

Finally Home it-thinks. Home has been trying to find the time to it-think since Tuesday, delayed by a combination of jet lag and lack of dry underwear. It-thinking should be done dry.

It-thinking, like we-thinking, is the same as putting on a hole-ridden garment, except taking it off.

The best it-thinking is done outside, after a dip in the Spree. Home always dives in the water completely clothed, the way Dutch children learn to swim. Afterwards she crawls to shore and lies in the sun, letting her clothes dry on her skin, their clutch on her body gradually loosening like molted skin. When the blades of grass start to fall from her legs, she knows it is almost time. She can feel it coming on, if only the sun is powerful enough, the underwear dry enough.



Back at her flat, Home remembers the faces she saw that day. It's been a year since *she spoke to anyone; the faces supply all the necessary information for a dialogue in her head.*

She remembers one head, its shape revealed by a freshly shaven scalp, flat on the back.

She rearranges one of the many piles of clothing on the floor. Some of the faces she remembers aren't faces at all, but oddly sewn pockets, unusual or large scars, a loose strap on an open-toed shoe. She turns their expressions around. Just patterns that fade from her mind with the daylight. Home sits holding conversation with them until she is sitting in the fresh darkness of early evening. Then they fall silent. Then she turns on the lamp.

For friends, she prefers furniture. For lovers, the piles of clothes will do, as if someone had just slipped out of her apartment, butt-naked and enlightened.



Outside the rumors swirl about Home's hermitism. Can she keep to herself forever? When will her strike end? Will she return to us someday, when the canals freeze over once more?

She will return to us on the next solar eclipse.



She will return to us when there is peace in our time.

She will return to us when we make the crooked path straight.

Personally, I believe Home will return to us when she runs out of magazines.

Finally Home is back. Home has been trying to find the time to think since Tuesday delayed by a combination of jet lag and lack of dry underwear. It should be done by

Thinking, like we usually, is the same as putting on a hole-tidden garment, except taking it off.

The best I think is to think. Becket is an artist and writer based in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. He exhibits as Becket MWN, and writes under the name Becket Flannery.

Back at her, I think remembers the face she saw that day. It's been a year since the photo. Everyone, the faces supply all the necessary information for a dialogue in her head.

She remembers one head, the face revealed by a freshly shaven scalp, flat on the back.

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For those, she gives thanks. For lovers, the girls of clothes will do, as it should, and just slipped out of her apartment, hot-wired and enlightened.

Outside the mirror with a white hairbrush. Can she keep it herself forever? When will her curls end? Will she return to an ordinary, when she can't freeze over once more?

She will return to us on the next solar eclipse.

She will return to us when there is peace in our time.

She will return to us when we make the crooked path straight.

Personally, I believe Home will return to us when she runs out of mascara.