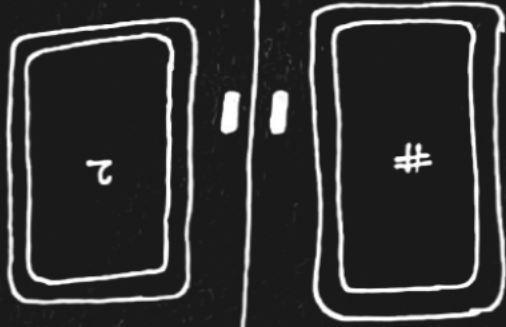


MY LINE OF DAILY TRAVEL IS
 POPULATED BY STOPS AND BEEPS
 AND BUILDINGS THAT EMBODY
 DIFFERENT THINGS.
 THERE ARE
 BEEPS BEFORE EVERY STEP: THE
 METRO IS ABOUT TO STOP, THE
 GATES ARE ABOUT TO OPEN.
 PLEASE STAND AWAY FROM THE
 DOORS.
 BEEP. ANOTHER BEEP,
 ANOTHER BEEP. I HAVE COME
 TO BE AFRAID OF BODIES. I
 HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CLUELESS
 ABOUT MY OWN. I CANNOT
 DANCE AND SWIM AND DRIVE
 AND RUN. AND NOW I FEAR
 OTHER PEOPLE'S BODIES TOO.



#1

I AM OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE
 MEMORIES ABOUT MY BODY.
 IT USED TO MOVE A CERTAIN
 WAY. IT HAD A WAY OF
 BEING TWO MONTHS AGO,
 TWO YEARS AGO, TWENTY
 YEARS AGO.

YOU DON'T REALLY NEED
 TO BE VERY OLD TO
 EXPERIENCE THIS, BUT
 THIS REALISATION FEELS
 LIKE THE BEGINNING
 OF SOMETHING THAT
 WILL NEVER STOP.

I was cycling behind our
 house. My aunt helped me get
 back up. My mom successfully
 convinced me that falling down makes kids grow taller.

I cannot help but feel like a
 body at risk of so much harm
 and decay that has started already. I get off
 to switch metro lines. I know how being away
 from home feels.

(WALL, HOME)

BUT I DON'T
 KNOW WHAT
 home feels
 LIKE.

DELHIZINE. in

