

siria es aquí

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por: f. bravo

"but always the same eyes of sadness, because everything out there is familiar within."



1.

I would like to feel this space less mine, less known. not to recognize anything, the clothes over the couch, or the hanging guitar, that I did not recognize and rejoice at how pleasant it is to sit on this couch, that the light of the lamp seemed unknown to me, that that plant on the dresser was simply a plant and that nothing else had to do with it, that none of these objects reminded me of anything, or anyone. maybe that's why I like to travel by renting apartments from strangers, because there are stories in the objects that I don't know, it can be felt something, but nothing familiar.



2.

I recognize one or the other on the wall, some faces seem, in a way, familiar to me; others I can know who they are because the posters have their names, at least their "famous people" names. we have sung las mañanitas, people are happy, they are radiant of that social joy that is necessary to celebrate. maybe I'll eat a piece of cake. I would like to be in a place full of strangers, but who treat me familiarly, and not with that suspicion that you have to the stranger, to be able to walk, see, greet and feel confident, but without recognizing someone. how I would like to be a stranger in this room and I could eat cake and maybe laugh at some joke I don't know, because sometimes the jokes are already so familiar.

3.

the first time I went abroad, when I stopped seeing the buildings and people I knew since childhood, everything seemed strange to me, everything seemed new: colors, shapes, smells and flavors, even in the smallest details I found differences. I loved that feeling of new faces, of new sounds, new languages, sometimes totally incomprehensible that generated a certain anguish in me. but every time I went back to "home" the colors mixed, faces suddenly looked alike, buildings seemed a little familiar here and there. then I preferred to leave again to rekindle the newness. a good day, everything seemed familiar soon, after a few days I saw in every place, no matter where I was, different faces, colors mixed in particular ways, maybe special accommodations, but always the same eyes of sadness and joy, of anxiety, jealousy and rejoicing, of pleasure and anger; no matter where I went, it was always the same eyes, because everything out there is familiar within.

a border is a chance to get out and meet the familiar again.



ESCRITO POR:
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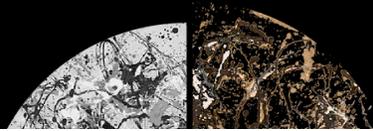
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también checa

SASINUN KLADPETCH
invasión
versión mexicana



SASINUN KLADPETCH
invasion
non-mexican version



Arte y Cotidianidad
Líneas
versión mexicana

Arte y Cotidianidad
Lines
non-mexican version

