

Through your eyes

Through your eyes I see a city. I look through you to the city. As you walk you echo the footsteps on that city's streets. Behind you a city lies in ruins. Your eyes look past me at that city you carry with you. Behind your eyes and in your movements the city is intact, it lives and breathes. The streets are crowded with people. Your solitude suggests the crowds, your movements are the street life. I walk into your city hesitantly when everything is still, walking through a city of two-dimensional buildings, frozen people.

Then back to my city, the city typified by a period of time, by a couple of summers, a time of discovery, sudden consciousness. The feeling of pounding rock music, love, movement and change.

I cut out, I drove with a man in a car. Hovering above me the possibility of a car smash but worse than that, the accident without collision, where we continued to drive, tragically unaware and somehow feeling untouched. Our lives were in ruins around us and we travelled with the freedom of the dispossessed.

In another life I struggle through crowded streets, tireless, battling against enormous obstacles, blatant tyranny and oppression.

In the future I see you standing in a side street waiting as the street riots move away into the distance. For the first time you wake up.