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The difficulty of our times has been (as it always has) a defining force for our generation's evolverment, that we find ourselves up against constantly.

As writers, poets and poppyseeds, we were asked to contemplate on the things around or inside of us that required our attention, maybe once in the past, in a surrounding present, or an undefined future.

No matter the time, we are always within a challenging position when trying to figure out what it might be that demands our notice, and even so, it is merely a second step before the immense how to help, how to be there, how to affect for -it -them -us. And of course the first step: an itching request for something to change.

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Cardigans

I remember the moment vividly—draped in my grandfather's dark green wool cardigan over a light-yellow spaghetti-strap shirt. The textures clashed, the colors contrasted, and yet, somehow, it worked.

"You know, you can mix contrasts—masculine and feminine, structured and fluid," I mused, posing in front of the mirror.

My parents observed, hesitant yet intrigued. "It looks surprisingly good. We wouldn't have thought to pair them."

"I understand fashion," I said with quiet confidence. "I like to play with styles."

Their approval was fleeting. "Please take it off," they asked. "We want to preserve it."

The cardigan was among the few personal belongings my mother inherited after my grandfather's passing—a watch, a coat, personal letters. Each item carefully folded, wrapped, and stored, as if preserving his presence. I had only borrowed it for a moment, drawn to its weight, its warmth—a warmth that felt almost human. The wool carried his scent, the imprint of his body, the habit of his hands slipping keys into the right pocket. In that moment, I felt close to him, as if he were still there.

Years passed, and I never wore the cardigan again. Yet, it lingers in my mind, reshaping itself into an empty silhouette—an absence filled with presence.

Growing up, I often felt alone. As an only child, I questioned why there were no siblings, why the neighbourhood children were all singular like me. In my solitude, I imagined companions clothed in empty cardigans, their forms growing—siblings, classmates, teachers, an alternate version of my parents. My mother, once skilled in knitting, had no time for it after the closure of her state-run textile factory. The economic reforms of China in the late 20th century erased the stability my parents had once known. Their survival had always depended on following the directives of the state. But now, suddenly, they were left to fend for themselves with only a few months of severance pay, whose value diminishing with relentless inflation.

Loss, powerlessness, and hopelessness filled our home. It was the paradox of a nation on the brink of becoming an economic giant, while its people stood amidst the ruins of certainty. The one-child policy had been rigorously enforced, ensuring that all resources were concentrated on sculpting the next generation into global citizens. The country stretched vast and empty, ripe for exploration. Desire swelled without limit. It felt like being caught in a relentless current - swim fast to keep up, no turning back, no place to rest, no pause.

I kept returning to the image of those empty cardigans, embodying the powerless individuals swept along in the machinery of progress. My work materializes their voices—voices of those unheard, unseen, displaced by the tide of transformation. In these hollow forms, I find echoes of memory, resilience, and the quiet weight of history woven into every thread.

Farewell To A Loved One

I want to demolish my home in Istanbul.

Home is an universal concept—for the lucky ones. It provides comfort, a space to be ,and become yourself, a nest to be completely vulnerable. Even when nothing in it physically changes, everything changes. My home is deeply engraved in my identity. I very much see the remains of it in myself. Memories are still extremely present to me. I still remember when I was little, I loved it so much that I wanted to experience every corner of it, as if I could absorb every part of it into myself. Now, I recall that thought with a bittersweet smile.

People often say that home is not a place but a feeling. I disagree. For me, home was always a place. The feelings used to arise from being there.

By destroying it—this time by my own choice—I am preserving it. Every trace, every step, carries my memories. By demolishing it, I make it eternal. I interfere with its lifespan and disrupt its natural cycle. By destroying it myself I prove that I was once there. Although it seems like the story ends here, it actually remains here permanently.

I plan the demolition to be unannounced. The other residents will not know. Because I have come to the conclusion that there is never a good day to say goodbye to something you love. Every day is too soon. Every day is unexpected in its own way. So, I tell nothing to no one.

I want the destruction to happen slowly. I see this slowness as showing respect for its long presence there. I plan to use an excavator, starting from the top floor and working my way down. I plan to drive it myself- if I find the courage. If not by someone who has no relation to the building, has no idea what has been felt or experienced there. Commands are simple: start from the top floor and go to the bottom.

