

Pretty Days

John Roebas

YOU ARE WHATEVER A MOON HAS ALWAYS MEANT

Fall River, MA

October, 2020 — January 2021

It could be someone's birthday: viewing instructions.

The point of origin starts with the cultural discourse and ends in a wall covered with tiles shaped as ideals or ideas painted in colours that can never be bridged. Even the blindest of man wouldn't imagine who is crossing the street holding a certificate of merit in the middle of the road. You should know better — better safe than sorry — and so on.

One could judge the framing in the contest of a lukewarm hug from a third degree relative in the first row centre stage, with a couple of spotlights focused on dry skin. It can connect all the dots and tie them together like dead galaxies in ill spaces attached to a respirator, floating toward the smallest black hole this page could have offered. Look down. Here is the evidence:

The second rule of gravity is to forget the first rule with a firm step. The viewer must climb the rest of the ladder while growing a single braid. Remember, some things were meant to be broken like records and limbs. Repeat after me "the world is lifeless on the dance floor." Now say it without moving your lips.

Last but not least are the works that you've owned. They keep growing back on a scorched earth all the way from the Soviet Union and back to Farice, Prance. It's not a mistake, one must follow the famous thread of thought, smell the fingerprints on the door frame, sniff the wall, look suspiciously at the surface, examine the space, and draw the following conclusions in ascending order: remember there are no drops in the sea, just a mirror in the sky and if there was a god, and there is no such thing, he would look down at you and fix his hair with no uncertain terms.

It is clear to whom it may concern that rules are meant to be broken and fractions basically rule. It's neither about love nor real estate. It's real talk about the real deal in past progressive (including all possible implications) in a high pitched voice only basketball players can hear.

Keren Cytter, 2020