

Two dear friends

In the bedroom, when the morning light turns shadows into objects, I can see two dear friends looking at me. They are made of paper and ceramic.

I am staring at a blue wall, on an old nail placed there by one of the last owners of this room, hangs a yellow orange ceramic sun, smiling towards nothing. From this blue room, I remember: the green wall of my first bedroom, then white, pink, white again, grey stone and brown wood. The sun inhabited them all, from suitcases to boxes, it traveled and followed me, turned new walls into home. And today, a yellow sun on a blue wall, shining even at the darkest hour of the darkest day, it almost makes sense.

My gaze goes from the blue wall to the grey sky. Watching by the window, she catches my eye. A friend in grey scale: Marion sitting in a car, I remember that day, trapped in a green frame on the side of my bed. She is not an old friend like the sun but she used to be my home. She was always watching me through the lens of her camera. Now, I am watching her through the scratched glass of the frame. We moved away from each other, I kept the picture.

If the walls around me had changed, the old sun and Marion are exactly the same as they were. Two dear friends, sitting with me, surrounded by bits and pieces from the past and the present. Turning walls into home.