

(18/11)

You arrive late and the others are already there.

A brief assessment of proximity and distance:
One bus drive, 350 SEK, the border, detection dogs,
and the spiky circular heating
violently resting on the surface of the skin

They have already introduced themselves
in a language that you don't speak

(20/11)

Here is

wood,
the insides of an old piano,
an electric fan,
threads,
pieces of metal,
a broken syringe,
ropes,
tubes,
pallets and a net.

A theatre. Your distant voices. The teachings of centuries.
Knowledge formed and shared by the privileged.

A dirty carpet rolled up for days in need

(22/11)

Disagreements and splinters

(23/11)

Disagreements on an empty stomach
Agreements after lunch

(27/11)

Touch is a presence is a pressure
It measures its closeness through attraction and repulsion

Here,

and gone

Always fundamentally *OTHER*

your proximity is

(2/12)

We rift
jointly apart

(3/12)

and
so it itches, scratches and turns
where

>>>>FEAR<<<<

lives,
and we gaze at the world with glassy eyes

hastily double-checking
our bank accounts

(5/12)

A brief assessment of things that can be pulverised:

A house, an electric fan, a car, a dog, wood, bones, coffee, words, meat, families, cities, your loved one, a passport, underwear, a computer, a spider, iron, beton, a piece of furniture, a forest, a hospital, cans, a staircase, your favourite scarf, an entire friendship.

(6/12)

YOU

fall

through the surface
and into a greasy thickening mud
of fluids,
grass,
gravel and pieces of paper.

YOU hesitantly taste it with the tip of your tongue.
YOU try to swallow. Ends are entangled but they do not meet.

(7/12)

You play the flute

(8/12)

and,

you break a laughter so big that the chairs are shaking

Touching bone and marrow
threading itself past the december darkness
softening the cushions on our seats
accumulating into many-

It is the filter through which we experience the day:

we are the lucky ones!
unnumbered

suburban

a witty,

bunch!

dancing

(9/12)

You long for disappearance. We intoxicate ourselves.

(11/12)

Rain.

...

A leaf is an organ. As the lungs fills up and flattens, we feel its hairs.
Gently into pores and onto veins, passing through buds-

and as the ribs sail up and down-
reaching its margins.

We speak of loss.

Briefly we are just waves among other waves.
Particles changing their course,
playfully overlapping

(13/12)

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(14/12)

We take a BREAK

(5/1)

A brief assessment of proximity and distance:

Gärdet-Karlaplan-Östermalmstorg-T-Centralen-Arlanda-Gardemoen-Jernebanetorget-
Kvadraturen-Wessels Plass-Nationaltheatret-Dokkveien-Villa Atrium//// Villa Atrium-Dokkveien-
Nationaltheatret-Wessels Plass-Kvadraturen-Jernbanetorget-Hammersborggata-Jakobs Kirke-
Møllerveien-Telthusbakken-Alexander Kiellands Plass-Evald Ryghs Gate-Arkitekt Rivertz Plass-
Sagene-Arendalsgata-Advokat Dehlis Plass-Bøjelsen-Badebakken-Godals Vei-Mariedahlsveien
265 C.

The fortunate opening and closing of 46 gates and doors.

Some arrive from remote places.
Others are denied entry.

(8/1)

Optimism!

We decide to accompany the rain,
wherever it goes-

(9/1)

At night
We spend time with the shadows
hissing and
spitting

Devouring the residue of our own image

(12/1)

(16/1)

And then,
a tender alliance:
Our eyes touch each other with a glimpse of summer.

(17/1)

with pleasure
WE fall back into our bodies

WE hold our breath

WE allow for the ruled-out impossible to occur

(22/1)

WE

(25/1)

WE

(30/1)

WE

(6/1)

ACTION!

