

INTERNATIONAL PRESS
THE LIVING

You want to be invited into the bedroom. He's thought about it. So have you. That's why you are in this cold hallway. Holding that wine glass, spangled with finger prints. You will spit in his mouth on his floor and maybe bleed, but all of that is temporary as detergent has little mercy. You wonder how you could make yourself permanent. To become a light fixture. To flatten yourself into a canvas print of the Eiffel Tower. To stain the tile with your shadow. Or become a spine of a book that always stares back. That is the thing about these new-build apartments. You have to make yourself known. You are the first ghost. Your perversion really needs to be pronounced. Your violence nuanced. As he drags his mattress from its hiding place in the shower, you realize the effort it's going to take to fill this place with meaning.

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