

We don't live there anymore, Charles. It's three blocks to an abandoned dock and there are muscles in the water. It is because of this. Here is colour darkening or colour here is a darkening. Here is, here we are cold and walking down the water's edge. Here blue remains. Opening to a letter.

There's a world, there's a parallel thing. I began again and again to work. On the other side of the wall, I hear him scramble for his glasses. Until it appears, who knows how abandoned it is. He scrambles for his glasses, his safety glasses. I ask him: "Safety against what?", he says he's scared of paint in his eye. There are mussels in the water. And Charles, me and her, we had a coffee and we had an idea and how else to reinvent attention. Look at me, loyalty is what he brought to me. In the bright lights of misery, there is a common dot on every single piece. This at least we have noticed.

There's a time, there's a place. I hear him put on the glasses and I hear her grab a mandarin from my desk. Six more blocks, it seemed to the abandoned docks. Six more months and snow would lay its hands on me and finally, only four more blocks until the docks.

There's a place where it looks so easy. There is nothing wrong with some twisted fear. There are about two more blocks, from where they can tell. There is a tiny circle, a teenage mistake and a funny quote on my ankle. There are quotes seen on angles and seen on ankles. There she is and she kicks the mandarin across the studio and it explodes on impact.

Look up, down, turn around, hit the ground, twice.

–Sebastian Maes