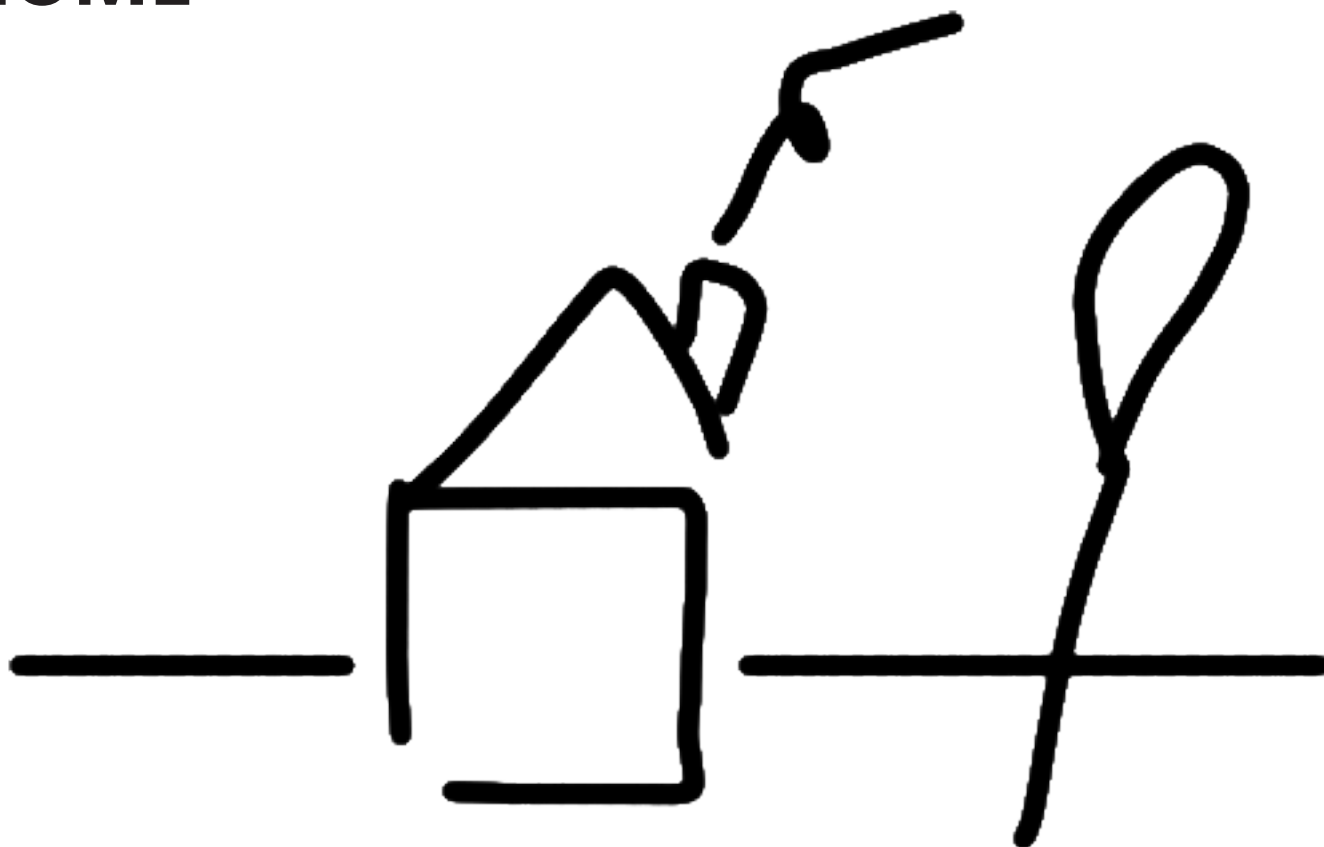


HOME =





*"I forgot my songs,
the glow is gone."*

Once a work colleague, artist and all around beautiful person that like all beautiful people at a certain point what else do you have to say to each other? when we still had stuff to say, she told me about this project: she had people draw home.



