

## **don't take my things,**

I don't recognise my face, but people continue to recognise me by it. I don't recognise my face, but people continue to recognise me by it. They look at me and know who I am. They know my name, they know my story. I wake up with memories that I know belong to me, but it's hard for me to comprehend that it was me who woke up in these diverse places. My brain seeks addiction, to make living with this easier. I'm not feeling that bad, I find another dimension. The world is too big to just be what is shown to me. The world is too small to just be what is shown to me. The world is not sized to just be what is shown to me. I don't trust in my hearing to guide me on the street, but I also don't trust my vision. I don't want to trust my vision; it seems too deceptive. I will have to trust my ears then, they dictate my reality. My imagination.

I wear a mask because it's the same to wear it or not. I wear it because it's the same. I don't recognise myself anyway. Am I my own mask, then? Is my spell out of date? Out, out, out. I no longer see myself in my body; my story has passed, my body keeps moving, but I no longer recognise where I am.

I created a Madalena based on an idea of a box of ideas of spells.

For me, might as well be a Lucia.

talk to time, then we can continue,

I don't want to have this inner world, the outside world is so beautiful. The sun is so beautiful. And my hands are also so beautiful. How am I supposed to relate to any human being existing within my life? My eyes see objects, I love them. It will make sense. My heart is kind to them. With them, I'm not scared, I don't question myself. I keep everything with me, as if these objects know things about me that I don't... and I want to discover myself, I can't let them take that away from me. If they take my things, I get lost more in this world to which I don't belong. Don't take my things, don't take my things, don't take my things, don't take my things. I am an accumulation of things. don't take my things, don't take my things, don't take my things, don't take my things.

my inner child needs them.

I am experiencing a strong depersonalisation,  
but I am calm.

I know it will pass.

I know it will quickly become simpler to pretend that I believe in this city of lies that I created. And life becomes lighter.

What if I make an object for my foot, that would help him to write? Maybe this way he will stop feeling so lost in this world to which he doesn't belong. Perhaps the possibility of pretending to believe in the spell he is possessed by will become lighter, As he adapts to his condition.

He tells me he's not from around here; I tell him I'm not from around here. I don't belong anywhere. From inside me.

and from time to time, I have to come out.

My child always lived inside herself,  
there she was ok.

Poor little foot, I'm going to take care of him.

Shoes for the feet,  
underwear for the woman.

Stop trying to bring me to where I don't belong. Don't belong, don't belong.

Don't take my things, let me keep them. They know things about me that I don't. I need to better understand.

Here I go into the life I created. What I feel is to go be something I fantasized about. To be out of date but having to continue living in this city of lies playing catch with myself. This spell no longer works. The objects know my true spell. Let them stay. Don't lose them! Don't lose them, don't steal them, don't ruin them. My great-grandmother lives in constant fear of having her things stolen.