

I stand across the light
holding plastic bags.
I respond to the man I don't know who smiles at me.
I don't exist
only something almost near perfection
I don't even move my head and
I don't even jay walk in front of the police car.

I remember the day the black yoga mat arrived,
I left the delivery guy standing in the hall.

I never heard him leave, but noticed he was gone later.
The packaging was lilac and black with a ribbon made out of
a shiny material. Unrolling the mat I didn't anticipate the feelings
it would cause me every downward dog.

From an 8th floor window I spray a sad look into the dark courtyard
of the building. I can't see the bespoke superplants nor hear any sign
that other persons are present.

I step outside into the hallway
is a highway in the home
I see signs along the road;
A corridor full of enlarged prints of fashion magazines
and lamps along the walls.

The prints are of varying quality and coming closer it becomes apparent that
Someone had printed the whole image on many small sheets of paper. Some are so blurry that its
hard to read the header. Screenshots never meant to expand to this size.

When I entered, lots of girls invaded the highway
The female characters were everywhere.
In a forest surrounded by flowers;
Or in a city with details like
The Manhattan skyline
Russian churches
Roman columns

I look into the plastic bags
Left right slight right light left Left
I turn my head
and see the windows in front of me and decide
to do a full turn.

I think of Alphaville.
I'm wearing moon gloves.
If the moon water can do what
the others fail to do.

The trinket is meaningful, because it does not contain any noise.
It is an abstract little thing rendered concrete through words.
It can not exist.
It will remain in you
as it is only memories.
Since you already have a different world.
You should be the person in that world.
Nothing else.

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