

DM

DAILY MISCONCEPTIONS

IT MUST HAVE BEEN JANUARY, OR STILL DECEMBER?

I AM NOT SURE ANYMORE.

WHEN SHE ASKED ME: IF I HAD TWO TICKETS, THEN WOULD YOU COME WITH ME?

WHICH YEAR IS IT?

- ALMOST 2045.

SO HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE I BOARDED THIS TRAIN? WITHOUT DIRECTION, NEVER STOPPING, NO END AND NO STARTING POINT.

SHE WAS SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.

I WAS WALKING THROUGH A LONG MEADOW, CURTAINS WAVING IN THE WIND, AND IN MY EAR, THERE WAS STILL HER WHISPER: IF I HAD TWO TICKETS...

SOMETIMES WE WERE SITTING AT THE TERRACE. IT SMELLED LIKE CACTUS ON THIS COLD WINTER'S NIGHT SHE CALLED IT LUCK.

I CALLED IT OUR LITTLE SEQUENCE OF DREAMS. ALWAYS AFRAID TO WAKE UP.

IN FORMER TIMES, IF PEOPLE HAD A SECRET THEY COULDN'T TELL, THEY CLIMBED A MOUNTAIN, SEARCHING FOR A TREE, DIGGING A HOLE AND WHISPERING IT INTO THE TRUNK, THEN COVERING IT WITH MUD, SO THAT THE SECRET WOULD BE SAFE FOREVER. THAT'S WHAT SHE TOLD ME AND I ASKED HER IF SHE HAD A SECRET TOO BUT SHE NEVER GAVE AN ANSWER.

THE RED CURTAINS WAVING IN THE WIND.

A PERFECT PICTURE.

SHE CALLED IT LUCK AND SOMETIMES AT NIGHT, THERE WAS A FALLING STAR IN THE SKY.

WHICH YEAR IS IT?

- ALMOST 2046.

THIS TRAIN HAS NO DESTINATION AND NO WINDOWS.

I AM NOT SURE IF THERE IS ANYONE ELSE BUT ME.

SOMETIMES I CAN STILL HEAR HER WHISPER: IF I HAD TWO TICKETS, THEN WOULD YOU COME WITH ME?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN EARLY NOVEMBER, OR LATE DECEMBER?

NOW I FORGET, AND CANNOT REMEMBER.

TIME IS DRIFTING VISCOUSLY.

THE AIR WAS COLD, LIKE IT HAS NEVER BEEN BEFORE.

WHICH YEAR IS IT?

- ALMOST 2047.