



*IT WILL NEVER  
NOT BE MIDNIGHT*

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A testimony  
in two acts

*N.B.*

*MMXXIV*

Act 1

Remembrance as resistance

or

Being possessed by memory

A tale of rubble and specters

But not of fruit or forgiveness

We're not sure to which one of us  
the memories belong to anymore.  
They belong to all and none.  
They exist in and of themselves.  
Just as the rooms  
in which they were formed  
existed as real physical entities  
that surrounded us  
trapped us  
embraced us.  
That were our home.  
These rooms no longer remain.  
But the memories do.  
So do we.  
Remembrance is our act of resistance.  
Because forgetting is to accept  
the dissolution of life into time.  
And we do not accept it.  
We object strongly against it.

It is not time itself that we refuse.  
It is the thought of our home  
being entirely lost to us.  
We think of it as if time  
devoured our home  
chewed it  
and then spit it out again.  
We are here to recover  
the disarranged pieces.  
We are here to piece together the past.  
But the past keeps changing.  
It keeps rearranging.  
As does the rooms we used to inhabit.  
Furniture changing places  
events coming in and out of focus  
fragments connecting and breaking off  
doors opening and closing.  
The images are fraying.  
Our bodies are not.

The rooms reverberate in us  
long after we have left them.  
We feel the coldness of the floor  
on the soles of our feet  
and the uneven surface of the walls  
scratching our fingertips.  
We can taste the dust-filled air in our mouths.  
As we move through a space  
any space  
our bodies position themselves  
as were they filling the void  
between the furniture  
in what used to be our home.  
One could say  
we are possessed by memory.

Our home put a spell on us  
and we cannot rid ourselves of this hex.  
It is true that we witnessed magic.  
Our home was a grand palace  
a small cabin  
a run-down apartment.  
It was an expanse of potentiality.  
Our home was everything  
we wanted it to be.  
Our home kept us apart.  
The walls created a system  
in which we were  
three separate beings.  
Without it we have begun to blur  
into each other.

Act 2

An architecture within in ruins

or

To become fog

A tale of figures and flight

But not of responsibility or soup

We are keeping apart until we are not.  
Our movements are passive until they are not.  
The boundaries are collapsing.  
There is no architecture confining us  
but the one within.  
And it is slowly crumbling into ruins  
remnants  
whispers.  
Something has gone dark.  
We're not saying it is midnight.  
We're saying it will never not be midnight.  
We're saying the sun will never rise for us.  
Time is in perpetual transition  
and it is blurring the horizon  
at the edge of our beings.

Is it you who is singing?  
Or is it me?  
We are endlessly searching  
for a vantage point  
within one another.  
But we have become fog.  
Messy droplets  
now merging into each other  
obscuring an uncharted landscape  
that only we  
not knowing the map  
might navigate.  
We travel in multiple directions  
at once.  
There are no longer any borders to cross.