My home is in the middle. This allows time for me to prepare myself - and later to mourn. As the floors above me crumble, there is space for farewell. I experience the emotions fully. I remember my memories. The good and the bad days. The celebrations and the silences.

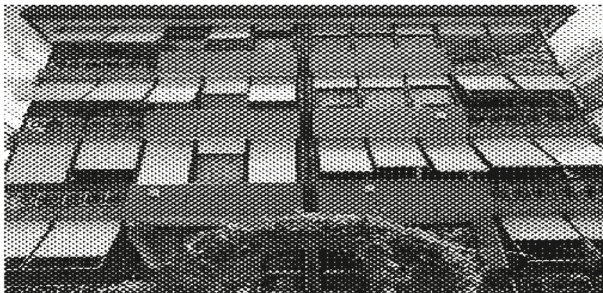
...

Then come the last two floors. There is time for grief. There is longing and despair, a hazy feeling of guilt. But when the floors below collapse entirely, mourning stops. I then forget what once stood there. Completely.

The building mentioned has already been demolished due to the high risk of collapse after the 2023 Turkey-Syria Earthquake.

But I never felt like I had the time to say goodbye properly.

So, this text is my farewell...



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So, this text is my farewell...

Children of water

A sunny afternoon, I walk along the edge of the ocean. The wind leaves marks in the sand. The sun is almost too high for October. It's the kind of day when you realize autumn is slowly turning into winter. The beach is almost empty. Here and there, I see people walking their dogs.

I'm not enjoying what is probably the last warm sunrise of October, nor the cold water that would touch my toes if I took off my shoes and sock.

I'm just walking, looking at the wet sand, gazing at the pink, blue, gray and orange of the seashells.

I'm carefully listening to the sound my shoes make.

Now and then, I make a short stop.

I gaze at a black, flat, shiny stone just next to my left foot. I crouch down and reach out my empty right hand to pick it up. The stone is much lighter and a bit wetter than I expected. With my right thumb, I brush the sand off and grip it again, slightly tighter. Then, I stand up to keep walking.

Little waves come to wet my shoes. I ignore them and just gaze at the stones.

I find another stone— a white, foggy one. It must have taken forever for this stone to make it to this beach. The stone is gathering all the sunlight. This time, I pick it up with my left hand— firmly, but gently. It looks smaller in my hand. I bend my head to look at it more closely. Here and there, I spot black grains.

Both my hands are filled with stones.

I run my fingers across them and continue walking, until I find my favorite stones.

The wind blows my hair, and a dog, a very happy dog, gallop besides me.

I pass an elderly couple. They glance curiously into my hands as they walk by. I respond by slightly raising my hands, full of stones.



en dan denk ik aan de maas
hoe die stroomt
hoe die glinstert
hoe die ruikt
en dan denk ik aan mijn hand
hoe die glinstert
hoe die ruikt
hoe de maas er vanaf druipt
en dan denk ik aan mijn oog
hoe die het stromen waarneemt
hoe die stroomt
hoe rond die is
en dan denk ik aan mijn brein
hoe die denkt
hoe die stroomt
hoe die glinstert

and i think of the "mesh"
how it flows
how it glitters
how it smells
and i think of my hand
how it glitters
how it smells
how the "mesh" drips from it
and i think of my eye
how it perceives the flowing
how it flows
how round it is
and i think of my brain
how it thinks
how it flows
how it glitters

de grieken en de romeinen
maaktten vaak ruzie over
wie er als eerste mocht en
wie als tweede en wie dan
de paprika mocht en als de
paprika dan op was mocht de
ander nog wel van de kruimels
proeven en dan liet die diens
vinger en haalde hem over
de bodem en ze hadden wel
een een natte braak van het
zwemmen als ze vergaten
waren iets met de stemen of
hun ouders zich daar niet meer
om bekommerden toen
in de tijd van de grieken en
de romeinen

the greeks and romans
often fought about
who could go first and
who could go second and who then
could get the paprika and when
the paprika was finished then the
other may have a taste of the crumbs
and so he licked his
finger and pulled it along
the bottom and they sometimes
had wet trunks from the
swimming if they had forgotten
to bring something along or if
their parents no longer
worried about those things back then
in the time of the greeks and
the romans

Εκείνη τη νύχτα ήταν σαν ο ήλιος να είχε κατέβει στη γη.
Μάλλον είχε ξεχάσει να ανατείλει.

