

# HER

ARTIST: OLGA KARLOVAC

[ [inverösímil](#) ]

Escúchanos en SPOTIFY



Even now, heartbroken, while my heart aches in the form of thoughts, ideas, and silly explanations of why she left me, even at this moment, and obviously, in love, she has a face and her face, as long as I keep looking at her photographs, will have a meaning. Her face is real: her deep black eyes slanted like her father's, the long black hair that highlights her big and rosy cheeks, her beautiful and full smile, with those lips that kissed so very beautifully.

Love always has a face. Today it is hers. Before that, perhaps, my face has been the face for love for someone else. However, this face can be, in the words of Julia Kristeva, any face.

Kristeva says that immersed in the modern city, we love like narcissus, the young Greek mythological man who saw himself in the reflection of a lake and fell in love with himself, but the catch is that he thinks he has fallen in love with someone else, he doesn't know that it was a reflection of himself in the water.

For Julia Kristeva, the face of our beloved can be anyone who travels through cities, cities full of faces. This is because our true love is ourselves, we love ourselves and we don't know it yet, but we are always on the lookout for someone else's face. Her eyes are the only ones that give me what I want, and her touch, what I need.



Olga's photographs blur out faces, details, they seem to offer us the possibility of falling for those figures that walk, they are whatever and whoever we want them to be. The first time that I saw them, she was not in my life, neither she nor anyone else, and I thought these photographs were perfect, anonymously forceful.

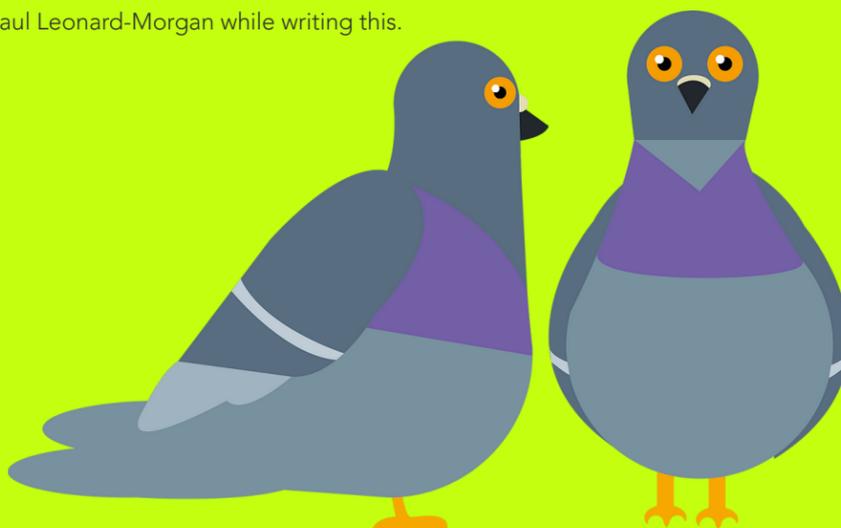
Today, without her, without you, I refuse to believe Kristeva, I refuse to believe that I only lived you to get the things I wanted, for the things that I needed, what I wished for. Yet, Olga's photographs continue to fascinate me, but I abhor everything other than your eyes, your lips, your smile that I imagined waking up next to every morning. I hate that, as the days go by, your face fades into a world full of photographs.



I stare at your lips and shoulders in your photo, your lips that kiss other lips. That maybe are those two faces that blend into each other in Olga's photo. I'm sorry if my text has lost its rhythm, its cadence, it only has a clumsy explanation of what love seems to be in these days where eros seems to be dying.

I listened to The Teacher by Philip Glass and Paul Leonard-Morgan while writing this.

by: *Dávila Onofre*



LUDWIG  
FARE



I WANNA GO, I WANNA LEAVE

SANTIAGO  
MORA



DAMORA

PEDRO  
TRUEDA



I DESERVE SOMETHING BETTER

