

DRINK IN HAND

Artist: Mikoï

I'd like to describe what I'm seeing right now to you, I think it is the only way in which you can understand me. I am sitting on a boring black chair in my bedroom. My computer sits on the lower part of my desk next to a cup of coffee, a 2L water bottle, and one aspirin (I have no clue where the bottle is).

I see the fucking mess that is my upper desk when I look up. I see a dozen toys, a crochet Covid plushie, a bag of chips, 8 bottles of expired acrylic paint, a bag of bread, a piece of paper with my life-plan written on it, a bottle of nasal spray, and a Vicks Vapo Rub. And those are just the highlights.

I like to think that my mind and my life resemble the bottom part of my desk, clean, organized, and simple, but life ain't like that.

When I get tired of staring at the fucking mess that is my life, I turn to the right where I can see my keyboard on the floor. I can only see a little bit, but I know it's got dust all over it, I can't remember the last time I used it.

I took it out of its box when quarantine started, thinking I was going to have the energy to have a hobby, now I don't even have the energy to get out of bed. It just became another thing on my desk.

There are nights where I don't sleep, I rather stay awake and "take advantage" of the night. Some nights I stay up doing homework until I see the sunrise or until I fall asleep on my computer watching anime.

There are other nights where I don't sleep because my insomnia takes me by the hand to places I don't want to go to. Some other nights, I just sit on my boring chair staring at the keyboard and I start to remember the times when I liked doing things, fuck. But I always go downstairs to the kitchen for something to drink, a Yakult, a beer or a coffee, even, to feel like a divorcée that just finished crying at three in the morning.

I am always tired, I don't know if it's my anemia, the monotony, or the coffees at three in the morning.

Before, when I was younger and my knee didn't hurt, I'd tumble onto the grass in my backyard with a Yakult in hand, and I would drink it whilst looking at the clouds.

I can't remember the first time I drank a Yakult, but I do remember saying it was Mexico's national treasure; I then found out Yakults were Korean and I didn't know what to think ;-; I thought that it was Yakults who put Mexico on the map.

Then, because that is how time works, I grew up. I stopped looking at the clouds with a Yakult, but with a beer.

I would go to the corner store and buy myself some Indio and tumble onto the same spot that used to have grass. Sometimes I even went to the roof to not listen to anyone.

Mikoï's work relaxes me, they make me remember what I used to feel when I stayed there on the roof of my house and burnt my legs and my eyes because I didn't wear sunglasses.

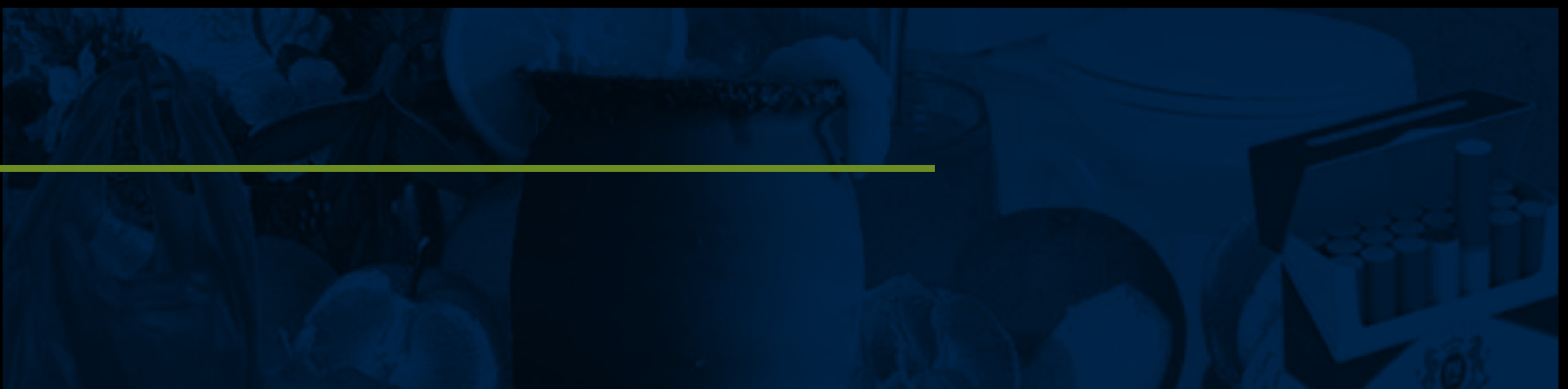
They are easy to understand, they remind us about the beauty of the monotonous, of the everyday, of a trip to the corner-store, they remind us of when we stop at a gas station to get a Paketaxo and a Corona to continue our trip into the future.

They remind me of the times when I waited for the silent afternoons without classes, when monotony was something I longed for, when I used to go outside to look at the snow and my feet would get frostbite, when my mind was quiet, and I felt like the bottom part of my desk.

I was obsessed with stoicism and with Seneca a couple of years back. I read all his essays and I even lived according to his philosophy. The first time I heard about this was in my Grade 12 Philosophy class when my teacher referred to me as a stoic. That was the most important term I learned in that horribly carpeted classroom. After hard research, I concluded that Stoicism is not a grim analysis of things - as many people see it - but a way to seize happiness from adversity. I realized that life was not about happiness and unhappiness, successes and failures nor about peace and war, but rather about your own character and rationality above anything else. Each individual brings about her own good and her own evil, her own fortune, and her own misfortune. By choosing wisely, and analytically you can discipline your own mind. Throughout these years, I felt like the bottom part of my desk, my life had an order, everything was exactly where it was supposed to be.

But then, I started accumulating more thoughts, more things on my desk, I started to waste time and choose things randomly (just like my degree, hee don't tell my parents).

And then I don't know what the fuck happened, I think time went by, and I grew up and turned into the upper part of my desk. I know where everything is, but I don't understand why they are there. Just like I can't remember how a Yakult turned into a beer in my hand.



1. Make a small hole with your finger
2. Take the whole cap off.



By: Sofia Figueras





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