

An Empty House. A beautiful extravagant host by itself. Filled up with air of coming again
 seasons forecasts, being not a white lie after all. Early hot seasons laid out with crumbled
 parliaments on the surface of a marble, scheduled for disappearance – they give a little cry about
 their existence. What an erotic coincidence of a house where one present comes in rounds. Flat
 floors been laid out that
 way, you'd see no crack,
 remaining human body
 temperature, they've
 been created to seduce.
 Usually blue in the Mornings
 Arches are open for Sunshine
 visitations, they feed you up
 with serotonin left after that
 last night when Birds were
 around, peeping through its
 hole. So much noise! So
 much yet to remember, in
 a new future of yours. An
 Empty House is here yet
 to remind you of a coming
 responsibility to commit to
 dreaming, it means you can
 afford it finally, house being
 such a friend! Soft to touch
 walls are here to adjust your
 expectations, to guard your
 body – it travels so often these
 days. Once you there you'll
 be leaning on the curtains
 to forget about all that
 clutter of life. What is it
 that impulse to remember
 everything at once? Forget!
 That house is a strong
 indication of change, with
 no wish of becoming an
 institution. On the way you'll
 find a well, it made itself
 through – as water always
 finds its way, drink as much
 as you want, make your mouth full, wash your face, spit it out, let it soak. An Empty House is not
 traditional nor contemporary – it has some orthodoxy to it though. It has history, if you think its
 important. It has no image, nor painting, no depiction on its walls as its a motive in itself. Objects
 there fall apart after performing a scene. Scents are there to elevate the moments of the loved
 once. Theres no vases to be shuttered as roses drink themselves from that
 myst around.

*The Distant Chatter Coming From The Cortyard
 The Garden is Full*

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