Το ξέρω, επειδή εκείνη τη νύχτα ήταν μαζί μου, στο κρεβάτι μου.
Ένωθα όλο το δωμάτιο να ξεχειλίζει από ζεστασιά.

Ήταν η δική του.

Η παρουσία του θύμιζε γάλα με μέλι και η μορφή του ήταν σαν ένα
καλοκαιρινό πρωινό.
Πριν κλείσω τα μάτια μου, μου είχε χαρίσει ένα χαμόγελο.

Δώρο πολύτιμο,
θα έλεγε κανείς.

Μου άξιζε, άραγε;

That night, it was as though the sun walked the earth
Perhaps it had forgotten to set.
That night, he was with me, burning my sheets.

The room with brimming with warmth;
his own.

His presence was like milk and honey
shaped like the summer dawn
A smile rose on his face,
right before my eyelids fell

A precious gift,
some might say.

Did I deserve it?

Σήμερα η μέρα είναι ηλιόλουστη.
Ο ουρανός καταγάλανος και ο ήλιος με περηφάνια μας χαρίζει
λίγη από τη ζεστασιά του.

Έχει αρχίσει να μυρίζει καλοκαίρι.

Αλλά αυτή τη μέρα την νιώθω διαφορετική από τις άλλες.
Είναι σαν η ζεστασιά που ένιωθα να έχει αλλάξει το άγγιγμά
της.
Κάθε τι για καλό, είπα, έχει αρχίσει να μυρίζει καλοκαίρι.

Σαν κουναγά το λευκό μαντήλι, ένιωθα το σώμα μου να
υδρώνει,
Το στήθος μου ήθελε να πει.

Παρ' όλα αυτά, σκέφτηκα. Έχει αρχίσει να μυρίζει καλοκαίρι.

Ήταν που μέχρι και ο Ήλιος χαιρόταν να λάμπει πάνω στο
ελαφρύ του μαυρισμένο δέρμα

Είναι που μέχρι και ο Ουρανός στεναχοργάται όταν τα
σύννεφα δεν τον αφήνουν να του χαρίζει το απέραντο του
γαλάζιο

θα είναι που μέχρι και η θάλασσα όταν δεν θα τον έχει κοντά
της θα πάψει πια να μας τραγουδάει.

A sunlit sky blankets the world, today.
The sky deep blue, the sun gifting us its warmth, with pride.

I can smell it: summer.

But something is changed. The warmth touching my skin felt
foreign.

“Warmth nonetheless” I said, “I can smell it: summer.”

Whilst waving a white handkerchief, I felt my body drenched
in sweat,
I felt something in my chest, right beneath the skin, something
wanting to be said, but unborn.

So, I repeated: “I can smell it: summer.”

The sun seemed to like
dancing on his light
tanned skin

even the Sky wept
when the clouds would not allow him
to be given that never-ending blue

Perhaps even the Sea
In all her glory
will cease to sing her song
when he is nowhere near.

Κάθομαι, περιτριγυρίζομαι από αγνώστους που γνωρίζω.
Η διάθεση μου παιχνιδιάρικη αλλά και συγχυσμένη

τα χείλη μου αφυδατωμένα από χθες.

το μόνο πράγμα που έρχεται στο μυαλό είναι η κορμοστασιά
του.. Στιβαρή και προπάντων ελκυστική.
Ακόμα έχω τα αποτυπώματα του πάνω μου, θαμπά σημάδια
πάθους και ευχαρίστησης.

Η μυρωδιά του ήταν ένας καυτός καλοκαιρινός ιδρώτας,
το άγγιγμα του με έκανε να νιώθω σαν ένα πολύτιμο
μαργαριτάρι, το οποίο λαχταρούσε,
και ήθελε πολύ να νιώσει.
το στήθος του σαν ένα καταφύγιο, που μου ήταν αδύνατο να
μην ξεκουράσω το κορμί μου μετά από ο,τι είχε προκύψει.

