

Observe the subtleties and

realize the scale

It's all a clump of special feelings.
It is inherently tied to your own
life, your experiences, and your
memories, yet underlyingly it
adheres to something grander.
There in the background, it is
waiting, somewhere else,
completely independent of what
you'll become. It connects, and is
something we all have a name
for. It feels weird and warm,
maybe because it includes a tiny
piece of us all?





SESKUGGA



That missing is merely a shade of this intertwisted structure

I understand myself if I
understand others. I understand
you if I understand myself.

To look within I must explain what
I lost. To look within I must touch
what I eventually will find.

Uncertainty overwhelms until you
see how connections cross and
bind.

When distinct feelings morph and
stuff loops back to the same thing.
When whatever comes after brings
what before seemed weird.



The smudged faces are all similar because
I am included in the mess

All memories, all visions, all laughs, all fights, all evolution, all dreams, all tears, all bugs, all nails, all computers, all skin, all slowness, all forget, all mistakes, all missings, all darkness, all stillness, all silence, all zeros, all acceleration, all goodbyes, all alarms, all aliens, all surroundings, all alcohol, all loss, all anger, all purposelessness, all nature, all beauty, all wounds, all defense, all maps, all leaves, all walls, all stars, all thoughts, all times, all roads, all loneliness, all largeness, all emptiness, all quietness, all underlying, all dust, all of this, all the red, all drownings, all expanding, all falls, all freezers, all collapses, all waste, all crashes, all lead back, all sound, all light, all slower, all here, all meaningful, all that is left to lose, all streams, all is wrong, all tragedy, all cold, all disappoint, all rain, all cosmos, all the same feeling, all repeat, all transformation, all that ever, all is over, all again, all ambiance, all pulse, all moral, all stone, all breaths, all blood, all now, all buildings, all sides, all worlds, all crystals, all animosity, all new forms, all changing, all mirrors, all assumptions, all countries, all research, all material, all theses, all reductions, all people, all emphatic, all arctic shades, all broken bridges, all artificial nights, all asphalt, all bodies, all ash, all snow, all floods, all cups, all loving, all asteroids, all the days left, all hope, all hate, all happenings, all accumulation, all grains, all theorems, all blue shine, all blind spots, all fragments, all files, all galactic abysses, all words, all interstellar depths, all hours in thought, all dimensions, all sand, all uncountable, all of the last ones, all of the moments, all fear, all hail, all moons, all weather, all trips, all deformations, all parts, all delirious positions, all ancient instincts, all mass, all businesses, all death, all ugliness, all green ice, all coatings, all enormity, all discreteness, all the longing, all extensions, all intentions, all transparency, all machines, all barrels, all struggle, all places, all food, all murderers, all modern dinosaurs, all portals, all exchanges, all necessity, all weapons, all candy, all graffiti, all graves, all caves, all fields, all paper, all catalogs, all gray, all processors, all shadows, all waves, all trees, all crying equally, all borders, all apathy, all closeness, all grass, all headlights, all circles, all insides, all abandonment, all suppliers, all markets, all mysteries, all questions, all almost, all names, all halves, all living, all hands, all sweat, all answers, all nothing, all sayings, all invariances, all failures, all waiting, all selves, all of this, all of that, all stages, all seas inside, all ground, all hell, all lives, all space, all that grow, all helicopters, all gone, all faulty, all beauty, all human, all biases.

ALL STRANGED



We forget
them as they
forgot those



They are
forgetting us
as we forgot
them

Olika ställen,
samma sak,
inget hem,
så förblir här igen.





I am creating images that doesn't exist. I feel warmth. I feel nostalgia for them. Not because they are real. But because I want them to be real.

The water. The spaceship. The sense of floating. All slowly laughing. Walking. Exploring. Endlessly naked and free.

Remember when every human disappeared?
Remember when none were here? Remember when everything continued to grow and spin?

I was never there and I am not supposed to be there, yet I am here. Do you remember the time after our hope? Can you imagine it? Can you feel it? The technological debris in the mud?

I know I have felt exactly this, because I have memorized that voice. It's pulsating, screaming, and kissing.

