

MARCH 2020

VOID



There is void everywhere.

Gostly emptiness.

The cat that sits in a sheltered place in front of the cathedral enjoying the warm sun of spring does not count. It is absorbed with its fur care, letting the world sink into the void.

A woman in front of the mirror. Even time drips into the nothing.

The two lost, confused tourists are bound to come from a different planet. They should have landed on the roof, the gates are sealed off.

With a magical gesture the waiter brushes with a white cloth over the tables. The waiter's magic does not conjure up costumers. Not even the two flies on the counter can be impressed. They died of boredom.

I would like to drink a coffee. The waiter's eyes look at me, hollow and empty. For one single coffee per day to start up the machine... and clean it after...? The waiter disappears into the emptyness of his own eyes.

Void holds sway everywhere.

In the heads as well.