

(REMEMBERING ALL THE THINGS I DON'T KNOW)

She visits the underworld by choice. To remember all those things she wanted to tell you since so long ago. Everything seems so hard to grasp. How to put fog into words? (Descending.) Decisions become impossible. And the notion of things existing at the same time somehow doesn't fit in only one body. She wanders, in search for the place where you find her and she finds you. Or, where you become her and she becomes you - again. A place of bursting bodies, merging and separating at the same time. Vivid ponds and silent streams come across her way. Nightfall is upon those waters, covering their grounds and turning their depths into fields of shimmering darkness. What looks like reflections of glittering stars, lighten up the gloomy liquids. She dives into the warm, balmy water, merging with its currents. There, she gets ahold of an especially intriguing little light. Her hand feels heavy as she pulls it closer again. A weary, slippery substance escapes her grip, through the gaps between her fingers, leaving behind a small metal object. (Coin.) She starts turning the coin in her hand, around and around. With her index finger following its edge. A narrow, circular surface forming the third side of the coin.

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