

To observe, to watch, to look closer, to stare;
those are my tools I always knew existing,
existing under a certainly thicker becoming layer of dust.
Placed in the attic.

It felt like I used to forget the usage and abilities of my beloved tools, my so-called loved ones.
The resting dust spoke about our absence.

Spending time in the attic were the most hectic.
Dust seemed to act like rain; draining on top of us.
Contaminating my loved ones. We tried to revoke.

But just like every warped tool, it had the potential of being objective;
about the potential of hitting us critical.

Over every sink there should be a mirror, I always hated that saying.
I always felt disgusted by the look of myself while cleaning; always knowing there are certain parts I've missed.
Always knowing the parts I've missed, calling them names.

For every corner I need a pair of eyes; wet enough so there won't be the need to glimpse.
To maintain the corners, to follow the route of the dust.
The try of drawing a route; traversing the route.

Doing circles around squares; adding layers.
Painting walls; Cim Jubkes exhibition felt like I interrupted him while observing, windows appeared to not be see-through; so there was never
another turn out of not staring at him.

Staring at him while collecting stills; loosing my beloved landscape and being confronted with a new type of landscape; the pierced collage.

To pierce always described the try of defining a new center; hijacking.
After being pierced I always wanted to be the piercer.
After being cared about I always stayed careful;