

Waiting



The large white sack is ready, waiting to cross the threshold of the studio. And I wait with it. Meanwhile, in this suspended world...





I am at home, I have nothing to deal with, nothing to gain. There are no strict schedules. I step aside and observe things. There's no rush. I don't have to be in a particular place at a particular time. Time simply goes by. The landscape is silent.





Strange creatures are lurking in the studio.





They have their own language. With essential words that don't exist in other languages and that allow them to speak clearly about important things, without constantly repeating the same empty words. They don't talk about money, food or famous and powerful people. They talk about planets and animals, about the order of the universe where everything is, was and will be...





The air is different...





Their world is based on an open order. In this great scheme, every creature is free to occupy the space it chooses. There are no offices, banks, hierarchies, ranks, passports, barcodes, schedules. They are always on the move because inactivity corrupts, deteriorates, while movement regenerates.





The universe is immense, in the midst of a cosmic storm. It's best to focus on small things.





Small things contain greater things. There is no doubt about it. They reflect the essence of the world. Awaiting to be set free.