Θα μπορούσα να είχα μείνει εκεί για πάντα

I sit, surrounded by strangers I somehow know.
My mood, playful—yet confused.

My lips, dry from yesterday.

The only thing that comes to mind is his frame
Steady, and above all, magnetic.
I still bear the marks he left on me—faint traces of passion and
pleasure.

His scent was like a sweltering summer sweat.
His touch made me feel like a precious pearl, desired, craved,
longed for.
His chest felt like a refuge, one I couldn't help but rest my body
against
after all that had unfolded.

I could've stayed there forever.



The lonely spectacled eider, wading in the North Sea, looking around and starts sweating when the reali

“Wait a minute...
Where are all the
chicks?”

Does it have a visa?

OMG THEYRE GONNA DEPORT THE
SPECTACLED EIDER!

They confirmed COVID-19 was made in a lab, it wasn't from a bat.

Wuhan does have a big disease research center so it's not...
[implausible]

Someone *really* fucked up there

Well, if it wasn't for covid I wouldn't be here. Did I tell this story already? I was in the airport and all the flights were cancelled in from of my eyes. My flight back to Australia would have two transfers, one in Bangkok and one in Manilla. So, I called my grandpa for advice because I was so scared to be stuck in the Philippines or something and he asked me “Do you have a support system there? Do you have a job and friends, an apartment?” And I go like “Yea” “Then stay” he said. So, I stayed. I just said goodbye to my girlfriend, thinking I'm never going to see her again, but then I just turned around and walked out of the airport. We had just cried and everything and then I'm just like hey I'm back.

TROTTEUR!

TOURNEDOS!

GROIN-GROIN!

THE

DO THE PUMP, DO

PUMP!

Núl points :(

PANKCAKES PANCAKES

PANCKAES

PANCAKES PANCAKES PANCAKES PANCAKES
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Have you had your ant-jam yet?

He needs to recenter his chakras in the Mediterranean.
I'm less grumpy there.

You let a dog out?
Hamish, go fetch that dog!
But it looked like it wanted to go out...

I just love beagles, man
The manager of this place I used to work has her Instagram explore
full of beagles..... ONLY beagles
Now, that's a nice algorithm

All I get is thirst traps
I only like the dog on the ferry

Did someone say beagle thirst trap?
BEAGLE THIRSTTRAP!???

Guys, that was my 100th bird!
Woooooohooooo!
Congrats man!

Shall we watch this documentary about the migration of South-African birds.

[...]

Or maybe this one about migration of birds to Israel?

Booo!

Fuck those Israeli birds!

Actually,

they're Palestinian birds.

I think you just met your spirit animal.

Dude, I cried. It kept looking at me with those big black shiny e y e s while standing like a pencil in that shallow bath. And k n o w i n g it's in quarantine because she has lungworms makes it only more tragic for such a cute baby seal named Toos. TOOS! I hope she gets better and gets released soon. I trust the Ecomare, they seem to know what they're doing.

Okay, time for a broodje haring.

We're cycling in the first gear

We've done this before

Goose is cycling in the first gear

Can't do three or four

Heron's cycling in the first gear

qw =Don't know nothing else

We're cycling in the first gear

Fasten your seatbelts



28th of December, 2009 is the day Neul came to this world.

Neul was born with 3 other siblings. Sarang, Chorong, and one more with a curious name but loves to eat. His mother Dasol started having contractions at midnight yet couldn't make it on her own. Dasol's family brought her to 'Liz Veterinary Clinic' (also where we met Neul for the first time) and she gave birth to 4 healthy, happy, cheeky pups at around 1:30. When we saw Neul for the first time, we knew it was him that we loved. Every cent we made by doing chores went to the fund for getting the necessities for Neul, as he was enjoying his first winter, first everything inside his mother's paws. After 3 months of milk, rice, and mother's love, Neul came to us as we promised Dasol on our knees that we would cherish Neul, and be what she would be for him until forever. The 300,000 won was wrapped in a white envelope, and enclosed with our best Sandylion stickers. We drove through the snowy February landscape with Neul in my pink puffer along with a few cans of chicken rice wet food, a pink dog bed with safari animals, and a felt lobster doll. And this is how Neul became the 5th member of our family. After that, Neul grew, grew, and grew. He ran, he barked, he jumped, he walked, he napped, he ate, he painted all over the blanked with piss and occasionally - felt tip pens.





