

T E X T

written in the font of "apple symbols" in the summer of 2016,
in respectively cafes, homes, airports and public transportation.

Look at the wall, she said —

What about it, I asked —

Look what it says, she replied —

(there were words on the white wall, written in black, words to be read).

Before I had that wall on my right hand side I was walking along a street in a place which I
hand't been to before. I had been with my girlfriend who disliked the situation even before it
had turned in to 'the-wall-text-situation'. The wall text sounded like something from a sad indie
song, or like something I once wrote in a message to myself. It also sounded like my flatmate's
high pitched revelation of how specificity was really something made-up, or at least something
which belonged to somewhere far away from here, far from this place.

Or it sounded like some other situation, from some time ago, when I woke up to realize that
there was a horse in my backyard — a horse, just standing there, like that. And how, following
the horse, there came this feeling, as if everything got a shade from maybe a western movie
or maybe a Pulitzer Prize winning novel. Or maybe everything got a feeling of being closer to
"the truth" than usual, even though that word normally smelled like particle science and gave
me a romantic feeling of intimacy with other words like
space
time
and matter.

Or maybe everything became warm, like my face, under the sun. Like sun snakes, sun animals,
animal feelings, animal anatomy, skeleton empathy, sun feelings.

But, back at the wall text, I was standing by the wall text, and I didn't feel much of any of the
above mentioned. What I felt instead was a need to stay, to offer some solid time to that wall
text, to make the wall text and me into something else. Something which could turn out to be
a durational thing. As if something nice would happen, as if something specific could appear
from a durational thing. As if my girlfriend would take my hand and say,

Let's pretend we're the ones writing —

(and we would be standing there with our faces to the wall, and I would say)

What if it falls.. behind us.. and we don't.. notice —

And I would sound like my flatmate, and I would think about how that could maybe be a nice
thing. And nothing would of course ever fall,

Because, I thought, what I'm actually dealing with here is not fiction, this is not fiction —

This is not fiction, I said —

What, she asked —

This is not fiction, I repeated —

Okay, she replied, and then that was the end of that conversation.

And by this time I would notice that underneath the writing there was a plant, a pretty big plant, and that the plant had the color of an old gameboy.

And the color made me think of the time when I would have played on that gameboy.

And how this thought made me think of how I now, instead of playing on that gameboy, was walking along some streets,

and how maybe I was walking them for the reason of not having walked them before, and maybe not.

Then, we would be standing there, then — me, looking at the letters — the letters, becoming blurry by the green of the plant taking over the white and black that I had seen before, the white and black of the wall text — and her, my girlfriend, being next to me, making me aware of her impatience by moving faster than everything around us.

(the text, all blurred up, would suddenly be a tale, a tale of its self, digging into its letters, its letters digging into the wall. And my nervous system would delegate, delegate the time to that digging, delegate time to this) And everything around us would be still.

And I would turn to her.

And I would turn from the wall.

And I would take her hand.

And we would walk away.

And we would walk away to familiar streets, and we would walk to our familiar home.

And our familiar home would smell like elements and like particles, like particle timings, time tales, this and not that, this and not that.

This is this and not that text, this and not that page, this is this and not that text, I said —
She and not her, she and not her walked there, she replied —