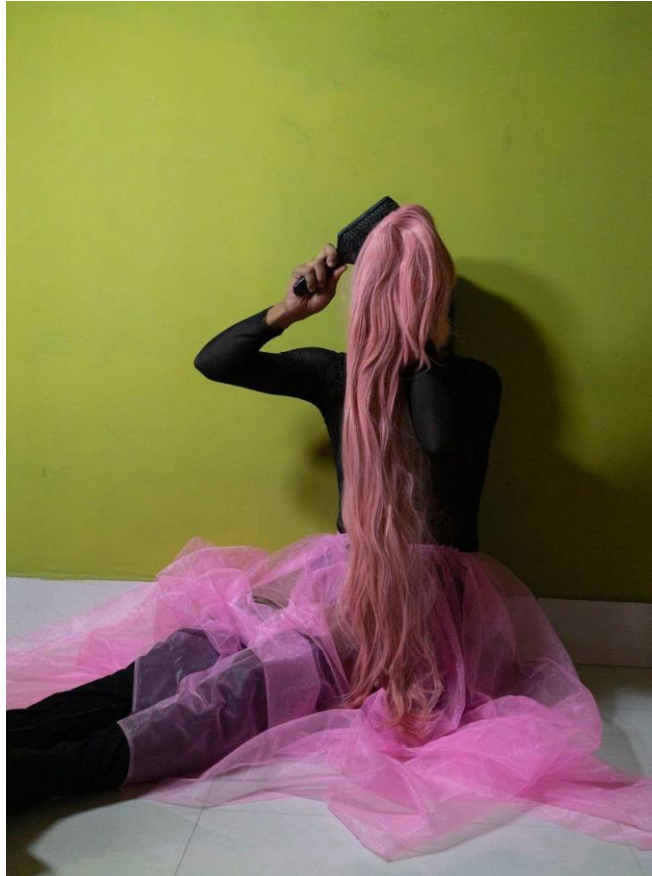


I Can't Breathe

Scene 1: The Face

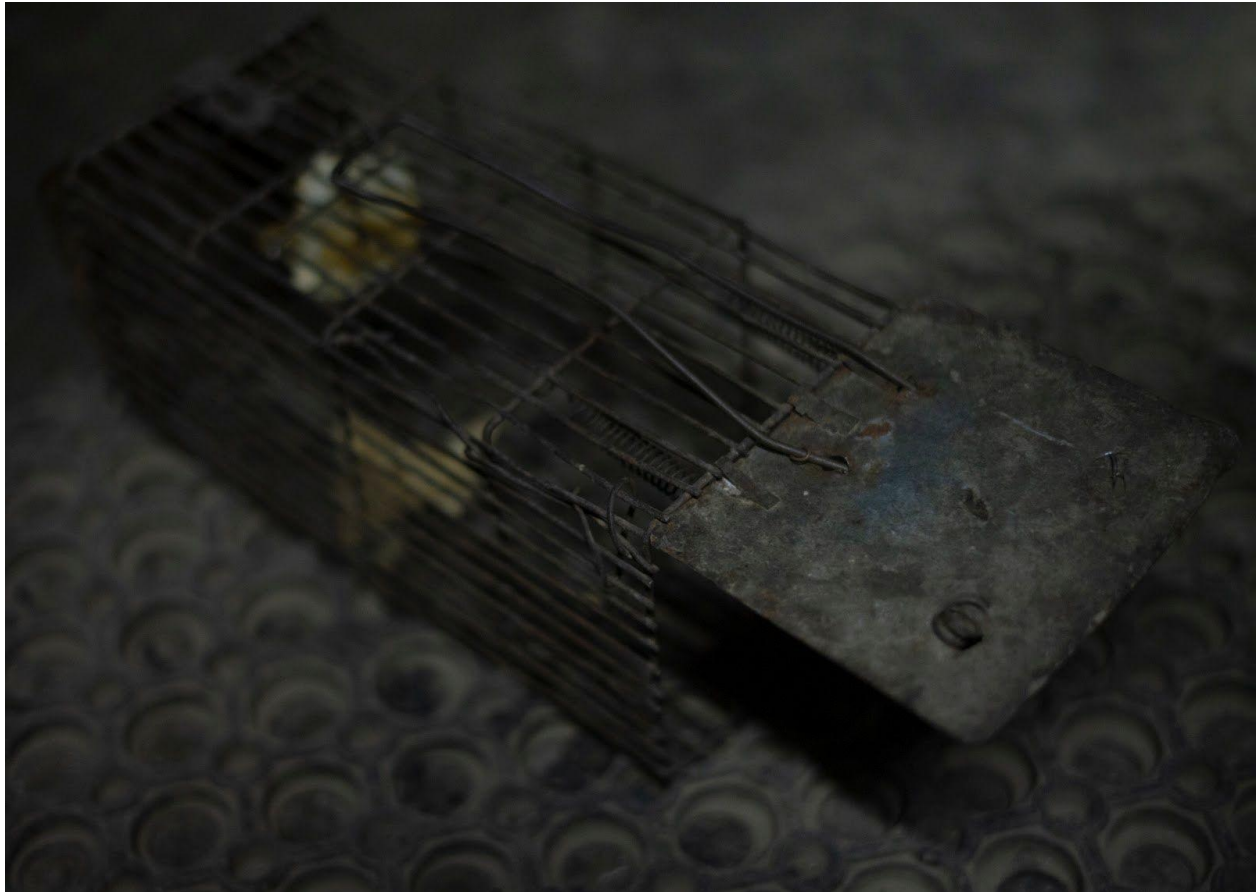


They are saying I was born into crime. The last I remember, I was born ...uhh... I'm sorry I'm not taking my medications these days.

I've actually started forgetting. It's probably my age, an age of viciousness. Do I look like a criminal? Maybe my hair could tell more, or you could identify me by my clothes. I don't know why these things are coming to my mind. I was actually looking for something, justice, yeah, justice was the name. Let me know if you find it.

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Scene 2 : Rat Trap



I've been in the closet for the last one hour, but it feels like decades, leave that, look what I found. Do you know how many types of rat traps are there? When the rats break into the warehouses of the rich, it's because of hunger. While these warehouses are built to feed gluttony. Rats steal to feed, get trapped for stealing, and are fed for being trapped. Isn't it a bit dramatic? When a rat is confined in a cage, there's always a forlorn hope of getting out of it. But have you ever seen a glue trap? They walk into it, they cry, shit out of pain, and die! An easy solution, the Final solution.

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Scene 3: Graveyard



There was a dead rat in the corner of my room. I thought I'll bury it, but I could not choose where to cremate it. The significant difference between a dump yard and a graveyard is, people wish to visit the latter. The monumental cities are erected upon these graveyards and kept clean by the dump yards. I worked at both these places; if given an opportunity, I would have become the president. On my way, I heard the city mourning at somebody's funeral. I don't think I'll find justice soon.

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Scene 4: When the Sun Shines



