

**All walks have lead me to the place
where I stand
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I like putting on a coat I haven't worn in a long time, searching in its pockets for fragments of a past life. To recall people, places, moods, seasons - and myself. My pockets are full of things: keys, coins, tickets, notes, but mostly they are filled with grains of sand, threads, fragments of grass or other hard-to-define materials - the dust of events that settles at the bottom. Some I throw away immediately, others I leave for a while. I walk with fragments of situations and places into other places and times of day.

For example, I climb on a rock to take from it an imprint of a distinctly shaped surface. A form whose shape stems from the accumulated sediment of events, which initially were loose and granular, but which time has transformed into a solid yet ever-changing shape. From the rock, I try to recreate the appearances of days, to obtain a form in which conversations, situations, the atmosphere of a certain period and place are now frozen.

Or I move to a new flat. I pack my life in cardboard boxes and move it somewhere else. I wake up almost certain that there is a window opposite the bed, then I walk down the corridor towards a door that is not there at all. I am still walking around the flat I no longer live in.

Another time, walking along the river, I notice a stone with a striking shape - a fragment of a distant place that, dragged and bumped against other stones, has changed its surroundings and appearance, becoming more and more distinct, a fragment of a place that this river has just brought here.

Sometimes, lying down, I think about the places I left and the flats I have passed through. I then begin to feel something that has long settled inside of me, something almost permanent that could even be put inside a pocket.