He met friends and families, sunbathed, was mesmerized by beings smaller than him, observed red spiders and ants, chased birds, cuddled, woke up, and repeated this all over again... In between this time, he also encountered moments and changes. Some being understandable (surprisingly death was one of them. He was sad for a while tho) but some were hard to process (moving houses, some family trips that he couldn't join, toys disappearing) but always held his ground strong and solid inside our house. Even after the leg surgery he still climbed on top of the table to search for food, ate so much chocolate, coffee, and grapes, and expressed himself in great detail with howls and scratches. Yet as he reached the ripe age of 15, some changes come more drastically than others.



Do you notice him expressing himself a bit differently than before?

I notice him experiencing the world a bit differently than he did before.

Do you feel yourself giving love to him in a new way?



I feel Neul getting ready to receive love in a new way



than he did before.

Like all beings, dogs too experience both mental and physical changes from birth to death. But unlike humans, dogs go through 'neoteny'. Which is when a species or a breed retaining juvenile features even in an adult animal. Dogs don't go through the process of a 'mature ego/self' like us so in





some senses they are always a baby at heart. No matter how old they are physically.

We as humans tend to hate changes. We're scared of getting old, and things not being the same as they used to. We want to delay it, avoid it, and get frustrated by signs that lead us to death. And as much as I wanted to fill in this gap between us and dogs, the conclusion was to shift our perspective which will lead to behavioral changes from our side. Sometimes, we humans are so capable, so great when we are compassionate enough, and when our eyes are delicate enough to read through each other's movements. And maybe the first step is to accept the idea of aging and to grow a caring eye towards our old dogs.



The first few weeks of making this book consisted mostly of tears and panic. Stories of dogs in pain, passing away, people creating duplicates of the dogs, accidents, and diseases. But after wiping the tears away, I started noticing more around us as well. More pills on the countertop and books about aging, building houses after retirement, and printed-out articles about menopause... Maybe it was never about getting ready for death. Maybe it was never about having no regrets. Maybe it was always about living with our bodies, always so radically new every day and for every breath.





If you think about the fact that 24 hours for dogs is equivalent to a week in dog time, you can also think about how big our love must feel for them, and the sweet time we give them must be more than a few minutes, hours, or days. Let's have pride in the energy we create and the love we generate for each other.



This book isn't just about Neul, it's about everyone. Neul's amber-brown eyes taught me how to observe people, recognize patterns, and accept how people all smell so different and nice.



The first part of the book is a summary of books about senior dog care, and the second part is a care guide for Neul, optimized for our family's weekly life pattern. The walk-map was made with the most joy and experiments, and I hope everyone reads this not as a book of rules, but as a troubleshooting handbook/recipe inspo that will make caregiving smoother for everyone.



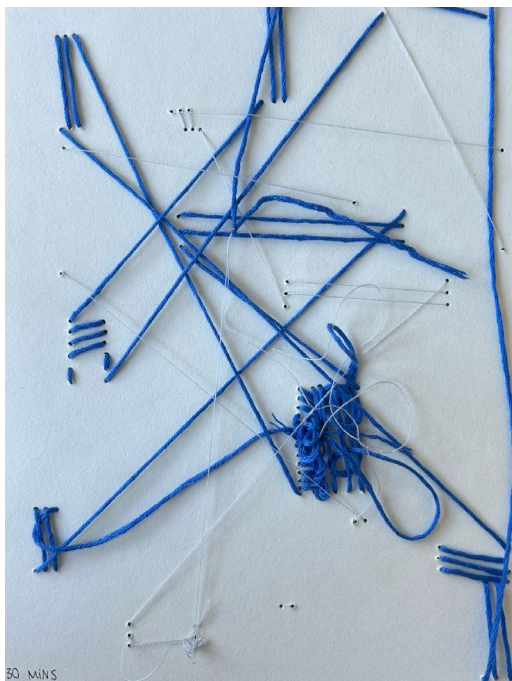
I wish everyone wisdom and happiness till the summer sun rises.

With love and sweet dreams,



Sue and Neul.





