



**KIOSK**

**ALICE EVERMORE**

**GAËTANE BODIGUEL**

**N 12**  
**03 10**

**disembodied**

the dream within the dream

the day within the day

each place contained a room within a room



some rooms were filled with things presumed  
to be forgotten

scents, colours and sounds floated free like  
random debris, scattered upon the black waters  
of the collective unconscious

one room led to another and so on, forming a  
labyrinth of hours that clung to the surfaces like  
sunlight













like a day held in place by the equilibrium  
of a memory,  
this room never faltered

no matter how much time passed,  
the present moment was always fixed

the space contained within the nanosecond  
called “now” was forever buoyant, forever clear





holding on to each other tightly,  
we fell together through that space,  
parting the instant before us like aether;  
we passed through the hours effortlessly,  
like a neutron star, unimpeded by all  
the fabric of matter







the pages of inner calendar abandoned  
all rules of chronology

within the scope of my memories, linear time  
had become diluted and transparent,  
like the very light I saw filling the space  
before me

this light went everywhere, its fingers spread  
into every nuance of the self,  
every corner of the room,  
leaving not one crack untouched by some  
shade of its clarity









the silence and the light worked together,  
holding the things about me in  
perfect symmetry

they carried the chair and flowerpot into  
the following day

they escorted the table and the door and  
the many books into the weeks that  
were to come

without the slightest detection of effort,  
they reached down inside of me and  
illuminated hours from long ago



