

Night with Anna

By Nei Franclin, 2015

I'm happy, but I'm sad. I do everything to make sense of the things I choose to experience. I do not blame anyone for the madness in my head. I write down some things that I observe.

Yesterday I went to sleep one person and woke up another. I slept with Anna, whose artwork is to sleep with strangers, talk and record whatever the other has to say the moment before close your eyes and fall asleep.

How do you feel? What do you think? Anna asked me in the morning. "I do not know," "it was a different night," he said.

I knew I could not tear my eyes out as she could tear words, stories, and moments from a long time ago or the day before. I was in the dark, talking about an image, a dream. Fetching something in my memory and speaking to a stranger in my bed, for an hour or so, leaving bodies almost forgotten, warmed, silencing quietly in the night until they disappeared.

What is Anna looking for? I do not know. I will not ask her.

I woke up to her house noise as I came back from the bathroom. She was laying next to me on the bed, she turned on a camera, and began to shoot the sunlight through the glass door and said that the frame was perfect and the light was beautiful.

I asked if she had slept well and she said "super"! I was silent because she continued to shoot the sunlight that went back and forth in the perfect frame. I tried to get some sleep with a black T-shirt over my eyes trying to get back to some dream. I did not make it. She said "good morning", I kissed her shoulder and went to the kitchen to prepare something for us to eat.

I did not notice that it was part of that moment a strange softness of desire to belong to each other. Maybe the word is different. I'm a bit unfocused now. The image, for example, it exists to confuse, so the conversation is in the dark? It's a try. It's another space. I mean that we must look into our eyes when we talk, even in the dark. Even if we are reinvented in a new bed, naked in attachment, without obsession, without fear, because that place was no longer mine alone. Anna and I walked everywhere, weaving and reaping a little of one and the other: affections, accidents, creations of momentary ends that are constant and eternal like life and death.

And that night we tried to come up with a way of life from 11:00 PM Sunday to 11:30 Monday as if we'd known each other for a long time.

If Anna asked me again what I thought I would say I do not know.