

Being Different
Meow

Time's up and the floor is on the wall. We built it all and died doing it. I mean of course not just us, and if it started like a party then it will end like a funeral, or maybe just like breakfast, croissants and coffee, we all have nicer apartments now.

First day inside is always the worst, after that it's just one day at a time. It's a head that breaks through the walls that surround it, outside is the universe, m...e....ow.... On top is a painting of a bookshelf, or at least a rectangle. The important thing is that you can move around it, the important thing is that you can leave. Reading, like painting, is a road, one foot after the other. I remember dancing, like images and words. Something about feeling, thinking, being.

A room with all possible memories, afternoon light would always filter through the backyard, we kept getting robbed. I remember when I first saw you, 10 million mornings later, work and love together, after all, at a gallery.