

A letter to Ryan and you,

may 2020

i entered this house and helped constructing the walls
stared at its foundation
walked towards corners
and opened some doors
you happened to be in the living room
where we created a window

a double-hung sash window?
a window without glass?
a clerestory window?
a tilt-and-turn window?
a window that is a door?
a window that is a wall?

we placed ourselves in front of it
observing the view
or the closed curtains
the seagull shit
the neighbors
the clouds

i wanted to push my body
through the frame
and leave before living
but i decided to stay
and share these wrapped-up words
that link to leftovers

it is all turning into a big metaphor
as well as being as literal as a doorknob
i will talk you through it
and serve some sincere sloppiness
while stepping into potholes
or other cavities

I searched for a personal and valuable online interaction in a realm I often experience as remote, secluded and hard to navigate around. You joined me and you started the dialog, here, on this page. We shared small snippets of the days that oozed on in Singapore and The Hague. Reacting on each other's pixelated thoughts, resulting in digitally-born content.

Then the responsibility of taking the stage, in the form of an exhibition, started knocking on the door. As well as knocking on my chest. Not hard nor unexpected. I was informed about its arrival, but as I said before; I was planning to leave through the window.

We are all still here. Overthinking how our floating window became part of a static house, while it might has always been a small ventilation hatch in a tent. Overthinking our stay and the stage. Overthinking the created content and its declined importance to convey to a wider audience.

hence we started cleaning the glass
followed by cleaning the whole conversation
replacing the frame
with words
we have been lugging along
or just bought in the supermarket

during this process
i recognized the recurring difficulty
of standing behind my body
and the recurring difficulty
of standing behind created tales
that are always dangling around the exhibition entrance

the tales are all clad in artist suits
approaching you from a digital distance
and then suddenly
putting their heads into your face
telling you to take time
but leave quickly

i am throwing my language at you and you
in intricate layers
and unintended metaphors
it got out of hand
i know
it continues

i was trying to say something
and stay on the stage
a bit longer
i wanted to show you
some of the backstage
or the backdoor

but for now i lost the words to keep on navigating you
to our window
to our dialog
to exhibition as dialog
to dialog as exhibition
to dialog as dialog

i will stop writing
but you can keep on reading

bye,
Bo