

Like the more you get used to these routines and become dependent on them, the more you build a form of quarantine over time, a safe place for some, a hell for others.

Until now I feel the job is mostly based on memory, sorrow, longing and desire for me and then I feel there are many colours within these 4 things.

A memory of what used to be, the love you used to feel, the people you used to see, a memory both good and bad of everything that used to be, nostalgia.

Sorrow for yourself and others. Sorrow for the things or people you feel you've lost and sorrow for all the darkness and sadness there is around, emptiness, loneliness.

Longing to be heard or give people a voice, the longing for people to truly listen.

The desire to be seen, the desire that you can show who you are, all the beauty and ugliness and still be accepted.

I feel this is how I relate to these things and also how they relate to this spiral and fueling of madness.

Now I will give these thoughts a rest because they're still constantly developing, changing, let's look at them from all different perspectives!

Love,
Joany