

A holder. A recipient.

«The relationship between bodies is characterised by a 'with' that precedes, or is the condition of possibility for, the apartness of 'my body'. This 'with' is the fleshiness of the world which inhabits us and is inhabited by us – flesh, not understood simply as matter, but as the very sensibility of the seen, and the very sight of the sensible.»

(P.5 *Thinking through the skin*, edited by Sara Ahmed and Jackie Stacey)

A fly whirls through the room, searching for an unknown window that cannot be opened.

Their bodies lie dispersed on the soft carpet, the long fibers entwining them as they wait for milkshakes.

From the streets comes a howl, like that of a person who has gotten into a fight too late—a hasty, entangled and angry fight *with love*. It must be love, whispered the others, almost singing, while somewhere in the distance coffee steamed.

There were many of us, made of fibers, water, skin, dust and some noise. Sweet rain, some sweat and makeup drips into the sink and remains there permanently. Everything mixes together into a new fabric of stream, bodies, antibiotics and things flowing down the architecture.

Some containers are stored in a room. The fabric (their skin) is carried here from third rooms. Like that, all spaces remain present at the same time fabricating and managing dialogues. Despite their discord of distance, no measurement is needed.

A cat blows into her milkshake, causing thousands of bubbles to form. She thinks about physics. Stars appear between them forming a new galaxy.

« This bubble stayed much longer then expected.»

«And I thought she doesn't like milk.»

«Are you more of a gatherer or the one being haunted?»

The carpet carried their warmth, the fibers carried memory. There was no ownership.

They dreamed of a woman standing in a pond singing towards them. The body of listeners stood knee-deep in water surrounding her. The landscape reminded them of a screenshot some seasons ago.

In a dream one cat's body transformed into the form of an angel and the one that dreamed it, wasn't sure if she was allowed to tell it to the others.

Meanwhile she took a sip of the milkshake. She kind of liked this new flavour, why was she so afraid anyway? Wasn't she the one always singing about transforma

tion? Thoughtfully, she licks the edge of the bowl.

These objects stage an intimate dialogue of matter, skin and ground material from other places meshing stories into gentler narrations.

Perceiving from a lower perspective, whirling around in a more-than-human perspective while searching for a softer gaze.

Things are projected onto other things to reveal their histories – or to conceal them.

« , but bottle in its older sense of container in general, a thing that holds something else.» (Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Carrier Bag Theory*)

These spaces hold traces of shifts, imprints of something with a past. They are neither smooth nor shiny, yet they are always singing.

As the night approaches again, one afraid of her dreams, one looking for food, one for the stars, one tirelessly sipping her milkshake and others *still* fighting for love.

Together on the roof of the nightly ruin, they understand: we are not only made of boundaries. One hums the woman's song from the pond, softly, as if remembering something that hasn't happened yet.