Mili Calderon

I am working with developing the understanding of pattern making in the life of an anxious person and how this progresses into obsessive cycles which are used as a coping/comfort mechanism. This work was made while I was in conversation with a relative, showing how my mind takes notes of certain words or ideas and puts them in a specific visual order. With this, I've recognized my constant need for pictorial order as a mechanism for completing tasks. The backside of this work might also show the duality of this pattern-making, and how it might not always fix what's needed. However, it always finds its way to comfort the mind, and arguably, igniting cycles.

30 mins. Ink and thread on paper.

I NEED TO SEND OF THE MESSAGES
 MESSAGES MESSAGES MESSAGES

I HOPE THEY LIKE IT

ALLOW
 ALLOW
 ALLOW
 ALLOW
 IS IT WORKING?

MAKE SURE TO APPLY
 BEFORE THE 30TH

QUE HORA ES?

SHE BROKE! THE DOORKNOB!
 IRONING
 IRONING
 IRONING?

TE EXPRANO MA.

I FEEL LIKE I CAN
 BREATHE
 FINALLY
 FINALLY
 I AM STILL SAD SOMETIMES

QUE BUENO!

20 DE JULIO
 UN MES
 10 DIAS
 OTRA COSA
 OTRA COSA
 OTRA COSA

LA PUTA LINEA

PIZZA IN THE CANTINE

I HOPE THE HOUSE IS CLEAN ENOUGH

TOILET PAPER
 TOILET PAPER
 TOILET PAPER

TP
 TP
 TP

NOODLES?

THE LINE IS CROOKED

Hiding here, feeling both

They're running through the skin,
figuring out who wins

focus
feel
perceive
the feeling that is stronger
my mind, let it win

The Laundry on the Line

Hanging

Moving with the wind

Drying

Hanging



The sheets next to knickers and towels

The wind bulges the sheets

And carries them into the air

The grass looking at it from below

The clouds shifting by
Tomorrow it will all be repeated.

Craziella Piras

Warm blanket, quiet voice

Irina!?

I cannot see you.

I saw you dancing in the Kremlin with Stalin yesterday, and he gifted you an apartment in the center of Moscow.

You are so lucky, grandbaby!

Did you bring me something yummy?

I think I swallowed my teeth, Irina.

Your hands are so cold - mine are always warm.

She is singing.

I think God loves me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have lived so long. How old am I?

When I was young, men used to say that my nose grew for two, but I got it all to myself, haha.

Who is standing in the corner? Who is it?

Who are you?

My name is Nina Nikiforovna Mashkovskaya.

Is Irina my mom? No? Maria.

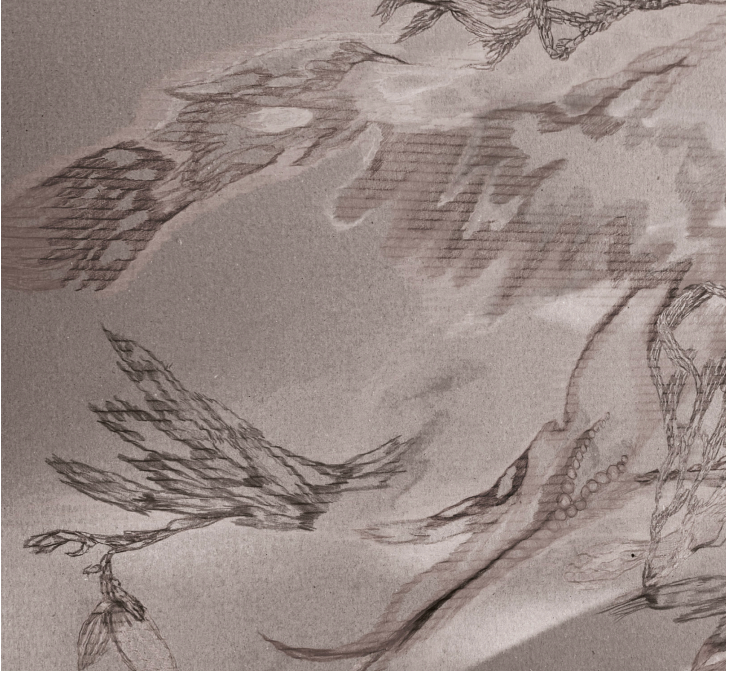
Maria.