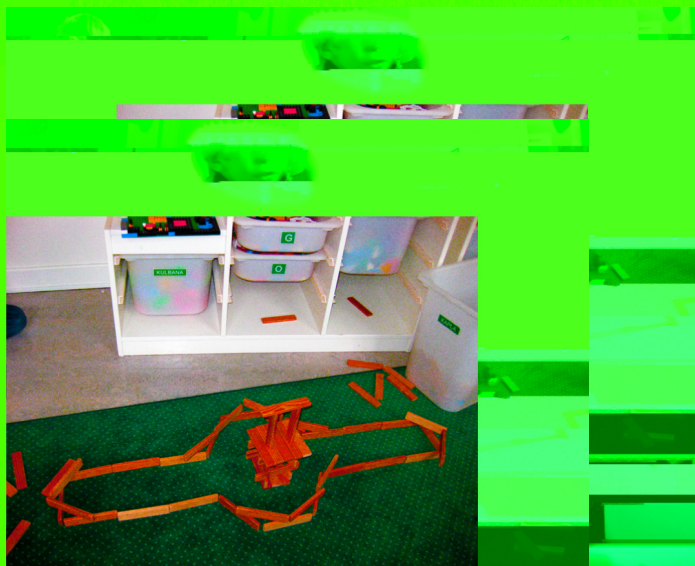
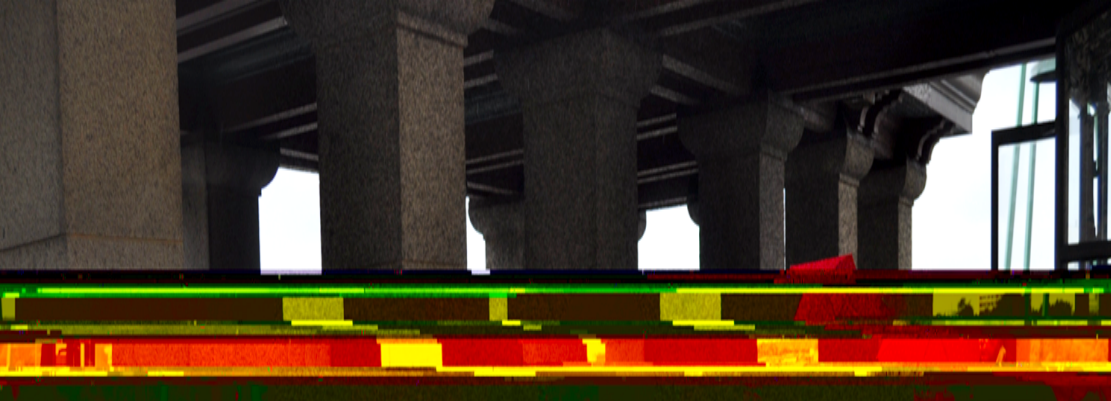
Why this largeness?

All of my dreams of you. All in different shades, and in different nights. I would never see your face, but I can always feel that skin. When we hug, when you lay there all by yourself.

I will always be here, and you will always be there, longing for that field of grass, longing for us to return in forget of where we currently are.

Maybe we are living somewhere where we were never supposed to live?

Why?
Why this largeness?





ALWAYS ALMOST HOME

Hemma igen.
Alltid nästan hemma igen,
gång på gång igen.



It doesn't come back for it is already here!

Growing at the cost of distancing.

Temporary warmth begetting
misalignment

Misunderstandings I cannot
understand.

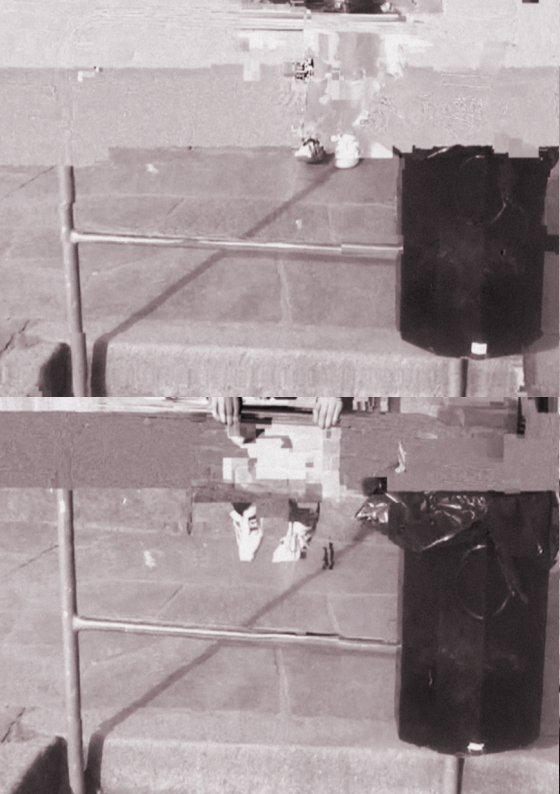
Deformations devoid of something
I cannot comprehend.

It was hard getting to know myself.

It is hard becoming myself.

Looking back or looking ahead.

It all points to the same thing.



Icke Skrikandes



Icke Skrikandes



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