

One more morning for the books. Sky is ochre above forgettable suburb vegetation honored with those pre-frost sharp contours that turn any landscape into flawlessly uninspired set design. Poetry seems reasonable here, flare and steam as a severe romance.

They cut through the pristine daybreak like perfume ad horses, they aren't exactly arrows but they try. Squares tower up among their easy lives, every new square makes it tangible that rules exist. Lines you can't cross. Boxes to strike, cubes to inhabit. Boards to fill. Squares are great venues to rehearse being civilians. To trade and save and own. To enjoy observing others being good at stuff, to frequently meet up in lacquered halls and practice the same thing: law-abiding excellence.

Days in motion pile up behind them and they might wonder: are we this synchronized due to abundance of skill or lack of imagination. And they might wonder: which cardio afternoon can look this auburn and still not be a seductive warning about coming downfall, the potential dissolving of all squares. But they don't. They're making an effort with their sameness because it's very important to them. Routine rehearsals every day. They're having so much fun! Who has the longest legs here! Affection will grace the one who does, their high tempo prospects and their increased chances of dunks and aren't both hopes fiction. Isn't choreography fiction. Discipline is the opposite of spring, victory is not the opposite of grief, fog is the opposite of contracts.

Any coming darkness becomes fake here, but celestial phenomena remain. Embrace floodlighted dusks in the name of average vanity, attempts, trophies, targets burning. Some daily sums to reap while devoutly believing in results. Take a handful of semi-conscious breaths before closing your achieving eyes to another night of growth and worldwide heartbreak and open gyms.

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