

Go to Bard University!

The Institute of Writing and
Thinking

Olga Dysthe

Det blæst

Massrummet

This is different, I'm scared and the environment
is different and the sound also.



and the bells
are in my childhood.

they color a elephant
I remember the
scratches of pencils

it the knock hits my scar and
tickles within suddenly

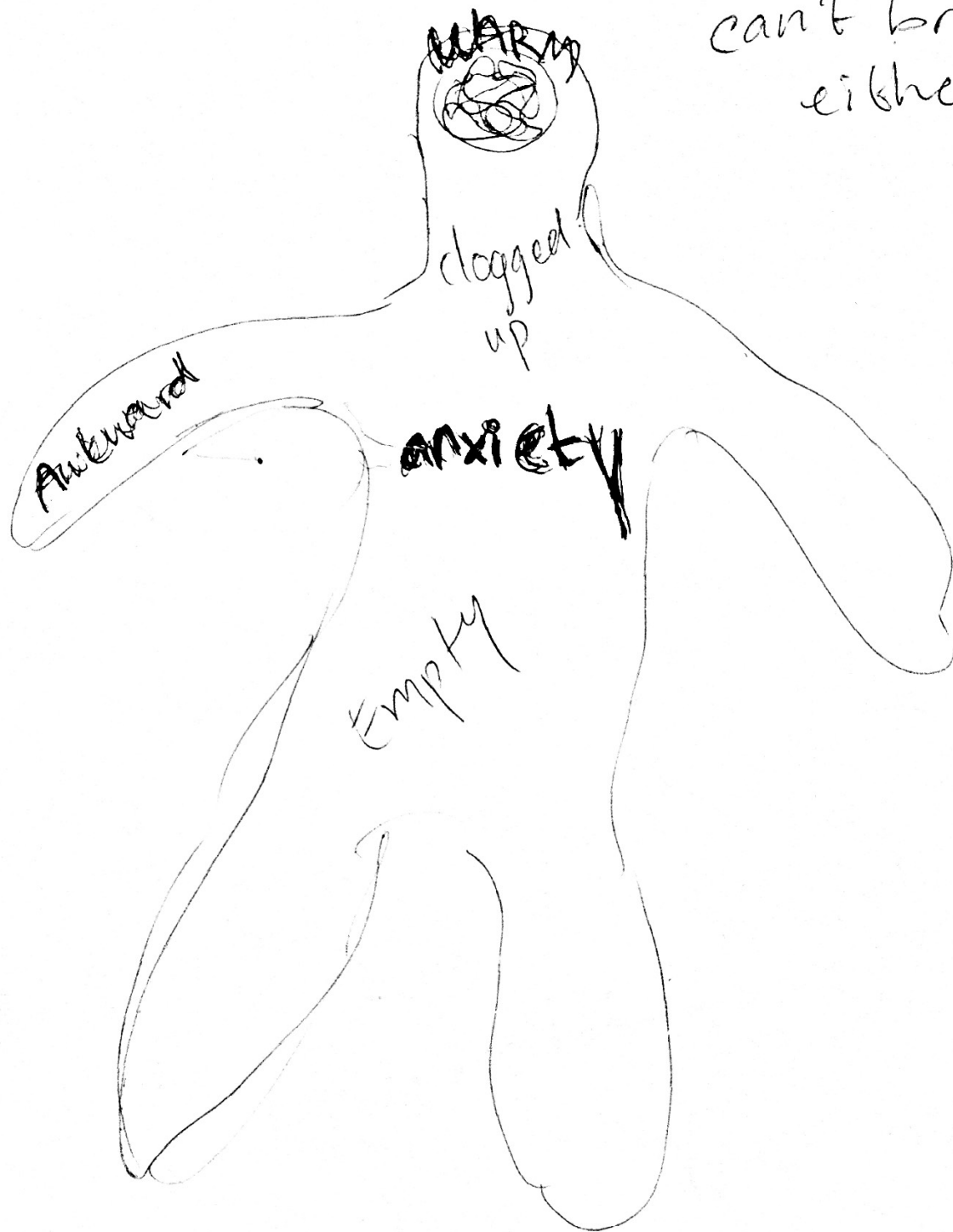
someone or something is
contacting my eye
my forehead and a tic

The air is everywhere. I am inhaling

everything. I can expand my lungs.

just as my heartbeat, it is constant.

The weight is light, but Everything
in me is a part of my living. It all has a
purpose. And a meaning.



can't breath
either way.

not in sync

need rest but can't

can't do it

inner thighs
are tingling

not good

my teeth hurts

blood taste enough

not strong
enough

need help

stammer

don't want to

heart beats
in the
head.

not warm blood

heart beat
is heavy

it's cold

teeth still hurts

Parkinsons disease