

# SWEETWATER,

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*Maturation*

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I stand across the light  
holding plastic bags.  
I respond to the man I don't know who smiles at me.  
I don't exist  
only something almost near perfection  
I don't even move my head and  
I don't even jay walk in front of the police car.

I remember the day the black yoga mat arrived,  
I left the delivery guy standing in the hall.

I never heard him leave, but noticed he was gone later.  
The packaging was lilac and black with a ribbon made out of  
a shiny material. Unrolling the mat I didn't anticipate the feelings  
it would cause me every downward dog.

From an 8th floor window I spray a sad look into the dark courtyard  
of the building. I can't see the bespoke superplants nor hear any sign  
that other persons are present.

I step outside into the hallway  
is a highway in the home  
I see signs along the road;  
A corridor full of enlarged prints of fashion magazines  
and lamps along the walls.

The prints are of varying quality and coming closer it becomes apparent that  
Someone had printed the whole image on many small sheets of paper. Some are so blurry that it's hard to read  
the header. Screenshots never meant to expand to this size.

When I entered, lots of girls invaded the highway  
The female characters were everywhere.  
In a forest surrounded by flowers;  
Or in a city with details like  
The Manhattan skyline  
Russian churches  
Roman columns

I look into the plastic bags  
Left right slight right light left Left  
I turn my head  
and see the windows in front of me and decide  
to do a full turn.

I think of Alphaville.  
I'm wearing moon gloves.  
If the moon water can do what  
the others fail to do.

The trinket is meaningful, because it does not contain any noise.  
It is an abstract little thing rendered concrete through words.  
It can not exist.  
It will remain in you  
as it is only memories.  
Since you already have a different world.  
You should be the person in that world.  
Nothing else.

*Text by Carla-Luisa Reuter*