

MINNA-KAISA KALLINEN

LIFE IS NOT A STORY (PART III):
MOUNTAIN

there is an anticipated result, which guides reaction

16.28 the kitchen light is on

a system envisioned

16.29 the kitchen light is off

an assumed development

i remember that

ain't no mountain high enough

red and blue neon light says "las vegas"

the production and the marketing seems to be in order

16.34 the kitchen light is on

a desired end-point

but what if

but what kind

of course i have worries

move, crumple and dive

of course i have goals

i move, i crumple and i dive

it is said that: "ain't no mountain high enough"

ain't no mountain high enough

if i make you laugh
i move my hips
if i make you smile
i move my hands
but i won't tell you the whole story
i move my head
yet the need is in place
i move my whole body
and a tree falls when it is cut down
i fall
while you take your position
the conceptual meaning is still there
you smile so that the wrinkles are to be seen
i smile
but if you cry
i move my hips
the wrinkles are to be seen too
i move my hands
the salty water is guided by those wrinkles
i move my head
the tears run by them and gets to be part of
them
i move my whole body
they form a unity, an assembly
and i fall
where they stick together, fight for their existence
full of sweat
but if they hesitate
full of resistance
a total exhaustion
individuality
all the things we are taught
error
told even
or fortune
what does it mean?
lots of
if you cry
movements
if you stay still
good will
or if you move
and then the whole story
if you resist
fails
it is ok
it is ok



The time is 15.43. I feel a bit sad or frustrated maybe. I can see the greenish yellow light, which comes from the toilet.

I forgot to turn it off. Or can I even say I forgot. I never turn it off unless I leave the apartment.

15.48 it is almost dark in the apartment. Only the toilet light is on.

15.53 it is getting darker and darker and somehow the light in the toilet is getting stronger.

I lay on my bed. The contrast lies in the borderline of light and shadow.

15.43 I was cold on the phone. It looks cold outside.

Blue. Grey. Definitely grey.

They asked me to build a wall. All I did was a dysfunctional table.

I could do a new one. But I won't.



15.34 I seem to avoid working. The plants are more interesting even though they seem to avoid me. I count hours.

15.42

16.50 my back hurts. I try to be effective but I fail.

12.01 a rhythm, one needs a rhythm.

12.08 I boil some water. I cut one lemon and a bit of ginger. I put the lemon and the ginger into a mug where I also pour the boiled water.

I drink it.

12.11 I feel stupid. I feel that I have nothing to say. I feel that everything is meaningless.

12.12 do I need a justification?

12.13 fuck you

12.22 I am now calm

12.23 I am now ok

17.00 all the lights are on. It rains and it is windy. I dance.

11.33 these small snowflakes turn into water drops when touching me, especially my face.

16.47 the lights are on. There are more than twenty of fluorescent lights, which reflect to those really big windows on my left. Now they are double. Do they give a double of light also? It is so dark outside and so light inside. Well, not light, bright.

16.54 I hear light coughing.

16.59. I am sitting in a room, which floor is black, walls are white and the ceiling is grey.

12.55 narrow shadow hallow failure better

13.07 I lay on my bed.

8.56 life is strange.

9.01 so much of unseen, unnoticed.

9.03 sunday morning

9.04 somehow I feel energetic even though I woke up feeling tired.

9.06 I wish I would be free of my routines.

9.07 but should one just accept oneself the way one is?

9.12 all of the lights are not working. Seems that the coffee machine is not working either. I move the coffee machine onto a chair next to a television. I am glad that the coffee machine is on a tray. I plug it in. Now it works. So it is not the lights, it is something else. Still the same result: error, fail

9.17 why so negative approach?

9.21 some children are playing outside.

9.34 the toilet light is on even though no one is there.

9.35 for a second I feel lighter myself.

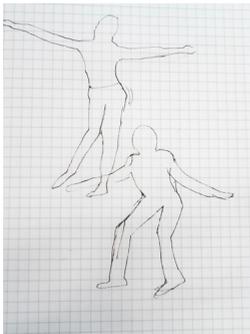
11.57 the roads are dry, sun is shining, this is something new.

19.48 salty liquorice chocolate tastes pretty good, especially with coffee. It has been raining everyday now.

19.53 my back ache doesn't bother me that much, but still it is there.

19.54 all this darkness makes me think about dark thoughts, but what is a dark thought, coffee?

12.46 I see a table, chairs, a magazine, three plants, a coffee machine, a book, receipts, five coins, chocolate, coffee mug filled with coffee, an empty glass, a diary, a phone, a water bottle, some cloth, a recorder, a wallet, a bag, another water bottle, a banana, a clementine, a tomato, some bread, plates. That's all I want to tell.



In four dense series

a movement so smooth
silky even
catches the eye
and gets stuck into the mind
in four dense series against the stem in four dense series
in four dense series deliberately, purposely i close my eyes
and the movement so smooth
still in my mind
i start a revolution
i start a revolution
i won't get out of bed
and you can tell the whole world that someone said
the unlikely event begins to be seen as a work of art
with bohemia
the dichotomy between
art and life is diluted
in four dense series
i move my body
in four dense series
i move my body
in four dense series
i move, crumple and dive
in four dense series against the stem in four dense series
deliberately, purposely

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