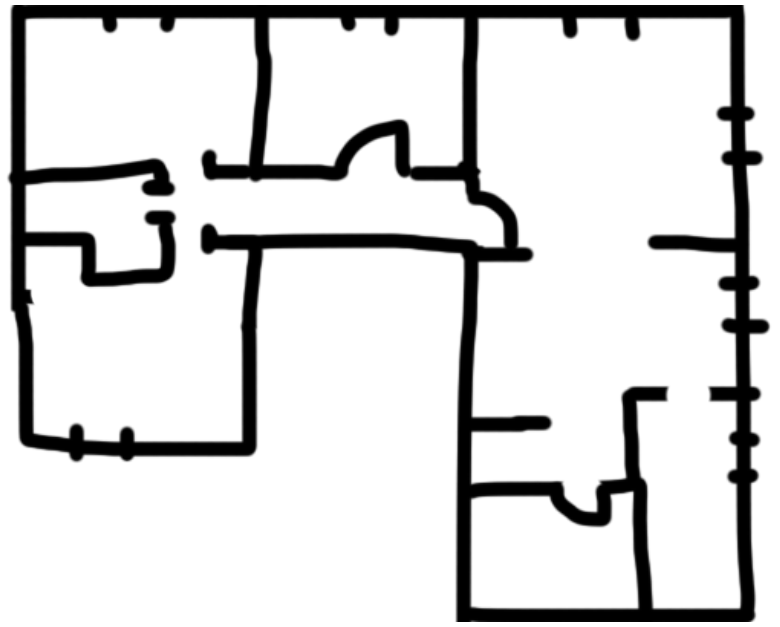
(in italian it's the same, a house is a home and home is a house, casa is casa)

and homes, manymany of them are just prototypes: when did I ever live in a square+triangle+chimney+tree? I lived apartments in milan and away-from-milan, but those were never home. And in the sweltering heat that's maybe better than the usual cold I thought that at last I'd found home and it was you and it was the people, my people. But, as you hug me and the usual cold has returned, maybe home is a blanket, a duvet, or maybe home is one of those words that if I imagine a vocabulary in my head I see a word but no definition, like when they keep asking me what's this romantic attraction i claim not to feel. but home isn't something so similarly stupid and socially imposed, isn't it? if so, why would I have been looking so hard? Should I stop? is it one of those concepts I have to deconstruct? But, as I deconstruct it what would remain? just the usual fleeting moments and meetings, without any drive strenght to fight for these relationships: just me and my blanket, and my duvet...

maybe it's just a thermodynamic need of heat, maybe I'm just a ready-meal, readyready for the microwave: when's my expiration date?i'm just so tired of this fridge and of the usual cold and might as well just throw me away. why should a ready-meal care about its fate? why would it believe in dreams about a greater purpose?

There are many places in which i have slept,
many people with whom I have slept.
none were home.





and maybe it's just the cultural egemony of liberalism, but I tried to ask myself if all this focus on the individual, if this solitude, was nothing more than a defence mechanism... but such explanation made no sense. What makes sense are already-traced patterns, like saying - let's give it a shot, or better - let's try to see if this construct so dear to others fits me somehow. And I tried it with structured relationships, then tried it again with home, with family, with the feeling of being seen and welcome and held and part of something, even if that something could no longer be the *corteo* or the squat, but had to be an alien planet, far away, yet embedded in my skin and remembered by it with almost a sense of nostalgia... but this medicine was also rejected by my body - too forced - my ruminant soul declared and so here I am; no longer an alien
no longer a vignard,
no longer a bunch of things,
probably never been.

This body is all that remains, all that is left.
And I hate it, quite a bit. Surely I don't have any care for it, I have no respect for it, but it's the only thing... nothing special: but this we all knew. A body and nothing else.
And this is quite comforting.
It's a notion that keeps me warm and at peace.
And this makes me think it really is just a form of defence.

