

Mikaelidagen

Inside the bedroom. Small tracks on the floor belonging to a model railroad. On the carpet, next to the TV: two characters from a video game are resting. Gustav is showcasing seven or eight or nine of his cards from the deck. Dorana, Memoir, Nikolina, Elisabeth, Gabriel and Ella are the others.

They're standing or sitting by the bar over at the other end of the house. All the way down by the kitchen near the cloak room, by the hall leading to the room where the Mac is placed.

A lightstream has made its way in here. Onto this marble surface of a kitchen island. Its particles and constant flickering. Its luminous and vibrant grace.

They're gathered around the island as if it were a coffin. Dimmed lights now, hardly any rays of light. More like hallucinations or ectoplasms or something. Friends and classmates form an arc.

Without them, it would have never taken place. And without you, nothing could ever be the same.

A small wrist band, an ashtray, a souvenir of sorts – and a set of figurines. It has her eyes. And it has your face. Action figures pacing along. Trying to catch up with each other's steps. Blatantly falling over at the pursuit of each step. They crawl forward, in dust and air crystals. They keep their gaze fixed as if on an imagined point in front of them (as if to blot out all interfering elements in their field of vision).

Depending on where you stand, you can see Kampemensbadet, where Nikolina and Camilla are whispering to each other. By the pool and the sculpture of a brain. If you listen carefully and close your eyes, it's almost as if you're *there*. At the spot where your eyes are looking. Where your mind is traveling to. You can discern not words but messages. You can hear the liveliness.

There is a jar contaminated with the holy water picked up at the grave. It was a gift. But it stayed at his' for years. Realizing this connection, the sadness and the loss, gives purpose by virtue of solemn vapors that persist.