

Place.
I don't know the name anymore.
Maybe,
In an effort to ignore-
It leaves for a second
and never comes back.

Subjectivity exists for a reason
If art and lines,
pieces of paper,
crying, time.
If all of these things
can exist on a spectrum
of relativity.

Why can't I?
Why can't this?

Why does this
have to exist
so concretely?

So eternally fixated,
in what I see it to be.
If I don't want it to be.
Move past, look past.
Everyday the same thing.
No more fears, one day
You'll see.

Place

I can't recall
By Julianna Portillo-Del Valle



By Lucie Duchêne