

Don't worry, what happens happens mostly without you

madame leniou returns – briefly – to Athens, to a domestic space: a 1936 apartment designed by Dimitris Pikionis, everything you ever wanted. Convince yourself that's what you want. After a brief winter and an unnaturally sunny but cruel spring, she comes back to a life she used to have.

They say the city is a collective fiction. Imagine yourself in it every single day. Finally, you're in me – sleepy and perfumed and perfect.

Weakened by the heat every night, she lay in bed listening for the sounds of an engine but only hearing the garbage truck. If you think it's good, maybe that means it's not good. You're not who it's meant for. Who do I want to be good for? Everybody.

Her mother called and advised her to take a walk. She went and watched the men play and let the ice melt. Slow extraction without bitterness to be sweet.

In another instance, in another city, perhaps. New York they said. She thought she knew everyone. "It's all about being yourself," she says with a shrug. "We're having mad fun."

The lifestyle spoiled. The spoils of lifestyle.