"I can't breathe." There are so many people shouting those words, but the mayor said if they're saying "I can't breathe," it means they're breathing. Anyway, I offered them my inhaler, they hugged me. I love them. I remember something, but I mix up things, I can't really...uhh...this is so frustrating. I see myself saying these words, "I can't speak! I can't move! When the sun shines, it never shines equally on me. If I proceed to the river to drink water, I run the risk of getting killed."

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Scene 5 : Silence!



Listen to the radio, television, and the internet. Aren't they speaking enough? Be silent!

Shhhhhhh. Don't you understand? you need to understand! (Silently) The last time our ancestors spoke, they broke the chains of slavery! I think there were more chains broken but I can't recall them. Do you want that to happen again? I hope you know this time it could be more detrimental than before. I forgot to tell you I'm an artist.

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Scene 6 : Citylights



Cities are made of prisons, and prisons are made of cities. Tell me, where do we find the maximum number of criminals? Well, everyone knows, not behind bars but in the shimmering chandeliers. Sometimes you see it very clearly when you fly. Don't you find it amusing; the minorities of the states mostly occupy the prisons around the world. I don't; I love patterns.

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Scene 7: The Smoking Fan



Did you know that the fan actually works counter-clockwise? We migrate from our homes for the pendulum of time to move and improve our living conditions. We get illuminated by the rotating fan and dream its breeze. Only to reach closer to it to realize it does not circulate air; it sucks out the air. Did I tell you something about an artist?