When will you visit me again?

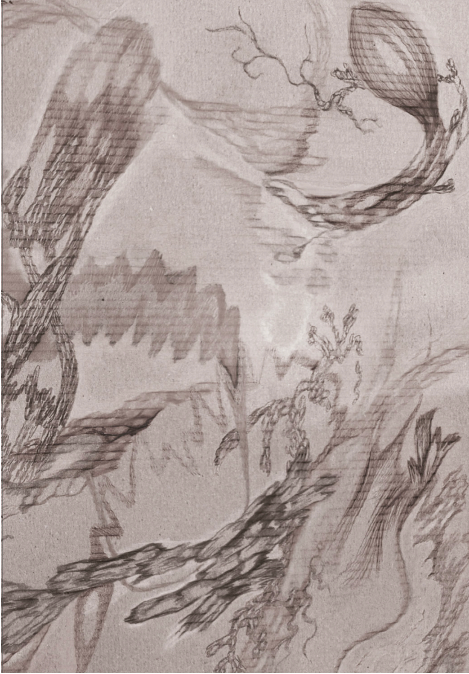
I love you.

я люблю тебя, бабуль

If anything, I believe it, that some day
all the nightmares you dream of will finally
come to an
end
And no one will chase you anymore, and
if you asked me to, as I've urged you to do
so many times
I'd jump in
every single one of them, and entirely
destroy
all those unforgivable men that
occupy and haunt you every night in
your nightmare dreams
because
I am your sister and I would
never let anyone hurt you and
I wish you could believe it, that I mean it,
and that I'll always be by your side
and never leave you alone for someone to
use you, disrespect your gentle soul that
I admire and miss so much
again.



Drawing, 14 may 2025.



Warmly orange spicy
shapes,

almost soft bubbles,

pillow sweet pink,

surrounded itchy yellow

crystal clear brown.

What is care about?

When I am floating in a strange but already familiar space, I wish to touch to be reminded of one's existence. I look for warmth, I see the softness of things, the lightness of colour, they are not heavy, you could pick them up. A light mist drowned them, moisture formed and dew fell. You could write on their surface with your fingers in an invisible pattern. They smell of grass and rotten leaves. It's time to say goodbye to life outside, I can feel how warm they are from their coldness.

I often talk to myself. I say that I am trying to catch up or rather to surpass her or just to be one and exist in the same time, not in the past and not in the future, not beyond their borders, but just to be one with my own head and with the images that come up in my iris. I yearn to meet her, we seem to have spent our lives together, only I lost you once, or maybe you decided to not continue going along with your companion. I'm chasing myself, exhausted, and the ever-changing world is getting in my way. Although it is what brings me back, pulls me out from being jammed between the deepest twists and turns of my cerebrum.

I remember her, cheerful and charming. Strolling, dashing, always with neat blonde hair. Trying to cut off anyone who belittled her, but always finding herself humiliated. Who is she? What is her life about and where is she in a hurry? What do her coloured nails and expensive perfume say, where are they and what do they mean, as she lies helplessly wrapped in a garment the colour of a screaming salad green, in a bed meant for two people that respect each other. "You are Alone," I tell her. She too would scream, just like the salad plaid, but first, I let her move and breathe. You can move slowly, you don't have to rush to collect all the black-soled socks you'll have to soak in bleach. All those mundane chores, mortal trifles, taking thousands of minutes, without end. You like to drown until you can't bear the emptiness of the pain and the panic sets in, and when it fades she feels nothing, nothing at all, lying on the floor curled in a green blanket with dirty socks around her.



*Every family used to own a cow...
either one, or even several.
And...
small calves like these.
Nowadays youth won't always recognise it as a cow,
some think it is a moose.*



Go go go.

And why have you gone on the road?

Why have you gone on the road you beauties.

You babies,

you beautiful babies,

go go.

Oh you came to eat here with your mommies...

to eat with your mommies you came.

Oh, my goodness...



Here...

here you see heifers.

Here is a cow - with teats.

And the ones without teats...

Oh! And here is an ox...

with big bollocks.



35 (*Rain sounds*)



Free Palaistine

