

“Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It’s been 2 months since my last confession. I’ve been having thoughts again”.

“Everybody has thoughts. My child, what have you been thinking of?”

“What I mean to say is that my thoughts are wrong, they are bad thoughts.”

“Speak, child.”

“My thoughts say my other thoughts cannot be sins, since I don’t do anything but my brother says that I should confess them. Just in case, just in case”

“Confess”

“Today, I thought of the architect”

“Who is the architect? Is he the one putting the bad thoughts in you?”

“ I think of the architect alot. I think of him thinking. The architect doesn’t sleep, can’t sleep, so neither can I.”

“Child?”

“The architect paces all the time, mostly at night. They keep him up, the murmuring of his next model.”

“Child?”

“He tries every day. Every morning he wakes up and stops his own heart, then he starts it again and grows something dead with newly cut cardboard pieces. When he’s done, he destroys it. The day after, he begins again with the same lay-out.

“Child, what do you speak of?”

“The architect’s fingers are twisted, they are ugly from trying too hard. Later today, he’ll murder a city so he can create it again, just to give it a new name.”

“Murder? An architect said to you that they intend to commit murder ?”

“And there is the girl that dances”

“Child. Murder is a grave sin, who is this architect?”

“She is dancing for them, but she also shows them how to dance”

“Child?”

“For her, a song is a festering old wound, with blood and pus, the sting of harmony but there is no pain there”

“Child”

“She says it’s all progression, that it’s how she learnt to dance”

“Child, what are you confessing?”

“There is calculation in suffering, father”

“What do you suffer from?”

“These days, I see myself in the creation story. I see myself playing God and saying ‘let there be’.

I reinvent myself into intricacies. I see myself dancing in the spotlight of heaven on a stage of blue glass. I watch the sun dip and fall”