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Scene 8: Stream

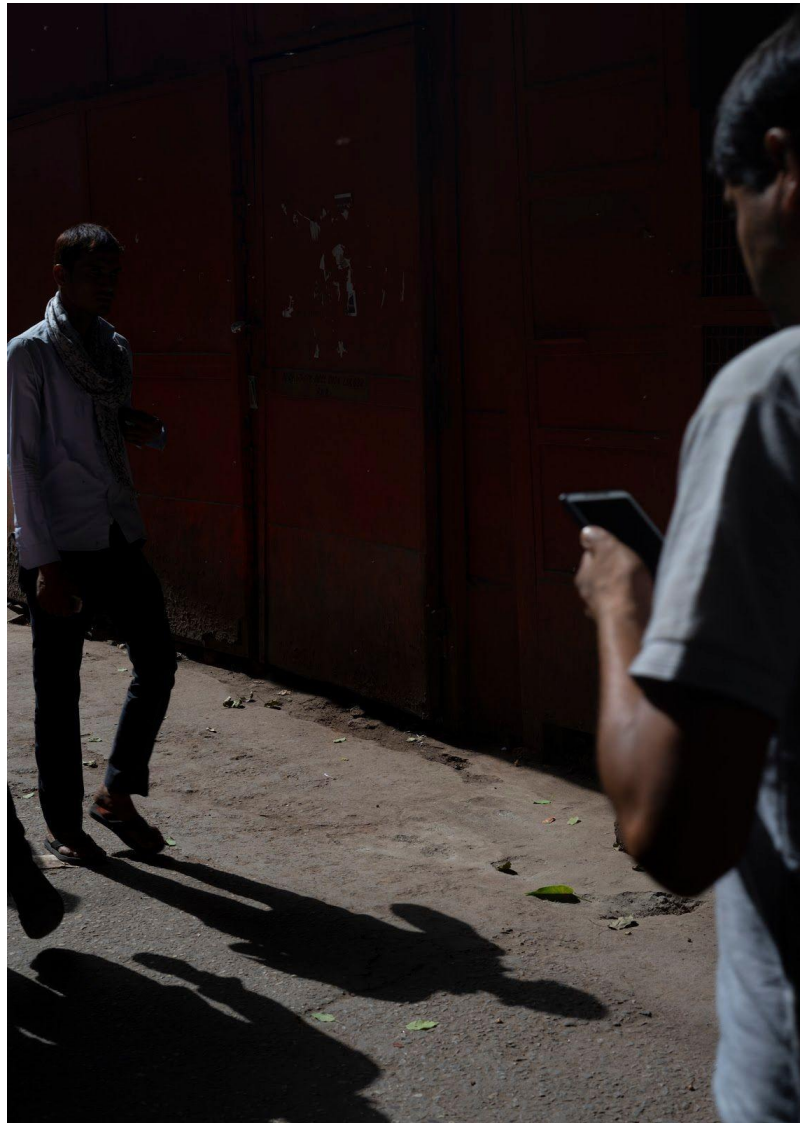


There's a scarlet stream flowing in the hamlet, and a grimy drain overflowing in the capital.

Between the vicissitudes of ghettos and narrow lanes, the working class screams silently. Do you want to listen to it? Not a fight or a brawl or some gory crime thriller. Would you laugh at me if I confess I forgot what art I produced?

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Scene 9: Walking



I heard you love to take long walks. Would you like to walk with me? For once? Maybe? We'll take my regular route, walking thousands of miles through history. You might not be getting a kick for it. Well, count it as an adventure-sport or trend it as a challenge. Moreover, we can search for justice together, on the way. I forget everything and remember something, but I never forget to find justice. I don't know why.

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Scene 10: Light



The light shines only when it falls, like love. You fall, open your wings, and fly forever. Not today, we'll discuss my love life after finding what I was looking for. Every light designer knows the existence of light is based on the surface. Maybe I was a light designer. But I keep listening to various melodies, independent in rhythm and contour, overlapping and playing out harmoniously in my head. There's a word for it...what's that word, uhh, uhh, contrapuntal. That's it! I think I remember, I'm a contrapuntal art. Do you follow? How can you not? Our overlapping territories and intertwined histories follow.

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