because some of these creatures could be real hotties - flowing hair, flashing eyes; shoved in corners where features distort and stomachs sag. What a pity. But you get the idea that this band is going somewhere, circling close to heaven (regardless of a few heads or legs being lacerated by the windows to the outside - clouds, trees and terrace housing). The pace seems to stop at the gate of a room guarded by a brown and black stallion. Stiff and austere (a bit realistic), hes got one of those eyes that follows you. Yeah you. Peeking between his legs, this second room appears to be empty except for a door, a door that is slightly open leading to something of a fantasy. A puffy dream. Upon reaching the handle, you realise that this pure illusion, a door made from the head, a trick of the eye. Left with no where to go, you have to turn back, past the leaping pink hooves, with her eyes closed, consumed by her own dream. Lets call her the chocolate horse. Blissfully unaware of her friends on the right; seemingly marred and agitated, decapitated, kicking gold dust, trying to get out as fast as they can.