

going to sleep late at night.
This time it was different though,
her vision, the same,
Standing up, quick check in her
mirror, no, she still looked like
herself.
Fear begins manifesting. What is
wrong with me, where else would I
be if not here.

It's not fitting together with the idea
I had in my mind, of how this world
should look, sound,
smell, taste, feel. All so enhancing.
Making her notice so many more
things, she had not thought or
noticed that way before, she had
gotten used to.
Her scarf, hoodie and pants lost its

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month ago. The paintstains on the
walls
along with the sheets of paper
displaying her late night painting
sessions. Her breakthroughs,
meltdowns,
calm downs.
The distinguished smell of oil
paint, as it is fleeing out of the
opened window. The smell of fresh
air, freshly cut grass entering. The
taste of morning breath inside her
mouth, she felt sweaty,
touching her face, no, it still felt the
same as the day before.
Her neck still hurt just like the last
couple of days, she knows she
should change her sleeping
positions, her habits as well of

smell, lost their attached
memories, nostalgia, slowly
fading.
Funny, had she thought she could
have kept them forever next to
her? Thinking her smell wouldn't
rub
off onto them, mixing together to
create something new.
Thinking if only she had been
careful enough, by placing them in
a box, hidden rom the world.
Would
it have been any better?

She goes to dress herself,
whatever, she thinks, putting on the
next best thing. Stuffing her bag
with essentials for the day.

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the beginning
she awoke
to find herself
lost in her own space
looking around the room, looking
for a way out, looking for where
she can coordinate herself,
where lies her bed, where her
pencils and blocks she paints
inside of, writes notes, her
thoughts,
her life down in a way.
Checking every page of her
books, if the words are still the
same, if they haven't mysteriously
changed over night.
Her marble desk, still the same
stains from her teacup from a

Next she knew, she was moving
towards the train station, walking
slowly, to make some notes.
Cool air was breezing around her
as she stood at the station,
counting the time down until the
train would arrive, to stop her
looking at the tracks.
It still felt the same, thoughts
enhancing in her mind, she
counted the time.

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waiting

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I am yet again somewhere else
another world, time, this whole
moment, this day doesn't feel right
I see it
but I don't feel it