

THINGS HAPPEN BETWEEN THINGS

Blue is my favourite colour

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And soon it is fall.

I watch how seagulls defend their children. They fly above the roofs and scream how happy they are at the ones who come across them. I become someone else. Dry hay stings your bare feet and I curse out loud. It is warm. The information floods in and I hide myself in the kitchen, decisions are made. I switch on the lamp and immediately I hear the grasshoppers sing, there is electricity in the air. I cool myself with ice cubes, the melting ice transforms into trickles of water on my face. The trickles continue their journey by my neck as far as my chest, where they finally stop.

The air stands.

I breathe heavily, as if I'd done a big athletic performance. After eight there is complete silence and I am happy. I look out of the window and see how three people are carrying heavy plastic bags. I notice that one is broken, but I don't have enough strength to inform them. I pour some juice into a glass and hope that it's cold. I am disappointed at the same time when the juice touches my lips. I sit still and wish for telepathic skills, which would help me to be up to date. A cloth bundle on the floor draws my attention with its essence. I open the door to the stairway, where it smells like a strong washing agent. One second and I am used to it.

I take a sticker sheet from my pocket and stick a few stickers to the wall.

A neighbour opens her door and looks at me strictly. I turn my back to her and go down to the street. On the street I bump into someone I know who tells me how his day has been. I offer him a chewing gum, which he refuses.

In between things emptiness acts

I had never seen anything like that

Your warm hands make mine sweat

Or that is how it felt in the moment

Your warm hands make me thirsty

I looked at the moth in the window

You are beautiful

The glass was the separator

Your presence makes me sweat

It took a while to understand what had happened

The contrast lies in the borderline of light and shadow

Of course everything was over for the moth

And I said it in my heart

I spy with my little eye something beginning with

Vanity - that which is of no value

D

Then I said it in my heart, that this is also vanity

Nothing was there in the morning

I got sad

Light flashes. For a moment I am blind

I spy with my little eye something coloured blue

Grass is green and my eyes are blue

Honey we got it all wrong

I spy with my little eye something beginning with

L

O.K., it is all correct

Ends with O - V - E, to make it ease

Long ago I saw her face

Can you see

Traveller travelled for a long time, it was written and then said

She has travelled in my mind ever since

But summertime is the time for anticipations
I let my mind do the trick
Your heart bursts
Never
My heart bursts
Even now
And
One time, I saw a snake
It lay on the road
There it was
It was dead

Air is wet and hot

And my heart bursts

Air is imperceptible

Until the noble end, she said

Air is mostly nitrogen and oxygen

I don't even remember who

Air is one of the four elements. The other three are earth, water and fire

The knowledge has vanished from my mind

Air is

Erased with an eraser, rubbed with a rubber

I'm walking

The road is full of small rocks

Air breathes

Accidentally I kick one, which hits another one and that one is replaced

Air touches my skin

Then I do it again, now on purpose

Air is needed

And then many times, until I'm tired of it

Air surrounds us

And so many of the rocks are in a new position

Air is

And so am I

The sun shines hard
And it burns the ground and my shoulders
The air flickers
And it looks fascinating
A Ray of light hits the ground and springs into my eyes
And so I squint my eyes
Everything seems different
The whole world
But which world is the true one?
The blur or clear
I cover my eyes and I see sparkles but no borderlines
I laugh because I'm nervous
One night I hoped you wouldn't have come here
I cannot control my feelings very well
One night I hoped you wouldn't have gone there
Air touches my skin
You do not want to do what I want
So much space in between
You want to do what you want
We are right next to each other
I cannot control my feelings very well
I wish for telepathic skills

It continues while breathing
And mellow is the thought in my mind
Far far away once I stayed, for a time, not long but wild
What can I say? I am sorry for the trouble; I didn't think it through at the time
So much has happened, between things and life
Like the death of my cat, the best of all I have ever had
After her death she came to me in a dream
She looked the same, and it made me feel
Look, she said that she is now healed, she had been meditating in a retreat
Throughout spaces and times
One star gives its light to the dust
Looking at things I see how they happen in between
Round and round and
After all it's done
Round it goes, like my mind
When your eyes catches mine

You know what?

Rock is harder than wood

It was easier to write than call, even though I had a phone

Rocks are thrown by people

They understood and so everything went as planned

Rocks are normally greyish

Gravel is made of small rocks, she wrote

I miss you and now that is said

A rock in my shoe hurts

It hurts so that I cry

I threw it away like people do

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